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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. III.—No. 16.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## MICHAEL DAVITT.

### A Letter Before Leaving for Australia.

#### SUPPORT FOR JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

To the Editor of the Freeman.

SIR—I enclose herewith a small subscription for the Parliamentary Fund, and I regret I am not able to multiply the amount a hundred times over for so deserving a purpose. I can only add my heartiest wishes for the success of Mr. Justin McCarthy's latest appeal to our people in behalf of the Irish Party.

Times are bad, it is true, and distress prevails in many parts where generous response has often come to similar appeals. Still I feel confident that the country will not allow its cause to suffer for want of that support which is essential to the safeguarding of the vital interests that are entrusted to the hands of the National representation.

Mr. McCarthy is not asking anything for the members of his party. He is only reminding our people that the work which they want to have done in Westminster must be carried on, and that this work can only be done through the means which the country places at the disposal of the Irish Party for that purpose.

There is only one alternative to a National and Democratic Party, depending upon the confidence and the support of the people both for its political mandate and working equipment, and that is a return to the men and the methods of the days when the landlords and other enemies of popular rights and reforms had themselves elected and sent to the Imperial Parliament as the "guardians" of Ireland's interests and the "champions" of her cause. If we prefer a National and Democratic representation, recruited from the ranks of our own people, to a body made up of the Sir George Bowyers, the Michael Henrys, and the O'Connor Dons of twenty years ago, we are bound by our fidelity to the movement which rescued our country from thinly-disguised enemies of her claims to liberty to stand by the Irish Party in its needs as well as in its triumphs.

One can easily understand why the Irish landlords, the Chamberlains, and the London Times take political comfort from speculations upon the possible failure of financial support being continued to Mr. McCarthy and his colleagues by the Irish people. We know also why Mr. Redmond and his friends would not grieve to see the country "cut off the supplies" to the funds of the Irish Party. There is no difficulty in comprehending all this. But we will have to go back to the criminal madness of the Communards of Paris in turning their arms against France when the Germans were at her gates to find a parallel for the action of those who, in attacking this Fund, virtually ask our people to fight the evictors, face our enemies in the House of Commons, and carry on the struggle for Home Rule and free land there and elsewhere by crippling the very party and movement which all Ireland's deadliest enemies are doing their level best to discredit and to kill!

Yours truly, MICHAEL DAVITT.  
March 29th, 1895.

## BISMARCK.

### Incidents of the Recent Birthday Festivities.

#### BLOOD AND IRON UNFORGOTTEN.

The sensation of the week hails from Germany. First, we had the Reichstag refusing to congratulate the aged Bismarck on his eightieth birthday, certainly a bold step to take, considering the tempest of imperial anger such a course was calculated to excite. This repulse was brought by the Catholic vote of the Centre party, which could not so easily stifle the bitter memories of the Kulturkampf. Whether it was politic is another question. It certainly was not according to the mind or the wish of the Holy Father, who long since had forgiven the Man of Blood and Iron. It was Bismarck who begged the Pope to arbitrate on the Carolines question, and the letter which he sent to his Holiness, in which he addressed the Supreme Pontiff as "Sire," is said to have given the Pope special gratification as an acknowledgment of the latter's sovereignty. Certainly the general feeling is that the Centre acted unfortunately. Apart from the Christian duty of charity, it should have been remembered that the veteran statesman was the creator of German unity.

The imperial wrath was immense. The despatch sent by the Kaiser to the ex-Chancellor simply brimmed over with indignation, and the speech which followed, with its appeal to the power of the sword, would seem to have set the deputies all quaking. A dissolution is inevitable, and the Socialists are a prey to all sorts of fears as to the expected policy of reaction and repression intended by the Emperor.

In France these exciting events are carefully watched. The Kaiser's appeal to "blood and iron," his presentation of a sword with the words Alsace-Lorraine emblazoned thereon to his grandfather's old friend, his glorification of the Franco-German war are all ominous signs calculated to excite misgiving. With such a changeable and warlike monarch it is impossible to forecast the future. To make matters worse, Prince Bismarck himself makes a speech in which he makes a comparison between Germany and France unfavorable to the latter country. "Do away with monarchy," he said, "and you reduce Germany to the state of France, which now has no rallying point." But surely if the republic has no throne, she has a flag, and the sight of the tri-color has never yet failed to excite French patriotism and enthusiasm. All this has aroused considerable indignation in French political circles, where it is not forgotten that the actual cause of the war was Bismarck, and Bismarck alone, and that to him they owe the loss of the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. The Paris Figaro winds up its appreciation of the situation with the following sentence: "The Emperor has committed a grave fault in thus identifying himself with the man who brought upon us so many misfortunes, and William II. has destroyed in one day all the fruit of the able and skilful policy pursued by him during the last two years."

## ST. MICHAEL'S.

### Holy Week Devotions at the Cathedral.

#### WELL ATTENDED SERVICES.

The various religious ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out in a very imposing manner at the cathedral. The office of Tenebrae, the singing of the Lamentations and the morning service on Easter Saturday had a most salutary effect on the minds of the pious worshippers. The large crowds which filled the church during the various sacred functions are sufficient evidence of the solid piety of this congregation. Coming in such large numbers, late and early, they have shown what great interest the religious ceremonies of the church evoke on the faithful, who are never more fully impressed by the grandeur and solemnity of Catholic worship than during the office of Holy Week. On Thursday His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, attended by a very large number of the priests of the archdiocese, blessed the holy oils. After Mass the Blessed Sacrament was solemnly transferred to the Repository on the Blessed Virgin's altar. Needless to say the Repository was a work of art. The ladies Altar Society and the young ladies who assisted them must be highly congratulated on the rare good taste they have displayed in arraying the Repository. They had spared no pains in their work which was for them a labor of love, and their last reward will be the piety and devotion which the beauty of the Repository aroused in the hearts of those who visited the Blessed Sacrament. Tenebrae was chanted on Wednesday and Thursday evening. A special feature of this office was the harmonized chant of the Lamentations by Rev. Fathers Trayling, Coyle and Treacy. The sanctuary boys, under their able director, sang the various responses every evening and chanted the music of the Mass on Friday and Saturday. Their singing, during the past week, has reflected great credit on themselves and those who have directed their efforts. On Friday Mass of the Presanctified was sung by the Rev. Father Ryan, assisted by Father Rohleder and Mr. McGrand. Rev. Father Rohleder officiated at the Easter Saturday ceremonies. Solemn High Mass was celebrated on Easter Sunday in presence of the Archbishop in cope and mitre. Milard's Mass in B flat was rendered. The Offertory duo by Miss Murphy and Miss Elliott was very fine. After the last Gospel the Archbishop delivered an ideal Easter sermon. Concise, doctrinal and comprehensive, it was most appropriate to the unusually large audience which was largely composed of non-Catholics. In the evening the church was literally packed to the doors. Special musical Vespers were sung. Father Ryan preached on "Christ, Conqueror and King." During Vespers "O Cor Amoris" was sung by Mrs. Caldwell and Miss Murphy. The former lady also rendered the first part of the solo "Tantum Ergo."

Too much praise cannot be given to the ladies and gentlemen of the choir.

## The Real Danger.

A Protestant layman writes candidly to the Christian Cynosure, a Protestant journal of character, to say that the real danger to our American institutions does not lie in the Catholic Church, but in Protestantism. "It is no use," he says, "to go into long preliminaries, beat the devil about the bush, or talk all over the world of politics and theology; the simple well-known fact is there is a religious-political organization throughout the Union much more powerful than Roman Catholicism. Its affiliation embraces only about 700,000, yet it rules American Protestantism with a rod of iron. It is an absolute hierarchical despotism in which the mitre governs the crown. It is an organized empire in our republic."

The writer, of course, refers to the Masonic order and other secret societies. While Protestants rave and fume over the deference and homage paid by Catholics to their ecclesiastical leaders and teachers, they bow down servilely before "worshipful grand masters" and other dignitaries temporarily clothed in a little brief authority. "Men who go into spasms at the mention of a cardinal are swearing their very life and eternal allegiance to 'kings' and 'grand kings.'" He further alleges that over 500,000 of these secret society men hold public office in the United States by virtue of their membership. "Why," he asks, "do the A.P.A. papers condone all this imperialism, and entirely overlook its 'sublime princes' and most eminent commanders?"

This fearless Protestant writer calls attention to some very interesting and very ludicrous contrasts which he finds in studying the present situation. "Behold," he says, "a brave, bold editor penning leading editorials against beads, pictures and crossing one's self before the Catholic ecclesiastic, then watch that editor 'walking on the square,' throwing signs and dueguards at the 'worshipful master' or 'high priest,' or kneeling to the sun, moon and stars. A lecturer hurls his wit and sarcasm at Romish candles, crucifixes and holy water; the next night, as a Protestant pagan, he stands beside three tallow dips solemnly repeating the ritual of Sabianism, and parading on his faithful beast the emblems of nature worship. Would it not be more consistent for Protestantism to put down this organized empire of pagan despotism in its own bosom and rid our beloved republic of this most dangerous and deadly kingcraft and priestcraft before waving danger signals at shadows from continental Europe?"—Boston Republic.

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## SETTIMANA SANTA.

### How Holy Week is Observed in Rome.

#### NIGHT SCENE IN ST. PETER'S.

During the week that began last Sunday morning Rome becomes the Mecca toward which pilgrims flock from all quarters of the world. Not Catholics alone are drawn thither by a spirit of devotion, but thousands of persons from Protestant countries go there to witness the impressive ceremonies that attend the close of the Lenten season and the great festival of Easter. The hotels are crowded with foreigners; the different types of humanity are readily recognizable as they mingle with the dark haired and dark-skinned Italians in public places, and in the Corso and other streets one hears a confusing mixture of languages. The English tongue strikingly predominates, and one sees interminable brigades of American and British tourists, who have so arranged their Continental journey that they can spend that week in Rome when there is most to be seen, when the weather is almost invariably the best of the whole year, and when all Italy is putting on its brilliant hues of spring. When the Holy Week comes in Rome, all nature seems to burst forth from the chains of the dull winter; the sunshine dances merrily over the gloomy old palaces, glistens on the gilt crosses and the stained glass windows of the legions of churches, illuminates the remotest corners in the narrow streets of Trastevere, banishes the damp, musty smell from all the galleries and crypts, and smiles back at the city from the muddy surface of the Tiber as it hastens toward the sea. The Pincian and the Gianiculum put on once more their glowing robes of green; the Coliseum is aflame through all its vaults and crumbling terraces with its thousands of wild flowers; the Castelli Romani, away off across the Campagna, show themselves again through the clear air of the springtime, and the odor of violets is everywhere in the atmosphere of the city, a constant reminder that there has come once more "la Settimana Santa."

#### WHAT THE ROMANS DO IN HOLY WEEK.

The shops are comparatively deserted. One misses the throngs of idle promenaders in the streets. The villas are no longer crowded with carriages. The social gayeties have come to a full stop. It is the period when the Romans themselves set aside the routine of their everyday existence and visit the great temples and other places of amusement where, ordinarily, only the strangers in the city are to be seen. They decorate their parish churches and chapels, inspect and aid the public institutions of charity, make visitations to their favorite shrines inside and outside the city walls, attend the solemn ceremonies in the huge cathedrals, and at some hour or other of one of the three days or all climb the Scala Santa on their knees. The great nobles are seen driving in their gorgeous equipages from one church to another. Crowds of well-dressed people on foot are making the same round, and the poorer people and the peasants from the surrounding country join in the procession that moves from church to church.

The distinctly religious ceremonies begin on Holy Thursday. Each principal street in the Eternal City has several new edifices, and the round of the allotted number of churches—seven—is, of course, more easily made there than elsewhere. There are few Romans, however, who fail to include in their list one of the three great

basilicas—St. Peter's, St. Maria Maggiore and San Giovanni Laterano, all at different ends of town. In each of these enormous temples there is held, in the late afternoons of Wednesday, Holy Thursday and Good Friday, the solemn service of the Tenebrae, or the singing of the Lamentations of Jeremiah. The choirs of these churches, composed entirely of male voices, are famous throughout the world. A large orchestra accompanies the singers.

The services are precisely the same in the three cathedrals, and there is little, if any, superiority in any of the choirs. A sort of tradition, however, exists among the Romans that Holy Thursday is the day to be devoted to St. Peter's. Realizing this, many foreigners are also attracted thither on that day instead of to the other churches. The throng is consequently enormous. The huge temple, capable of holding nearly 40,000 people, is crowded from vestibule to recesses. The wide steps approaching the church are jammed with people, and the great piazza in front is massed in its nearest part with promenaders, with thousands of waiting vehicles of every sort as a background.

Inside the basilica the strains of the orchestra and the deep volume of song issuing from the choir in a side chapel float over the heads of the human sea. The lighted candles on the triangle in front of the chapel altar are extinguished one by one at the close of each sorrowful canticle. When throughout the enormous cathedral surges the startling sound that symbolizes the fury of the elements and the chaos of the world at the moment of the Crucifixion, the last candle is extinguished and the service is finished. Daylight is almost gone. The priests, attendants and choir file out of the chapel and the church. Servants come from the sacristy on either side, bearing tall, lighted tapers. They carry these down the long nave, through the dense crowds, lighting on the way huge torches that are placed at intervals about the church. The torches throw their waving lights and shadows here and there with weird effect. Overhead, the lofty roof and dome are deep in darkness. The white faces of the waiting thousands add an intense solemnity to the scene. Presently a way is opened from the sacristy to the altar under the great baldachino in the upper centre of the church. Through this marches a procession of priests chanting the appropriate psalms, and lighted on their way by the candles carried by surpliced acolytes. The procession halts under the baldachino, and the canons of St. Peter's, mounting the low steps, proceed to the altar, which is stripped of all cloths and ornaments. The altar is then washed and anointed, emblematic of the setting of the table for the Last Supper, the priests surrounding the spot continuing, meanwhile, the chanting of the proper ritual. When this service is concluded the procession leaves the church as it entered. The enormous congregation remains, however, in the dimly lighted cathedral, waiting for the last ceremony of the day. In a silence that thrillingly accentuates the gloom of the huge temple, the thousands face toward the space under the main dome, anxiously watching for a signal.

#### THE LAST CEREMONY OF THE DAY.

It comes at last. High up toward the roof, in a small railed balcony that seems less designed for use than as a capital to one of the corner columns of the dome, two lighted torches appear, carried by surpliced men. Presently a priest stands between them, holding aloft in his hands and above his head an object that, seen from below, seems incased in a massive frame of gilt. A bell is rung. The congregation kneels. While the object is turned first to one side of the church and then to the other, so as to be

visible to every one among the thousands present, another priest, standing on the distant balcony, reads in Italian a description of the venerated object. It is one of the Christian relics from the treasury of the Vatican. Thus a number of them are exhibited and described, one being announced as a fragment of the True Cross, another as one of the nails that fastened the Saviour thereto, still another as a thorn from the crown placed on the head of Christ on Crucifixion Day, a part of the veil or robe of the Virgin Mother, the handkerchief of Veronica, etc. When the last of the relics has been exhibited, and the light has disappeared from the little balcony in the distant, the great crowd moves out of the church into the piazza and thence scatters to all parts of Rome.

#### THE "ANGEL OF ROME."

On Good Friday the greater throngs of Italians and foreigners attend the Tenebrae in St. Marie Maggiore or in San Giovanni Laterano. The latter is the larger of the two churches and the most historic in Rome. It is also more convenient to the Scala Santa. Besides this, it is known that the great Moresbui, "the Angel of Rome," belongs to the choir of San Giovanni's. Hence thither go all the foreigners, and thousands of the Roman's, too. In San Giovanni Laterano the Tenebrae service is held in the main church. Many persons go there hours before the ceremony is to begin, that they may secure places where not one note of the thrilling and impressive music may escape them.

There are thousands of persons in this country who can recall that Good Friday scene, and few Americans ever chanced to spend Holy Week in Rome and missed the Tenebrae in "the Lateran." Down through the high vaulted nave rolls the billowing ocean of melody. Then there comes a pause that appals the great throng of listeners like a sombre shadow pursuing the sunlight. Again the soft modulation of the orchestra breaks the silence, and the blending of voices growing gradually deeper in volume, until presently there bursts forth a veritable thunder of sound. Once more an impressive wave of silence sweeps over all the church. The last light in the triangle has been extinguished. Darkness is gathering quickly. There is something of thrilling solemnity in the moment. The vast congregation waits entranced. Then out of the profound and universal calm that has settled upon it there floats upward a voice that seems something more than human. It rises gently, slowly, less like a sound than a visible thing moving on noiseless wings. Then it changes to a piteous, pleading prayer, each tone carrying a sound like a falling tear drop. Thus it floats through the darkening space. There is an instant's silence. Then once again that exquisite voice bursts into one deep, long, despairing sob that grows fainter and fainter, and ceases like the dying cry of a heart that is broken at last; and as the final note dies away there breaks forth that mad, fierce tumult that represents the hour of chaos when Christ breathed His last on the cross.

About a hundred yards from San Giovanni is the little edifice in which are thirty-three steps called the Scala Santa. One or two of these stairs are said to have been brought from the palace of Pilate, down which the Saviour passed to His execution. On all days of the year devotees may be seen climbing the staircase on their knees. When Good Friday comes, from early morning till long past the "Ave Maria," the little shrine is crowded with worshippers. It is one of the interesting features of Holy Week to the stranger in Rome. He will find all classes of people kneeling there, and if he chances there at the right hour he may see Queen Mar-

gherita herself making her devotions, side by side with a decrepit mendicant.

Easter Sunday is a gay and brilliant day in the Eternal City. The decorations in many of the churches are extremely beautiful, and an exceptional musical programme attracts throngs to the great basilicas. The flower markets are brilliant with the mass of flowers sent from all parts of the province. Society resumes at once its uninterrupted whirl. Presents are interchanged generally, as at Christmas time in this country. The illuminated Easter egg is conspicuous in all the shops. The streets take on anew their gay appearance, and on Easter afternoon all Rome walks or drives to the Villa Borghese and the Corso. The season of sackcloth and ashes is gone, and the old capital rises smiling and frolicsome to live its sunny life for another year.—N. Y. Tribune.

#### Catholics and the Primrose League.

The following letter has been addressed by Cardinal Vaughan to the Duke of Norfolk:—

English College, Rome, March 15.

MY DEAR DUKE—The reports published by some of the English papers that the Primrose League is about to be condemned by the Holy See are, so far at least as I am aware, devoid of foundation.

Certain speeches delivered by members of the League, who appear, however, to occupy no official or representative position in the organization, have no doubt been of a kind to attract attention and to suggest the question, what, then, is the object of the League?

For instance, one speaker declared that the League had been founded to maintain the Church of England and to destroy the influence of the Church of Rome. Such statements must, of course, be offensive to Catholics, who could have nothing in common with such intentions.

It is clear that Catholics can give no adhesion to any other than their own religion, and that they can never espouse the fatal error that all religions are good—an error which leads directly to religious indifference and to unbelief. But Catholics may, and ought, openly to profess that the principles of religion form the only solid basis on which civil society can be safely built up and maintained, and they can heartily associate and join forces with all those who labor to oppose the advance of naturalism and Atheism, and who offer a strenuous assistance to those who, by the system of education which they promote, and by other means, endeavor to eradicate from the public mind all sentiment of respect for the claims of revealed religion.

If any article in the statutes of the Primrose League is open to question through some ambiguity of expression, it is clear that it can only be accepted by Catholics in the sense which is in harmony with their own religious principles.

As to the rest, let me assure you that ecclesiastical authority in no way concerns itself with political or other lay associations, provided they neither attack nor undermine the principles of morality and of Christian doctrine.—Believe me to be, my dear Duke, your faithful and devoted servant.

HENRY CARDINAL VAUGHAN.  
His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, K.G.

Have you ever noticed how much of Our Lord's life was spent in doing kind things—in merely doing kind things? Run over it with that in view, and you will find that He spent a great proportion of His time simply in making people happy—in doing turns to people. All life is good. "God is light and in Him is no darkness at all." All life is light, and joy, and gladness, and illumination. And when it comes the reverse to us it is because we have gotten "off the track," as people sometimes say, and the phrase is expressive. We have missed the way.

# SITUATION IN IRELAND.

Home Rule Remains and Must Remain the Policy of the Liberals.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN'S OPINIONS.

St. Patrick's day of 1896 has come and gone. It has found the Irish cause in a highly satisfactory position. The quarrels among Irishmen themselves are the only formidable obstacle to Home Rule. People ought not to blame Ireland too much for these. Within the past four years we have been passing through an internal conflict which is nothing short of a revolution. In most countries it would have been fought out by armed civil war. The Irish people have managed to make their will respected by the peaceful operation of votes and public discussion. A certain amount of personal bitterness is inseparable from such a conflict in any country. I doubt whether upon the whole even self governing countries could have come out of such an ordeal with more credit to the people's good sense and self-control. An overwhelming majority of the people have steadily taken the right course and have crushed every attempt to set personal issues and ambitions above the national interests. If our American friends could only know how admirably the Irish people have behaved in circumstances often of the most cruel perplexity, they would say that the Irish capacity for self government was never so conclusively established. There are bitter fanatics in both extremes, but among the masses of the nation there is no feeling of personal animosity or desire to keep old quarrels alive. The majority, both of the Irish party and of the people, are heartily in sympathy with the Archbishop of Dublin's appeal for a reunion of the whole of the National forces. They want no vengeance or recriminations on any side. This feeling must be allowed to work out its own way towards a solution. Time will be the best peace-maker. The most practical work for the moment is to strengthen the hands of the Irish party, who must be the nucleus of any possible reunion. As long as the party has the necessary moral and financial support from the country to maintain its full strength at Westminster and to insist that any decision once come to by the majority after full discussion shall be loyally adhered to, the future of the Irish cause is perfectly safe.

The Parliamentary situation is excellent. The reproach that we have allowed Home Rule to be placed in the back ground is completely knocked on the head. Within the past month we have had from Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, and Sir William Harcourt declarations as clear as words could make them that Home Rule remains and must remain the primary and predominant policy of the Liberal party. And Mr. Morley has removed any possible doubt as to what the cabinet means by Home Rule by declaring that it means "a bill not falling short of Mr. Gladstone's bill of 1893," which as Mr. James O'Kelly said, proposed to give Ireland a "better Parliament than Grattan's Parliament." There can therefore be no doubt as to the Liberal position. The Tory leaders happily have been equally frank as to what a Tory administration would mean. Mr. Balfour stated in the most emphatic manner that his Irish policy had not altered one jot or tittle since the days of Tullamore and Mitchelstown, and Mr. Mathews, the late Tory Home Secretary, went out of his way to declare that the hostility of the Tories on the question of amnesty re-

mained as dogged as ever. The only two possible national policies are so clearly outlined that nobody can pretend to misunderstand them—we must bring in the Tories with an avowed programme of coercion and implacable hatred of Irish Nationality, or we must keep in the Home Rule Government who have done their best to redeem their pledges, who have solemnly repledged themselves to keep a National Parliament for Ireland in the forefront of their programme, and who in the meantime have tabled a Land Bill which will probably mean the saving of a couple of millions a year to the farmers of Ireland, and the restoration of the greater number of the evicted tenants. The position is so clear and so safe that we may with the utmost good humor leave it to the intelligence of our fellow-countrymen to judge between us and those who in their recklessness strive to bring back the Tories. We have all need of a good deal of patience. Perhaps our internal troubles may be a useful preparation for self government. But upon the whole the country is sound, and the party is sound, and I think we may go forward to the general election with a fair confidence that it will end in a Home Rule victory and with a certainty that it cannot end in any decisive victory for the Tories. What will be the extent of the defeat or the victory of Home Rule at the general elections will depend chiefly upon the suppression of personal revolts in the ranks of the party itself and the gradual approximation of all sections of Nationalists toward the common platform contemplated by the Archbishop of Dublin.—William O'Brien in the Chicago New World.

### The Lily.

Throughout Spain and Italy the lily is dedicated to the Virgin as an emblem of purity, and in Italy it is everywhere known as the *Fleur di Marie*—the Flower of Mary. In the famous pictures of the Annunciation it is invariably painted without stamens. In Catholic countries the story is often told of how, after the Annunciation, the staff which Joseph carried in his wanderings suddenly blossomed into a crown of lilies. To picture this was one of the favorite tasks of the renaissance artists.

How dear the lily is to the heart of the Florentine can be imagined when, as the emblem of the old city, a stalk of Annunciation lilies appears in the device of the city's crest.

And this same white lily is the favorite decoration for the shrine of Virgin not only in Florence, but all over the continent.

The veneration for the lily as an emblem of purity is, perhaps, nowhere so strongly marked as in the ecclesiastical paintings which were the special features, as it were, of the Italian renaissance in art.

Nearly every city furnished its own conception of the Annunciation, and always in every canvas the lily is conspicuously placed—sometimes in the hand of St. Gabriel, who bows reverently as he offers it to the Virgin; often in a tall vase near the Queen of Heaven, and again in the hands of the cherubs floating in the clouds above her head.

The Holy Father has erected Rio Janeiro into a metropolitan see, thus carrying out a design which he has entertained for some time past, and giving the Brazilian republic two archbishops. Ever since the capital was transferred to Rio Janeiro, it has been the desire of the Catholics of Brazil and more especially of the capital city to have that diocese made an archbishopric; and now their wishes in the matter have been gratified. The conferring of the pallium on the first archbishop, Monsignor Eckenard, which recently took place, was a gala day for the Rio de Janeiroans.

# GODLESS EDUCATION.

Its Results as Seen in United States Statistics.

A GREAT INJUSTICE TO SOCIETY.

At the present moment, when thoughtful men of all denominations in the United States are asking themselves if the secular school system, prevailing there, is not proving a curse instead of a blessing to that country, it will be of interest to call attention to the following extract from Father Young's invaluable book on "Protestant and Catholic countries compared." Let us look at the evidence furnished by a few prison reports:

STATE PRISONS OF NEW YORK—1890.			
<i>Sing-Sing Prison.</i>			
Educated	1,121	Went to Public Schools	1,403
Illiterate	131	"    "    "    "	17
<i>Auburn Prison.</i>			
Educated	1,021	Went to Public Schools	545
Illiterate	126	"    "    "    "	480
Total	1,151		
<i>Clinton Prison.</i>			
Educated	711	Went to Public Schools	637
Illiterate	93	"    "    "    "	74
Total	804		
CALIFORNIA.			
<i>San Quentin Prison—1890.</i>			
Educated	1,132	Went to Public Schools	945
Illiterate	210	"    "    "    "	107
Total	1,342		
PENNSYLVANIA.			
<i>Philadelphia State Penitentiary—1890-91-92.</i>			
1890, Prisoners	477	Went to Public Schools	382
Educated	402	"    "    "    "	307
Illiterate	75	"    "    "    "	75
Total	477		
Went to both Roman Catholic and other Schools	12		
"    "    "    "    "    "    "	11		
To other Private Schools	65		
1891, Prisoners	446	Went to Public Schools	329
Educated	403	"    "    "    "	304
Illiterate	43	"    "    "    "	43
Total	446		
Went to both Roman Catholic and other Schools	22		
"    "    "    "    "    "	12		
To other Private Schools	30		
Total	446		
1892, Prisoners	474	Went to Public Schools	391
Educated	418	"    "    "    "	357
Illiterate	56	"    "    "    "	56
Total	474		
Went to both Roman Catholic and other Schools	19		
"    "    "    "    "    "	14		
To other Private Schools	21		
Convicts 21 years of age and under	87		
Went to Public Schools	62		
"    "    "    "    "	18		
"    "    "    "    "    "	7		

These are startling figures, put down in their cold, statistical character, unprejudiced and impassive. Father Young quotes the Chicago Interior, a Presbyterian paper, on the alarming increase of crime, the editor going on to say: "The education that neglects the moral nature of the pupil does him and society as well a great injustice. The education that leaves the moral sense dormant is too often a dangerous power."

He quotes Dr. Lyman Abbott, as writing in the Christian Union of November 22nd, 1888, amongst other forcible things. "As has often been pointed out, intelligent wickedness is more dangerous than wickedness that is unintelligent; the devil knows enough; sending him to public school will not make a better devil of him."

Such facts, such utterances should be carefully noted by public men or private individuals, most of all by Christian ministers, who are anxious to foist this same Godless education upon the people of the Dominion. They incur a responsibility, which cannot easily be put into words, and grossly endanger the future of their country.

On a late visit to the United States, the writer was struck by the general feeling of uneasiness prevalent in all classes. Even the most unreflecting showed a curious feeling of apprehension at the social upheaval which the near future might bring forth. An education with God left out is not calculated to reassure society; nor can the recent exhibitions of intolerance in New England be held to indicate a very high moral temperature. The Republic has need to introduce God into the schools and Canada has need to keep Him there. A. T. S.

# BENEFICENT INFLUENCE

Of the Bishops on Canadian Life.

ARCHBISHOP BEGIN'S WINNIPEG SERMON.

Open the annals of our country. Have not our bishops been a principle of life to the nation? Have not our bishops of Quebec exercised a most beneficent influence from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the mouth of the Mississippi to Hudson's Bay, sending missionaries, planting colonies, establishing schools? Throughout this vast territory have not the Provenchers and the Taches consumed their strength for the good of their flock and the propagation of the Catholic faith? O Holy Church of God! What thanks do not these children owe thee! You have been a mother indeed!

Yet one step higher. The bishop, though a father toward his flock, is only a son with regard to the Pope, who sums up all the spiritual fatherhoods under which this wide world is portioned. He is the Father of all. What a noble mission! An image of the Divine Fatherhood on this earth. Look at our present Pope Leo XIII. In spite of his eighty-five years of age, and his seventeen years of forced seclusion, what zeal, what untiring energy he shows! Is there a single great problem that he has not solved in a very satisfactory manner? Is there any nation of the world that has not felt his benign influence? What has he not done for his own beloved, but sorely tried Italy? For France, which he is gradually bringing back to Christian views; for Africa, and its enslaved millions; for Austria, Spain, Ireland, Belgium, Russia, Asia, Oceania, the two Americas, and in particular for the United States and our own Canada? Every interest is the object of his pastoral solicitude: individuals, families, workmen, history, philosophy, Holy Scripture, the schismatics of the east, and our separated brethren of the Protestant world have been appealed to. Like the father of the prodigal son he goes out to meet his erring children. Like this Divine Master, he says: "Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and they shall hear my voice and there shall be one fold and one shepherd." Is there any king, with all his mighty armies, who exercises a civilizing influence comparable to that of the Pope? The Pope speaks; his voice, carried beyond all the frontiers that part the nations from each other is listened to, meditated upon, respected not only by our own people, but by all the thinkers of all the kingdoms and states of this world, and everywhere it spreads the sweet message of peace, because it is the voice of the Chief Shepherd, echoing the words of Him who said: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." May our Canadian people ever preserve a loving submissiveness towards the Pope, their bishops and their priests. This has been our strength hitherto; this will keep up the true national traditions; it is this compact union that will oblige our enemies—if we have any—to restore to us our civil and religious rights.

Always give good example, teach virtue by word and action; example is more eloquent than any discourse.

Never let us speak lightly, or think lightly, of what God once made a channel of grace, even if it were in our darkest days.

Love cannot live when memory is dead. That is why the Christian is so urgently exhorted to keep himself in the presence of God.

No one sins against the being he truly loves, and the surest way to keep one's love alive, and deep and true, is to realize what the beloved one is to us.

## TEMPERANCE.

### Immoral Use and Sale of Intoxicants.

BY VERY REV. A. F. HEWIT, D.D.,  
Superior of the Paulists.

I have a hereditary interest in the Cause of Temperance. Intemperance prevailed alarmingly, and was increasing in New England and the Middle States, at the beginning of this century. The habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage was common among the most respectable and religious classes, including the clergy.

ALL AT ONCE, ABOUT THE YEAR 1830, a panic seized on a large number of the more zealous and devoted members of the churches in view of the strides the vice of intemperance was making, and there was a crusade preached against liquor which was very successful in bringing about a great reformation. Moderate drinking was vehemently attacked, as the principal cause of the excesses of intemperance, and Total Abstinence from spirituous liquors was the remedy proclaimed as the only one efficacious, and as not only advisable but necessary, as an ordinary rule. The intoxicating drinks which were in common use at that time were strong, distilled liquors particularly New England and Jamaica Rum. Imported wines were found only on the tables of the rich. The only other drink made use of extensively, especially by farmers, was cider. No kind of drink was denounced at the beginning of the Temperance Reformation, as dangerous when taken in moderation, except "ardent spirits"; and the sale of such liquors in retail for use as an ordinary beverage was the particular kind of traffic condemned as morally unlawful, and not to be tolerated in a Christian professor.

My father was the principal preacher of this Temperance Crusade in America and England, and was honored with the title of "Apostle of Temperance" before Father Mathew appeared on the scene, and merited this glorious title.

I am happy to remember that during my missionary career of fifteen years I WAGED AN INCESSANT WAR AGAINST INTemperance,

and it is known to all that the Paulists have ever been foremost in the crusade against this base, venomous, and deadly dragon, whose breath poisons the air which so many unhappy creatures inhale.

No longer able to contend as formerly against this monster by preaching, I wish, nevertheless, to cast one more javelin at him. I am happy to see that a host of valiant combatants have arisen to carry on this holy crusade. And it is matter for congratulation that the representative of the Holy Father has animated their courage and strengthened their arms, as well as stricken terror into the hearts of their opponents, by his approbation of the opportune legislation of Bishop of Columbus.

#### THE SALOON EVIL.

I shall restrict myself for the most part to the narrow limits of that den of the dragon which I venture to call by the vulgar name of "whisky-shop"; and those who are therein engaged in getting money or wasting it, by the sale and consumption of ardent spirits.

Most assuredly, I will not propose any doctrine which can be called extreme or fanatical. I do not condemn the drinking, sale, and manufacture of spirituous liquors, much less of the fermented and malt liquors, as in their nature immoral and sinful. There is nothing immoral in the mere

act of drinking a glass of brandy or whiskey, or in the habit of using such drinks regularly, with due moderation, unless there is some circumstance therewith connected which attaches to it an immoral character. There is nothing essentially and intrinsically immoral in the wholesale and retail traffic which attaches to it a vicious quality; it must be infected by some deadly or noxious ingredient, like a river polluted from a cess pool.

There is nothing immoral in selling revolvers and cartridges. But if, in certain circumstances, this traffic were chiefly with men who were bent on homicide or resistance to the law, or if it were carried on in violation of laws made to regulate and restrict the use and sale of firearms, for the preservation of the public peace, it would become criminal.

There is nothing immoral in playing cards or billiards, even for money, yet, as every one knows, gambling is, in point of fact, one of the most dangerous and ruinous of habits, and the places where it is carried on have been very appropriately called "hells." The lottery is not in itself immoral. Nevertheless, it has become practically such an evil that it has been thought necessary to make it illegal.

#### THE WHOLE QUESTION OF TRAFFIC, ESPECIALLY RETAIL TRAFFIC

in intoxicating liquors, must therefore be considered, not merely in the abstract, but in the concrete; not merely in its constant and universal aspects, but also in those which are variable in different times and places, and which are particular.

It is a great mistake to make the practical standard and rule for the application of moral principles which are always and everywhere the same, identical, in respect to the liquor-traffic, in this country and in all other countries.

The condition of a country where pure native wines and pure beer are abundant and in common use, and gross intemperance is not a prevalent vice, is different from that of our own country. I will not digress, however, from my chief and indeed only point, viz., that the whisky shops which exist and thrive in such great numbers in our own country are a nuisance, and that they ought to be the chief objective point of attack in the crusade against intemperance. The city of New York, from the days of its Dutch founders, has held a bad eminence in the number of its retail stores for the sale of liquor. At present, we are told that there are some seven or eight thousand of what in polite language are called "saloons," and above forty thousand in the State. No matter what plea the apologists of the saloons may put in, in behalf of those which they claim to be conducted in a way which does not offend against religion, morality, or the social order; no one can deny that many of them belong to the class of low, disreputable whiskey-shops.

#### THEY ARE THE RESORT OF HABITUAL AND OCCASIONAL DRUNKARDS,

and hard drinkers. Drinking to excess is mostly carried on in these places by the majority of the men, especially of the laboring class, who are addicted to this vice. In most cases, it is there that sober young men begin to go the downward road which leads to destruction. The worst of these dens are vile beyond description. Every policeman, and every priest, whose duty has ever required him to look into these haunts of iniquity of a Saturday evening, knows by his own observation what most decent people can only know through hearing or reading; unless, unhappily, they see in the degradation and ruin of their own relatives and friends the effects of resorting to "saloons."

The same condition of things exists all over the country. Parish priests everywhere find the evil influences

tend to demoralize their people, to resist and thwart their own pastoral labors, centered in the whiskey-shops. Missionaries find the great obstacle to the success of missions in

#### THESE SAME STRONGHOLDS OF VICE AND SIN.

Great numbers of victims of intemperance are brought to conversion and reformation. Many whiskey-shops are broken up. It is to be feared that a considerable number of those who have been reformed relapse after a time. Some who have shut up their shops reopen them after their virtuous resolutions have evaporated, and new wolves are always prowling around breaking into the sheepfold. In the warfare of parish priests and missionaries against sin, of course they must wage it against all sins and all vices. But one of the chief objects of assault is intemperance, which is not only in itself a gross and destructive vice, but the parent of many other sins, and the cause of many miseries, not only to those who indulge in it, but to others also, and is a loathsome ulcer on the social body.

#### IT IS EVIDENT THAT SOME KIND OF CONTROL AND RESTRICTION IN THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC BY THE LAW

is not only right and proper, but necessary. For instance, the law requiring saloons to be closed on Sunday is one which must be approved by all who have any moral sense. All good citizens ought to observe and to support it. It is scandalous for those who make a profession of being Catholics to violate or evade it. Besides this, the whole moral authority of the Church concurs with the civil authority in forbidding this gross abuse and disorder.

The reformation of abuses in connection with the traffic in liquor by legislation and by all kinds of moral influence must be admitted by all to be most desirable, whatever differences of opinion there may be about particular methods and measures. A "Public House Reform Association" has been lately formed in England, which a writer in the London Spectator of July 21 says "all reasonable men will hail with enthusiasm."

In regard to the whiskey-shops, which I have attacked in this article, it is my opinion that

THEIR VERY EXISTENCE IS AN ABUSE; that they are incapable of any reformation, and that the temperance reformation which is so very necessary among the most degenerate class of our Catholic people requires that they should be abolished. I mean by this that all Catholics who keep such places should be persuaded to abandon the business. The Church has no power to compel them to do so. The law may use coercion, but there is reason to fear that it only drives the disreputable traffic to hide in holes and corners, and that those who wish to do so, will get drunk and run the risk of arrest. Prohibitory and coercive legislation is a difficult matter where there is a large class of the population given to habitual and even intemperate drinking, and a great number of persons, with small regard for either law or morality, bent on making an easy living by selling liquor to them; and the execution of laws after they are made is still more difficult. Only the moral influence over those who are in the habit of drinking and those who are engaged in selling liquor, which is strong enough to keep them from violating the moral law, is powerful enough to effect a real reformation.

A GENERAL AND STRONG PUBLIC OPINION which makes the immoral abuse of liquor and the immoral traffic in it, odious and disgraceful, is much more efficacious than legislation. And it is this public opinion which alone can give adequate support to legislative measures, however wise and prudent they may be.



Half the fun of life is lost by many people through their neglect of one of Nature's most rigid laws. Nature insists on regularity. People who allow the continuance of any irregularity in their digestive organs soon have to pay the penalty. Free and regular movement of the bowels is the surest sign of good health.

The first question the doctor asks is: "Are your bowels regular?" If not, he gives something to make them so and quite often that is all he needs to do.

Assist Nature occasionally in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you need never be very sick. Remember that assistance don't mean violence. What is needed is a gentle but efficient helper that will work so easily and so naturally that there will be no shock to the system.

Of all the remedies that have been prepared, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets best fill all the requirements. They are made of refined, concentrated vegetable extracts. One is a laxative—two a mild cathartic. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, distress after eating, sour stomach, "heart-burn," dizziness, foul breath and all disorders due to imperfect digestion. Each little vial holds from forty-two to forty-four Pellets, and sells at the same price as the more common and cheaper made pills. A free sample package (4 to 7 doses) will be sent on request. Once used, they are always in favor. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The preparations for the golden jubilee of Archbishop Williams' ordination are gradually assuming shape, and the event promises to be a notable one in the Catholic history of the archdiocese, the state and of New England. Archbishop Satoli has promised to grace the occasion with his presence; Cardinal Gibbons delays his departure for Rome to be present, and many other ecclesiastical nobilities will be in Boston for the jubilee: while the attendance of priests will be very large. The orator of the day is to be the bishop of Manchester, whose years of life hardly equal those of the beloved jubilarian in the priesthood. The lay commemoration of the event also gives promise of being a notable demonstration.

Henry Ward Beecher once informed a man who came to him complaining of gloomy and despondent feelings, that what he most needed was a good cathartic, meaning, of course, such a medicine as Ayer's Catarrh Pills, every dose being effective.

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# EASTER SUNDAY.

## Observance of the Feast in City and Province.

### St. Basil's.

Gounod's Messe Solenne was sung by the choir under the leadership of Rev. Father Murray. At the Offertory, "Hanc Dies" was sung by Mr. J. J. Costello. Mass was sung by Rev. Father Marjion, assisted by Rev. Father Martin and Mr. Donnelly. Rev. Father Tealy preached a brief sermon on the feast of the day.

In the evening Rev. R. McBrady spoke from the text "Did it not behoove Christ to suffer these things and so enter into His glory." St. Luke, 24th chap. That trial is a condition of glory is a divine law from which our Saviour did not seek exemption. But three days ago we recalled how he was reviled, how shame was put upon Him, how his life went out in agony. Human degradation could be carried no further; and yet to-day in the Resurrection we acknowledge Him first in all creation, the master, law-giver and sovereign of souls.

There is this peculiar feature in the glory of Jesus Christ; He occupies a sphere by Himself; He is essentially the Man of Sorrows; He teaches, makes laws, rules but for our immortal souls. Who before Him taught that salvation is the end of all things and that sacrifice is the instrument thereof? None before Him thought of this and none understood this doctrine so opposed to all inclination of flesh and blood. Mankind required a new sense to understand this great gift which is refused to none but which yet is given only to those who ask it in prayer, which can never be given to the proud, which is open only to the humble of heart. Have we not seen heroism and virtue acknowledge every maxim of His to be a law? Past and present are witnesses of it. We have seen wealth renounced that there might be enjoyed the incomparable blessing of possessing nothing. One word of Christ did this; "Blessed are the poor."

Others we have seen who could not imitate themselves enough, who fasted and suffered and laid down their lives. One word did this; "Take up thy cross and follow Me." Others yet have discarded family joys, affection, ease, to labor for the poor of God; for Christ had promised recognition to such as do good even to the least of His children. And there are men living not for themselves but for those who are astray, who by word and work and sacrifice and care and toil seek to rescue souls from the way of death. "Go ye and preach," is the mandate that inspires them. No words of sage or prophet were ever so powerful as these. To have inculcated this spirit of self-sacrifice which for 1800 years has so continued to be effectual argues a real creative power such as is with God alone.

Say not that mankind is stranger to these things. Jesus Christ in His great sacrifice, the sacrifice of God Himself, had but one purpose, the saving of souls; His love is bound up in suffering humanity; and as the flight of days and the decline of years brings man face to face with that problem whose solution depends on death he turns more and more to his Redeemer for aid. The destiny of souls is the great concern.

The Master has left a society, the Catholic Church, in which He has reproduced and perpetuated Himself. Has he succeeded? Look around and answer. Is not the Church to-day a living, inspiring force. In 1800 years what has she not withstood. The forces of the world's greatest powers have sought to crush her, and she has time and again emerged triumphant; internal discord has led fair to wreck her usefulness, but she has come forth repeatedly more and more united; she has suffered from barbarian conquerors and in return has brought the nations within her fold; the good fortune of her own empire, the great temporal successes which commonly result in ruin, she has come through, as through all her difficulties, as gold purified in the furnace. She has survived the uprisings of human wisdom and pride, the errors of years and of men, the trials of time and revolutions. Is not this a superb record. Empires crumble and fall; the Church knows not decay. The races of the world are divided; the Church is still one. All things else grow old; the Church is ever young. Whatever else is begun, perhaps flourishes but dies; the Church to-day is full of life. Does the miracle which renders these things possible and you imply a greater miracle—that human probability could be set aside for 1800 years without a miracle.

Is not Jesus Christ always living? He lives in the Pope, in the Bishop, in the priests forgiving, baptizing, sanctifying. If Jesus Christ be not in these acts all is mockery. We have His promise, "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

### St. Mary's.

At the last mass Very Rev. J. J. McCann preached on the Resurrection. A musical service of very high order was rendered by the choir, Miss Clark, Miss McCann, Miss Way and the Misses Walsh taking part. The collection was as usual the largest in the city.

### St. Paul's.

The Masses on Easter Sunday were at 7, 8, 9, 30 and 11 o'clock. At 11 o'clock the music of Gounod's celebrated "messe Solenne" was rendered by a choir of 54 voices, all thoroughly trained by Prof. McEvoy, who is recognized as one of the cleverest and most successful sacred musicians in Toronto Church circles. Napolitano's orchestra accompanied the voices, and Miss MacDonnell presided at the organ. Lambillotte's "Regina Coeli" was rendered at the Offertory.

### St. Patrick's.

High Mass was celebrated by the Rector, Father Wynn, assisted by Father Grogan, Deacon, and Mr. Flynn, sub-deacon. Father Hayden preached on the Gospel of the day. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Cochrane, rendered an excellent musical service, accompanied by Mr. Dinelli, the regular organist, and a special orchestra.

### St. Helen's.

Mozart's Seventh Mass was sung by the choir, under the leadership of Mr. Dillon and accompanied by the organist, Miss Memory and the orchestra of the Grand Opera. Soloists were Miss Mallon, Mrs. D. Small and Messrs. Gillogley, Mottram and Dickinson. Rev. J. C. Carberry preached on the feast of the day.

### Our Lady of Lourdes.

On Easter Sunday Weber's Mass sung by the choir. Giionna's orchestra assisted. Miss Sullivan conducted the choir and among those who took part were Mrs. McCann, Miss McCarron, Miss Tymon, Miss Coxwell, Miss Dundas and Messrs. McMullen, McCloskey, Bouvier, Cottam and Wickett.

### St. Joseph's.

At St. Joseph's Church, Toronto, Leonard's Mass was sung, the soloists being Mr. Murphy, Miss Farmer, Miss Prout and Miss Murray and Messrs. Wright and Richard Howarth. Liberal collection.

### Hamilton.

Last Thursday the holy oils were blessed in the cathedral by Bishop Dowling assisted by several of the clergy.

The people of St. Patrick's parish had a particularly good sermon Friday evening from their pastor, Rev. Father Craven, on the Passion of Christ.

Saturday the holy water was blessed at the cathedral, followed by High Mass.

There is generally a large number of outsiders who attend St. Mary's Cathedral Easter Sunday morning and evening, as the music is always special and excellent. However, they were disappointed this year. Mr. O'Brien, director of the choir, has unfortunately been confined to his house lately and unable to prepare a musical treat.

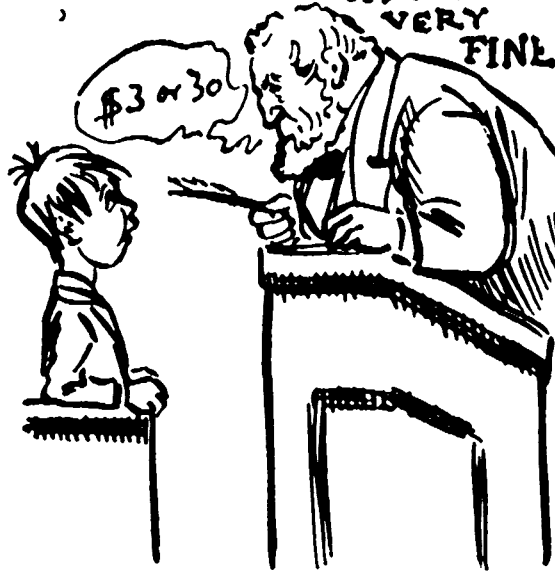
In the musical Vespers in the east end church last Sunday evening, the choir was assisted by Mrs. Bruce-Wilketrom. Bishop Dowling was present and gave the Papal benediction.

There was grand High Mass at St. Joseph's Convent last Monday morning, the occasion being the reception of Miss Daisy Harris into the order. Bishop Dowling was present. The celebrant was Vicar-General Heenan, assisted by Mgr. McEvoy, Rev. Fathers Mahony, Lehman, Hinchey, Brady and Coty. His Lordship gave a short address on the religious life. The banquet which followed was grand, the arrangements being made by Newport.

### Peterborough.

The services at St. Peter's Cathedral were attended by large congregations. His Lordship the Bishop of Peterborough celebrated Pontifical High Mass in the morning and gave the Papal benediction. In the evening at Vespers His Lordship preached. At 10,30 o'clock Lambillotte's Mass was sung and solos were admirably taken by Misses M. Hurley, L. Hurley, Lizzie Mahoney, M. E. Mahoney and Katie Simons, Messrs. T. Mahoney and Angus McPherson and Mrs. Geo. Ball and Miss J. Lynch. A duet, "Benedictus," by Miss Lizzie Mahoney and Mrs. Geo. Ball was effectively given. In the evening at Vespers Mrs. Ball sang "O Salutaris, and the duet, "Tantum Ergo," by Miss M. Hurley and Mr. Thomas Dunn was a treat, both voices bleeding perfectly. The altar was elegantly decorated with flowers, and much praise was bestowed on the decorations.

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### Oshawa.

The Easter service was very well carried out. The old St. Gregory's Church was crowded. It was the last Easter Sunday in the old building. The new church is being plastered. The opening of it will be a great event. It is expected to take place about the end of May.

### Oakville.

High Mass was celebrated by Father Burke, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, at 11 o'clock, before a large congregation. The music on the occasion was exceptionally good. The choir, under the able charge of Miss Annie Shaughnessy, organist, sang Baldwin's Mass, Mr. Jose, of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, rendering able assistance. The music in the evening also was well executed. Father Burke preached in the morning on "The Resurrection as an Article of Faith;" at Vespers, "The Resurrection Proved by Human Testimony." The collection was large.

### Barrie.

High Mass was celebrated at St. Mary's Church by Very Rev. Dean Egan. Peter's Mass was sung by the choir under the leadership of Mr. O'Mara. The soloists were Mrs. Daly, Mrs. Maloney, Miss Ryan and Mr. O'Mara. The collection reached \$250 and is not yet complete. In the morning Dean Egan preached on the Resurrection and at special musical Vespers in the evening on Societies in connection with the Church. The C.M.B.A. were present in a body.

### Burlington.

At the Church of St. Francis Xavier the choir sang the plain chant Mass of Sixth Tone harmonized for four voices. Hanc Dies (Lambillotte) was sung at the offertory. The soloists were Misses A. and M. Pauze and Mr. J. S. Fraser. At Benediction O Salutaris (Wiegand) was sung by Misses E. Erwin and M. Martin; Regina Coeli (Batteman-Stollewerk) by Mrs. D'aoust and Mr. D. D'aoust; Tantum Ergo in C minor (Lambillotte); Laudate in harmonized plain chant, Miss C. Wadsworth, soloist. In the morning the Rev. P. F. Ryan, P.P., preached on the necessity of helping one another to lead changed lives.

### St. Thomas.

The main altar of the Church of the Holy Angels was most richly and tastefully decorated; the lamp-lights scintillating through the leaves and petals of Easter lilies, hydrangeas, bouquets of June roses and other flowers in great profusion, produced a very pleasing effect. High mass of Rosewig's was for the first time rendered by a St. Thomas choir. Laude St. n Lambillotte was sung by the choir at the offertory. The soloists were Mr. Reynolds, Miss Clark, Miss Emilie Chalut, Miss Coughlin, Miss Hughton and Miss Townsend, Madame Herbert presiding at the organ. Rev. Dr. Flannery read the Gospel, Mark xvi., 1-7, and after summarizing the proofs of the Resurrection and its consequences—the divinity of Jesus Christ and the resurrection of our bodies on the last day—insisted upon the necessity for all, of at once rising up out of the death of sin to the glorious life of Grace. Our resurrection must be like unto His—real, stable, permanent, and apparent to all, so that we no longer fear to stand up for Christ, nor blush for our profession of being followers of Him, who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and who will reward our fidelity in the fulfilment of the promise He gave, saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

## Small Boys' Suits

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Some of the Clothiers whose Spring Stocks are deficient in

## Children's Clothing

who lack Sailor and Zouave Suits will naturally tell you these two styles are not in vogue. But they are just the same. The Sailor Suit is too jaunty, too comfortable to vanish; the Zouave Suit is too natty, too picturesque to take a back seat, and these styles will be more worn than ever this year. **OUR NEW STOCK** is full of them. Stylish, well made little Suits from \$1.50 up.

## CHEYNE & CO.

73 King St. E.

ROBT. CHEYNE, Mgr.

### Obituary.

FOUNDS—Of your charity pray for the soul of Charles, son of James S. and Ellen Forbes of Ross street Toronto, who died in Montreal on April 9th, 1895, aged 24 years, on whose soul, sweet Jesus have mercy R. I. P.

### St. Mary's Sodality

Will hold a three days festival in St. Andrew's Hall on 23, 24, 25 of April, in aid of St. Mary's church debt. They will have fancy tables and refreshments, select entertainment each evening at 8 p.m. Doors open at 2 p.m. each day. Admission, 10 cts.

Mr. P. Hughes has just returned from the old country where he has been combining a visit to his relations in Ireland with business in both Ireland and England.

## FOR NON-CATHOLICS.

What Father Elliott's Experience  
Has Taught Him.

THE OUTLOOK IS ENCOURAGING.

In the splendid Easter number of the Catholic World Magazine, the Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulists, has the following article on missionary work among non-Catholics:

In reading the Missionary Notes published in this magazine some might think that the missionaries are over-sanguine. "You make too much of the friendly reception given you," it might be said, for it is curiosity rather than deep religious feeling that brings Protestants to hear you. It will be a long and weary work to convert this people, or any large portion of them." In answer to such thoughts we say that we have not to render account for the future. Our responsibility is limited to fulfilment of present obligations. And for the present we can get an audience of non-Catholics everywhere and in most places a numerous one. Hence we are missionaries.

The writer has given over forty missions to non-Catholics during this and the preceding winter, always obtaining good attendance and in a majority of cases overflowing audiences.

Let us realize as an actual fact that we can get a hearing. Accept our evidence, accept the evidence of many other priests from all sections of the country; we are witnesses who have tried the experiment and who have succeeded. The condition of things is therefore this: the Catholic Church in America is among a non-Catholic people. Stop at that fact and square your conscience with it. As layman, priest or prelate, reckon with God thus: I am a member of the one true church and I can get a hearing for its claims from non-Catholics; what should I do about it?

The ears of our separated brethren are open to the truth; such is the actual fact. It may be said that the open ear is not always the open heart; and that is true. The word of truth is sometimes, nay often, permitted to enter in at the ear but refused an entrance to the heart. Men hear and do not believe. They hear willingly enough in some cases, attracted only by a sense of fair play, by mere admiration of the style or substance of the lectures, with no thought of accepting and assimilating what they often admit to be theoretically true. No doubt the Word of God frequently lodges on the surface of the heart, to be allowed to wither there by neglect or to be overgrown by worldliness and passion. But there are heart-missionaries as well as ear-missionaries. And it is great gain to win only a hearing. In doing that much one is certainly God's instrument. In moving hearts one cannot tell what instrument the Holy Spirit will use. But the undoubted fact that we can get a hearing is a valuable (if perhaps an unwelcome) element in making up an account of conscience; and this is true whether I am layman or clergyman.

The duty of a Catholic is not confined to make converts outright. It is to remove bitterness, to set aside delusions, to overcome prejudice. If you cannot make converts of your Protestant neighbors you can at least make good-natured Protestants of them. Is there no obligation to set about doing this? If you can get a hearing, it may be that you cannot gain an immediate victory, but you can reduce the warfare to a friendly contest, you can put an end to polemical scalping. To establish our belligerent rights is half the battle. To secure a hearing for Catholicity as

one among the religious claimants is an immense advantage. As to positively converting particular persons, two influences are most necessary; one is God's secret inspiration, and the other is the piety and intelligence of Catholic friends and relatives. But both of these are aided by public lectures which frequently are necessary adjuncts of inner grace and outer edification.

The outlook is favorable. Not every one perceives it, any more than every one understands the outlook in the business world; the eye for business opportunities is in the business man's head. So the missionary prospects are known by those whose vocation or whose inner light has led them to study the matter. Such observers perceive that prejudice is not nearly so strong as once it was, allowing for exceptions in particular places or among particular classes. Many Protestants are now met with who will not take it for granted that Catholicity is totally wrong, has no foundation in reason or in revelation. Converts are an appreciable part of many of our congregations. The press dare not openly attack the Church, and in large part has no desire to do so, and it is quite accessible to the publication of articles on the Catholic side. And, especially judicious attempts to gain a public hearing for Catholic claims secure a non-Catholic audience. Furthermore, practical and zealous Catholicity is not deemed a bar to social intercourse.

Nor is this open door merely the idle curiosity of a worldly or vicious people. Although worldliness and vice are prevalent enough among our separated brethren, antagonism to revealed religion is comparatively rare. And as a worldly Catholic still holds fast to his faith, so does a worldly Protestant adhere to his, allowing for many exceptions and admitting that his faith is vague. The non-Catholic people of America, good and bad and taken as a body, are religious in their tendencies. They believe in God as their maker and ruler, in Jesus Christ as their teacher and Saviour, in the Scripture as God's book. And, taken again as a body, their aversion to Catholicity is not passionate. On religious subjects of every kind, not excepting Catholic doctrine and practice, they will converse much, read some, and will listen to competent lecturers. May it not be affirmed that this condition of our countrymen places us in the position of the Apostle? "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

I am by no means implying that infidelity is unknown, or that there is no peril, no threatening sign of unbelief growing general among non-Catholics. Doubt is among them, and doubt is an infectious disease. All I mean to say is, that Protestants generally hold truths which are introductory to full Christianity, to use the happy expression of the Pope in his Encyclical to the American Church. Of the future we know nothing, however much we may conjecture. What is evident is that Christ yet stands before the American Protestant people as their accepted teacher; he is to them their Saviour and their God. And what think you, is the duty which His Church owes to such a people?

Our proposition if put into another form might be stated thus: There is satisfactory evidence that the majority of our non-Catholic countrymen are persuaded that if a Catholic lives up to his religion it will make a good man of him; they now agree that Catholicity can make men virtuous, that it does not hinder their being good citizens—in a word, is a religion worthy of respect; that means worthy of a hearing—an admission on their part of incalculable missionary value, and of most serious import to our consciences.

Nothing in the way of controversy can equal the direct statement of the truth by a man esteemed by his hearers for his virtues; nothing but willful

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it is to know that when you order

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There is going to be absolutely no doubt about its giving satisfaction.

Sold in lead packets only. Full weight inside the lead of each package. All grocers.

prejudice can fail of receiving some good influence from it. We can certainly count on a movement in many minds towards conversion as the result of Catholic sermons and lectures well prepared and well delivered by public-spirited priests. The temptation to attack Protestantism, we must admit, is great. For example, it makes one's blood boil to think of honest people being fooled with such a preposterous delusion as that the private interpretation of the Bible is the divine rule of faith. And there are so many outright self-contradictions in distinctive Protestant doctrines, that all one's logical faculty rises to indignation. The very sense of the humorous which is aroused by incongruities and inconsistencies is embittered by the lamentable sight of so many millions of good souls kept from the peaceful unity of truth, the joy of certain pardon for sin, the participation in the divine life of the Eucharist, the fulness and security of union with the Holy Spirit in the interior life of prayer as practised in the Catholic Church.

But it will not do to attack even delusions which are associated with all the pious thoughts of a life-time. Locate holiness and truth where they belong, in God's Church; and the intelligent classes will sooner or later perceive that what they revered as Protestantism, was but Catholicity impoverished and in exile. Let us resist the temptation to attack Calvinism, for it is being put to death in the house of its friends, and its very slayers will resent your interference. Among Protestants themselves there is an active and universal movement against the errors peculiar to the Reformation era, such as the private ownership of God's word, justification without works, total depravity, religion without church. Let these agitators have a monopoly of exterminating error—they are numerous, active, and every way competent. The day will come when spoil and spoiler will both be brought into the Church. But oh! let us get into men's minds our positive doctrines. Let us do it at once. Let us work and pray and teach and lecture, let us print and distribute these holy truths whose restful knowledge is the root and foundation of all our joy.

### If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

Responsibility must be shouldered. You cannot carry it under your arm.

The judgments of some people are very weak because they never give them any exercise.

### An Honest Offer.

If you have CATARRH, and desire to be cured without risk of losing your money, we will send a GERMICIDE INHALER and medicine for that disease without asking a cent of pay in advance. After a fair trial at your own home, and you find it a genuine remedy, you can send us \$3 to pay for same. If not satisfactory in every way you can return the Inhaler at our expense, and need not pay one cent. Could anything be more fair? You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. If the remedy is not all we claim, we are the losers, not you. Just think of being cured for \$3.

For remedy on above liberal terms, address MEDICAL INHALATION CO., 440 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

### ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

#### An American Authority on Life Insurance.

One of the oldest and most reliable of insurance journals is the Guardian of Boston. It is edited by Mr. Geo. D. Kidridge, one of the best insurance actuaries on this continent, and it is therefore a recognized authority. The last number contains the following unsolicited article with reference to the P.P.I. of St. Thomas, Ont.:

"The Guardian has had occasion to refer to the above named company many times in the past, but never was there more occasion for commending substantial growth attained than at the present time. The Provincial Provident Institution is the largest Canadian assessment life company, and occupies a position toward the citizens of the Dominion of great prominence and importance. Across the line, this company is the leading representative of modern assessmentism, and no statutory requirement is necessary to induce it to label its printed matter from letter-head to policy-form with the proud words; "Assessment System." In "The States" here, all recognize this institution as the company, and consequently its course is watched with no small amount of interest.

With the beginning of the current year a rate of increase has been attained that argues well for the doubling in 1895 of the splendid business accomplished in '94. An important and progressive step has been taken in raising the limit from \$5,000 to \$10,000, upon a single risk and the agency department has been thoroughly reorganized and augmented. This company exhibits at this writing more than 8,000 policies in force, covering \$13,000,000 of insurance, and a cash surplus of \$120,000 over all liabilities. The low death rate with which this company is blessed is not a matter of luck, but the result of a careful scrutiny of every applicant, and of conservative methods. The acceptance of a risk by this company's management means the taking on of an additional element of strength, so that with its growth in size this progressive institution also attains a commensurate addition of resources and stability. To the gentlemen under whose tireless and efficient supervision this company's affairs have been conducted with such marked success, as deserving all the confidence and support that is so lavishly given. Without it, these splendid gains could scarcely be made, and with its continuance, which in fact has been earned, and is their just due, the opportunity is presented for further up-building along the lines now laid and the ultimate establishment of the largest Canadian life insurance company of any kind."

Most men concede that it looks foolish to see a boy dragging a heavy sledge up a hill for the fleeting pleasure of riding down again. But it appears to me that boy is a sage by the side of a young man who works hard all the week and drinks up his wages on Saturday night.

### Two Clergymen Agree.

Rev. P. C. Headley, 697 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.: "Although I have not given testimonials of so called, 'Proprietary Medicines,' I can fully endorse the one written by my friend, the Rev. George M. Adams, D.D., of Auburndale, Massachusetts, which gave me confidence in the remedy before using it. Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one.

Dr. Adams' statement is:—"I recommend K.D.C. very strongly; in my case it has proved singularly efficient; when I could find nothing else to give relief, it was a prompt remedy. I should be unwilling to be without it."

Grind all your sufferings in the mill of patience and silence; knead them with the balm of Our Saviour's Passion into a little pill; swallow it with faith and love, and let the heat of charity digest it.

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XXXVI.

HAMILTON, March, 18—.

DEAR—I have not yet told you of a visitor—a most unwelcome visitor—that usually comes to Bermuda during the month of January or February, and brings in his train a swarm of evils, which, like Pandora with her box, he lets loose upon the island. I allude to the south wind which never fails to generate the warm moist atmosphere, so much disliked by the natives and by northern visitors, begetting a clammy feeling which can be better imagined than described. If this state of weather should continue for two or three days, it would have a visible effect upon every household article that damp heat will spoil. Fresh meat putrefies; cold cooked meats become coated with a vigorous growth of mould; and in fact everything in the larder suffers. Inside the house matters are no better. The mirrors refuse to reflect the features, being coated with vapour. Boots and shoes are covered with green mould, and even articles of clothing suffer greatly. All, however, soon changes; a sudden coolness is felt; the exclamation, "Oh! here comes the north wind," becomes general, and in a few hours all dampness vanishes and the bracing atmosphere gratifies the feelings of old and young. The housewife hangs out the damp clothes, that would soon mildew if left untouched; the cook looks over the meat and hurries that which will soonest spoil into the oven; while at the stable, the coachman examines the harness, which has suffered like the boots and shoes. In fact almost everything has to be overhauled and renovated after the southerly vapour bath—vegetation is the only thing which benefits by the damp weather. Coughs and cold are prevalent during this season, but mostly among the native Bermudians and mullatos.

However, as the changes of temperature are neither sudden nor extreme, they rarely affect northern constitutions. Fortunately this year we were only afflicted with a few days of this weather, when our Deliverer, the North Wind, appeared and freed us from our misty, musty, moist misery.

I must not omit a description of the coffee plant in blossom and its peculiarity, which I have obtained from some Cuban friends whom I met here.

The most ravishing of all sights in the flower kingdom is a coffee plantation in full bloom. The snowy blossoms do not steal forth in niggardly, hesitating fashion, but bursting simultaneously from their sheaths. The fields are in a single night covered by a spotless mantle of white. This exhales an indescribable but exquisite fragrance. As the advent of this flowery loveliness is so sudden few persons observe it except those who are watching for it. It is a beauty so ephemeral that eagerly indeed, lest he lose it for ever, must it be drunk into the gazer's soul. It is a fragrance that he who would enjoy must inhale without delay, for alas! within the space of twenty-four hours the snow-white flowers wither, the subtle odour passes away, all that delicate loveliness vanishes, and only a memory is left of that which was yesterday matchless in sweetness and beauty. Now, if it be your heart's desire to see a coffee plantation in full bloom you had better pitch your tent in good time beside the field and resolve to dwell therein, or demand for yourself "A hollow tree, a crust of bread and liberty!" "You must watch and pray, for you know not the day nor the hour for noiseless falls the foot of Time that only treads on flowers," especially coffee flowers. You can moralize thus at leisure:

"All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made,  
But to be lost when sweetest."

And the tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to mo.

"Like the dew on the mountain  
Like the foam on the river  
Like the bubble on the fountain  
Thou art gone, and forever!"

"Time rolls his ceaseless course,"  
though he once stood still for Joshua—

Unfathomable Sea, whose waves are years;  
Ocean of Time, whose waters of deep woe,  
Are brackish with salt of human tears.  
Thou shoreless flood, which in thy ebb and flow

(hasped the limits of mortality)

And sick of prey, yet howling on for more.  
Vomitest thy wrecks on its inhospitable shore;

Treachorous in calm and terrible in storm,  
Who shalt put forth on thee,  
Unfathomable sea?

We are now speaking against time, as they say in Parliament, and wasting time, as they do there very often. Dryden says: "I never knew the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass bring anything but gray hairs, thin cheeks and loss of teeth."

Apropos of Old Time, some one said lately, that instead of the allegorical figure of Time as an old man with a scythe and hour-glass, he should be represented with all the modern improvements to suit the latest style, "a patent mowing machine and a chronometer!"

"Art is long and Time is fleeting,  
And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
Still like muffled drums are beating  
Funeral marches to the grave."

Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

"See how beneath the moonbeam's smile  
You little billow heaves its breast,  
And foams and sparkles for a while,  
And murmuring then subsides to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,  
Rises on Time's eventful sea;  
And having scudded a moment there  
Thus melts into eternity!"—Moore.

Perhaps Moore was alluding to the Scylls of his day, the Dulcs of ours, you know.

"Out upon Time! he will leave no more  
Of the things to come than the things  
before!"

Tempus omnia revelat.

But, Tempus fugit, and I must say  
Adieu. PLACIDIA.

FEVER AND AGUE AND BILIOUS DERANGEMENTS are positively cured by the use of Parmelee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, by which the corrupted mass is thrown out the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

The Paschal candle, which is lit at the mass of Holy Saturday, and relit at high mass on each Sunday and holiday of obligation to Ascension Thursday inclusively, when it is extinguished and removed from the sanctuary, is thought by some writers to have been introduced by Pope Zozimus, at the beginning of the fifth century. It typifies the Risen Christ, who was the light of the world; and it is lit at the gospel to symbolize that it was by the preaching and teaching of Christ that the darkness of error was dispelled from the world and the light of truth and faith substituted therefor.

We are convinced that we never published more reliable testimonials than those for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. This remedy deserves special recommendation, because it is given free to the poor.

Enthusiasm is a flame which leaps, not from mind to mind, but from heart to heart. It is blown into intense heat by a heroic example more than by all proverbs.

There are three kinds of people in the world, the wills, the winks, and the cants. The first accomplish everything; the second oppose everything; the third fail in everything.—Emerson.

A GLENGARRY MIRACLE.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO THOUGHT DEATH WAS NEAR.

Her Condition That of Many Other Young Girls—Heart Action Feeble, Cheeks Pallid, Easily Tired and Appetite Almost Gone How Her Life Was Saved.

From the Cornwall Freeholder

Nothing in this world is more distressing, and unfortunately it is too common in this Canada of ours, with its extremes of climate—its almost arctic winters and summer days of tropic heat—than to see a young life fading away like a blighted vine. Its early days have been full of promise, but just when the young maiden becomes of a lovable age with everything to live for, or the young man evinces signs of business aptitude, they are suddenly stricken down and too often in months, or it may be weeks, there are empty chairs at the fireside and sore hearts left behind. Not always is this the case, however. Fortunately science has discovered remedies to check the ravages of decline, when it has not gone too far. Recently, a case of this kind was brought to our notice, and the circumstances were so notable and attracted so much attention in the neighborhood that we felt impelled to inquire into them more fully and give them the benefit of as wide publicity as possible.

Henry Haines who has for several years past acted as farm foreman for Mr. Daniel Currie of Glen Walker, Glengarry county, has quite a large family, among them one daughter Mary, now about 18 years of age. Until her 12th year she was much as the other children, fairly rugged and without sickness of any kind. Then of a sudden she became delicate and as the months went on her parents were afraid she was going into a decline. Her heart beat feebly; she was feverish and flushed, slept badly and had but little appetite. Doctors were consulted, who talked about growing too fast, and such commonplaces, and prescribed different medicines, none of which, however, appeared to be of any permanent benefit. A year or so ago the young lady hoping a change of air might accomplish for her what medicine could not, went to Fort Covington, N. Y., where she had some relatives, and engaged as nurse. Even this light employment, however, proved too much for her and in the spring she returned to her parents a perfect wreck, with nothing to do but die, as she thought. But when least expected aid was at hand. Mr. Haines had been reading of the marvelous cures made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and reasoned within himself that if they had cured others they might save his daughter's life. On the next visit to Cornwall he bought a half dozen boxes of Pink Pills. It may be easily imagined that Miss Haines required little persuasion to try the much talked of remedy, and well for her it was that she did so. In the course of a week she felt an improvement. By the time she had taken two and a half boxes she realized that she was experiencing such health as she had never known before, and her friends began to remark and congratulate her on the change in her appearance. Still persevering in the use of the pills, she found herself when at the end of the fifth box in perfect health and able to engage in all the work of the household and the amusements from which she had up to that time been debarred. She had an excellent appetite and no one could wish to feel better. Hearing of the marvellous change her sister from Fort Covington came over to satisfy herself, and could hardly be persuaded that the robust, happy looking girl was indeed her sister whom she had never expected to see alive again. Miss Haines says she cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to which she feels assured she owes her life.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

A personal dignity which cannot take care of itself cannot be protected by incessant guarding. The quality of a great creative nature is unconsciousness, and this is also the characteristic of a great character.

There are so many cough medicines in the market, that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, or a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

The memory of a beloved mother will often warm the heart and sway the life of a strong man as her presence never did when, as a boy, she yearned over him.

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RECIPE.

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Adams' Root Beer Extract...one bottle  
Fleischmann's Yeast.....half a cake  
Sugar.....two pounds  
Lukewarm water.....two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles, to make two and five gallons.

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LIVE DEALERS, SELL IT.  
NO SMOKE, NO SMELL, WHITTLIGHT,  
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# The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895.

## Calendar for the Week.

April 19—St. Leo IX., P.  
20—St. Agnes of Monte Palcziano.  
21—St. Maximian, Bp.  
22—Sts. Soter and Caius, M. M.  
23—St. George, M.  
24—St. Fidella, M.  
25—St. Mark, Evang.

## Lord, Give us Candor.

Mr. Greenway is head of the Manitoba Government.

Mr. Sifton is Mr. Greenway's spokesman.

Rev. Dr. Bryce, professor in the Presbyterian College, is the power behind the throne.

Professor Bryce lacks assurance much less than exactness. He is the principal advocate of the thesis that there is no concern of conscience involved in this schools case. He made an affidavit to that effect, the which was read before the Privy Council. An unappreciative judge said: "This gentleman gives it as his individual opinion that the Catholic religion ought to be something entirely different from what it is"; and the other big wigs enjoyed the situation.

Inasmuch as the speeches Mr. Sifton has been delivering in Haldimand are essentially the same as the sermons Professor Bryce has been delivering from his pulpit, both of these gentlemen are more or less responsible for certain statements of fact which have the merit of being constructed without strict regard for the truth. Thus Professor Bryce first and Mr. Sifton afterwards charge that under the old regime affairs were so managed that while the Protestant school districts received \$197 each, the Catholic districts received \$947 each. Can it be denied that this statement was intended to convey the idea that the Catholic section of the School Board were cheating the Protestant majority to its face? What a lax and discreditable system! Lazy priests wallowing in ill-gotten wealth! Vast expenditures made and the community it was intended to educate still steeped in illiteracy! What a luscious morsel for the palate of the P. P. A. elector! But this sugary bit is not a confection. The legislative grants were made according to number of children, not number of schools, and the fact is that in 1886 the Protestants received 51 cents per child more than the Catholics; in 1887 \$1.02 more; in 1888 \$2.37 more.

Mr. Sifton and his friends dwell much upon a petition, the signatures to which consist of "marks." This particular section, St. Francois Xavier, is a blessing to the McCarthyites. There are a great many French half-

breeds, who are described by Professor Bryce as "wild mustangs." The priests have struggled hard for three-quarters of a century to induce them to accept the advantages of education. They have succeeded in imparting an education to more than 25 per cent. of these. The showing in view of the nature of the circumstances is highly creditable, for had it not been for the priests, absolutely none of these people would have had any education whatever.

Mr. Sifton complains that the priests received monies set aside for school purposes. Did not the priests give full value for the money? Could anyone else be had to do the teaching necessary? How ignoble is this insinuation when read side by side with the letter written long ago by Lord Selkirk praying the Bishop of Quebec to send priests to educate the people. Does anyone think that the life of a Catholic missionary in Manitoba is a bed of roses? Or has the Canadian atmosphere become so full of the odor of corruption in public concerns that even these self-sacrificing, self-denying men are not exempt from the suspicion?

Mr. Sifton says the Catholic School Board made returns which were palpably inaccurate. Here is another implication of robbery. Here again is the church preying upon the innocent public! How this statement will tickle the ears of the groundlings. But then the mischief of it is that this statement was believed once before, and the Protestant school board of Winnipeg refused to pay to the Catholic their share of the school moneys. The unblushing Catholics went to law about it. Worse than all, Chief Justice Wood (some people considered him a man of ability, too) gave judgment in their favor on December 27th 1875, and said "the facts proved under the law seemed clearly to establish their right to share in the same, and in proportion to the attendance of children at their respective schools. The average attendance is denied, but this seems as well established as such a thing can reasonably be, equally as well as the attendance at what may be called the regular schools."

It is evident from the importation of the Attorney-General of Manitoba into the fight in Ontario, and from the nature of his speeches, that the Manitoba Government appreciate the weakness of their position before the law and are now pleading justification for having overridden the constitution in order to effect the general welfare. Powerful as Mr. Sifton's addresses are at first reading, the new defence becomes lamentably weak when read in the light of the facts. Wherein the difference lies will be inferred from the foregoing comment. The cry of Provincial rights has thinned and dissolved and a tissue of fabrications, half-truths, implications, insinuations, and appeals to prejudice have taken its place. Mr. Sifton in criticizing the issue of the remedial order suggests an analogy which takes the ground from under his own feet. He says that that order was made because there are sixty-five votes in Quebec

and only five or seven in Manitoba, and that if the situations had been reversed the order would not be made. Grant the justice of this reproach. Enquire then whether had the populations in Manitoba approached more nearly than 15,000 to 150,000, would there have been any such legislation at all? And if Manitoba may appeal to the Dominion against Quebec, may not the well-nigh helpless Catholic minority in that Province very well appeal to the highest power they can approach against the wanton outrages upon them and their rights?

Catholics have no desire to impose an injustice upon Manitoba. They have no wish that the Province shall be hampered by an ineffective system. They have no desire to impose upon an intelligent people a condition such as that described by Mr. Sifton. They and their priests have made sacrifices for education such as have not been exceeded by any other section of the people. They recognize the mutability of human institutions and the possibility and advisability of improving any system that falls short of the best, but they will steadfastly refuse to recognize the dictation of others in matters so vital as this question of education.

## Irish Officialdom.

No better proof could be adduced of the necessity for self government of Ireland than the unsuccessful efforts lately made by priests and M.P.s to obtain some government help for the distressed, almost starving farmers and small cotters in the west of Ireland. The chief secretary, Mr. Morley, having been appealed to more than once, finally communicated with the Government Inspector, a certain Dr. Flynn. The latter gentleman, in obedience to instructions, proceeded on his tour of investigation and travelled through the greater portion of the Province of Connaught, by rail, when possible, and on an outside jaunting car where no railway facilities offered. Dr. Flynn visited several gentlemen in towns and landlords at their country residences, where he was received with lavish hospitality, and entertained over the viands and choering cups, with stories of the exaggerated reports of bad times in Connaught. When Dr. Flynn's official report was placed in the hands of the Irish secretary, in the House of Commons, the question of sending government assistance to the distressed of Mayo was at once settled. Mr. J. F. X. O'Brien called the attention of the House to the cries of distress that were reaching them daily from the west of Ireland, and asked Mr. Morley, the Irish secretary, if any steps had been taken towards affording relief. To this Mr. Morley replied that he had thoroughly examined the state of affairs in the west of Ireland, and that the Government Inspector had gone closely into the matter and assured him that there was no need for any interference on the part of the Government. To this asseveration Mr. O'Brien replied that the Government Inspector had not properly exercised his functions; that he had studiously avoided the very people who could

have given him true and proper information; that he had not even sought the assistance of any of the priests in the various parishes he had visited. These were the most competent to supply him with reliable information and to direct his personal researches, and at many cases of acute misery were brought under the notice of Dr. Flynn which were entirely ignored in the report, to all of which Mr. Morley replied that he watched things in Ireland as closely as he could from London, and that he had "perfect confidence in his officials."

The Dublin Freeman says: "Surely nothing can more clearly illustrate the other hopelessness of British rule in Ireland than the utterance of this fine old crusted formula by a man like Mr. Morley. No one can doubt Mr. Morley's zeal and good intentions. He represents in a special manner in the British Cabinet the principle of Home Rule for Ireland. But when all limitations and all allowances are made, the fact of such a declaration by such a man brings the intrinsic and intolerable hardships of British administration in Ireland home with very painful force indeed. The majority of those officials in whom Mr. Morley expresses his perfect confidence, are profoundly distrusted, and for good cause, by the people of Ireland. They were for the most part selected for their positions because they were known to be at direct variance with the great body of the people. In this case, it is said, the Inspector drove on an outside car through a snow covered country, and from this survey reported 'no exceptional distress.' In another he derived through the window of a first class railway carriage the belief that 'the ordinary poor law would be sufficient to cope with the distress.'" The distress in Ireland is a reality that can bear no trifling with. The interests of the starving poor must not be sacrificed to perfect confidence in officials whose inspection is perfunctory and whose reports are misleading.

## A Plain Statement.

Rev. Joseph McCarthy, O.M.I., who was born in Ireland, and who has been for twenty eight years in Manitoba has something to say as to the alleged dissensions between French and Irish Catholics in that Province, and his testimony is well worth reproducing. With Archbishop Tache, he in 1869 founded the present St. Mary's Academy. From an Irishman he had great assistance in organizing; from a Frenchman the bulk of the cash required.

"In looking over the quarter century existence of schools, the bitterness and rancor of to-day contrasts painfully with those days. Protestants and Catholics then enjoyed their schools without friction or animosity, and children and parents of both sections were the best of neighbors, in spite of occasional demagogues who were restless spirits, trying, for their own ends, to set the people at each other's throats.

I further bear testimony to the fact that the French and English speaking Catholics worked harmoniously together, and with equal generosity aided in the furtherance of church and school interests. Furthermore, I always observed that those Irishmen who were and are ever harping on the idea that the Irish alone pay are the very men who never give anything themselves. "Empty vessels make most noise."

A truly religious and Catholic spirit actuated the whole of our parishioners of Winulpeg in their dealings with church and school matters, and not a sectional or national spirit. Of course there was always a black sheep—one or two Catholics, who, not living up to the rules of our religion, were never in touch with church interests—having some spleen to vent, or axes to grind, popped out from time to time to create trouble, to criticize what they were ignorant of, and to lead a hand to the enemies of the peace of the country.

1. Is it true that the taxes, which are paid for school purposes, are not entirely expended for those purposes, but are partially applied to other purposes? It is not true—I will rest upon the categorical denial, so long as detailed charges, specifying time and place, are not made—when an accusation is made, the burden of proof lies on the accuser.

2. Is it true that a rental was charged for one of the schools, although the lands were free grant, and the school built with money of Catholic laymen?

It is not true. Here again I might await specific charges, and ask what school is meant. But I have given above a detailed answer.

3. Is the movement dictated solely in the interest of one dominant nationality, which in Mr. O'Donohue's language, "does the bossing," while the Irish "do the paying?"

It is not true. I consider foregoing remarks on the subject sufficient proof of this third and last denial.

Another circumstance mentioned is that a great deal of the money used in building schools and otherwise providing for education was supplied from old France. We may therefore infer that Archbishop Langevin's assertion that he will if necessary look to that source again is well grounded.

#### Arthur Balfour a Jesuit in Disguise

A new role undoubtedly is that just now assumed by the late Chief Secretary for Ireland. Hitherto we had known him as the astute politician, who was appointed leader of the House of Commons by his uncle Lord Salisbury, and who in his government of Ireland, carried out to the letter the merciless and hateful policy of England's Tory premier. From the energetic and vigorous manner in which that cruel and unrelenting policy was pursued, people had reason to believe that Mr. Balfour was perfectly at home in his methods of enforcing the crimes acts and coercion laws of the Salisbury regime. Nor could any one who witnessed the heartrending scenes of wholesale evictions that occurred weekly during his administration—or who reflected on the wrongs inflicted by his venerable magistrates contrary to every sense both of justice and humanity, reach any other conclusion than that a new Cromwell had appeared in Ireland. The imprisonment and barbarous treatment of such gentlemen as T. D. Sullivan, John Dillon, William O'Brien, and other representatives of the people, not to mention several priests, who were inhumanly punished because of their sympathy with their faithful flocks; such treatment and such unwise and exasperating tactics were of a nature to stamp Chief Secretary Mr. Arthur Balfour as a man void of feeling, if not a stranger to prudent policy and common sense. His subsequent successful career as a Parliamentary debater in opposition has removed many of the prejudices and some of the antipathies which while in power, he excited.

But what causes astonishment in those who did not know him privately or who were embittered against him on account of his mal-administration of public affairs in Ireland, is that in a philosophical work lately edited by him, he follows the grand old man in assuming the role of a Christian apologist. Mr. Stead in the March number of the Review of Reviews pays the highest tribute of praise to Mr. Balfour's new work. It is entitled "Foundations of Belief—or Notes intended to serve as an Introduction to the Study of Theology." The commentator declares that it is difficult to say whether the book or the author is a more notable sign of the times.

Among laymen, politicians and professors of science in Godless universities have been combatting the evidences of Christianity since the days of Voltaire and Condorcet and have continued their assaults up to the last quarter of the present century. Mr. Gladstone has sounded the keynote of a different system. His latest contribution is the long article which is about to appear from his pen in the American People's Pictorial Bible, which Dr. G. Lorimer of Boston is now editing, in which the following passage will appear:

"The religion of Christ is for mankind the greatest of all phenomena, the greatest of all facts. It is the dominant religion of the inhabitants of this planet in at least two important respects. It commands the largest number of professing adherents. It we estimate the population of the globe at 1,400 millions, between 400 or 500 millions of these or one-third of the whole are professing Christians, and at every point of the circuit the question is not one of losing ground, but of gaining it. The second of the particulars now under view is, perhaps, the more important. Christianity is the religion in the command of whose professors is lodged a proportion of power far exceeding its superiority of numbers, and this power is both moral and material. . . . The art, the literature, the systematized industry, invention, commerce, in a word, the powers of the world are almost wholly Christian. . . . The nations of Christendom are everywhere arbiters of the fate of non-Christian nations."

A contemplation of the majesty and immensity of the world shaping influences which mankind has found in Scripture, suggests a stern rebuke of the arrogant presumption and sweeping judgments that have characterized many modern critics of the letter of the Sacred Canon.

The difference between Mr. Gladstone's religious views and those of Mr. Balfour consists in the much wider field the latter roams over and the broader expanse of territory which he undertakes to possess himself of in the domain of theology.

As Mr. Stead has it, he has an advantage over his senior in that he is contending for a broader creed than the comparatively narrow Anglicanism which has always commanded Mr. Gladstone's passionate adhesion. But on the other hand Mr. Gladstone has the advantage of Mr. Balfour in being comparatively free from the dialect of the metaphysician so perplexing to the general reader.

Mr. Balfour commenting on the old philosophical story that all we know is that we know nothing, proves how foolish the saying is that it is only of spiritual things that we are ignorant.

"The passage in his book which will probably dwell longest in the public mind is that in which he frankly asserts his belief that there is better evidence for the existence of God than there is as to the existence of the material world around us." Review of Reviews, p. 280.

The whole book is one long, wistful search for God—for the living God, a God who exercises a preferential, providential direction on the affairs of man. The first part of Mr. Balfour's work is devoted to an examination of some consequences of belief and is divided into chapters dealing with naturalism or Godless science and ethics, naturalism and aesthetic, and naturalism and reason.

His contention that Freethinkers or Agnostics can practice no sound or lasting morality which they pretend to, he illustrates by the example of a parasite that lives in a larger body in which it finds nutriment—the moment the larger body dies the parasite ceases to exist. So it is with Agnostic morality that has no foundation to rest on.

But what concerns us Catholics especially in Mr. Balfour's work and what is about to have him pilloried by fanatics, as a Jesuit in disguise, is his argument on "Reason and Authority." Part III. is entitled "Some Causes of Belief" and is chiefly devoted to an examination of the respective shares of Authority and of Reason in deciding what we believe. All those who differ from Catholic teaching, maintain their right to reason for themselves, and to be independent of all authority at least in spirituals. It was rebellion against spiritual authority that caused the defection from Catholic Faith of Henry VIII. and of Martin Luther, as it was the cause of all the other heresies and schisms that have rent the seamless garment of Christian unity, and well nigh led us back to the licentiousness of Pagan times. As the Commentator says: "It has so long been the habit to extol Reason and to deprecate Authority, that it will come upon most readers as a surprise to find Mr. Balfour's demonstration that for ninety-nine per cent. of our actions, the faith upon which they rest is the product, not of reason but of authority." The words of Mr. Balfour are: "We must not forget that it is authority rather than Reason to which in the main we owe not religion only but ethics and politics; that it is authority which supplies us with essential elements in the premises of science; that it is authority rather than reason which lays deep the foundations of social life. . . . And though it may seem to savor of paradox, it is yet no exaggeration to say, that would we find the quality in which we most notably excel the brute creation we should look for it not so much in our faculty of convincing and having convinced by the exercise of reasoning, as in our capacity of influencing and having influenced through the action of authority"—p.p. 229-30. No wonder Mr. Balfour would be suspected of a leaning towards Catholicism; no wonder he would earn for himself the sobriquet of Jesuit in disguise. Mr. Stead says: "Jesting apart there can be little doubt that Mr. Balfour's book will help to make hay for the Pope. It is a kind of English or rather Scotch echo of Mr. Brunetiere's observations after his visit to the Vatican."

The latter said lately, in his book "Bankruptcy of Science" summarized in the Spectator: "Has science fulfilled one of the promises with which it started? Has it organized humanity as Renan promised? Has it told man anything of his origin and des-

tiny? Has it even explained the origin of language, of society, of laws, of conduct? The Catholic Church which has humanized the Christian world, is now, to use an Americanism, 'on the boom.' In the religious revival which is now on the horizon, the Church which is at once the most numerous, the most authoritative and the most strongly organized, will reap at least its fair share of the profits. And if the Roman church continues to be directed by a succession of such statesmen Pontiffs as Leo XIII., it is not unlikely to reap more than its share."

#### The Benediction.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,  
That we took Saragossa. What a day  
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.  
The city carried, we laid siege to houses,  
All shut up close, and a treacherous look,  
Raining down shots upon us from the windows  
"Tis the priests' doing!" was the word passed  
round;  
So that, although since day break under  
arms—  
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our  
mouths  
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—puff!  
puff!  
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,  
(A shovelled hat and long black coat were  
seen  
Flying in the distance. . . .  
Under the huddled masses of the dead,  
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the  
steps:  
While in the background solemnly the  
church  
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went  
in.  
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred  
The inner gloom with points of gold. The  
incense  
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,  
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned  
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,  
White haired and tall of stature, to a close  
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So  
stamped  
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,  
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—  
The convent built in old time by the Moors;  
The huge brown corpses of the monks; the  
sun  
Making the red blood on the pavement  
stream;  
And there, stamped in by the low porch, the  
priest:  
And there the altar brilliant as shrine:  
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,  
Almost afraid.  
I, certes, in those days  
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record  
That once by way of sacrilegious joke,  
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe  
At a wax candle burning on the altar.  
This time, however, I was awed—so calm  
Was that old man!  
"Shoot him!" our captain cried.  
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all  
doubt  
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning  
round,  
He faced us with the elevated Host,  
Having that period of the service reached  
When on the faithful benediction falls.  
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings  
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air  
With it described the cross, each man of us  
Fell back, aware the priest no more was  
trembling  
Than if before him the devout were ranged.  
But when, intoned with clear and mellow  
voice,  
The words came to us—  
*Vos Benedicat  
Deus Omnipotens!*  
The Captain's order  
Rang out again and sharply, "Shoot him  
down,  
Or I shall swear!" Then one of ours,  
dastard,  
Levelled his gun and fired. Upstanding still  
The priest changed color, though with  
steadfast look.  
"Pater et Filius!"  
Came the words. What frenzy,  
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from  
our ranks  
Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.  
The monk with one hand on the altar's ledge  
Held himself up; and strenuous to complete  
His benediction, in the other raised  
The consecrated Host. For the third time  
Tracing in air the symbol of forgiveness,  
With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,  
But in the general hush distinctly heard,  
"Et Sanctus Spiritus!"  
He said; and ending  
His service, fell down dead.  
The golden pyx  
Rolled bounding on the floor. Then as we  
stood,  
Even the old troopers, with our muskets  
grounded,  
And choking horrors in our hearts, at sight  
Of such a shameless murder and at sight  
Of such a martyr—with a chuckling laugh,  
"Amen!"  
Drawled out a drummer boy.  
—François Coppée.

## The Red Silk Handkerchief.

— BY —  
H. C. BUNNER.

Horace was a gentleman. They all knew it. Barnes and Haskins, the business man and the champion collector, knew it down in the shallows of their vulgar little souls. Judge Weeden, who had some of that mysterious ichor of gentleness in his wino-fed veins, knew it and rejoiced in it. And Horace—I can say for Horace that he never forgot it.

He was such a young prince of managing clerks that no one was surprised when he was sent down to Sand Hills, Long Island, to make preparations for the reorganization of the Great Breeze Hotel Company, and the transfer to the property known as the Breeze Hotel and Park to its new owners. The Breeze Hotel was a huge "Queen Anne" vagary which had after the fashion of hotels, bankrupted its first owners, and now going into the hands of new people, who were likely to make their fortunes out of it. The property had been in litigation for a year or so; the mechanics' liens were numerous, and the mechanics clamorous; and although the business was not particularly complicated, it needed careful and patient adjustment. Horace knew the case in every detail. He had dredged over it all the winter, with no especial hope of personal advantage, but simply because that was his way of working. He went down in June to the mighty barracks, and lived for a week in what would have been an atmosphere of paint and carpet-dye had it not been for the broad sea wind that blew through the five hundred open windows, and swept rooms and corridors with salty freshness. The summering folk had not arrived yet; there were only the new manager and his six score of raw recruits of clerks and servants. But Horace felt the warm blood coming back to his cheeks, that the town had somewhat paled, and he was quite content; and every day he went down to the long, lonely beach, and had a solitary swim, although the sharp water whipped his white skin to a biting red. The sea takes a long while to warm up to the summer, and is sullen about it.

He was to have returned to New York at the end of the week, and Haskins was to have taken his place; but it soon became evident to Weeden, Snowden & Gilfeather that the young man would attend to all that was to be done at Sand Hills quite as well as Judge Weeden himself, for that matter. He had to shoulder no great responsibility; the work was mostly of a purely clerical nature, vexatious enough, but simple. It had to be done on the spot, however; the original Breeze Hotel and Park Company was composed of Sand Hillers, and the builders were Sand Hillers too, the better part of them. And there were titles to be searched; for the whole scheme was an ambitious splurge of Sand Hills pride, and it had been undertaken and carried out in a reckless and foolish way. Horace knew all the wretched little details of the case, and so Horace was intrusted with duties such as do not often devolve upon a man of his years; and he took up his burden proudly, and with a glowing consciousness of his own strength.

Judge Weeden missed his active and intelligent obedience in the daily routine of office business; but the Judge thought it was just as well that Horace should not know that fact. The young man's time would come soon enough, and he would be none the worse for serving his apprenticeship in modesty and humility. The work intrusted to him was an honour in itself. And then, there was no reason why poor Walpole's boy shouldn't have a sort of half-holiday out in the country, and enjoy his youth.

He was not recalled. The week stretched out. He worked hard, found time to play, hugged his quickened ambitions to his breast, wrote hopeful letters to the mother at Montevista, made a luxury of loneliness, and felt a bashful resentment when the "guests" of the hotel began to pour in from the outside.

For a day or two he fought shy of them. But these first comers were lonely too, and not so much in love with loneliness as he thought he was, and very soon he became one of them.

He had found out all the walks and drives; he knew the times of the tides; he had made friends with the fishermen for a league up and down the coast, and he had amassed a store of valuable hints as to where the first blue-fish might be expected to run. Altogether he was a very desirable companion. Besides, that bright, fresh face of his, and a certain look in it, made you friends with him at once, especially if you happened to be a little older, and to remember a look of the sort, lost, lost for ever, in a boy's looking glass.

So he was sought out, and he let himself be found, and the gregarious instinct in him waxed delightfully.

And then it came. Perhaps I should say she came; but it is not the woman we love; it is our dream of her. Sweet and tender, fair and good, she may be; but let it be honour enough for her that she has that glory about her face which our love kindles to the halo that lights many a man's life to the grave, though the face beneath it be dead or false.

I will not admit that it was only a pretty girl from Philadelphia who came to Sand Hills that first week in July. It was the rosy goddess herself, dove-drawn across the sea, in the warm path of the morning sun—although the tremulous, old-fashioned hand-writing on the hotel register only showed that the early train had brought—

"SAMUEL RITTENHOUSE, Philadelphia.  
"MISS RITTENHOUSE, do."

It was the Honourable Samuel Rittenhouse, ex-Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, the honored head of the Pennsylvania bar, and the legal representative of the Philadelphia contingent of the new Breeze Hotel and Park Company.

In the evening Horace called upon him in his rooms with a cumbersome stack of papers, and patiently waded through explanations and repetitions until Mr. Rittenhouse's testy courtesy—he had the nervous manner of age apprehensive of youthful irreverence—melted into a complacent and fatherly geniality. Then, when the long task was done and his young guest arose, he picked up the card that lay on the table and trained his glasses on it.

"H. K. Walpole!" he said; "are you a New Yorker, sir?"

"From the north of the State," Horace told him.

"Indeed, indeed. Why, let me see—you must be the son of my old friend Walpole—of Otsego—wasn't it?" said the old gentleman, still tentatively.

"St. Lawrence, sir."

"Yes, St. Lawrence—of course, of course. Why, I knew your father well, years ago, sir. We were at college together."

"At Columbia?"

"Yes—yes. Why, bless me," Judge Rittenhouse went on, getting up to look at Horace; "you're the image of your poor father at your age. A very brilliant man, sir, a very able man. I did not see much of him after we left college—I was a Pennsylvanian, and he was from this State—but I have always remembered your father with respect and regard, sir—a very able man. I think I heard of his death some years ago."

"Three years ago," said Horace. His voice fell somewhat. How little to this old man of success was the poor unnoticed death of failure!

"Three years only" repeated the Judge, half apologetically; "ah! people slip away from each other in this world—slip away. But I'm glad to have met you, sir—very much pleased indeed. Rosamond!"

For an hour the subdued creaking of a rocking-chair by the window had been playing a monotonously pleasant melody in Horace's ears. Now and then a coy wisp of bright hair, or the reflected ghost of it, had flashed into view in the extreme lower left-hand corner of a mirror opposite him. Once he had seen a bit of white brow under it, and from time to time the low flutter of turning magazine leaves had put in a brief second to the rocking-chair.

All this time Horace's brains had been among the papers on the table; but something else within him had been swaying to and fro with the rocking-chair, and giving a leap when the wisp of hair bobbed into sight.

Now the rocking-chair accompaniment ceased, and the curtained corner by the window yielded up its treasure, and Miss Rittenhouse came forward, with one hand brushing the wisp of hair back into place, as if she were on easy and familiar terms with it. Horace envied it.

"Rosamond," said the Judge, "this is Mr. Walpole, the son of my old friend Walpole. You have heard me speak of Mr. Walpole's father."

"Yes, papa," said the young lady, all but the corners of her mouth. And, oddly enough, Horace did not think of being saddened because this young woman had never heard of his father. Life was going on in a new key, all of a sudden, with a hint of a melody to be unfolded that ran in very different cadences from the poor old tune of memory.

My heroine, over whose head some twenty summers had passed, was now in the luxuriant prime of her youthful beauty. Over a brow whiter than the driven snow fell clustering ringlets, whose hue—

That is the way the good old novelists and story-tellers of the Neville and Beverley days would have set out to describe Miss Rittenhouse, had they known her. Fools and blind! As if any one could describe—as if a poet, even, could more than hint at what a man sees in a woman's face when, seeing, he loves.

For a few moments the talkers were constrained, and the talk was meagre and desultory. Then the Judge, who had been rummaging around among the dust-heaps of his memory, suddenly recalled the fact that he had once, in stage-coach days, passed a night at Montevista, and had been most hospitably treated. He dragged this fact forth, professed a lively remembrance of Mrs. Walpole—"a fine woman, sir, your mother; a woman of many charms"—asked after her present health; and, then, satisfied that he had acquitted himself of his whole duty, withdrew into the distant depths of his own soul and fumbled over the papers Horace had brought him, trying to familiarize himself with them, as a commander might try to learn the faces of his soldiers.

Then the two young people proceeded to find the key together, and began a most harmonious duet. Sand Hills was the theme. Thus it was that they had to go out on the balcony where Miss Rittenhouse might gaze into the brooding darkness over the sea, and watch it wink a slow yellow eye with a humorous alternation of sudden and brief red. Thus, also, Horace had to explain how the lighthouse was constructed. This moved Miss Rittenhouse to scientific research. She must see how it was done. Mr. Walpole would be delighted to show her. Papa was so much interested in those mechanical matters. Mr. Walpole had a team and light wagon at his disposal, and would very much like to drive Miss Rittenhouse and her father

over to the lighthouse. Miss Rittenhouse communicated this kind offer to her father. Her father saw what was expected of him, and dutifully acquiesced, like an obedient American father. Miss Rittenhouse had managed the Rittenhouse household and the head of the house of Rittenhouse ever since her mother's death.

Mr. Walpole really had a team at his disposal. He came from a country where people do not chase foxes, nor substitute for foxes, but where they know and revere a good trotter. He had speeded many a friend's horse in training for the county fair. When he came to Sand Hills his soundness in the equine branch of a gentleman's education had attracted the attention of a horsey Sand-Hiller, who owned a showy team with a record of 2.37. This team was not to be trusted to the ordinary summer boarder on any terms; but the Sand-Hiller was thrifty and appreciative, and he lured Horace into hiring the turnout at a trifling rate, and thus captured every cent the boy had to spare, and got his horses judiciously exercised.

There was a showy light wagon to match the team, and the next day the light wagon, with Horace and the Rittenhouses in it, passed every carriage on the road to the lighthouse, where Miss Rittenhouse satisfied her scientific spirit with one glance at the lantern, after giving which glance she went outside and sat in the shade of the white tower with Horace, while the keeper showed the machinery to the Judge afterward, and she got him to explain it all to her.

Thus it began, and for for two golden weeks thus it went on. The reorganized Breeze Hotel and Park Company met in business session on its own property, and Horace acted as a sort of honorary clerk to Judge Rittenhouse. The company, as a company talked over work for a couple of hours each day. As a congregation of individuals, it ate and drank and smoked and played billiards and fished and slept the rest of the two dozen. Horace had his time pretty much to himself, or rather to Miss Rittenhouse, who monopolised it. He drove her to the village to match embroidery stuffs. He danced with her in the evenings when two stolidly soulful Germans, one with a fiddle and the other with a piano, made the vast dining-room ring and hum with Suppe and Waldteufel—and this was to the great and permanent improvement of his waltzing. She taught him how to play lawn-tennis—he was an old-fashioned boy from the backwoods, and thought croquet was still in existence, so she had to teach him to play lawn-tennis—until he learned to play much better than she could. On the other hand, he was a fresh-water swimmer of rare wind and wiriness, and a young sea-god in the salt, as soon as he got used to its pungent strength. So he taught her to strike out beyond the surf-line, with broad, breath-long sweeps, and there to float and dive and make friends with the ocean. Even he taught her to fold her white arms behind her back, and swim with her feet. As he glanced over his shoulder to watch her following him, and to note the timorous, admiring crowd on the shore, she seemed a sea-bred Venus of Milo in blue serge.

I have known men to be bored by such matters. They made Horace happy. He was happiest, perhaps, when he found out that she was studying Latin. All the girls in Philadelphia were studying Latin that summer. They had had a little school Latin, of course; but now their aims were loftier. Miss Rittenhouse had brought with her a Harkness's Virgil, an Anthon's dictionary, an old Ballion & Morris, and—yes, when Horace asked her, she had brought an Interlinear; but she didn't mean to use it. They rowed out to the buoy, and put the Interlinear in the sea. They sat on the sands after the daily swim, and

enthusiastically laboured, with many an unclassical excursion, over P. V. Maronis Opera. Horace borrowed some books of a small boy in the hotel, and got up at five o'clock in the morning to run a couple of hundred lines or so ahead of his pupil, "getting out" a stint that would have made him lead a revolt had any teacher imposed it upon his class a few years before—for he was fresh enough from schooling to have a little left of the little Latin that colleges give.

He wondered how it was that he had never seen the poetry of the lines before. Forsan et hinc olim meminisse juvabit—for perchance it will joy us hereafter to remember these things! He saw the wet and weary sailors on the shore, hungrily eating, breathing hard after their exertions; he heard the deep cheerfulness of their leader's voice. The wind blew toward him over the pine barrens, as fresh as ever it blew past Dido's towers. A whiff of briny joviality and adventurous recklessness seemed to come from the page on his knee. And to him, also, had not she appeared who saw, hard by the sea, that pious old buccaneer-Lothario, so much tossed about on land and upon the deep?

This is what the moderns call a flirtation, and I do not doubt that it was called a flirtation by the moderns around these two young people. Somehow, though, they never got themselves "talked about," not even by the stranded nomads on the hotel verandas. Perhaps this was because there was such a joyous freshness and purity about both of them that it touched the hearts of even the slander-steeped old dragons who rocked all day in the shade, and embroidered tidies and talked ill of their neighbors. Perhaps it was because they also had that about them which the mean and vulgar mind always sneers at, jeers at, affects to disbelieve in, always recognizes and fears,—the courage and power of the finer strain. Envy in spit-curls and jealousy in a false front held their tongues, may be, because, though they knew that they, and even their male representatives, were safe from any violent retort, yet they recognised the superior force, and shrunk from it as the curledges away from the quiescent whip.

There a great difference, too, between the flirtations of the grandfatherless and the flirtations of the grandfathered. I wish you to understand that Mr. Walpole and Miss Rittenhouse did not sprawl through their flirtation, nor fall into that slipshod familiarity which takes all the delicate beauty of dignity and mutual respect out of such a friendship. Horace did not bow to horizontal, and Miss Rittenhouse did not make a chesscake with her skirts when he helped open the door for her to pass through; but the bond of courtesy between them was no less sweetly gracious on her side, no less finely reverential on his, than the taste of their grandparents' day would have exacted,—no less earnest, I think, that it was a little easier than puff and periwig might have made it.

Yet I also think, whatever was the reason that made the dragon let them alone, that a simple mother of the plain, old-fashioned style is better for a girl of Miss Rosamond Rittenhouse's age than any such precarious immunity from annoyance.

Ah, the holiday was short! The summons soon came for Horace. They went to the old church together for the second and last time, and he stood beside her, and they held the hymn-book between them.

Horace could not rid himself of the idea that they had stood thus through every Sunday of a glorious summer. The week before he had sung with her. He had a boyish haritone in him, one of those which may be somewhat extravagant characterized as consisting wholly of middle register. It was a good voice for the campus, and, combined with that startling clearness of

utterance which young collegians acquire, had been very effective in the little church. But to-day he had no heart to sing "Byefield" and "Pleyel;" he would rather stand beside her and feel his heart vibrate to the deep lower notes of her tender contralto, and his soul rise with the higher tones that soared upward from her pure young breast. All the while he was making that act of devotion which—"uttered or unexpressed"—is, indeed, all the worship earth has ever known.

Once she looked up at him as if she asked, "Why don't you sing!" But her eyes fell quickly, he thought with a shade of displeasure in them at everything they had seen in him. Yet as he watched her bent head, the cheek near him warmed with a slow, soft blush. He may only have fancied that her clear voice quivered a little with a tremolo not written in the notes at the top of the page.

And now the last day came. When the work-a-day world thrust its rough shoulder into Arcadia, and the hours of the idyll were numbered, they set to talking of it as though the two weeks that they had known each other were some sort of epitomised summer. Of course they were to meet again, in New York or in Philadelphia; and of course there were many days of summer in store for Miss Rittenhouse at Sand Hills, at Newport, and at Mount Desert; but Horace's brief season was closed, and somehow she seemed to fall readily into his way of looking upon it as a golden period of special and important value, their joint and exclusive property—something set apart from all the rest of her holiday, where there would be other men and other good times and no Horace.

It was done with much banter and merriment; but through it all Horace listened for delicate undertones that should echo to his ear the earnestness which sometimes rang irrepressibly in his speech. In that marvellous instrument, a woman's voice, there are strange and fine possibilities of sound that may be the messengers of the subtlest intelligence or the sweet falterings of imperfect control. So Horace, with love to construe for him, did not suffer too cruelly from disappointment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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	CLOSE	DUK.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	7.30 7.45	7.25 9.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 3.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30 4.30	10.10 8.10
T. G. and R.....	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland.....	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00 3.00	12.35pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.....	6.30 4.00	10.45 8.30
	9.30	
U. S. N. Y.....	6.30 12.00	8.35 5.45
	4.00	12.35 10.50
	9.30	
U.S. West's States	6.30 12 noon	8.35 5.45
	9.30	8.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of March: 4, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 21, 22, 23, 26, 27, 28, 30.

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

## A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

### The Twenty-Third Annual Report Presented.

#### LARGE VOLUME OF NEW BUSINESS

Substantial increases in all Departments of Business—Favorable Mortality Experience—Payments to Policy-Holders Exceed \$433,000.

The annual meeting of the above association was held at the head office of the company, Yonge, Richmond and Victoria streets, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 9th instant. There was a large attendance of shareholders, policyholders and members of the agency staff.

Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., President, was called to the chair and Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Managing Director, acted as Secretary.

The following report and financial statements were submitted:—

#### REPORT.

Your Directors beg to submit to the policy holders and shareholders the 23rd annual report of the association, covering the operations for the year 1894. In doing so it is scarcely necessary to state that the year was one of unusual stringency and general depression in all branches of trade. This could scarcely fail to have a marked influence upon the business of life insurance, and in view of that fact it will be a source of gratification to all persons interested in the association to observe the substantial progress made and the large volume of new business secured. It has not been deemed wise to depart from the policy which has guided your directors in the past and therefore new business was sought for only at reasonable cost.

Your directors have had before them 2,321 applications for a total insurance of \$3,631,550. Of these 2,218 for \$3,469,550 were approved: 98 for \$152,000 were declined and 5 for various reasons were deferred. Adding the revived policies, which had been written off in previous years, and bonus additions, the new business for the year was 2,248 policies for \$3,528,204 of insurance.

The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$25,455,342 under 16,625 policies on 14,667 lives.

The claims for the year were light, being 33 deaths under 105 policies, calling for a total insurance of \$164,247 50. Under a reinsurance this amount was reduced by the sum of \$1,994 50, making the net claims \$162,253. This is a striking evidence of the care exercised in the selection and acceptance of new business, and is a high compliment to our staff.

The financial statements submitted herewith fully exhibit the position of the association on the 31st December last.

The auditors have continued to give close attention to their duties, and have been thorough and prompt in their work. Their report will be found appended hereto.

Your directors are pleased to be able to state that the head office building is filling up very well, considering the effect of the prevailing depression upon all property of the kind. A considerable portion has been rented during the past year and more since the beginning of the present year.

All the directors retire but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND,  
President.  
J. K. MACDONALD,  
Managing Director.

#### FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

##### RECEIPTS.

To Premiums.....	\$407,725 06
To Interest.....	195,260 26
	\$602,985 32

##### EXPENDITURE.

By total paid policy holders.....	\$433,251 88
By dividends to stockholders.....	11,238 30
By expenses.....	200,406 46
By balance.....	352,419 78
	\$1,007,316 32

##### ASSETS.

Mortgages, debentures and real estate.....	\$3,271,204 30
Loans on stocks, policies, etc.....	575,744 27
Cash in banks and at Head Office.....	144,491 46
Not outstanding and deferred premiums.....	182,126 27
Interest and rents due and accrued.....	167,527 10
Sundries.....	16,534 36
	\$4,358,633 76

##### LIABILITIES.

Reserve on assurances and annuities.....	\$1,200,218 00
Death claims accrued.....	11,029 51
Policyholders' declared profits.....	101,479 30
Paid up capital stock.....	100,000 00
Involved due January 1, 1895.....	7,200 00
General expenses.....	7,908 95
Cash surplus.....	301,672 91
	\$1,830,437 76

Cash surplus as above.....\$ 301,672 91  
Capital Stock..... 1,000,000 00  
Total surplus security for policy-holders..... 1,301,672 91

J. K. MACDONALD,  
Man. Director.

#### AUDITOR'S REPORT.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the association for the year ending December 31st, 1894, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$84,500, and those deposited with the Government of Newfoundland, amounting to \$25,000) have been examined and compared with the books of the association, and are correct and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

(Signed) W. R. HARRIS,  
WM. E. WATSON, F.C.A.,  
Auditors.

Toronto, March 7, 1895.

The President, Sir William P. Howland, moved the adoption of the report and financial statement submitted to the meeting, and in doing so alluded to the commercial stringency which had prevailed during the past year, and whilst these unfavorable conditions had some effect in limiting the amount of business done by life insurance companies, yet it was gratifying to note that the amount of business on their books had not only been generally maintained, but had shown a satisfactory increase. This association during the past year secured policies representing \$3,528,204. The total insurance in force at the end of the year was \$25,455,342.

The company had maintained a careful and conservative policy, being determined to keep the expenses of obtaining business within a reasonable limit, and to use every precaution in the selection of risks which were taken. An evidence of the latter is to be found in the fact that we have had only 93 deaths during the year, the total claims thereunder being \$162,253 only.

The business of the company continued to receive during the year the special attention of the Managing Director and staff at the head office, and the favorable results obtained must be attributed to this fact, and also to the very efficient organization which the company have throughout the Dominion.

It had always been the view of the Managing Director and the board that the management of the affairs of the company should be placed before you in as clear, concise and simple form as possible. That being the case, and the statements having been in your hands for some time, it will not require any special explanation from me, but if any explanation is required by any gentleman present in regard thereto I am, sure the Managing Director will be happy to afford it if requested.

Mr. W. H. Beatty, in seconding the adoption of the report, said:—

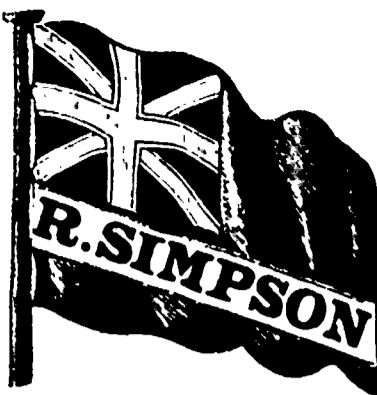
I think we have fair reason to congratulate ourselves upon the amount of business which has been secured during the past year which has all been obtained in the Dominion of Canada, with the exception of Newfoundland, which we suppose will very shortly be a part of the Dominion, and where we re-established an agency during the year. The business shows an increase all along the line. The President referred to the depression which had existed in commercial affairs, but when we consider the very large amount of money that is paid out for life insurance in the Dominion, aggregating yearly many millions of dollars, we cannot but conclude that it is an evidence of the very substantial financial condition of the country.

Allusion was made to the manner in which the head office building of the company was being rented, which could not fail to prove satisfactory to all interested. It was now beginning to pay fairly well, and there was every reason to expect that within a short time it would prove to be a very good investment. It was not possible to expect a large building such as this, which was not only a credit to the City of Toronto, but to the whole Dominion, to yield a large return from the outset, but there was every reason to hope that within a limited time we shall have a return from it that we cannot get from any other investment affording equally good security. I am perfectly satisfied with the report, and I have no doubt our shareholders and policyholders will be also. I have much pleasure in seconding the resolution.

The motion was carried unanimously. Resolutions were moved thanking the directors, management and also the agency staff for their services during the past year, and carried unanimously. They were severally responded to, numerous references being made to the satisfactory report which had been presented to the meeting.

The retiring Board of Directors were all re-elected.

After the meeting adjourned a meeting of the new board was held, and Hon. Sir W. P. Howland, C.B., K.C.M.G., was re-elected President, Messrs. E. Hooper and W. H. Beatty, Vice-presidents.



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In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the name, and further, an accepted bank cheque for 5 per cent of the total amount tendered for must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted. The Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
J. H. HALDERSON,  
Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 5th April, 1895.

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ITEMS FROM EVERYWHERE.

One of the current stories about Leo XIII. is to the effect that a Franciscan friar, who had the reputation of being a saint while he lived, predicted, claiming that the fact had been revealed to him in 1878, that the successor of Pius IX. would occupy the Papal throne until 1898, at least. His prediction seems to be in a fair way of being verified, for but three years more are required to bring the date he fixed, and the Pope's physician has but recently given the world the assurance that the Sovereign Pontiff's physical condition is apparently as good now as when he ascended the Papal throne.

Cardinal Gibbons will be accompanied to Rome next month by Bishop Foley, who has announced his intention of crossing the Atlantic with the cardinal and paying his respects to the Pope. Dr. Foley was, it will be readily remembered, a priest of the Baltimore diocese, and one of the most intimate friends of the cardinal prior to his promotion to the purple; and Monsignor Gibbons went to Detroit to install him in his see when he took possession thereof. Rumor has hinted that when a coadjutor is appointed for the Baltimore archdiocese it will not be surprising if Dr. Foley be sent back to the episcopate in which he labored for so many years with signal success.

Cardinal Benavidez Navarrete, whose death was recently announced from Saragossa, of which city he was the archbishop, was one of the few members of the Sacred College who were created by Pius IX. Monsignor Navarrete was made an archbishop March 12, '72, and he was created a cardinal five years subsequently, in the last year of Pius the Ninth's pontificate. Other cardinals created at the same consistory are Monsignors Piarocchi and Ladochowski. The deceased prelate was a man of great piety and learning, and his death is deplored by all Catholic Spain, one of whose representatives he was in the Cardinalial College.

Bishop Watterson of Columbus has become noted throughout the land for his advanced stand in favor of temperance; but the Columbus prelate has nothing of the fanatic about him, and in a recent address which he delivered at Cleveland, he said: "I am not now and I have never been a prohibitionist in the sense that the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors must of necessity be universally forbidden and everywhere forcibly suppressed by the legislative and police force of the state. I do not believe that the state does a sinful act when it passes a license law and thus recognizes the liquor traffic in its efforts to restrain it within the limits of the public welfare." At the same meeting similar ideas were uttered by Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland, who also spoke, and introduced Dr. Watterson.

It is nothing new for Bishop Spalding of Peoria to find himself made the subject of rumors that assign him to other sees than the one which he at present fills so worthily. It is rather difficult, however, to imagine from what source could have emanated the statement, published the other day that he was to go to Boston, to be coadjutor with the right of succession, to Archbishop Williams. The impending golden sacerdotal jubilee of the archbishop will probably occasion other rumors to be circulated about the archdiocese; but as Vicar-General Byrne remarked in a recent interview, when a successor to the archbishop is to be chosen—Bostonians all hope that will not be required for years yet—the selection will unquestionably be made in the regular way.

If invisible ourselves, we could follow a single human being through a day of his life and know all his secret thoughts and hopes and anxieties, his prayers and tears and good resolves, his passionate delights and struggles against temptations, we should have poetry enough to fill a volume.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



James E. Nicholson.

CANCER ON THE LIP  
CURED BY

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I consulted doctors who prescribed for me, but to no purpose. I suffered in agony seven long years. Finally, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In a week or two I noticed a decided improvement. Encouraged by this result, I persevered, until in a month or so the sore began to heal, and, after using the Sarsaparilla for six months, the last trace of the cancer disappeared."—JAMES E. NICHOLSON, Florenceville, N. B.

Ayer's The Only Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS Regulate the Bowels.

Men seem neither to understand their riches nor strength. Of the former they believe greater things than they should: of the latter less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his living and carefully expend the good things committed to his trust.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT."—These significant words were used in relation to DR. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years' standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonic and corrective.

'The difficulty is to know how to adapt ourselves to the slow step of time, whose progress can never be forced on without danger.—Emile Souvestre.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 18, 1895.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 71	\$0 03
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 70	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 71 1/2	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 40	0 00
Peas, per bush.....	0 67 1/2	0 00
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 11	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 49	0 00
Barley feed, per bushel.....	0 00	0 45
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Geese, per lb.....	0 07	0 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 60	0 60
Ducks, per pair.....	0 60	1 00
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 16	0 18
Onions, per bag.....	0 75	0 85
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 55
Beans, per peck.....	0 70	0 75
Beets, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Carrots, per bag.....	0 35	0 40
Parsnips, per bag.....	0 50	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 75	3 00
Hay, timothy.....	11 00	12 00
Straw, shiel.....	7 00	5 00

AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to-day:

CATTLE.

Butchers' choice, picked, per cwt.....	3 50	3 75
Butchers' choice, per cwt.....	2 75	3 12 1/2
Bulls and mixed, ".....	2 75	3 00
Milk cows, per head.....	23 00	40 00
Springers, per head.....	30 00	45 00
Butchers' medium, ".....	2 50	3 00

CALVES.

Per head, good to choice.....	4 00	7 00
" common.....	2 00	4 00

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Butchers' sheep, per lb.....	nominal.	
Lambs, choice, per pound..	0 04	0 05
Lambs, inferior, per pound..	0 02 1/2	0 03

HOGS.

Dressed hogs, per cwt.....	5 85	6 00
Long lean, per cwt (off cars)	4 30	4 40
Thick fat.....	4 20	4 25
Stubs, per cwt.....	4 00	4 10
Stags.....	2 25	2 30



NINE GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS AND ELEVEN DIPLOMAS

The most wholesome of beverages.

Always the same, sound and palatable.

JAMES GOOD & Co., Agents  
Cor. Yonge and Albert Streets  
Toronto.



THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY.

CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000.

Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto.

DIRECTORS:

HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, SENATOR, President.

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JOHN FOY,

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SOLICITOR: JAMES J. FOY, Q.C.

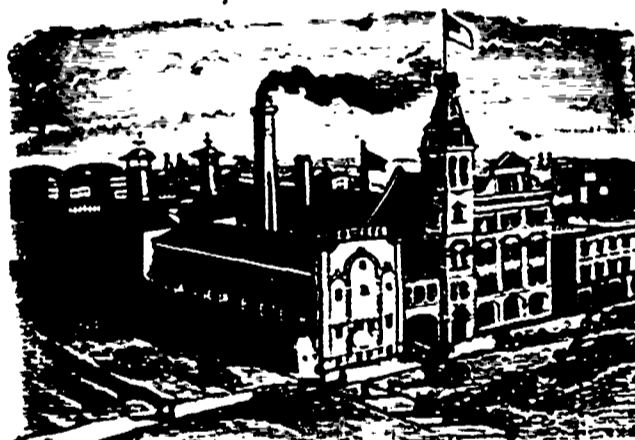
Deposits Received from 20c. upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon.

Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures.

Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for inspecting property.

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 4 p.m. Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m.

JAMES MASON, Manager.



THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO LIMITED.

EUGENE O'KEEFE Pres. and Manager.

WIDMER HAWKE Vice-Pres. and Asst. Mgr.

SPECIALTIES—English and Bavarian Ales, in wood and cottle. XXXX Porter, Gold Label, in Bottle. Pilsener Lager, equal to the imported.

SEE UNCONDITIONAL THE NEW ACCUMULATIVE POLICY

ISSUED BY THE

Confederation Life Association OF TORONTO

IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRIC-TIONS from the date of issue.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE after two years.

Full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agents.

W. O. MACDONALD, ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

GALLERY BROTHERS, MERCHANT TAILORS, 2165 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Shirts and Underwear a Specialty.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHINESE BELLS IN THE WORLD. PUREST BELL METAL. (Copper and Tin.)

Consumption.

The Catholic Almanac for Ontario is now to be had from the Office of the Catholic Register, mailed on receipt of price, 25 cents.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free by any Postoffice. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. NORTH CHURCH ST., TORONTO, CAN.

## IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

## LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

## LEINSTER.

## Dublin.

Notwithstanding the competition of America and Australia, Ireland continues to be a first factor in the politico-economic scheme of the feeding of England. The official return in the Dublin Gazette shows that there were exported from Ireland to Great Britain—during the week ending the 9th of March—9,579 beef cattle, 954 sheep, 14,639 swine, 26 goats, 474 horses, 2 asses; total 25,674. Total for previous week, 26,389. Corresponding week in 1894, 24,967.

On March 9th, Edward Purdon, aged 48, a musician, was charged, before the Lord Mayor of London, with begging outside the Guildhall School of Music. The accused said that his father was Alderman Purdon, who had been Lord Mayor of Dublin, in 1870, and that he had been brought to his present condition by sickness. He was not, however, begging, but simply wanted to see one of the professors. He himself had been a first musical scholar at Dublin University (Trinity College). He was discharged.

## Wicklow.

Mr. Ulick Bourke, R. M., held an inquiry, on March 19th, into the charge preferred against James Cotter, of 33 Maitland street, Little Bray, of having murdered his infant child, Ellen Cotter, on the 11th. The magistrate said there was not any direct evidence, but there was no doubt that the child came to its death by drowning, and circumstantial evidence pointed out the prisoner as being the person guilty of the crime. He would, therefore, return the case for trial at the next Commission for the County Dublin.

## Kildare.

The Duchess of Leinster (whose decease has already been announced in our cable dispatches) died on March 19th at Mentone, in the Italian Riviera, where she had been staying by medical advice, in the hope of regaining strength, after a long illness. Only a little more than a year ago her husband, the Duke of Leinster, died of typhoid fever. The deceased Duchess was the daughter of the first Earl of Feversham (better known as Mr. Dancombe, in Parliamentary circles). She stood admittedly in the front rank of the beauty and fashion of the gay world of London at the time of her marriage to the Duke of Leinster, which took place on the 17th, January, 1854, the bridegroom being then only Marquis of Kildare. He succeeded to the Dukedom on the death of his father in 1857. The issue of this marriage are Maurice, the present Duke of Leinster, who is entering on his 24th year, and his younger brothers, Lord Desmond and Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

## King's County.

It is stated that the military authorities have decided on carrying into effect their long threatened intention of discontinuing Birr Military Barracks as the headquarters of a battalion of infantry.

Among the subscriptions to the Parliamentary Fund recently acknowledged is one of £43 from the united parishes of Birr and Carrig.

## Wexford.

On March 22nd, Mr. Mark Codd, hon. sec. to the tenants on the Templemore estate, received the following communication from the agent of the Norwich Union Company, by which the property was purchased:—"My directors have considered your further letter of the 11th inst., and as it appears to them that the chief ground of the tenants' complaint is that the Society has purchased the estate, over the heads of the tenants, at a lower price than the tenants were willing to give, it is sufficient, in answer, to say that the Society is prepared to sell to the tenants at the same price, and on precisely the same terms as those on which it purchased the estate from the Court; and the tenants have only to arrange to carry out such purchase without delay." The tenants will meet immediately to consider this letter.

## Carlow.

On March 14th, the solemn profession of a religious took place at the Presentation Convent, Mooncoin, county Kilkenny, in the presence of a large congregation, including many priests, the nuns of the community, the relatives and friends of the young lady who was to make her final vows, and the people of the parish, in the Parochial Church adjoining the convent. The young lady who received the black veil was Miss Mary A. O'Neill (in religion, Sister Mary Gabriel), eldest daughter of Joseph O'Neill, Esq., tobacco manufacturer, Baginbally, county Carlow. The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of the Diocese of Ossory, presided at the ceremonies.

## Kilkenny.

On March 21st, the Feast of St. Benedict, the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, solemnly consecrated the High Altar in the Presentation Convent, Kilkenny. The

ceremonies commenced at 7 o'clock. The Bishop was assisted by Rev. W. Cassin, C. C., St. Mary's; Rev. T. Bows, Dean of St. Kieran's College; and six of the ecclesiastical students. A large number of the clergy and laity were present.

## Longford.

Mr. Wm. Kenny, solicitor, Longford, has been appointed solicitor to the Longford Board of Guardians, in room of Mr. R. V. Maxwell, who resigned in consequence of being appointed Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the county.

## Meath.

The many friends of the Rev. P. Callary, P.P., Trim, will be glad to learn that he is fast recovering from his recent severe illness.

## Louth.

A few nights ago, an unoccupied house on Upper North Road, Drogheda, belonging to Mr. Hanratty, was found to be in flames. The residents in the immediate locality being in their beds, the fire had made some progress before it was noticed. The crash of the falling in of the roof awoke some of the neighbors to the fact of the danger so close at hand. Fortunately the houses near the burning were slated.

## MUNSTER.

## Cork.

On March 20th, Mr. Thomas Perrott, of Uplands, Fermoy, was in the act of mounting his horse to ride to a "meet," when he fell back dead. Mr. Perrott, who had attained the ripe old age of nearly ninety years, was a member of a popular county Cork family and an ardent sportsman, being a daring cross-country rider, a typical hunting gentleman of the past generation.

The War Office authorities have definitely decided to acquire, by compulsory powers, 7,000 acres of mountain land, near Mitchelstown, for a military shooting range.

## Kerry.

A Castleisland correspondent states that on the night of March 22d, a number of armed, masked men fired into the house of Jeremiah Kelliher, at Cordal, Castleisland. The man attacked is a brother-in-law of Boyle, Lord of Ventry's keeper, who gave evidence that led to the conviction of Twiss, who was executed recently in Cork jail.

Mr. W. L. Burke has been promoted, from the management of the Killarney branch of the National Bank, to the more important post of manager of the Waterford branch, rendered vacant by the sudden death of the late manager.

Mr. Edward R. Murnhy, the Kerries, Tralee, has been appointed to the commission of the peace.

On March 21st, an aged beggar-woman, named Carolan, died in the Dingle Workhouse Hospital, on whom a sum of £200 was found.

## Limerick.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with the usual ceremony at all the Limerick churches, and especially at the Church of St. Patrick, where High Mass, presided over the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, was celebrated at 12 o'clock. An eloquent panegyric of the Saint was preached by the Very Rev. Andrew Murphy, President of St. Monchin's college Limerick. The men of Royal Irish Regiment, at present stationed in Limerick, accompanied by the band, attended 8 o'clock Mass, as usual, all the officers and men wearing sprigs of shamrock in their helmets; and after the first Gospel the Bishop addressed them, complimenting them very highly on their admirable conduct since the regiment came to the city. The National emblem was prominently displayed during the day. The Royal Irish Regiment had, as the festival fell on Sunday, a holiday given them by the commanding officer, during the week, and the warrant and non-commissioned officers had a ball at the New Barracks, on the previous Friday night, large numbers of the military and their civilian friends being present.

The following clerical changes have been recently made by Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick:—The late Administrator of St. Michael's parish, Limerick, Very Rev. Father O'Grady, has been removed as Parish Priest to Pallaskeeny, and succeeded by Very Rev. Father O'Donnell, as administrator of the parish. Rev. Dr. O'Riordan, late of the Diocesan College, has been removed as C.C. to St. Michael's.

## Clare.

On March 16th, intelligence reached Ennis of a shooting outrage at Lissofin, between Ennis and Tulla, where a farmer named Garvey, who was returning to his dwelling, at Caherlohan, had four shots fired at him. By some extraordinary chance he escaped unhurt and reported the occurrence to the police. No arrest has yet been made. The outrage is freely condemned in the district, which has heretofore been a very peaceful one. The affair is attributed to Garvey's having taken a farm in the neighborhood.

## Tipperary.

On Sunday, March 17th, a new organ was opened at the Church of St. Mary's, Clonmel. The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of Waterford, was present.

James Henry Foote, said to be a native of Tipperary, an army sergeant in the Pay Department, has been committed for trial at

Berwick, England, charged with the manslaughter of his wife, who, according to the medical evidence, died of a fractured skull.

## Waterford.

It is a curious fact that the title of Viscount Duncannon, which now falls (by courtesy) to Mr. Edward Ponsonby, secretary to the Speaker of the house of Commons, has not been used for nearly fifty years, neither the late Karl of Bessborough nor his predecessors having had a son.

On Saturday, March 16th, about noon, Mr. Samuel R. Prosser, who for over twelve years had acted in Waterford, as the Agent for the National Bank, dropped while standing at his office desk, and expired in a few minutes. The deceased gentleman, who was one of the most trusted officials of the National Bank, was in his 63th year, and was a native of Clonmel.

## ULSTER.

## Antrim.

On March 15th, in the Record Court of the County Courthouse, Justice Andrews opened the Commission of Assize for the county at the town of Carrickfergus; and the Grand Jury having been sworn, he congratulated them on the fact that there was not a single criminal case to go before them. The High Sheriff (Mr. Woodside) then presented the Judge with a pair of white gloves.

## Armagh.

At the Armagh Assizes, Patrick Cullen was indicted that, on the 25th of December, 1894, he killed one Susan Telford, an old woman, aged about 75 years, who lived with her daughter, Jane Telford. Their relations were of such a character as to be the talk of the neighborhood and a source of much annoyance to the mother. On last Christmas Day the prisoner, Cullen, came to Telford's house, and the old woman ordered him out. He refused to go: a quarrel ensued, and the old woman went out and threw stones at the door. Prisoner at this stage assaulted the old woman, and she died in a few days after. The jury, after a short retirement, found a verdict of manslaughter, with a strong recommendation to mercy, and the prisoner was sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

## Cavan.

We regret to announce the death of the Rev. Father Linus O'Reilly, C.P., which took place in St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, on March 10th. Father Linus, who was 48 years of age, was a native of Cavan, and came to Mount Argus from Highgate, London, about two years ago. His health, which was never robust, had been failing for some time past, but no one imagined the end was so near. He was able to celebrate Mass on the previous Sunday; and next day symptoms of influenza manifested themselves. Pneumonia quickly following, it found an easy prey in his delicate constitution.

## Down.

Mr. James Pollock, manager of the Bangor Brickworks, was mangled to death on March 18th, by accidentally falling among the machinery.

Another case of hydrophobia in the County Down is reported. On March 16th, a youth named Toal was bitten by a Russian terrier dog, which became rabid, and he was sent to the Pasteur Institute, Paris, for treatment.

## Monaghan.

A movement is on foot to light the town of Ballybay with the electric light.

## Tyrone.

On March 18th, the National festival was celebrated in Stewartstown by the turn out of the local flute band, which paraded the streets. On reaching the head of North street, on their way to Ardboe, the police were drawn across the roadway, under the command of Head Constable Montgomery, from Monaghan, to the number of twenty-four. The bandmen attempted to pass through the ranks, and were repulsed by the police. Mr. O'Neill, J.P., then appeared on the scene, and stated that they had a legitimate right to go that way. The bandmen then moved forward, and the police thereupon batoned them. Several persons were seriously injured from batton strokes.

## Berry.

In Derry, on the evening of March 19th, as Mr. Justice Gibson was being driven in the High Sheriff's carriage from the courthouse to the Judge's temporary residence, accompanied by an escort of mounted police, the horse of a constable named Osborough fell and rolled over the rider, crushing his leg. Justice Gibson at once stopped the carriage, got out, and insisted on the wounded man being placed therein, and driven to the infirmary, the Judge walking to Uacres Terrace in his judicial robes. The policeman, it is stated, was not seriously hurt.

## CONNAUGHT.

## Galway.

Influenza, in London, recently claimed a victim in a distinguished Galway man, Judge Digby Seymour, of the English Northern Circuit. He had been representative successively of Hull and Southampton. He was a graduate of Trinity College, and in politics had been by turns both Liberal and Conservative.



W. H. Ward.

## A LIFE SAVED

BY TAKING

## AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

"Several years ago, I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough that allowed me no rest, either day or night. The doctors pronounced my case hopeless. A friend, learning of my trouble, sent me a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. By the time I had used the whole bottle, I was completely cured, and I believe it saved my life."—W. H. WARD, 8 Quinby Ave., Lowell, Mass.

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills the Best Family Physic.

The Judges arrived in Galway, on March 22d, and the Commission was opened in the town and county courthouses. Justice Johnson presided in the County Court and congratulated on the grand jury on the peaceable state of the county, and mentioned that there was only one matter of importance, that of firing into a house reported. Justice O'Brien opened the Commission in the town court. There were not a single criminal case, and the High Sheriff, Professor Townsend, presented the Judge with a pair of white gloves.

## Leitrim.

An old and highly respected Leitrim gentleman passed away at an advanced age, on March 14th, in the person of Dr. Nash, J. P., Grouse Lodge, Drumkeeran. He had been dispensary doctor in the Manorhamilton Union, but retired on a pension some years ago. Nominally a Conservative in politics, he was well known to have National tendencies and on more than one occasion gave his vote to the Nationalist side in the Manorhamilton Board-room, where he used to attend as an *ex officio*. His charity endeared him to all who knew him. His funeral, on the 16th, was largely attended by the representatives of all creeds and classes.

## Roscommon.

On St. Patrick's Day the Roscommon Fife and Drum Band played a selection of National airs through the town in the afternoon, and again at nine o'clock at night each time followed by a large and orderly crowd. The members have made much progress since they first paraded in public.

## Sligo.

The eviction of seven families in Cougue Middle and adjoining localities, on the Dillon property, was effected on March 16th. The evictions were carried out under the supervision of Messrs. Jackson (under agent), Stewart (land steward), Forbes, Cassidy, Duignan and others. The parties evicted were: Anthony Kilduff, Pat Davin, L. Couboy, Widow Flynn, Widow McNicholas, Michael Mullen, and John Kearney (Liscat). The four first-named were not re-admitted, but the remaining three were allowed back to their holdings as caretakers. In consequence of the extreme poverty existing in the locality the evicted parties will be a burden on the rates, and it is that unless the Government comes to the relief of the people in the district some aid tales—similar to those of '48—will be told. Widow Nicholas was re-admitted in consequence of the illness of her child and the fact that her mother was in an extremely delicate condition.

"Up to two years ago I was a terrible sufferer from Dyspepsia and Indigestion. I was recommended to try St. Leon Water by an eminent doctor who drinks it regularly himself, and am glad to say it has completely relieved me of my trouble. I drink the water every morning, and in so doing it keeps my system regular and my health in first-class condition." DAVID D. DANN, 79 Cumberland street, Toronto, Ont.

The battle of the world is going on in every soul. All you need to do in society is to waken the higher life and set it to work; the little leaves will leave the whole lump. All you have to do in any individual heart is to kindle the higher life and set it to work and that higher life will conquer all that is lower, because God is in the higher life, and you cannot defeat God.

# RAMBLER'S TROUBLES.

Trials in an Unpromising Hotel.

FURTHER HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES.

What strange characters a man will come across, as he journeys along the highway of life, providing always that he keeps his eyes and his ears wide open about him. In the course of my migrations recently through the County of Peterborough, I encountered a phenomenon in the line of "strange characters." This man presided over the fate and fortunes of an establishment which has a strong resemblance to a hotel; and indeed there were many strange points of similarity between the two. Over his door, on a slip of tin-plate, or sheet iron, were traced the words "Licensed to sell wine, beer, and other spirituous and fermented liquors" whilst inside was an old deal counter with a background of dusty bottles, and decanters. Without further parley I may as well say that my friend was engaged in the philanthropic task of catering to the needs of man and beast, whilst in the distribution of spiritual comforts, to those around him, he was prodigal although the insteady gait of his patrons, satisfied me at once that physical strength did not follow on the heels of his "spiritual comforts."

It was as the shades of night were falling around me, that I sought the hospitality of this place, and it is due to the landlord to say that although he did not receive me with open arms, he received me with open mouth—a thing which he scarcely closed during the long night that followed. In that blissful state of inebriation we were wont to characterize in Ireland, as 'Mha Galore' he drew me to a seat, and told me to make myself at home. "Travelling far Sir?" I said he, after a while. I answered by saying that I had no intention of going any further than where I was that night. "You are heartily welcome sir" he exclaimed "and I pity the man that says a word to you, or lays a hand on you to-night." "Will you have supper sir?" he asked after a brief interval. I nodded affirmatively, and he stumbled off to have my order executed. Just as the meal was about ready he hobbled back again, and asked "What would you like for supper sir?" "Oh anything, anything!" said I in despair. I was escorted to the table, the loquacious landlord taking a seat by my side. "I want you to make your mind easy sir" he went on "you are safe here, and so is every stranger that stops with me." "For Heaven's sake will you stop and let the gentlemen take his supper?" exclaimed his wife. "Certainly I will but I always wish to be polite to the stranger. Will you take a little more of the hash, sir? Do, it'll do you good after your day." Thus did he rain a fire of questions on me, until I implored him to show me to my bedroom. He escorted me up the narrow creaking stairs, and showed me into a room without bolt or bar, lock or key, the sacredness of which was guarded from outside intrusion, by a door suspended on one hinge. Here he started afresh with his silly questions. "What do you think of the next election, sir? Do you think the Grits will get there? Do you want to be called in the morning, sir? What time will you go away? What do you want for breakfast, sir?" Thus did he hurl his questions in rapid succession until, in sheer desperation, I piteously begged of him to go away, and let me sleep. "All right, sir. Good night. I like to be polite to strangers." And he made his way down stairs. Disconsolately I laid down on a very disconsolate bed, and

propping myself up with certain things that were first intended for pillows, commenced to read the Mail and Empire. This state of comparative peace I did not long enjoy, the sound of the landlord's footstaps being again discernible on the stairway. "Excuse me, excuse me, sir;" he cried, "this man next room to you snores so awful loud, that I am afraid you cannot sleep a wink to-night. If you like I'll throw him downstairs. I'll have no stranger annoyed in my house" I assured him that I was not annoyed by it, and that a good healthy snore, more especially when pitched in a high key, was to my ears the most enchanting kind of music. And again I implored of him to give me a rest. He rejoined his confreres, and again I am poring over the newspaper, at which I continue uninterrupted until about 1 o'clock, when my tormentor appears once more and in tones to which I had now become familiarized opened with "Excuse me, sir, what did you say you wanted for breakfast in the morning? Maybe you haven't enough of oil in your lamp!" Thus did I put in the greater part of the night until his wife, who seemed to be a "home ruler," dragged him to his room, and kept him there; and with this imperfect description of an event, which will live long as a "reminiscence," I now turn to other subjects.

Writing of Norwood and the country around it, last week, I made allusion to certain very worthy Irishmen whose acquaintances I had made many years ago, and who, since my regular visits to this section ceased, have passed off the stage of life. To Messrs. Timothy Murphy and Wm. McCarthy, brothers-in-law, I made a passing reference. Natives of the County of Cork, their fathers left their native homes by "the pleasant waters of the River Lee" nearly seventy years ago, at a time when emigration from Ireland was surrounded with all the pains and sorrows of perpetual banishment; and shortly after their arrival in Canada, settled in the township of Asphodel, when all that country and on every side of it was but a trackless forest, vast and seemingly interminable. Here they embarked in farming at which, in subsequent years, they became highly prosperous. Of Timothy Murphy and Wm. McCarthy, it can with truth be said, that, whether regarded as members of the Catholic community, as neighbors or as law-abiding citizens of the country, it would indeed be difficult to find two finer men.

Of the survivors of Mr. Murphy, I find a son, Jeremiah, on the old homestead, another son, J. B., although comparatively a young man, has already won fame and wealth as a medical practitioner, and now fills the responsible position of Superintendent of the "Hospital for the Insane" at Brockville; a daughter is married and resides in Norwood; another is the wife of a wealthy farmer, a little north of Brockville; whilst another, having chosen the "better part," has consecrated her life to the service of God.

Of Mr. McCarthy's survivors, I find the two youngest—a son and a daughter—residing in Norwood, and fully inheriting the fine qualities of their excellent father. They are extensive property-owners. Another daughter is the wife of Mr. Wm. O'Shea, a progressive farmer who lives a short distance west of the village of Norwood. Another fine old Corkonian, whose warm friendship it was also my happiness to secure, was Richard Coughlin. He, too, after reaching an age far beyond that allotted by the Psalmist, has gone to his reward since the date of my last visit to this section. Another fine old Irishman whom I knew to respect in early days, and one of the old pioneers of settlement was Mr. Michael Landriagan, a native of the County of Tipperary. He also has passed to the mysterious world beyond the grave. A son, Lawrence, is honorably and successful-



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ly tilling the soil on the old homestead. Another son has, I regret to say, embarked as a retailer of whiskey in an adjoining county; whilst a grandson well and wisely rules over that well-known seat of learning—the "Asphodel School." Daniel Healy, a native of Cork, Richard Walsh and Mart Lynch, both natives of Limerick, were amongst my intimate friends in this section in days gone by. They as well, widely and deservedly mourned, have passed to their reward.

Writing altogether from memory, I will not, of course, lay claim to historical accuracy; but I cannot be far wrong when saying that about twenty years have elapsed, since the present handsome Catholic Church on the western confines of the village of Norwood, shot its tall spire in the direction of the Heavens. It was built by the Rev. John Quirk of Hastings, a heroic and zealous missionary whose name will forever be linked with the struggles of the Church in this section for the last 30 or 35 years. Father Quirk is, I believe, a native of the county of Tipperary, Ireland, and was appointed to this mission in the early 60's, having succeeded the present Monsignor Farrelly of Belleville. Some idea of the arduous nature of the duties assigned to Father Quirk, may be gathered from the fact that the territory over which he exercised spiritual jurisdiction embraced the missions of Campbellford, Warkworth, Barnley, Hastings and Norwood, in all of which wide area there are now four priests and five Catholic Churches. Want of space admonishes me to close. I will resume the subject next week.

RAMBLER

It is not what he has, nor even what he does which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

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### EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of the late Very Reverend Edward Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S. O. 87 cap. 110 and amending Acts, that all persons having claims against the estate of the above named deceased, who died on or about the 3rd day of March 1895, at Toronto, are required to deliver or send by post pre paid to the undersigned, solicitors for the Reverend John M. Cruick and James W. Mallon, his executors, a statement in writing containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, and the nature of the securities if any held by them, duly verified by Statutory declaration, on or before the first day of May 1895, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and they will not be liable for any claim of which they shall not then have had notice as aforesaid.

Dated at Toronto, this 14th day of March 1895.

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Forty Hours at Lasalette.

The forty hours devotions were opened at Lasalette on Passion Sunday, and continued until Wednesday morning following. Rev. Father Connolly of Ingersoll, Rev. Father Brady of Woodstock, Rev. Father Feeney of Brantford and the Rev. Dr. Flannery of St. Thomas were indefatigable in their attendance at the confessional. They all preached practical sermons on the Blessed Eucharist and the sacred obligations imposed on all true followers of the Good Shepherd, who are invited to partake of the Heavenly banquet spread for them in this feast of divine love.

There was a general turnout of the parishioners, some of whom live at a distance of ten or more miles from the Church. It was surprising to witness the crowds that remained for the evening service, and who did not leave the church till a late hour. Fortunately the equinoctial full moon, which decides the date of Easter Sunday, made night appear almost as day, yet it was a late and very cold ride or walk for many to reach their homes. Over 600 people received Holy Communion during the Triduum, which was brought to a close with High Mass and a sermon on Perseverance, from Dr. Flannery. Thus a great work has been accomplished at Lasalette, and the good effects of the mission given by the Jesuit Fathers in autumn last have been continued and made permanent.

Lasalette is situated in the County Norfolk, about 25 miles south of Woodstock. It has a very fine brick church with seating capacity for 700 people, and a commodious presbytery with twenty-seven acres of good land and a fine cemetery attached. The village of Lasalette is traversed by two railroads—the Michigan Central, running east and west and the Port Dover Division of the Grand Trunk, whose lines intersect each other, at the east side of the village. The station is known as Port Dover Junction. The name Lasalette was obtained for the Post-office, through the influence of Rev. Father Japes, who was the builder and architect of both church and presbytery. Rev. Father Corcoran the actual Parish Priest is a clergyman of sterling piety and untiring energy. His zeal for the welfare of the people, one-third German and two-thirds Irish, committed to his care, added to his princely hospitality, can always command a host of clerical friends to assist in every missionary undertaking of his, and under God make it a grand success.

Confederation Life.

No more convincing proof of the immense growth and prosperity of the Confederation Life Association could be offered than the magnificent structure—erected and owned by that Company—at the corners of Yonge, Richmond and Victoria streets in this city. The building is not only a monument to the enterprise and public spirit of the Company, but is also an ornament of which our citizens are proud, and visitors acknowledge the finest which they have seen in their journeyings.

This begins the twenty-fourth year since the birth of the Confederation Life Association. To January 1st, 1895, the Company had in force insurance to the amount of \$25,455,343.00. The new insurance for 1894 amounted to \$3,528,204.00; and the income for the same period was \$1,003,315.00. Out of this sum was paid during the year to policy-holders, \$455,257.84; dividends to stock-holders, \$15,238.20; and expenses, \$200,405.46—leaving a balance of \$352,419.78.

Profitable as this exhibit is to the shareholders, it is not less creditable to the Management, as was gracefully acknowledged by President Howland, who, in his address at the annual meeting, said: "The business of the Company continued to receive during the year the special attention of the Managing Director and staff at the head office, and the favorable results obtained must be attributed to this fact, and also to the very efficient organization which the Company have throughout the Dominion."

The REGISTER has much pleasure in calling attention to the report of Confederation Life, which appears elsewhere in its issue of this week.

How to be a saint is very easily told: Live so as to never forget God in all thought, word, or action.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet and ceaseless energy.

The great favor in which Ayer's Pills are held by all the world has been earned. They are easy and even pleasant to take, and for all complaints of the stomach, liver, and bowels, are the safest and most thorough medicine in pharmacy. Every dose effective.

In the list published last week of sums collected for the Home Rule fund by Dr. McMahon Rev P. J. Maddigan of Dundas should have been credited with \$5 instead of \$2 as printed.



**GENEROUSLY GIVEN THE POOR.**  
San Elzearo, Tex., June 12, 1914  
Two years ago you were kind enough to send me some of your Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which I gave to two poor girls who were suffering from falling sickness and they got well after using your excellent remedy. My parish is poor to the utmost, but your charity will be your crown for your remedy so generously given to the poor, and so excellent, cannot but be an eternal reward.  
REV. F. A. LEBLANC

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