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The Catholic Register.

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

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Register of the Week.

Last week was marked by the meeting of nearly a thousand delegates of temperance organizations and other friends of prohibition. Temperance people are generally enthusiastic, and this convention was no exception. Speeches without end were made, plans formed for the campaign, and they separated with a general feeling that their opponents would be awed into tacit consent by the numbers as well as by the many who, up and down the length of the country, favored prohibition as the only proper solution of the liquor difficulty.

The Manitoba School Case came up before the Supreme Court on the 4th instant. Mr. Ewart appeared for the petitioners. When the Chief Justice asked who appeared for the Attorney-General of Manitoba, Mr. Wade replied that he did, but on further enquiry stated that he did not propose to argue the case. The Court thereupon resolved to request Mr. Christopher Robinson to argue the case for the Province interested. The Solicitor-General, the Hon. J. J. Curran, appeared to submit the reference on behalf of the Dominion Government, but did not intend to take any part in the argument.

The Catholic Bishops of Switzerland, in assembly at Ingenbohl, sent an address to the Holy Father, congratulating him upon his Jubilee and praying that Divine Providence would still continue to extend a protecting hand over the Vicar of Christ. They expressed great concern about the new university of Fribourg, "for," said their Lordships, "it is but too true the universities, according to the spirit by which they are animated, can be the cause of salvation or ruin."

In his reply his Holiness touched upon this point by remarking that, "in these our days, when the Catholic religion is attacked by false science, it is evident that no better means can be found for safeguarding her interest than by the arms of a science true and profound."

The Piedmontese government have visited their wrath upon two Catholic journals, *Moniteur de Rome* and *Voces della Verita*, for writing upon the anniversary of the taking of Rome. The offices of the *Voces* were visited and the copies already printed were sequestered and the type distributed. The *Moniteur's* article had been circulated before it was suppressed. It counts the day to be the anniversary of misfortune and of a sorrow which has spread from the Peninsula to the whole world and troubles all consciences. "The governors of Italy were enchanted by the mirage of Rome, they wished to deprive the

Pope of his throne, and occupy it in his stead; but their justice will follow them even as a vengeful shadow, until the day of unavoidable retribution."

The Annual Conference of the English Catholic Truth Society was held at Portsmouth towards the end of September. Cardinal Vaughan, who last year read a paper on Christian Art, read one this year upon the increase of socialism in large centres like London, where false theories are spread amongst the poorer classes, and society is exposed to a thorough abandonment of the great fundamental principles upon which Christian civilization is founded. Populations have increased very rapidly, while the number of clergy has by no means increased in the same proportion, so that they cannot minister to the various wants of the greatly exposed poorer classes. The remedy which his Eminence proposed was an active revival of intelligent interest, zeal, charity and sympathy with the poor among educated Catholic men and women. The rich and the poor have become separated and estranged.

This is true of the cities of America, where religion and its ministers are ill able to cope with the false principles and degrading passions of classes too easily trained to scoff at everything sacred and ennobling. One remedy lies in our young men joining such societies as the St. Vincent de Paul and the League of the Cross. By the former they are brought into closer communication with the poor in order that they may sympathize more earnestly with the sad and desolate, and thereby learn to be more prudent and grateful to God for their own blessings. By the latter association they will help on the cause of temperance, whose opposite vice does so much to break hearts and shatter homes. The healing of society lies in the work done by the better classes of the Catholic laity. They can apply the balm, but it must be with the hand of self-sacrifice and the spirit of supernatural charity.

Amongst the fervent religious communities in the Church none is more fervent than that of the Little Sisters of the Poor, the death of whose foundress is announced by the last *London Weekly Register*. One of those valiant women whose price is of things brought from afar, Marie Jamet, lived to see four thousand of her daughters under her rule, and two hundred and fifty-three houses sheltering in her name the aged poor. Fifty-six years ago a young Breton priest, Abbe Le Pailleur, felt a strong compassion for the widows of his parish, the majority of whose husbands had been sailors, for the parish was situated on the coast opposite St. Malo. To Marie Jamet,

then eighteen years of age, and her companion he entrusted the small beginning of a noble work. They were to rescue one old woman, tend to her, spend their savings upon her and take her to Mass. A third, who was afterwards crowned by the French Academy for her devotion, Jeanne Jugan, joined them, and brought to their aid one hundred dollars; then came a fourth, who had a little furniture to give. Thus did the simple Breton maid, without learning and without wealth, but with simplicity of heart and trust in God, lay the foundation of one of charity's noblest homes, beneath whose roof countless poor have rested from care and died in peace. Certainly the works of this chosen soul praise her in the gates, and her own spiritual children will rise up and call her blessed, for she opened her heart to the needy and stretched forth her hand to the poor. *Requiescat in pace.*

The refusal of the Mayor of Montreal to salute the Italian ships has lately been imitated by Mayor Gilroy of New York, who declined to hoist the Italian flag over New York's City Hall, while several thousands of Italians were, on the twenty-third of last month, celebrating the occupation of Rome by Garibaldi. The reason he gave—and a good one it is—was that he did not officially recognize the State days of foreign countries, since the observance of these days commemorates some change of government. The flags of other countries are the flags of the whole country, and whatever changes they recognize are of such ancient date that they are acquiesced in by all the people of such a country. Again, other flags have no religious significance as the Italian flag has; for it means hostility and insult to the Catholic religion. The hoisting of it over New York City Hall would have meant that the Mayor and the city of which he is the highest representative were on the side of the Italian government against the Pope, and would be an insult to every practical Catholic citizen in New York.

If Pere Hyacinthe has not kept his priestly vow, circumstances are obliging him to practice poverty, which he vowed to do when he first entered his religious community, for we learn that he is in great distress. An Anglican Canon is making an appeal to the British Protestants for him. What a fall is there! How changed is that mendicant in his age from the man in his prime, who was honored, and who might have done such work for God's Church had he not built upon the quicksand of self-love and passion. He flattered himself he would be a great power in France; and France has not only rejected his religious

doctrines, but will not support the man who preaches them.

Trouble has arisen between Spain and Morocco. The Spanish authorities lately started to fortify one of their Morocco towns more strongly. This incensed the Moors, who made an attack upon the garrison. The white residents, without regard to nationality, offered their assistance. They were greatly outnumbered by the Moors and retired to the fort on the outskirts of the town. During the fight the Spanish gunners demolished one of the mosques, which has greatly excited the natives. Spain is preparing to take prompt and energetic measures to complete the fortifications of Mellila, and to insist upon an indemnity for the raid.

The Russians have devised a new mode of showing their intolerance in regard to Catholics. According to the *New York Sun*: "Early in the year nearly all the Polish employees of the railroads of Western Russia were dismissed. The Commission of the Ministry of Ways and Communications has just issued a regulation about such employees. Five religious categories are formed, beginning with a Roman Catholic born of Roman Catholic parents in Russia; next, a Roman Catholic born of a Roman Catholic father and a mother of the orthodox or other creed; and so on—the last category being that of any man professing the Roman Catholic religion irrespective of parentage. Those belonging to the first category cannot be employed as engineers elsewhere than in eastern Siberia, those belonging to the second category, only in western Siberia and the extreme eastern provinces of European Russia. Those in the last category can have posts in Russia generally exclusive of Poland and the Baltic provinces. This regulation practically excludes Roman Catholics from all appointments under the Ministry of Ways and Communications."

A new and grave incident has taken place in the dispute between the Holy Father and the Italian Government. The Government has explicitly decided to refuse its *exequatur* to all the Bishops nominated at the late Papal Consistory, and to all those who may be nominated at future Consistories.

The Holy Father has nominated Monsignor Edward Dunne of Chicago to the see of Dallas in Texas, as successor to Bishop Brennan, who is appointed coadjutor of St. John's, Newfoundland. Monsignor Paul Stanislas La Rocque has been named Bishop of Sherbrooke in the Province of Quebec.

Amongst the causes of Beatification recently examined by the Congregation of Rites is that of the Venerable Francis Olet, a member of the Congregation of Missions, who was put to death in China for the faith. There is good reason to expect the decree of beatification in the near future.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

By Katharine (Tynan) Hinkson, in
Ave Maria.

It is not so long since the *Ave Maria* quoted from that painful book, the diary of the late William Bell Scott, its most painful passage—that in which the most narrow and contemptuous of unbelieving Protestants tells how in Rossetti's last days he entreated, and entreated in vain, that a Catholic priest should be sent for. At that time, if I mistake not, there were by his bedside the odious Mr. Scott and one other male friend only. If his own folk were there, his dying prayer had not been heard so ignorantly and uncomprehendingly. However, the passage, painful as it was, must have had the effect of setting many pitiful souls to pray for the poor soul, who, at least by desire, was one with them in the communion of saints. Rossetti was by accident an Englishman and a latitudinarian. I have heard that it was a curious desire of his to look as bluffly Briton as possible; but how little his spirit was in accord with British ideas one sees in his poetry and art, where is to be found the highest expression of his inmost spirit. Rossetti was never in Italy in his life; nor, to the best of Mr. Bell Scott's opinion, did he ever enter a Catholic church. Yet he was as entirely a son of the South by nature as he was a Catholic, and it is as a strayed Catholic one thinks of him.

Of the four children of Gabriele Rossetti and Frances Polidori, the two sons, William Michael and Dante Gabriel, were to be Catholics; the daughters, Maria Francesca and Christina Georgiana, were brought up to their mother's religion. Gabriele Rossetti, professor of Italian at King's College, London, was an Italian refugee, with a fine stock of hatred for the Papacy, and a curious theory which explained Dante and the mass of great Italian literature to be part of a Masonic crusade against the Pope. Frances Polidori, on the other hand, was a conscientious Protestant, who had informed her Protestantism with a fervor inherited, no doubt, from generations of devout Italian Catholics. She was also a woman of great mind and heart, of singular dignity and sweetness of character. It is not surprising that her daughters, brought directly under her religious influence, should have laid hold upon religion with a fervor and intimacy little enough Protestant. The sons, on the other hand, left to themselves and their father's anti-papal views, grew up indifferent to forms of faith, and never identified themselves with their Catholicism.

The old Catholic spirit strove and worked in all four children. Maria Francesca died, an Anglican nun, in the House of Mercy at Clewer. Christina is still with us, and draws from her fervent soul a stream of religious poetry so spiritual and rich in unctio that not Crashaw himself has surpassed it. She too, though of the world nominally, has lived as a nun—seldom seen, heard of only in her work, her life devoted to the duty of tending her mother and her two aged aunts; as much enclistered in Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, as though the veil was over her brows; and now, since those objects of her love have passed away, her service is given to the poor.

But it is not of Miss Christina Rossetti I treat as "A Strayed Catholic": it is of the younger and greater of the two brothers, who were named from Archangels. Rossetti's Catholic art has not even the accident of Protestant influence, which his sister's has. Indeed, all his art is Catholic, in a sense, even when it seems farthest away from grace. His whole inspiration was from the glamouring Middle Ages, before Protestantism had put Art in a strait-waistcoat. I am the

last to be unjust to our separated brethren; but, admirable conservators as they have shown themselves of the great relics in the Old World of Catholic splendor in art, they have originated little that is beautiful; and the wellspring of beauty is still far away, in the days when men labored for the service of the heavenly King; the spark of the Divine in them straining after an ideal for His sake that should humbly look upward and imitate the perfection of His works. It is curious how the best of modern literature and art goes back to those days. Pre-Raphaelism was the expression of the Catholic spirit in art, as later was the gold kernel that lay amid the husk of the Aesthetic Movement.

Gabriele Rossetti, to be near his college, lived in Bloomsbury, an unlovely part of London, which his children have not forsaken. At 88 Charlotte Street, Great Portland Place, Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born, on the 12th of May, 1828. Maria and William were his elders; Christina was younger than he. In that London house, among the strait, dark streets, the children grew up and manifested very early their bent toward literature. Miss Christina Rossetti has told me how they played at *brute-rimes*, making distichs which now would be very precious if one possessed them. There were more ambitious efforts. At five years old Rossetti wrote a drama called "The Slave," the *dramatis personæ* of which were two characters called respectively Slave and Traitor. At thirteen he produced a romance entitled "Roderick and Rosalba." In his school-boy days he further wrote "Sir Hugh the Heron," a tale in verse, which was privately printed by his grandfather, Gaetano Polidori a copy of which is now one of the treasures of the British Museum. At fifteen he began his education in art. He was a very precocious boy, full of opinions, as his affectionate letters to his mother in absence attest. He used to tell her everything—what he had seen, what he had read, the doing of birds and animals; and he inundated her with a great deal of criticism, being sure of her sympathy. At this time he was collecting prints to illustrate Walter Scott, Shakespeare and Byron.

Among his opinions one finds an enthusiastic outburst over the exhibition of cartoons for the Houses of Parliament. A year later his enthusiasm was for Gavarni, Tony Johannot, and Nanteuil. In poetry the "Colomba" of Prosper Merimee excited his admiration. Rossetti, boy and man, lived very much by admiration. To him criticism would seem, as it does to Swinburne, only worth doing "for the noble pleasure of praising." This faculty of appreciation often led him into extravagant estimates of the works of others. This generosity was the natural complement of his extreme sensitiveness. In his later years he became quite morbid as to criticism, and took on a suspiciousness which held him aloof from some of his oldest and most loving friends. This sensitiveness was intensified by Mr. Robert Buchanan's anonymous article, "The Fleshly School of Poetry"; and Rossetti's friends believe that the effect of the article, by inducing insomnia and the consequent habit of using chloral, hastened his death.

However, this is to look far ahead. In March, 1848, Rossetti wrote to Mr. Ford Maddox Brown, asking him to accept him as his pupil, he having been greatly struck with Brown's "Parisina" and "The Giaour." This habit of his of frankly expressing his admirations laid the foundation of some of his best friendships. Mr. William Bell Scott was another with whom his friendship began by letter writing. He became Mr. Brown's friend and pupil, and in the latter half of the same year he painted "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." The following year he painted "The Annunciation," which is now the property of the English National

Gallery. "The Girlhood of Mary" is before me as I write. The models for St. Anne and the Girl-Virgin were Mrs. Rossetti and Christina; and when I saw them, after a lapse of nearly forty years, their very striking and noble faces had not passed from recognition as the younger faces of the picture.

Indeed another photograph on my wall, the heads of mother and daughter, painted thirty years later, are easily recognizable as the two in the picture. Christina, with her oval face, her great, drooping eyelids, her sad mouth, made an ideal model for one predestined to be the Mother of Sorrows. In the picture St. Anne and the Daughter sit side by side, embroidering a white lily. Over their heads float faint golden rings. A lily in a jar, which they are copying, stands on a pile of books, marked with the names of the virtues. A little angel stands by it, the long wings folded to two points. Outside we see St. Joachim nailing up the vine; and on a bar of the trellis is the Dove, haloed about with gold. Then there is the pleasant Eastern country of trees and quiet waters. The picture has wonderfully the austere simplicity of the old painters, it is instinct with the unctio and the grace that are in Angelico or Bartolomeo. At the same time Rossetti wrote the sonnet which illustrates the picture, and full of the same still and rapt reverence:

This is that blessed Mary, pre-choic
God's Virgin. Gone is a great while, and she
Dwelt young in Nazareth of Galilee.
Upon God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee
Faithful and hopeful, wise in charity,
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.

So held she through her girlhood, as it were
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quick. Till, one dawn at home,
She woke in her white bed, and had no fear
At all—yet wept till sunrise, and felt awed:
Because the fullness of the time was come.

That "Pre-Raphaelitism" was already a bond between a gifted group of young painters is shown by a letter of Rossetti in 1849 to "Our Pre-Raphaelite Brother, James Collinson." Collinson was a contributor to *The Germ*, the famous little organ of the Brethren, which lived so short a time. He was a Catholic, a convert, and instinct with mysticism and spirituality. His poem in *The Germ*, "The Child Jesus," struck me much when I looked through Mr. William Rossetti's volume of that precious periodical. If my memory serves me, it was in the manner of an old mystery play, full of light and a quaint sweetness.

Eighteen hundred and fifty was the year of *The Germ*, the first number being published in January, the last in April. The potent Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, formulated, consisted of seven members, viz.: Holman Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, Woolner, James Collinson, F. Stephens, and William Rossetti. The contributors to *The Germ* were not confined to these, Miss Christina Rossetti contributed "Dream-land," "Dead Hope," and five other lyrics. Coventry Patmore, whose genius Rossetti fervently appreciated, sent his young admirer a poem for the new venture. Mr. Ford Maddox Brown contributed a sonnet. To the short-lived bantling Rossetti contributed more than his share. "Hand and Soul" was his prose contribution, and one may perceive a certain likeness between himself and the young painter who turned faint "in sunsets or at sight of stately persons." His poems in *The Germ* were six sonnets on pictures: "My Sister's Sleep," "The Sea Limits," "The Blessed Damsel," and the "World's Worth," so truly Catholic in its spirit.

After the death of *The Germ*, Rossetti went on writing with the one hand, painting with the other. In 1850 he met Elizabeth Siddall, the woman whose love and loss so terribly influenced his life. She was at that time a milliner's assistant in London, and was sitting to his friend Doverell. Soon Rossetti induced her to sit to him. From the first he went wild over her

beauty. She was very far indeed from being an ordinary artist's model. Her exquisite spirituality of face was responded to by much in the mind and soul. Rossetti soon discovered that she had an aptitude for art, and he set himself to teach her painting. She soon displayed a fine sense of color; and, inspired by the admiration the group of artists shed upon her, the beautiful creature began to make poems, which won also their enthusiastic praises. Her poems I have never seen, but her portrait of herself, in Mr. William Rossetti's possession, is remarkable. Though she flashes her color upon us as brilliantly as a poppy, she does no such justice, of course, to the spiritual aspect of her beauty as does Rossetti in the wonderful picture "Beata Beatrix," in which, after her death, he painted his memory of her. Miss Christina Rossetti has shown me another full length figure of her asleep in a chair, a sketch by her husband which gives one an idea of surpassing grace. Miss Rossetti, in speaking of her to me, dwelt on this grace. She and Mrs. Morris were brides of one year, and the artistic world was sore put to it to award the palm of beauty between those fair and dark women of almost weird loveliness.

Rossetti became engaged to Miss Siddall about 1853. The only cloud on his exuberant happiness was her very delicate health, and the fact that for want of money they were unable to marry. He was full of raptures over her. "Lizzie is looking lovelier than ever," he writes to Mr. Maddox Brown; "everyone adores her, and I have made sketches of her with iris stuck in her dear hair." At most inconvenient moments for other people he would fall in ecstasies over some accidental position of hers, and refuse to stir till he had sketched it. Or again she is designing with him illustrations for a book of Scotch Ballads. Allingham is editing for Routledges; and displaying, says this thorough lover, "far greater fecundity of convention and facility than mine." Sometimes he is wild with apprehension over her delicacy. In 1854 an eminent doctor declared that she had curvature of the spine. They were not married till 1860; and then when the marriage was approaching, it had to be postponed because of the bride's illness. Rossetti's letters at this period show great misery of mind. The marriage was again fixed for Rossetti's birthday, and had to be again postponed. Finally it took place on the 23rd of May, the unlucky month for marriages.

They were not long happy, poor things! After the birth of a baby, agonizing neuralgia seized on the delicate frame of the young wife. Laudanum was resorted to, to relieve her; and one unhappy night she took an overdose, and before her husband could bring help she was dead. They had been married only two years.

Henceforth her name is never mentioned in Rossetti's correspondence. All the world knows how he buried his poems in her coffin. Seven years later he was persuaded by his friends to recover them, and the story goes that the dead woman's hair had grown about them. However, that he buried his heart with her there is no doubt. For five years he wrote no more poetry; and from the day of her death the change set in which was to make him in time an almost solitary misanthrope. The year after her death he painted "Beata Beatrix"; the only important picture in which he had painted her during her lifetime was "The Princess Sabra."

In 1867 his miserable insomnia appeared. Two years later "Poems" was published, and suffered much from the Franco-Prussian war, which for the time being left men scant leisure for poetry. In "Poems" was included the exquisite "Ave," which praises God's Mother so well that one must

needs whisper a prayer to her for the troubled soul of her servant, Danto Rossetti. I give one of its most beautiful passages:

Mind'st thou not (when the twilight gone
Left darkness in the house of John),
Between the naked window bars
The spacious vigil of the stars?
For thou, a watcher even as they,
Wouldst rise from where throughout the day
Thou wroughtest raiment for his poor;
And, finding the fixed terms endure,
Of day and night that never brought
Sounds of his coming chariot,
Wouldst lift through cloud wastes unexplored
Those eyes, which said, "How long, O Lord!"
Then that disciple whom He loved,
Well heeding, haply would be moved
To ask thy blessing in His name;
And that one thought in both, the same
Though silent, then would clasp ye round
To weep together—tears in gulf bound,
Sick tears of patience, dumb and slow.
Yet, "Surely, I come quickly" so
He said, from life and death gone home.
Amen. even so, Lord Jesus, come!

There is no doubt that the reverence inherent in Rossetti was fostered by the lofty spiritual character of the women of his own family. Never was a mother so loved and revered as Rossetti's.

When I saw Mrs. Rossetti in the winter of 1886, shortly before her death; she was being tended by her daughter Christina in the somewhat gloomy house in Torrington Square. Mrs. Rossetti was then in her eighties; but, shrunken and sunk as she was in the great arm-chair by which her daughter sat, caressing the thin old hand, her nobly handsome face was full of alert interest and warm kindness. I had introduced myself to the family by my unsophisticated passion of enthusiasm for their brother. The aged mother of the Rossettis was keenly alive to hear all the worship I could pour out of the son so dearly beloved, so bitterly mourned. I remember how she kept nodding her head, and smiling at me out of her kind, undimmed old eyes.

After his wife's death, Rossetti withdrew himself into an inner circle of his friends. He lived at that fine old house on the river banks at Chelsea, called in his time Tudor House, but since his death, and its passing into the hands of the Rev. Mr. Haveris, known as Rossetti House. Here he kept the most extraordinary assortment of animals; inside he crowded his house with beautiful things. His collection of blue china was especially remarkable. Though most kindly in the circle of his friends whom his personal magnetism drew around him, and very accessible to any youngster whose attempts at art or poetry had struck his generous fancy, he was unknown to the public at large. His pictures never went to an exhibition, but were sold to private purchasers. The art critic invaded not his studio. It was a sign of the mystery about him that people believed a story, which he indignantly denied, of his having refused the Queen's daughter access to his studio.

All those later years were, however, weighed upon by trouble that came from within. There were intervals of peace, of course; and for a long time he lived in the country, at Kalmecott House in Gloucestershire, which he shared with Mr. William Morris. A bright spot in this shadowed life is so welcome that one dwells on an occasional letter to his mother less morbid than usual. Once he writes: "I have often thought of you since we last met—always whenever my path in the garden lies by the windows of that summer room at which I used to see your dear, beautiful old face last summer." But the insomnia and the chloral were on the increase, and the end was near.

Rossetti died on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1882, at Birchington-on-Sea; and is buried in the churchyard there, under a Celtic cross designed by his friend, Ford Maddox Brown. After his death there were two or three exhibitions of his wonderful pictures, all instinct with the Catholic feeling in art as in his poetry. To us Catholics he seems of right to have belonged, and to him we owe all our compunc-

tion and tenderness for his darkened life, and all praise as one who in words and in colors wrought as nobly as any of Florence or Fiesole.

The Escorial.

For years this architectural loviathan of Spain's mediæval Catholicity was left untenanted—in fact, well nigh abandoned. When the pilgrim or tourist from foreign lands came to visit this monumental wonder its gorgeous architecture a once renowned lum of the Peninsula's past military glory, and forcibly recalled the history of the seclusion and punances of one of its mighty monarchs, whom his biographers describe as the "proudest of kings, and humblest of monks." But in this mountain of granite, shaped into a palace, a church, and a convent, the stranger missed in its beautiful cloisters the classic cupche of the friar of the middle ages to complete an artistic picture. Thanks to the generous initiative of the Queen Regent this link with the past has been supplied. One of the last acts of the youthful life of Alphonso XII, was to utilize it for teaching purposes, and with that view he founded a college, to which he gave his name and the valuable aid of his purse, and placed it under the guardianship of the sons of St. Augustine. To-day they have elevated it to the position and dignity of a truly Catholic university, under the title of "Maria Christina," in which all the higher studies of the arts and sciences will be taught. Already appointments to the chairs of philosophy and literature have been nearly completed, whilst other chairs are about being confided to the most distinguished scholars of the Catholic Church in Spain—men looked up to on account of their attainments in almost every department of sacred science. Similar nominations have been made for classes of military studies, in their preparatory stages, as well as for the whole course of sciences, medicine, and pharmacy combining therewith the study of modern languages, music, drawing and equitation. Thus has been realized the constant aspiration of her Majesty the Queen Regent, who, since the premature death of her husband, has been unwearied in her efforts to see fulfilled one of his cherished dreams—one of his noble, generous thoughts—in establishing in the monastery a center of teaching capable of satisfying all the moral, scientific and literary requirements of the present day. The new university has especial advantages in its situation, the grand edifice being surrounded by vast parks and gardens, in which the students roam without coming in contact with the outer world or incurring danger to health or morals, harmonizing college life with a certain independence and freedom, combined with the necessary recreation. It is under the zealous care of the Fathers of St. Augustine, and the protection of the Queen Regent, who has endowed it with royal magnificence, and honored it with her name. That it will be in the future the cherished *Alma Mater* of the Catholic youth of Spain, is an idea fondly cherished by its illustrious patroness, and that it will receive the special benediction and spiritual aid of the august Vicar of Jesus Christ, may be safely reckoned on. The Papal Nuncio, Mgr. Orotori, has paid the Augustinian Fathers a visit, and examined in detail the proposed curricula, so that once more the vast cloisters of the Escorial will resound with the joyous sounds of student life.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay. Get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

The Quality of Discretion.

Those who have rounded in the period of well spent lives, and can now look with serenity and hope on the gathering shadows of their declining days, are ever ready to assure us that the quality which gilded the even tenor of their ways, and made sunshine instead of storm in their hearts, was the golden one of discretion. They felt that it was by steering their bark along the placid waters which no ill-timed word, spoken in heat and with acerbity, over ruffled or disturbed, that they ensured to their journey through life, pleasantness on the way, and a delightful calm at the close. They avoided with sedulity all occasions of rancorous interchange of language with their neighbors, when they felt that, in vindicating a real or imaginary wrong they would at best but discompose their own souls, breed trouble among friends and place a fresh arrow in the quiver of their enemies. They treasured the quality of silence when the unspoken word meant peace, harmony, and the gracious spirit of dwelling with brethren in amity and love, and when the sad spectacle of sullen dislike for others, which a too sharp tongue engenders when backed by an abundant lack of discretion sent sorrow to their souls.

Life is too short to lose a part of it in darkening our days in troubling our hearts and making clouds instead of sunshine above our heads, when all this might be avoided. And this is precisely what those people do who love to be at loggerheads with their neighbor, who dip their pen in gall and wormwood, drop vinegar on their tongues, and seek out a flaw in the armor of a brother that they might thrust a weapon in it. They invite the storm to rage, they wipe out the light of the sun, and they clap applause when the winds whistle and the tempest howls.

To those who love peace and harmony and the idyllic aspects of life, the spirit which animates such people is perfectly unintelligible. They feel that the necessary and unpreventable evils of life are, God knows, too numerous that we should seek to add to them those that are preventable and of our own creation. No philosophy could be shallower than that which prompts a man to deliberately enter on a course of action which is fraught with troubles innumerable to himself and is bound to give pain to others. He then seems to stand face to face with every dictate of common sense, and to court such miseries as reason would sternly warn him to avoid. If people could only be made to understand that there is more to be made out of life than most people make out of it, and that many of its purest pleasures lie right at our door if we would only look for them and take the pains to garner them, we would not so often stand in our own light and bemoan those evils which are sometimes imaginary, and which in many cases, we have brought upon ourselves. It is often because of our own shortsightedness that we lay at the doors of others our sufferings and misfortunes, not considering that we were the authors of those woes ourselves, and that, with the peculiar selfishness of human nature we seek to fasten the responsibility for them where it does not belong. It is then that we complain most bitterly, and upon the flood gates of our wrath on those whom we consider to have done us wrong. And it may be asked *cui bono* is all this? Who will be grieved and who will be delighted?

Sensible people are not edified by, nor interested in quarrels, Christians deplore them and men of peaceful disposition detest them. Consequently those who delight in washing their soiled linen before the public, in airing their grievances to the world, and inviting people from the highways and byways of life to be witnesses to the

troubles in their household, are precisely the selfsame class of people who would cater to the taste of that pugnacious element in the community which loves to witness an encounter between sharp-tongued fish-women, or equally loves to assist at a cooking main, and would complacently pat the brawn of some Hercules in the ring.—*Catholic Review.*

Honey Making.

Nectar in flowers is not honey. This nectar is gathered by the tongue of the bee, and enters what is called the honey bag, from which it is regulated by the bee on its return to the hive, and deposited in the honey cell. Even then it is thin and watery, and does not become really honey until the watery parts have evaporated. In collecting the sweets the bees do not confine themselves wholly to flowers. The writer of this paragraph has for a next neighbor a professional bee keeper, whose bees depend almost wholly on the flowers from the writer's garden—that is to say, there are few other flowers, except wild ones, on which the bees can collect their material. Unfortunately for him they are not satisfied with the flower, but also carry away the fruit. It is almost impossible in raspberry time to get enough from his garden to make a respectable dish for the tea table—nearly every berry is sucked to pieces before it is actually ripe. It is the same with the grape; in order to secure them from the ravages of the bees they have to be protected by paper bags. Last season, and for the first time, they have been found to carry away peaches also. How they first penetrate the skin is not clear; but it may possibly have been from the puncture of the curculio. The curculio frequently cuts the skin without depositing the egg, and this single break may be borne along without injury to the peach, permitting it to ripen. It is possible that they got a first entrance here. At any rate certain it is that before the peach is fairly ripe little is left on the peach but the stone. Other fruit growers likewise complain of the ravages of bees. Bee keepers contend that this cannot be so—that the bee is incapable of perforating fruit. This may or may not be—certainly what perforations might exist before the bees discovered them would not injure the fruit—the following up of this by the bees is just as bad as if they made the original perforations for themselves.—*Mechanics' Monthly.*

Anecdote of the late Father Mauron.

A pretty anecdote, which illustrates his simplicity and poverty of spirit, is told of the late Father Mauron, Superior-General of the Redemptorists. A short time after the election of the new General, Pius IX., entered the Church of St. Alphonso to pray. After satisfying his devotion, he visited the convent; and, going straight to Father Mauron's room, he looked about carefully, opening boxes and drawers; and then, having examined the mattress of the bed, he turned to the astonished priest, saying, "Father Mauron, I have looked into things here part" in jest, partly in earnest; and I find that you live in strict accordance with the example of your holy founder." It was this virtue of self-sacrifice that enabled Father Mauron to unite so happily the Neapolitan and the non-Neapolitan Redemptorists into one great religious family,—one of the most useful and flourishing in the Church.

CAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Enoch Bernberry, Tuscarrora, writes: "I am pleased to say that DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is all that you can claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always received benefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and I take great pleasure in recommending it."

Marshall McMahon, ex-President of Franco, is dangerously ill.

HONOR CUI HONOR.

Dean Cassidy's Silver Jubilee

The parish of St. Helen's, Brookton, was all a holiday on the 14th instant, the occasion being the Silver Jubilee of its esteemed pastor, the Very Rev. Doan Cassidy. Everything possible was done to make it an occasion worthy of the event it was intended to celebrate. A vast congregation thronged the church whose sanctuary was very chastely yet beautifully decorated with festoons of evergreens and with natural flowers. His Grace the Arch-bishop assisted at the Mass in cope and mitre, having on his right and left Vicar-General McCann and Dean Egan. The Holy Sacrifice was celebrated at half past ten by Dean Cassidy, with Dean Harris as Deacon and Father Lynch as Sub-deacon, and Father Hand as master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were seated the following: Very Rev. Father Marijon, C.S.B., Fathers Conway of Peterborough Diocese, Brennan, C.S.B., Carbery, Cruise, Duffy, Gearin, Grogan, C.S.S.R., Jeffcott, LaMarche, Lynett, Morris, Moyna, McEntee, McMahon, Redden, Rohleder, Ryan, Sullivan, Teefy, C.S.B., Trayling, Walsh, J., and Whitney. Mozart's 7th Mass was very well sung with orchestra accompaniment. After the gospel the Very Rev. Father McCann ascended the pulpit and preached the following appropriate and eloquent sermon:

"I have fought the good fight"
Tim. II., C. 4, v. 7.

Such were the words of the great Apostle, St. Paul, as he looked back upon the years passed in the holy ministry, or the years spent in laboring for his Divine Master and for the salvation of souls. "I have fought the good fight." It was a fight of highest import, fought with mighty consequences, waged against doughty warriors. "For our fight is not against flesh and blood only, but against principalities and powers and the rulers of the world of darkness in high places." It was not for himself alone, but for all those committed to his care. It was not for the transitory goods of earth, but for those which are perennial and imperishable. Men there have been in the world's history bold of eye and strong of arm, and resolute in deeds of mighty valor—men who have achieved much in the world, for the world, for self, for vanity—but theirs was not the good fight; and when the strong arm fell powerless and the giant intellect had lost its noonday splendor they had not perhaps struck one telling blow in that glorious contest which placed an immortal crown on the Apostle's brow. They might say, indeed, "I have achieved success, I have gained honor, I have conquered kingdoms, I have broken sceptres," but they could not say, "I have fought the good fight," the only great contest offered to man here below—to fight for heaven and God.

For the past twenty-five years your esteemed pastor has been engaged in this glorious contest, and hence you come to-day to congratulate him—not only to congratulate, but to honor him as a priest of God and a faithful pastor. It is because of his sacerdotal dignity and of his faithful ministry in your midst, and during all these years, in various parts of this Archdiocese, that your hearts are full of joy and gladness and gratitude to God. I think I will be in harmony with your Catholic feelings and with the occasion which brings us together, in dwelling briefly on these two thoughts.

How great the dignity of the priest! "We are," says St. Paul, "Ambassadors for Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." How grand the court represented; how ample the jurisdiction. Christ our Lord came from amid the splendors of heaven's throne, into this world to save souls, and to communicate to them all the light and help they needed to work out their salvation. As man, He was sent by His Father to preach the Gospel, to enlighten them that sat in darkness, to forgive sins. So He communicated the sublime and ample powers with which He was invested to the holy priesthood which was to represent Him and continue to the end of time the great work of saving mortal souls. "All power," he says, "is given to me in heaven and on earth (Matt. 28, 18). Going therefore teach all nations"—teach them their grand origin, glorious destiny, and their marvellous relations to the Divine being. Forgive sins "Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven" John 21, 22. Offer sacrifice—that sacrifice foretold by the prophet Malachi; that sacrifice which I instituted at my last supper, the sacrifice of my Body and Blood. "Do this in commemoration of Me." Such were the sublime powers conferred by Jesus Christ on His priests. What wonder the

Saints have said such lofty things of the dignity of the priesthood. St. Ignatius, Martyr, says: "It is the most sublime of all created dignities." It is this dignity, your faith prompts you to honor to-day. Let us glance at the labors and anxieties of the sacred ministry that claim your gratitude and recognition.

"I have chosen you," says the Divine Master to His Apostles, "to be in the world but not of it; to pass by the rivers of Babylon, on the fascinating pleasures of life, that sweep along the many, and not be borne onward by its seductive but poisonous waters; to be in the fierce conflict of the world and always defend the right; to be in the desert of life and not be choked by its shifting sands; to be ever ready to rescue the wounded or faint and not grow weary with well-doing; to bear aloft the torch of good example as our Lord commanded. "So let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in Heaven."

To be at the call of each and every one by day and by night, in sunshine and storm; to strengthen the weak, to encourage the strong and pour the balm of heavenly consolation into weary hearts; to rejoice with the happy and sympathize with those that mourn; to be, as St. Paul says, "All to all that he may gain all to Christ;" to spend himself and be spent for the salvation of souls; to minister at the altar, to wait the return of the prodigal in the sacred tribunal, to instruct, to exhort, to rebuke; to make virtue attractive and vice abhorred, to hold on high the Cross of Christ and move onward and upward through good and evil report—such is the life of the good priest the world over, and such a life is not without its crucifixion, and demands not unfrequently heroic, though it may be hidden sacrifices. It is meet then that he who, in the words of St. Paul, has "labored as a good soldier of Christ Jesus," should on this day of his Silver Jubilee receive the expression of our sympathy and good wishes. It is because he has been the good pastor that you crowd around him to manifest your faith and piety and to mingle your prayers for his welfare with the sweet strains of joyous melody that fill this Church to-day. It is because he has honored his sacred calling, been ever mindful of his priestly character and given the bright example of a spotless life, that his brother priests from far and near fill the sanctuary to join with you on this auspicious occasion in offering their congratulations, their love and esteem. It is because he has been a faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord that he has been honored amongst his brethren in the past, and that to-day his Grace, our beloved Archbishop, so justly revered for his wisdom and labors, is in our midst, to cheer us by his presence and add pomp and solemnity to this glad celebration.

This then is a pleasing spectacle that greets our view—the congregation rejoicing with its pastor in harmony with him—the priests, one heart and one mind, united to their Archbishop, whose holy office it is to be in the van, to encourage by word and example, to quicken the zeal and fire the ardor of his faithful priests. "By this" says our Lord, "will men know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

May the Divine Master bless us and give us the grace to labor for Him in time, to fight the good fight, and so gain the palm of victory and the golden crown which a just Judge has treasured up for us in eternity.

At the conclusion of the Mass Father Hand, in the name of the priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto, read the following address:

To the Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, P.P., St. Helen's Church, Toronto.

VERY REVEREND FATHER—The priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto, on the happy occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the Holy Priesthood, extend to you their most heartfelt congratulations. They feel that your twenty-five years of labor in the ministry reflect credit not alone upon yourself, but upon the whole priesthood of Toronto.

In every Deanery of this great Archdiocese there are lasting monuments of your piety and zeal.

Your care for the young and old of the flock in the various missions in which you have successfully labored during the past twenty-five years is well known and fully appreciated by priests and people.

During a period of delicate health, and in the face of formidable difficulties, you began and completed the erection of a magnificent church in the mission of Adjala, which stands as an enduring testimony to your cultured taste and financial ability.

Your intellectual and social qualities have made your home instructive and agreeable to your immediate co-laborers, and a charming and hospitable resort to your numerous friends in the priesthood.

Your zeal and energy, your sound judgment and kind heart singled you out for distinction by the late lamented and saintly Archbishop Lynch, who, twenty-five years ago to-day, imposed episcopal hands on you. His illustrious successor, our beloved prelate, has honored you with his confidence, and bestowed upon you diocesan dignities.

These honors you have ever borne with becoming grace and priestly modesty.

The cause of Catholic education found in you an ardent advocate and an able defender.

While devoted to the land of your fathers, you have been always animated by a sterling patriotism and a noble endeavor to advance the best interests of our fair Dominion.

For these and other reasons, the priests of the Archdiocese rejoice in the celebration of to-day.

That you may be long spared to labor in the future, as you have in the past, for the salvation of souls and glory of God, is the prayer of your brother priests of the Archdiocese of Toronto.

MUR. ROONEY, V.G. J. J. EGAN,
J. J. McCANN, V.G. J. L. HAND,
W. R. HARRIS, M. WYNA.

To which Dean Cassidy replied, with an emotion which showed very deep feeling:

YOUR GRACE, VERY REV. AND REV. FATHERS—It needed not the kindly words, the all too flattering expressions of the address just presented to me, nor the magnificent gifts accompanying that address, to convince me of the brotherly love and sympathy of my dear, my ever dear friends, the clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto. The sentiments ever dwelling in your hearts manifest themselves, when occasion offers, to add the charms of brotherly affection to a day of joy: *Quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum*. The presence here of his Grace the Archbishop adds dignity and solemnity to the occasion. It is but one of many proofs of paternal kindness to me, for which I am deeply grateful; it evinces that love for his priests, that desire to honor and sustain them, which have made our hearts his own and have evoked again and again the expression of our loyalty and our love.

The congratulations of brother priests have an especial significance, which causes us to prize them the more. Exercising the same holy offices in the sacred ministry, exposed to similar difficulties and trials, their sympathy is all the more welcome and comforting in both joy and sorrow. The one complaint, which we hear from the lips of Jesus Christ in His agony, is for the want of sympathetic companionship. The greatest earthly joy of the priests of Jesus Christ is loving companionship, mutual kindness and help for one another. Such has been my experience for the last twenty-five years, and I feel that I may look forward with confidence for a continuance of the same blessings in the coming time, that I may feel assured that we, who are not only brethren in Christ, but other Christs in the sublimity of our office, will continue to rejoice each other in mutual charity and loving kindness.

Many times, when feeling overburdened, have I sought aid from my brother priests, for the sacred tribunal of penance, in preaching the Divine Word, in offering up the Eternal Sacrifice—in a word, in all priestly labors—and never have those dear friends been wanting to me. The recollection of their goodness to me fills my heart to-day; thoughts of the unforgotten, who have gone before (may God in His infinite goodness have mercy on them)—thoughts of the dear friends, who surround me here—thoughts of all the priests of the Archdiocese. May God bless and strengthen them to the attainment of great works for the glory of His name and for the salvation of souls.

Then advancing to the railing the Dean received an address from his parishioners, which was read by Mr. Defoe:

To the Very Rev. Edward Cassidy, Rector of St. Helen's Church, Brookton.

VERY REVEREND FATHER—On the occasion of your elevation to the holy order of the priesthood—the parishioners of St. Helen's, St. Cecilia's and St. John's churches rejoice in the pleasing privilege of tendering you their cordial and happy felicitations, and hasten to congratulate you upon the great and holy work accomplished by you during the past quarter of a century, which period you have so happily and zealously spent in attending to the spiritual welfare of the folds over which it has been ordained that you should preside.

Although amongst us but for a short time we have readily learned to love and esteem you as our spiritual father, in whom we could at all times implicitly impose our every care. Your kindly advice and ministrations, replete with that which has always been best for our welfare, have been to us a comfort and solace in the extreme.

You have been ever zealous, since your advent to our midst, to care for those over whom your ecclesiastical superiors decreed that you should exercise your fatherly control.

For many years previous to your coming to reside with us we had been wont to look up to your name with pride, for your works and labors in Catholic circles, as one of the foremost figures in the Archdiocese in matters pertaining to Mother Church and the religious education of youth. It is not alone among your parishioners that this well-deserved fame is known and justly esteemed. Your probity, uprightness and integrity in all matters secular and your

unbounded zeal in the cause of our holy religion are legend among all classes and creeds.

With feelings of untold pleasure we joyfully welcome the opportunity which this, your silver jubilee, affords us of joining with your numerous friends and fellow Catholics in Toronto and throughout the archdiocese in wishing you God-speed in the holy cause to which you are espoused.

We beg you to accept the accompanying token, humble though it may be, of the esteem in which you are held by us and of the gratitude we feel on this happy occasion.

In conclusion, reverend and dear father, permit us to offer you once more our sincere congratulations, trusting and praying that the Supreme Shepherd may guide, protect and spare you for many years in your labors of love, to discharge the duties of your holy office with the same zeal, devotion and piety, of which you have always given proof in the past.

Signed on behalf of the parishioners of the above-mentioned churches.

D. M. DEFOE,
A. C. MACDONELL,
W. H. RAY.

Toronto, October 4th, 1893.

In reply Dean Cassidy said:

DEAR PARISHIONERS OF ST. HELEN'S—I thank you for this very complimentary expression of your regard for me, as well as the accompanying proof of your generosity. You have assembled here to-day to show your respect for your pastor, and to join with him in thanking the Divine Goodness for the graces and blessings vouchsafed to him for the twenty-five years of his life in the sacred ministry. In doing so you give expression to the faith that is in you in the acknowledgment of the sacred tie which unites you to whomsoever his Grace the Archbishop selects as your pastor.

It would be egregious vanity on my part to lay personal claim to all that your kindness suggests in your beautiful address. You honor the priest, not the man; you speak from the heart, not from the head. Yet whilst you seek to show your homage to me and to bestow your gifts on me, all unworthy as I am, I feel as if your goodness were co-operating with the Divine Grace to make me all that I should be to you.

The eloquent preacher of to-day gave us a high and beautifully expressed ideal of the perfect priest, of his sacred character, his eminent dignity and wondrous powers. But who would dare consider himself the embodiment of the gifts and merits such a dignity calls for? "Who shall ascend unto the mountain of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? The innocent of hands and the clean of heart."

Dear friends, in your goodness you overlook many defects and imperfections; you make many allowances. I feel that I can say with truth that, during the comparatively short period of my residence here, I have experienced as much kindness and consideration as anywhere throughout the diocese; as much disposition, likewise, to unite with me in the accomplishment of good works tending towards the spiritual or temporal benefit of the parish.

You have alluded to works effected in other parishes. Circumstances have not enabled us to move forward to the completion of this temple of the living God, but I feel confident that when the time comes your zeal and generous help will not be wanting to enable your pastor, with the Divine blessing, to effect what we all desire, what we all hope to see, in the completion of St. Helen's. Be assured that your goodness to me on this occasion endears you to me all the more, and renders me doubly anxious to do all in my power to serve my dear parishioners of St. Helen's.

When the Committee had taken their seats his Grace the Archbishop rose and, stepping to the communion rail, addressed the congregation in his usually happy and dignified style. He had come to do honor to a worthy priest by his assistance at the celebration of that day; and he was glad to see the parish largely represented by its children, and the diocese by the number of priests, who uphold his hands in God's sacred cause; it was right for priests to honor one another and support one another; and most of all is it just and proper and most acceptable that a people should honor their pastor. He baptizes their children, he closes the eyes of their dying, he heals the wounds which their sins make upon their soul, offers the holy sacrifice for them and breaks the Bread of life unto them. In joy and in sorrow he is with them to help in the only essential work of salvation. It is therefore due to a good priest, after twenty-five years of faithful service, that his friends and his people should gather round him to testify their esteem and express their gratitude to God for His many blessings upon His chosen servant. The day also has its

lesson—for it teaches us the dignity of the holy priesthood. In these times when there is little respect for authority of any kind, and in a country like this where people are too apt to look upon a priest as a mere man and not as the ambassador of Christ, it is important that every opportunity should be taken to uphold the sacerdotal dignity and impress upon the rising generation this great lesson.

At the conclusion of his Grace's remarks the procession of clergy formed and retired from the chureh. The two addresses from the children which were to have been presented were postponed till the following day, when they had the Dean to themselves. Our young friends of Brockton will also excuse us this week, as the report is already quite lengthy. The clergyman were entertained by Dean Cassidy at an excellent banquet at one o'clock in an upper room of the new schoolhouse, which was very tastefully arranged and decorated with appropriate mottoes. When justice had been done to the menu his Grace rose and proposed the health of the Very Reverend host, whose feast they were celebrating. After a couple of other toasts the company adjourned, well pleased with the day and the man they had come to honor. Besides the clergy, Dr. Cassidy, the Dean's brother, and his venerable father, James Cassidy, Esq., of Toronto, were also present.

The following is a list of the gifts to Father Cassidy—A set of Breviaries from the Archbishop; a full set of vestments from the clergy; a purse of money from the parish; a silver tea set, a crayon portrait and a dinner set from the children; and other gifts from the various communities of Sisters in the city.

One word of our own—it is to offer our congratulations with the many which our very Reverend friend has received, and we wish him continued honor and usefulness in his high and holy calling.

Impression of the Fair.

Entering the "White City," the visitor is forced to confess that the Americans have not been inaptly called "a great people." Other nationalities have shown extraordinary enterprise and ability in the matter of "World's Fairs"—England and France notably—but it has been reserved for Uncle Sam to conceive and fashion "the greatest show on earth." His initial effort in this line at Philadelphia in 1876 was the grandest up to date; but, save in painting and sculpture, it was merely a patch on the colossal dimensions of the Columbian Exposition, still in full blast at Chicago. But two short years ago a morass almost impassable, what is now known as Jackson Park has been transformed into a group of palaces massive and magnificent in their architectural beauty, with bridges and canals which call up what is seen and heard of Venice. So like is the resemblance that it would seem the city of the Doge had shifted its base on the Adriatic to the shores of the great lake which washes the southern boundary of the great western city.

The main Exposition Buildings are thirteen in number, and classified thus: Administration, Agricultural, Anthropological, Art, Dairy, Electricity, Fisheries, Forestry, Horticultural, Machinery, Manufactures and Liberal Arts, Mines and Mining, Transportation. These buildings contain specimens of all that is produced in countries far and near—of what each has done in the arts and sciences, in trade, in commerce, in agriculture and every branch of industry. To say that the exhibit in the different departments is prolific and of rare intrinsic value, is but to convey a very poor idea of the reality; and nothing short of personal inspection can warrant a

correct appreciation of the variety and wealth laid bare to view by nature and the hand of man. The beholder is swallowed up in wonder by the marvellous character of his surroundings, and it is difficult to determine which are the more amazing—the vast products on exhibition, or the immense sections in which they find space, designed and executed as they are in the architect's highest art.

Amongst the many objects which invite attention the Convent of La Rabida is of special interest to Catholics. The building is said to be an exact counterpart of the old monastery in Spain, whose holy and generous Abbot encouraged and inspired Columbus when he had well nigh yielded to despair in his endeavor to convince the Spaniards that there was a world beyond the seas, which he was certain of discovering if they supplied him with the means. Here are to be seen relics of the Spanish Court of that day; also ancient maps and manuscripts, and paintings of great value, illustrating the career of Columbus—his landing in the new world, his return in chains to Spain, and his death. There is an air of sanctity in this old-fashioned structure, and those of the old faith feel that they tread on sacred ground, as they pass through the cloisters, one by one. There is, too, a feeling of pride in the Catholic heart at the remembrance that it was one of that creed who gave a continent to civilization and supplied the foundation for nations the richest and most mighty, either in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere. And yet there are wretched creatures, both in the United States and Canada, who make war on their fellow-man because of his Catholicity—the religion in which Columbus lived and died.

To the Irishman Blarney Castle and its neighboring village present exceptional attractions. The samples of Ireland's handiwork find no room in the larger buildings, for the reason that they are too few and insignificant, comparatively. For all that, the Countess of Aberdeen and Mrs. Harter have done fairly well, considering their opportunities. Their colony is racy of the soil, from the piper at the gate to the thatch on the cottages scattered about. Old timers long resident on this side of the water readily take in the situation, and live over again the days when they were young. The loom and the spinning wheel, in active operation, help to refresh the memory; and the blackthorns are sufficient evidence, if such were wanting, that we are not many miles from the Irish coast. Taking into account that for seven hundred years or so England has been robbing and enslaving and degrading the people of Ireland, the wonder is not that the Irish exhibit at the Columbian Exposition is meagre and stunted, but that there is to-day on the map of Europe such a place as Ireland. But there it is yet, notwithstanding the deviltries of Elizabeth and Cromwell, not to speak of the countless other monsters in human form who played havoc with our kith and kin, and there it will remain till tyranny is vanquished and freedom reigns within its borders.

What is called the "Midway Plaisance"—a thoroughfare some miles in length—is principally taken up with fake shows, many of which are of questionable taste. The Mongolian, the African, the Fiji Islander, the Cannibal and the Red Man of the forest, male and female, are paraded at the doors of these money-making receptacles; and the touters—who in nearly every case are white men—invite the passers-by in speech which would put to blush a Jewish peddler. The Turks have Cairo—or a street thereof—all to themselves; but no exception can be taken to that portion of them who follow a legitimate business in the bazaars which line the roadway on either side. The Ferris wheel is also on the Midway, and thousands

avail themselves of the opportunity which it affords of getting nearer to heaven than they ever were before. The altitude is 250 feet at the highest point. There are other features of the Midway—models of famous buildings, cities and villas—which are a credit and bear testimony to the public spirit and princely munificence of the fathers of this the latest, the largest and the most superb of World's Fairs.

PERSONAL.

Several Torontonians have made Chicago their home. Among those of them who are well and doing well are Mr. Thomas Walls, Mr. William Halloy, Mr. George Clark, Mr. O. L. Mahony, and Mr. Armand Toofy, son of M. Toofy, Esq., Richmond Hill, and brother to Rev. J. R. Toofy, President of St. Michael's College. Mr. Richard O'Neill, late of Port Hope, is also located in Chicago, and flourishing, as he deserves to be.

Typos in Toronto and Buffalo will be pleased to hear that their old friend, Joe Molloy, is still in the flesh, and enjoying good health. He is as genial as ever, and desires to be remembered to the members of the craft and others in the "Queen City."

Another esteemed tyro is John McConnell, brother of our friend and fellow citizen, Mr. Michael McConnell. John is much respected by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, and by none more so than the Kellogg Printing Company, in whose service he has been for the long period of twenty one years. P. B.

His Grace at Orillia.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, held a confirmation of one hundred and twelve children, after the celebration of Mass in the church of the Angels Guardian on Sunday Oct. 1, the seating capacity of that edifice being quite inadequate for the accommodation of the assembly, drawn thither by what was evidently a sympathetic interest in this solemn ceremony. His Grace, in addressing the children, pointed out to them the distinction existing between baptism—which, introducing us into the church, leaves us infants and confirmation, by which we become strong, illustrating the point by the case of the Apostles, who, in fear of the Jews, retired to an upper room, whence, when confirmed by the Holy Ghost, they emerged bold as lions. His Grace went on to illustrate by the imagery of land contiguous to water, but arid in default of channels of irrigation, the operative influence of the sacraments of penance and of the Holy Eucharist, through whose channel grace is infused. Before concluding his address to them, His Grace asked them to pledge themselves, which they did with uplifted hand, to touch no intoxicating liquor before arriving at the age of twenty-one.

At the close of the services the following address from the congregation was presented to his Grace by Dr. Slaven:

To the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto:

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—On this, the occasion of your second pastoral visit to Orillia, we, on behalf of the congregation of the Church of the Angels Guardian, beg to approach you with cordial greeting, to extend a hearty welcome, and to express our loyalty and devotion to your Grace as our chief spiritual director.

We must congratulate you on the progress of Catholicity since your appointment to the Archbishopric of Toronto, in evidence of which new and improved churches, and an increased number of well equipped schools and higher educational institutions are to be seen on every side.

Although burning and embarrassing questions inimical to the cause of our holy religion may from time to time arise, and they do arise, we feel every confidence in your matured experience, and that our interests are safe in the hands of one so devoted and judicious as your Grace is well known to be.

We are happy to be able to inform you that the affairs of the parish are progressive and prosperous. We have, as you may observe, a fine church property and presbytery, and a school, which is held to be second to none, in this province, all of which, it is gratifying to report, are practically free from debt.

It is with regret that we refer to the recent illness of the venerable Archdeacon Campbell, who has been for so long—upwards of a quarter of a century—our respected pastor. We may say that we have ever found him zealous and self-sacrificing in the performance of his duties—both spiritual and temporal. We rejoice, however, to learn that his health is improving,

and have reason to hope that through the mercy of God he may go on to full recovery. In the meantime we are fortunate in having the affairs of this parish administered by our good priest, the Rev. Father Duffy, who has been to us all that a priest should be, and who has attended to the duties pertaining to his holy office with earnestness, ability and discretion.

That your Grace's health may be preserved, and that you may long be spared to rule and guide us, is our fond hope and fervent prayer.

Signed on behalf of the congregation by
THOS. MULLAHT, JOHN REIDAN,
WM. KANE, J. W. SLAVEN,
R. A. LYNN, PATRICK KERRAN,
PETER DONNELLY, JNO. CAMERON,
PETER BROWN, N. J. FRANKLYN,
A. R. McDONNELL, PATRICK COLEMAN,
WM. THOMSON, JOHN FOX,
R. M. DONNELLY

In replying, his Grace expressed himself as much gratified by the nature of his reception, which he attributed rather to his official position than to any personal merit. After a feeling reference to the long and arduous labours of the Rev. Archdeacon Campbell, who, he was glad to say, was much better, he went on to say that, while his memory would remain ever green in their hearts, he would remind them that though man was fated to pass away, the Church remains.

Barrie.

Miss Duffy was presented with the following address and a well filled purse, by the St. Mary's Choir, on her departure for Toronto.

DEAR MISS DUFFY: Having heard with regret that you purpose severing your connections with St. Mary's Choir, we would deem ourselves ungrateful were we to allow this occasion to pass without testifying our appreciation of your fidelity and amiable condescension in the discharge of the onerous duties as organist.

For the past five years we have been silent admirers of your zeal and untiring efforts to render the choir attractive, and we must say your energy has been rewarded, as the members of the congregation can bear witness to its excellency.

We trust, Dear Miss Duffy, that a happy career awaits you, and that in your new surroundings you will find friends as sincere as those from whom you are about to part, and who for you will ever cherish fond remembrance.

Accept our little gift as a tribute of friendship. In conclusion we pray that the blessing of Him whose praise you have sung may brighten your pathway through life and guard and guide you unto a glorious eternity.

The members of St. Mary's Choir.
T. F. O'MAHA, CLARA BYRNE,
M. BUNNETT, JULIA CARPENTER,
AGUIE RYAN.

Barrie, Oct., 1893.

The Very Rev. Dean Egan replied on behalf of Miss Duffy, thanking the choir for their words of praise to one so deserving, and also paying a tribute of praise to Miss Duffy for her persevering efforts whilst organist.—Barrie Examiner.

[We see by the Barrie Examiner that the Very Rev. Dean Egan started last Sunday a series of sermons on Justice and Restitution.]

Catholic Order of Foresters.

The High Court of this Order has officially notified Barrister J. M. Quinn of Toronto, of his appointment as chief Representative of the C.O.F. in Ontario. Mr. Quinn belongs to St. Joseph's Court, No. 370, which is to be congratulated on the high honor bestowed on one of its members. Owing to the laws of Ontario being so strict with regard to Benevolent Societies the High Court deemed it necessary to appoint an efficient officer in Ontario conversant with the Provincial statutes to look after the legal interests of the various Courts in this Province, so as to bring their workings in harmony with the Acts affecting the same. Hence Mr. Quinn's commission. The C.O.F. is in a flourishing condition, and bids fair to become one of the leading Catholic Benevolent institutions in Ontario.

Personal.

Rosa d'Erina, the well known vocalist is in Toronto, after an absence of some years. She has kindly offered to sing in St. Michael's Cathedral, at High Mass, Sunday the 15th instant.

The importance of developing the entire physical, intellectual, and spiritual capacities of children far transcends the minor matters which create divisions amongst state craftsmen.

There is difference between those two temporal blessings, health and money; money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but the richest would gladly part with all his money for health.

MECHANICAL WONDERS

On Exhibition at the World's Fair.

Somebody told me that a peep into the boiler room of the Machinery Hall would be of great assistance in building up a concept of Pluto's sulphury home. Consequently, I judiciously selected a very cool day to visit this hall. Judged from the exterior, the character of the display within would never be dreamed of. To my taste, it is, after the Palace of Fine Arts and the Administration building, the most beautiful structure on the grounds. It has an architectural tone peculiar to itself. Its turrets and its spires give it an airy, fairy character that is simply delightful to the eye accustomed to the huge business blocks that stand like giants' play-things along Chicago's busy streets. Its roof and steeples are peopled with statuary. On every steeple's dizzy height there stands the statue of a maiden. Her garments are fluttering in the breeze. As though to balance herself, her arms are extended and upraised, and each holds a laurel wreath. Along the ridges of the roof are angels, with wings at rest, and little boys, each blowing two of these long horns with which heralds in olden times attracted attention ere they announced the message they brought. The names of men eminent in their triumph in mechanical arts are written in gold letters along the cornice of the building. Over each of the two main entrances—one to the north and one to the east—supported by a semi-circular row of tall and stately columns, half a dome projects. But better even than the beautiful structures are the sweet chimes that ring from its towers. The daily playing of these bells is the most restful sound that can greet the sight-seer, weary with his hours of continuous moving. Let him wander to the Court of Honor at 6 o'clock in the evening. Near the splashing waters of the fountain let him take his seat. And if ever the tired spirit of a mortal had balm borne to it by the air and poured on his heart, the weary one may float his soul in just such heavenly refreshment. Within the shadows of these steeples I cannot tell you what there is in the music of a chime of bells. But this I know: I would rather hear a simple strain throbbled out in mellow sweetness on the evening air by metal tongue in metal mouths of soft, sweet bells, than listen to the grandest concert man ever heard. I never appreciated the beauty of Shakespeare's

"Like sweet bells jangled out of time and harp," until I heard the chiming bells. I fancy it would be the saddest thing to hear those "sweet bells jangled out of time and harp." The transition of the exterior of the building to the interior is somewhat marvelous. Down one of the 850 feet aisles your eye runs, and such a picture it has never looked on before. Big wheels and little wheels, narrow ones and broad ones are whirling around at a dizzy speed or moving with an aggressive and pronounced slowness that is torturing to the eye of a Chicago man. From sheet-iron cylinders gleaming pistons of steel are leaping back and forth, moving up and down as they drag the bright and shiny cranks around the circle belts, and narrow ones are spitefully cracking as they bring motion from one point to another. Bright bands of copper, as red as the sun, shining bands of brass, polished steel, heavy and greasy iron work, glisten and gleam amid the endless rotation about. And the noise! There are all kinds of noises. There are steam drills pounding away on rocks, the awful rattle of cogs on hoisting cranes, the roar of the distant boilers, the suction of the cylinders exhausting the air, the noise of clattering steam looms for cotton and silk mills, the hiss of steam occasionally escaping, the dull pulsing of ponderous engines,

the clatter of the great moving cranes as they roll overhead from one end of the building to the other, the indescribable rattle of printing presses—in fact a greater variety of noises than there were kinds of rats that the Pied Piper piped into the Weser. After a minute study of the entire display, I came out wondering if there is a machine in existence that is not to be seen in this marvelous collection. I could recall none. I believe there are machines that do everything. The printing press forms one of the most interesting features of the display in Machinery Hall. It must be conceded, I think, that the Hoe presses are the most perfect. Several of daily papers have their evening editions run off in the building. The World's Fair organ, the *Daily Columbian*, is printed. And, by the way, this is one of the unique souvenirs to be had on the grounds. It contains the first page of each of the five great dailies in Chicago. That first page being, of course, the issue of that day. I presume there is scarcely a reader of a paper now-a-days, who has not seen the press in operation, seen the virgin page start in to pursue its course through interminable rollers, being cut into size here, receiving an impression there, twisted and turned until it appears at a rather distant point folded after the fashion the newsboy hands it to you in the morning. Standing near one of these marvelous machines, I had a chance to contrast it with an antique concern 150 years old. It was one of the earliest presses used in the country. It was built by Thomas Draper in 1742, was afterwards owned by Thomas Melchor, who was the first state printer in New Hampshire. A little table about three feet square, a twisted lever, which, when drawn towards the operator brought a pressure from above to bear on the paper which was placed over the type set in the table, and that was the total of it. It was being operated for the amusement of the visitors, and was printing two little strips which bore the legend:

"Printed on a press 150 years old."

These were given away as souvenirs. There is also a display of type-setting machines. I fancy a comparatively small percentage of people know how these instruments work. I remember when I first heard of it, I was considerably in doubt as to its possibilities. It was only when told that the machine actually cast the type that I could believe the instrument possible. But there is another machine displayed at the Fair that actually sets the type. In each of the machines referred to, a keyboard much like that which is on a typewriter, is before the operator. In the instrument which casts the type, a touch of any key releases a brass mould, which drops into position. When all the moulds sufficient to make a word or line of any particular length have been set, the machine clamps them and draws them into a peculiar place to receive the metal. This cools quickly and is soon turned out, and the word or line is in one piece. In the second machine referred to, the type are all placed pointing outward in a large metal cylinder beneath which is a revolving circular table. A touch on a key allows one type from one of the grooves in the cylinder to fall on the revolving table which places it on a moving belt. This in turn brings it in a groove immediately before the operator, and a little above the keyboard. Type after type being thus brought into place, the line is pushed along until it reaches a chase. Here the operator makes the necessary divisions and connections before continuing work. This is a rather new instrument, and, it seems to me, possesses many points of advantage over the machine which casts the type. But more marvelous than these machines, do the many looms working in the building appear to the western and southern man's eye. To eastern

people I fancy they are not an uncommon sight, but in the land where the cotton grows and where the gold is dug, that pays for work from the eastern looms, these objects are curiosities. Hence you will always find a crowd of "Southerners" and "Westerns" around the machines. And, verily, they seem to be a more knowing machine than the typesetter. At the last named instrument they see the operator seated. Not so with the loom. No hand seems to be guiding it. The warp is moving up and down. Each time a change is made, a bobbin shoots between and leaves the woof to be caught by the warp as it passed behind it. And the seeming knowledge of those bobbins. Each one is wound with a different colored thread. Just as often as the pattern calls for one color, so often does the bobbin which contains it lay out its tiny thread. In proper time it gives place to another which just as rapidly, just as surely, does its work and then bides its time until needed again. I read a little squib in a paper a few days ago which stated that an entire prayer-book had been woven of silk in France. Not a letter is printed. The loom has done it all. It took three years to complete it. This will not appear astonishing after one sees the looms at the World's Fair. Some are weaving badges which contain pictures of Washington, Lincoln or Cleveland. A picture of the globe appears on them, and woven in the silk an appropriate utterance of the one whose face appears above. The reader who has not seen the looms at work may form some idea of how it is done by recalling to mind a sheet of music paper used in the organetto. The pattern to be worked by the loom is thus marked on stiff manilla paper. At the top of the loom each particular thread of the warp is fastened to a long iron needle. Now, the paper spoken of passes over the needles. Where a needle meets an opening, it rises and thus lifts the thread attached to it. Those needles that cannot pass are drawn down. At the next move of the machine a new set of apertures are above the needles and consequently different needles rise and fall. A similar mechanism brings the woof into proper play. The shuttles or bobbins all fit into compartments, which, as the cut paper permits, are presented to the power that moves them back and forth. Thus it is plain any pattern may be worked. They are weaving beautiful silk handkerchiefs at the Fair with the picture of the building on them. And the beauty of it all is that the machine works with a speed that is simply marvellous. In some instances I could scarcely see the reels as they shot back and forth between the warps of cloth about two yards wide. Marvellous! The word does not say it. Why, addition is an intellectual operation. Yet, there is a cash register at the Fair that, when the key is pressed that throws up the card showing the "amount of your purchase," rings the bells and springs out the drawer, it proceeds—I should say, at the same moment—it adds the amount and registers the total that should be in the drawer. I tested it over and over again—made it add 15 cents to 60 cents and saw it register 75 cents. I made it add 55 cents to \$15.92 and got \$16.47. What next? I said to myself, and lo! before me was a man that, just as fast as he could make a peculiar kind of sewing machine work, was writing peoples names on handkerchiefs covered with beautiful embroidery that that same machine had done. I turned around again and here was a machine that washed and dried dishes, intended, I presume, for hotels. It would be, I fancy, a useless task to enter into the details of some of the massive engine on exhibition. To tell, for instance, of the power gained in this one by a saving of frictional resistance and the power lost here, by weight of the belt-

ing. To tell of the peculiar advantages of one in having its cylinders in a vertical position with the piston working downward and of the power required to overcome the resistance in the machine itself, so much actual power consumed before it can be applied to the purpose for which the machine was constructed. But to be convinced that man's mind had gone into the utmost minutiae, has measured and weighed such subtle forces as heat, steam and electricity, needs but a passing view of the magnificent display in the Palace of Mechanic Arts. It is a glorious tribute to the ingenuity of man's mind, a material testimony written in iron and steel and brass in which the Sages of old would read the declaration of the God-like something within us. I stood before a great breathing thing of gleaming metal that did its work with the regularity akin to the earth's daily revolution. I thought how little it would take to render this monster incapable of work. A few drops of water can solylose its oily joints and stop it in its way. One gleaming glare of Heaven's fire and it would become a useless, shapeless mass of iron. Surely the hand that planned it all must be longer lived than it is!

But suppose this is not so—suppose the soul mortal. The engine is mortal. In this soul, and engine would then be alike. The very dynamic value of the latter would then make it greater than the soul. Then the lesser would have produced the greater. A false conclusion, and the supposition which brought us to it must be false. Therefore, the soul is immortal. Verily, there are sermons in stones, books in running brooks—logic in a steam engine.

When the hair begins to come out in combing, it shows a weakness of the scalp that calls for immediate attention. The best preparation to arrest further loss of hair and restore the scalp to a healthy condition is Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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The Veil of the Virgin Mary.

An Irish Legend of the Wicklow Mountains.

WRITTEN FOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

The peasantry give to a strange mist which sometimes hovers over the mountain tops, a beautiful appellation in Gaelic, signifying "The Veil of the Virgin Mary."

In a Wicklow valley, rich and true
The peasants tell you a wondrous tale;
At the close of even there falls 'tis said,
A fleecy cloud on the mountain's head,
Of a fairy luster, pure and pale,
And they call it the Virgin Mary's Veil.

One day long past at the twilight time
A youth the mountain side did climb;
Thoughtful his brow and passing fair,
His sweetest eyes, and wavy hair,
The people said that he was a saint,
That his soul, of sin knew never a taint.

And this was the reason, no doubt, that he
So favored of Heaven above should be
For the soul that is pure hath beauty rare
And shines like the sun beyond compare,
While the angels wear in their mansions aloft
To gaze on a human heart so soft.

The sun had sunk 'neath the mountain's head;
The clouds were shimmering pink and red;
A calm majestic was breathing there,
And the youth soft breathed a fervent prayer,
For lo! before him untinged and pale,
Was the mist of the Virgin Mary's Veil.

Deep thrilled his heart with a reverent fear,
As the mystic cloud came drifting near.
He felt the awe of a Presence high,
A heavenly incense floated by,
And he heard, as the mist enveloped him,
A sound as of chanting seraphim.

Then broke on his eyes such dazzling light
He felt would cover his aching sight,
But an angel voice his heart did cheer,
He looked and beheld a vision near,
A woman whose beauty outshone by far
The light of the lustrous morning star.

Short moments of rapturous amazement
Did the ravished youth on that vision gaze;
All crowned with the blazing orb of night
And clothed in robes of living light,
Then spoke the Lady in tone so sweet
It calmed his hot heart's feverish beat.

"The Virgin Mother of God am I,
And come from my throne of gold on high
To claim the love of your youth as mine,
God dowers me with souls that are pure like thine,
Your spouses shall no earthly maiden be,
You are mine for the long Eternity."

The youth arose, the vision was gone,
His face with a sacred luster shone,
With a pilgrim's staff, in the morning gray
He journeyed to blessed Mellerau,
And there with the pious monks did abide
Ere a year, the death of a saint he died.

And thus I've told you the wondrous tale
I heard in the beautiful Wicklow vale.
The lesson or moral all may see:
God's loveliest gift is purity,
When we stand in the awful Judgment Light,
May our hearts be robed with The Veil of White.

St. Francis and His Creditors.

While St. Francis was still living in his father's house he had undertaken the repair of the Church of St. Damian, in Assisi, and had promised the priest who was in charge there that he would pay the whole cost of the restoration. Before the work was finished St. Francis was turned out penniless by his father, and he was unable to fulfil his promise. Some years passed away without any increase of wealth on the part of St. Francis, or any hope of coming payments on the part of the priest. The priest knew that the poverty, not the wealth, of St. Francis had been increasing during the years. When Blessed Bernard of Quintavalle became the first disciple of St. Francis his master made it an obligation that he would sell all he had and give the price to the poor. The sale was made in due time, and a few days afterwards St. Francis and Bernard gathered the poor of Assisi into the great square and began to divide the money among them. While St. Francis and his disciple were thus busy the priest of St. Damian came to demand the payment of the debt that was due him. St. Francis on the moment gave him a handful of crowns out of Bernard's money, and would have given as much more, but the priest had to make haste away, owing to the outcry that was raised against him by the poor, to whom it seemed that he was depriving them of what was intended for themselves alone.

He went away hastily, well paid, indeed, for what he had done to St. Damian's, but not content with his bargain. The cry of the poor kept ringing in his ears by day and by night. He felt that he had defrauded them. He could not put the money with any other money, but laid it apart, folded up. One day, too, as he was reading the Scriptures, his eyes chanced to fall on the words: "It is not lawful to put it in the cobena, because it is the price of blood" (Matt. xxvii, 6), and constantly throughout the day he caught himself repeating the words: "It is the price of blood." By degrees he became afraid of the money, and would not touch it, or even look at it. All this had gone on for some time, when one night as he was asleep, he dreamt that he saw a brilliant golden cross raising out of the mouth of St. Francis; the top of the cross reached up to heaven, and the arms of it spread through the whole world. While he looked, he saw, also, a mighty dragon, which had been lying in wait for the destruction of the city of Assisi, lift up its head, and, seeing the cross, turn away and take to flight. This dream was repeated the second and third nights. On the third morning Sylvester (that was his name) arose, went and sold all that he had, gave the price to the poor, and became a disciple of St. Francis. He was the first secular priest that became a friar minor.

God gifted Blessed Sylvester with great humility, wonderful silence, and with such a spirit of contemplation that he seemed, like Moses, to see God face to face. St. Francis asked his advice in every doubt and difficulty. It was by the counsel of Father Sylvester he sent his brethren to preach throughout the world, rather than keep them to spend their lives in silent prayer. Once, when the city of Arezzo was raging with intestine strife, when street was armed against street and family against family, St. Francis sent Father Sylvester to be the peacemaker in the strife. Approaching the city, Father Sylvester saw the whole air above the city filled with devils, who were rejoicing over the anger that raged beneath. He commanded the evil spirits to go and leave the city at rest. At his word they fled away, and when he had entered within the gates he found that the strife was already at an end. Filled with years and blessings he slept peacefully in the Lord about the year 1240.—*Franciscan Tertiary.*

Good Morning!

Don't forget to say "Good morning!" Say it to your parents, your brothers and sisters, your schoolmates, your teachers—and say it cheerfully, and with a smile; it will do you good, and do your friends good. There's a kind inspiration in every "Good morning" heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter. It seems really to make the morning good, and to be a prophecy of a good day to come after it. And if this be true of the "good morning," it is so also of kind, heartsome greetings; they cheer the discouraged, rest the tired one, somehow make the wheels of life run more smoothly. Be liberal with them, then, and let no morning pass, however dark and gloomy it may be, that you do not help at least to brighten by your smiles and cheerful words.

For Over Fifty Years

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

As a rule, children correspond to home influence; they are good or bad according as the influence exerted on them is good or bad, and the majority retain the good habit formed in early youth for "the child is father of the man."

What the Judge Said.

Judge Hubbard, of Nebraska, in passing sentence upon some convicted ransellers, recently, characterised in vigorous terms their evil business. He said:

"There is something in the taking of human life instantaneously that shocks and terrifies the mind of all; and yet we look upon that man who takes life quite as surely but by a slow, lingering process, if not without condemnation, at least, without horror. You who stand before the court for sentences are in every moral sense murderers, and you are in the spirit, if not in the letter guilty of manslaughter; so the law says whoever accelerates the death of a human being unlawfully, is guilty of the crime. Your bloated victims upon the witness-stand, and who undoubtedly committed perjury to screen you from the law, not only testify that you are accelerating death, but that you are inducing men to commit still greater crimes than your own.

"You still maintain the appearance of respectability, but how morally lopsided and scrofulous you are inwardly. The ruin, poverty and idleness which you are inflicting upon this community declare, as if from the housetops, that you are living in idleness and eating the bread of orphans watered with the widow's tears. You are stealthily killing your victims and murdering the peace of the community, and thereby converting happy, industrious homes into misery, poverty, and rage. Anxious mothers watch and pray in tears nightly with desolate hearts, for the coming home of your victims whom you are luring with the wiles and smiles of the devil into midnight debauchery."

A Story of Brescia.

The little town of Bordighera in Italy has furnished the Easter palms at Rome ever since the year 1585. How the grant was obtained by Brescia, the brave old sea captain, is a curious story. Standing with the crowd in the open plaza, before the cathedral of St. Peter's, he was gazing with breathless interest at the workmen engaged in erecting the Egyptian obelisk. So momentous and difficult a task was this regarded that Pope Sixtus V. forbade any one to utter a loud word during the operation on pain of death.

All went well until the massive stone column reached a certain angle, when to the horror the multitude and the despair of the engineer, it ceased to move. Various expedients were resorted to without avail, and all seemed lost, when suddenly a voice broke the silence, crying:

"Aiga, dai de l'aiga ate corde!" ("Water, give water to the ropes!") This suggestion, which came from the old sailor, was quickly acted upon; the obelisk slowly righted itself and was successfully raised to the position it now occupies.

When the trembling Brescia was brought a prisoner before the Pope for punishment the latter not only pardoned the offence, but offered to grant him any reasonable request. The unselfish soul of the man showed itself when instead of petitioning for some personal preferment, he begged that the right of furnishing the palms for Easter should be bestowed upon his family and the villagers of Bordighera, his birthplace. The request was granted, and is respected to this day.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Oct. 12—Votive Office of the Most Blessed Sacrament.
13—St. Edward, King, Confessor.
14—St. Callistus, Pope and Martyr.
15—Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
16—Blessed Victor III., Pope and Confessor.
17—St. Hedwige, Widow.
18—St. Luke, Evangelist.

"The Evangelical Churchman."

In its issue of the 5th instant, *The Evangelical Churchman* gives expression to its feeling with quite a rhetorical flourish, and with a credulity which the sequel did not warrant. Opening an article upon "The Doctrine of Papal Infallibility and its results," it assures us:

"The news flashed across the continent that Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, Mo., has been deposed by Mgr. Satolli, and that his condju Archbishop Kain, has been vested with all power in the archdiocese, recalls the attitude taken by Archbishop Kenrick in opposition to the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope at the Vatican Council."

That report concerning the deposing of Dr. Kenrick was not true, and was contradicted the following day over the hand of Mgr. Satolli's chief secretary. How very nervous the *Churchman* seems to be. If news manufactured out of whole cloth so affects its mind that it sees in this report revenge on the part of Rome against a venerable prelate of eighty years we might expect the Delegate's official denial to be equally impressive, and show our contemporary that it would be more prudent and charitable, more in accord with dignified journalism not to believe every Catholic item that happens to flash across the continent.

It is claimed that "the practical politics of the Roman communion" are of interest to the members of "the Protestant and Scriptural Church." We are at a loss to know what church is meant; for a unified Protestant church is a myth, a Scriptural church is a body without a head, and a Protestant and Scriptural church will be as difficult to find as a square circle. But if it means that our politics are of interest to those outside of the Catholic Church we have a right to ask that no assumptions be made which are not true, and no arguments advanced upon premises which are false. When, therefore, this organ of the *soi-disant* "Protestant and Scriptural Church" assures its readers that "the results that brought about the deposition (of Archbishop Kenrick) had a beginning as long ago as the Vatican Decrees of 1870," it shows a perfect incapacity for interpreting the primary relation between the See of Rome and the various bishops of the world. For Rome to wait twenty-three years to depose a recalcitrant bishop—even supposing he was really recalcitrant, which Mgr. Kenrick was not—would be contrary to the first principles of

Church discipline: it would be con-
nivance at schism. Was Rome's power
less when, several years ago, the pre-
sent Archbishop of Philadelphia was
coadjutor to Mgr. Kenrick, that it did
not depose him then? Rome had no
wish to depose him at that time, and
it has had none since, as the *Church-*
man would have known if it had not
been too eager to have a little fling at
Rome.

The fact is that Dr. Kenrick, now
too feeble (being 87 years of age) to
administer a Diocese with a population
of 250,000, has resigned his bishopric.
He was consecrated Nov. 30th, 1841,
and is therefore a bishop nearly fifty-
two years. A man who has borne the
burthen for such an exceptional length
of time might well retire in peace
without his superiors being misinter-
preted for accepting his resignation.
The opposition which this venerable
prelate made to papal infallibility ter-
minated after the Vatican Council; he
sent in his *Placet*, and for twenty-
three years administered his diocese
undisturbed. Now because he resigns
visions of persecution haunt our con-
temporary, and we have a Low Church
journal acting as champion to a Catho-
lic Bishop.

The lecture on infallibility which
the *Churchman* undertakes to deliver
is a hotch-potch of historical inaccura-
cies, theological errors and gratuitous
statements. We are reminded by it
of what Cardinal Manning says: "When
English Protestants undertake to write
of an Ecumenical Council of the Catho-
lic Church, nothing less than a miracle
could preserve them from making them-
selves ridiculous." To state that "the
doctrine of papal infallibility is one of
the most powerful weapons ever forged
by man against the liberty wherewith
Christ has made us free;" to tell us that
"it is the mightiest foe to Christian
union at work in the world," shows an
entire misconception of Christianity,
infallibility and Catholic discipline. When
a journal tells us that "Professor
Mivart, a Romanist and a scientist,
who has been writing on 'The Happi-
ness of Hell,' finds to his cost that
under an infallible Pope he cannot
think for himself," it is acting a ridi-
culous part. He can think a great
deal more for himself under an infalli-
ble Pope than he could under a fallible
one. Can any one think for himself
that two and two are five? Professor
Mivart would not thank the *Evangelical
Churchman* for his sympathy. We are
told likewise in this article "that
there was almost a unanimity of opinion
against the infallibility of the Pope
before the Vatican Decrees." The best
answer to this is what Cardinal Manning
writes upon the Vatican Council: "I
have never been able to hear of five
Bishops who denied the doctrine of
Papal Infallibility. Almost all previous
Councils were distracted by divisions,
if not by heresy. Here no heresy existed.
The question of opportunity was
altogether subordinate and free. It
may truly be affirmed that never was
there a greater unanimity than in the
Vatican Council."

What we presume to be the climax
or anti-climax in the article is an
extract from a Catholic catechism
which is supposed to prove the lack of

unanimity upon the infallibility of the
Pope:

"Q. Must not Catholics believe the Pope
in himself to be infallible?"

"A. This is a Protestant invention; it
is no article of the Catholic faith; no
decision of his can oblige, under pain of
heresy, unless it be received and enforced
by the teaching body; that is, by the
bishops of the Church."

We assume that this extract is cor-
rect and that Keenan's Catechism,
from which it is taken, had the ap-
proval of the Scotch Bishop and was
recommended by the Irish Bishops.
There is clearly a *non sequitur* in the
argument of the organ of "the Pro-
testant and Scriptural Church." The
Catechism in question was written
before the Vatican Council, and there-
fore it was quite right in saying that
Papal Infallibility was not an article
of faith; and right also when it stated
that no decision of the Holy Father's
could oblige, under pain of heresy,
unless received and enforced by the
teaching body. Whatever the opinion
of bishops upon the subject might be
they could condemn no one of heresy
who might deny it. It by no means
follows that the bishops who gave
their *imprimatur* to this Catechism
were opposed to papal infallibility.
The contrary was the case; for either
they themselves, or their immediate
successors, all signed the decrees of
the Vatican Council. Let us grant, with
the *Evangelical Churchman*, that this
was the opinion of Bishop Kenrick,
we deny most emphatically "that
punishment is being meted out more
than twenty years after his speech."
This statement is not borne out by
fact or precedent. Bishop Kenrick
exercised to the full the liberty of
debate granted by the Council. When
he had done that, he submitted and
lived for more than twenty years,
enjoying the respect of his superiors
for his life and his labors. The
Evangelical Churchman is the very
opposite of Brutus, who did not love
Caesar less but loved Rome more—the
Churchman loves Rome less and Caesar
more, though it has no great affection
for either the Rome of the Vatican or
the Caesar of St. Louis.

Gladstone's Pronouncement.

It must be admitted by the present
as well as future generations that Ire-
land had never a more staunch, a
more fearless, or more devoted cham-
pion of her righteous cause than she
has found in the person of England's
purest and most noble statesman,
Hon. W. E. Gladstone. Like most
Englishmen he was inclined to con-
sider the problem of Ireland's restora-
tion to internal peace and content-
ment as impossible of solution. For
many years, aye, even until he reached
a patriarchal age, was he convinced of
the hopelessness of attempting the
serious application of any remedy for
the nation's ills likely to be attended
with lasting results and satisfaction to
all concerned. After a desperate and
fruitless attempt in 1881-82 to coerce
into willing submission the restless
and disaffected masses of the Irish
people it dawned upon him that the
Celtic race is indomitable under viol-
ence, and that coercive measures and
unjust laws must cease to exist if
peace and contentment may be secur-
ed. The events and experience of ten

years have justified the conclusions of
Mr. Gladstone. The majority of the
three kingdoms and of the empire are
a unit with him in the conviction that
home legislation is the true and only
means of exit from that labyrinth of
difficulties with which the problem of
Ireland's peace and happiness has been
surrounded during past generations
and for centuries.

It was simply heroic on the part of
Mr. Gladstone to proclaim the doc-
trine of Home Rule in face of the in-
grained prejudices of Britishers in
general, and of the utter aversion and
open hostility of the privileged classes,
both in England and Ireland. But it
was a Herculean task which that fear-
less statesman proposed to himself
when he undertook to remove those
prejudices and defy that opposition.
The feat, however impossible, has been
successfully accomplished, and not by
a fabled semigod of antiquity, but by
the most accomplished and most elo-
quent of England's living orators and
statesmen.

The perfect triumph of Mr. Glad-
stone over all harrassing difficulties
and persistent, unscrupulous opposi-
tion, was accentuated on the night of
the ever-memorable 8th September,
when a majority of Great Britain and
Ireland's representatives, after a long
and searching discussion, deliberately
and advisedly passed a bill of such
vast importance that no deliberative
body or future legislation can presume
to ignore the fact, or face the conse-
quences of disregarding its pronounce-
ment.

What England's incomparable Prime
Minister has done with the prejudices
of the dominant race is but a hopeful
augury of the success he is determined
on subduing the passions and riding
over the opposition of the titled peers
of the realm. What little weight he
attaches to the overwhelming vote
given against Home Rule in the House
of Lords may be gathered from the
admirable and outspoken deliverance
he uttered at an immense meeting
held in Edinburgh on the evening of
the 27th ult. "The fact is," he there
declared, "that the present paltry
institutions are too weak for their
purpose. They outweigh and do not
meet the demands of the country.
There is something wrong and defect-
ive in the present Constitution. The
condition is intolerable and demands
the concerted attention of the nation
with the view of the removal of its
defects. The evil is immeasurable.
On one hand is the nation expressing
its just demands; on the other hand
are the necessary measures to satisfy
those demands. But between the two
there is a great barrier, viz: the Irish
Question, which has taxed the energy
and mortgaged the time of parliament
generation after generation. Why
has this question continued to exist so
long, and who is answerable for its
remaining before us? There is one
reply: the responsibility rests with
the House of Lords."

The contrast between the two
Houses is then most tellingly put for-
ward: "The House of Commons
thinks and speaks for the Nation. The
Lords form their opinion for them-
selves. They are responsible to no-
body, and if their opinion proves
wrong they will be neither abused nor

suffer in any way. Our opinion was freely discussed with the people, and was given with all the authority that a national verdict can confer." To the plea that the bill was not sufficiently discussed Gladstone replies in substance. "How was it discussed in the House of Lords? Why, in less than a week the Lords disposed of a Bill that had occupied the attention of the House of Commons eighty-two days."

But the privileged classes demand a reference to the country, a dissolution of parliament. "That is not constitutional," exclaims the Prime Minister. "It would be constitutional for the Commons to advise a dissolution at the risk of the Ministry, but no such thing has been recorded at any period of our history as a dissolution brought about by the House of Lords. Such a contention is a gross, a monstrous innovation, an odious, new fangled doctrine; and no men are fonder of these doctrines than the modern Tories, except it be the modern Unionists. But it is more than monstrous. I hold that it is nothing but high treason. We make this plea: we say if we are punished why should not the majority of the House of Lords be punished also when it misinterprets the judgment of the country? Let us have fair play and no favour."

It is very evident that the grand old man will not permit the House of Lords to stand long in the way of Ireland's deliverance, and of England's honour and stability as an Empire.

Archdeacon Farrar.

The *Contemporary Review* and the *Nineteenth Century* for September were of special interest to Catholics by reason of several articles devoted to religious subjects. In the latter Father Clarke writes upon the condemnation of Prof. Mivart's theory of the happiness in hell by the Congregation of the Index at Rome; and Canon Knox-Little treats us to sixteen pages upon Science and Belief. The former Review contains a short but able article upon Evolution as applied to Christianity. Like most treatises upon this subject it is too general to be criticized, and too non-committal to be condemned. Lastly we have an article upon the Principles of the Reformation by Archdeacon Farrar, which deserves more consideration than even it received from our Lands only lately. When glancing at the table of contents, the title—Principles of the Reformation—attracted our attention almost as much as the name of the writer. This is we said to ourselves, just what we have wanted for a long time, to know clearly, what are the Principles of the Reformation. Here surely, if any place, we shall have a calm, succinct statement. History had always left upon us the impression that the so-called reformation was the work of unfrocked monks, abetted by avaricious and wicked kings; and whatever principle it had was temporal, selfish, and destructive of the very religion it set about reforming. Accordingly we had a faint expectation that, under the magic wand of Archdeacon Farrar, spirits would be summoned from the vasty deep of historical lore showing that the leaders of the sixteenth century movement were animated by the loftiest motives, and were laying foundations of adamant upon which to build a new and purified City of God.

What was our disappointment on finding that the whole article was a clumsy rejoinder to Canon Knox-Little. The Archdeacon did well to say nothing about the principles of the reformation, for the less said about them the better: they are of the earth, earthy; as variable as summer wind and as unstable as shifting sand. But if Dr. Farrar did not touch them he struck out right and left at the Catholic Church and Ritualism in a style which, if it is weak in argument, is forcible in language and irony.

Whatever success this writer may have attained in other branches of literature we think him a failure as a controversialist. He is a compiler. This he showed in his novel of *Darkness and Dawn*, as well as in the present article, largely taken up with brief, incoherent quotations from the Fathers, whose spirit he by no means understands. When a writer tells us that the *unananimis consensus patrum* is a fiction, and maintains that auricular confession was initiated only in the thirteenth century; when he concludes, because a certain Greek word signifying sacrifice is not found in the New Testament, that the Mass is not a sacrifice and that it had no existence in the times of the "Apostolic Fathers," he shows how little idea he has of Patristic theology. He fails to distinguish between ecclesiastical discipline and doctrine, and having only vague notions of what "the Church" is he flounders about in the deep waters of dogma, customs and decrees. We might excuse him for his ignorance, but his rudeness deserves none. A reviewer who refers always to the Catholic Church as the "Romish Church" adds no force to the article and gives no reputation to the magazine. If his sense of duty and love of truth compel him to speak they would, if he were not blinded by self-love, compel him to speak with the sweetness and force of true wisdom.

A special word is necessary upon the Archdeacon's talk about auricular confession being initiated by the Council of Lateran in the thirteenth century. The Council of Lateran commanded merely the time of confession—that it should be made once a year. Passage upon passage may be taken from the writings of the Fathers proving auricular confession, and more particularly from St. Augustine, who, Mr. Farrar thinks, is entirely opposed to it. One will suffice: "Not only," writes the holy Doctor, "ought a man to keep himself from these vices after penance, but likewise before penance while he is in health; because if it remain to the last of his life he does not know if he will be able to receive penance itself, and will be able to confess his sins to God and the priest." Lingard, in his history of the Anglo-Saxon Church, mentions it as practised amongst the forefathers of those who now decry it, long before the thirteenth century. We are done with the Principles of the Reformation and their latest expounder, rejoicing that we do not look to such a guide, rejoicing most of all that the doctrine of the great Sacraments of the Blessed Eucharist and Penance are built upon the eternal rock, and their use sanctioned by the custom of eighteen hundred years, which no criticism can ever undermine.

Religion in the Schools.

The leaders of several denominations outside the Catholic Church are gradually issuing from the fog and shallows of complete secular education to the deeper sea and safer waters of religious training in schools. For generations, in fact ever since the State, with vandal spirit, has laid its hand upon the training of youth and claimed the rising generation for its own, the voice of God's Church has sounded, warning travellers of the dangerous shoals in which their misguided ships were travelling. No attention was paid to it at all. The Syllabus was received with a snore; the claims of the Church were looked upon as arrogant and despotic; the courage which our own Bishops displayed in fighting for Separate Schools was regarded as a foolish and weak defence of a cause destined soon to perish. The State was going to show how to educate its citizens, so that religion would have nothing to do but remain upon its knees in prayer, or look after the destitute, the orphan and the fallen—and the care of these would soon be grabbed by the State. The English people are at heart religious and conservative. Although they may not object to try experiments in matters spiritual, they are not prepared to go to extremes. Since, therefore, they are beginning to see the tendencies of common schools and irreligious education they are trimming their sails and making a tack. The Synod of the English Church in Canada lately held at Toronto adopted the following resolution:

"That in their judgment religious teaching in our Public Schools is absolutely necessary in order either to fulfil the true purpose of education, or to conserve the highest interest of the nation at large."

In moving the resolution Canon O'Meara of Winnipeg was clear, manly and earnest. He claimed that "Secularism had miserably and wretchedly failed wherever it had been tried. It had failed not only to fulfil the purpose of education, but had failed to conserve the truest interest of the nation. It had been tried in Australia, and had resulted in the degradation of the children. Secularism had been tried in France. It was thought there that it was possible to teach morality without religion. That was impossible. One might as well attempt to check Niagara with a gossamer thread as teach a child morality without religion." That is exactly what the Catholics have maintained everywhere, what our brethren of Manitoba are maintaining in season and out of season. Undoubtedly the Presbyterians and Methodists sympathize with the principle laid down. We ask with the *Catholic Record* will these bodies unite with the Catholics of Manitoba in demanding that their rights be restored to them? Will they stand by the principle they have laid down.

Another voice upon the subject comes from England. Canon Knox-Little writing in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, upon Protestant Science and Christian Belief concludes an able article by saying:

"There are many grave questions at the moment before the country. Questions they are that deserve the careful attention of serious men. Among them, however, there is one of, surely, altogether paramount importance—viz., the question of the religious education of English children. There have been ominous signs which look, so it has been felt, as if efforts are being made in high quarters to evade the compromise of 1870, and also by a side-wind to diminish the efficiency of Voluntary Schools as a preliminary step towards their entire destruction. The serious point of all this is

the tendency to neglect or destroy the definite teaching of the Christian religion to the children of Christian parents. The English people are still, we cannot doubt, a religious and a Christian people, but they are often all too slow in realizing a danger of this kind. It behooves all concerned to gird themselves for the battle. It is to be hoped that the Church will not sleep, lulled by a sunny optimism, but will frame a definite and energetic 'policy.' It is to be hoped also that—notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary—Religious Dissenters will waken up to the real issue, and that all Christians will exert themselves lest the children of this country be robbed of the most important part of their education—the truth of Christianity. We do not perfectly understand what is meant by those who desire to exclude even so elementary a form of Christian instruction as the Apostles' Creed from our schools. Are we prepared to permit vague and varying notions intended at best as the scaffolding of a shadowy enthusiasm, to be substituted for 'the Truth as it is in Jesus'? Surely all who believe in the Incarnation of the Eternal Word, all who believe in the Jesus Christ of history, ought to take care that there should be no mistake in the matter; ought with united earnestness and determination to 'contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the Saints.'"

No sound can be more welcome above the storm and jargon of unbelief and irreligion around us than this voice which now speaks out the mind of the Church of England. With the poet we say:

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before
But later."

In Dreamland.

Our thanks are due to Dr. O'Hagan for his latest book of poems, from the first of which the neat little volume derives its name. "In Dreamland" is a poem rich in the tender thought of childhood's affection.

"I dreamt a dream of the old, old days,
When life was sweet and strong,
When the breath of morn swept thro' the groves
Like the notes of a joyous song;
And I knelt beside my mother's knee,
And I lisped in faith her prayer,
When the lilacs bloomed and the roses bleed,
Too full of the morning air."

The sentiment so chastely expressed here seems to echo fairly the idea characteristic of the author's mind throughout many of his efforts—efforts which certainly bespeak talent, and which will deservedly rank their author amongst the highest of Canadian poets. It is gratifying to find that some amongst us dwell in the home of our childhood, and hear again "The Song My Mother Sings," and tell it in melodious rhythm and pure diction:

"It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care,
It is filled with chords of pathos and it's set in notes of prayer,
It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,
And is strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;
It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,
And is star'd with rapt blessing thro' a mother's sacred love;
O sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings,
As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings."

Again, in "Ripened Fruit"—a deserving title for as rich a fruit as can be culled in this garden, which has many of the blossoms and fruit of true poetry—the same idea is thus beautifully worded:

"O altar of eternal youth!
O faith that beckons from afar!
Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
Give to our morrow an evening star."

Dr. O'Hagan has also sung several patriotic songs which are full of poetic talent and love of country. Nor does he forget the Island of song, the land of his fathers, presenting as he does to us several upon Erin, the sweetest and best being "Erin Machree":

"Oh, land of my fathers, my faith, and my God,
How I long for true freedom to kiss thy green sod,
Thou my soul will sing clear as the lark in the sky,
And chant notes of thy glory that never will die.
For from East unto West, in the warmest acclaim,
Will ring in bright numbers thy deeds and thy fame,
And the harp of thy freedom be heard o'er the sea
In the land of the Maple, dear Erin Machree."

With this extract we close our notice, offering our congratulations to Dr. O'Hagan upon his second volume of poetry, which is very creditable to its author, and likewise to the publishing house from which it issues—the Williamson Book Company, Toronto.

The Legend on the Locket.

I was in my first sleep, when the sound of the door bell awakened me, whereupon I sprang from my bed, and after a few hurried preparations, hastened to throw open the door.

It was a bitter cold night in January, and without the moon threw her pale light over the wan and spectral snow covered landscape. The sharp gust that swept into the hall, as I opened the door, made me pity the delicate looking child who stood on the threshold.

Her hair gleamed with a strange and rare effect in the moonlight, long golden hair that fell in graceful ripples about her shoulders. She was lightly dressed, this little child, as she stood gazing straight and frankly into my eyes, with an expression at once so beautiful, and calm, and earnest, that I shall never forget it.

Her face was very pale, her complexion of the fairest. The radiance about her hair seemed to glow in some painted, yet indescribable fashion, upon her every feature.

These details I had not fairly taken in, when she addressed me:

"Father, can you come with me at once, my mother is dying; and she is in trouble."

"Come inside, my little girl," I said, "and warm yourself. You must be half frozen."

"Indeed, Father, I am not in the least cold." I had thrown on my coat and hat, and she made answer.

"Your mother's name, my child?"

"Catharine Morgan, Father; she's a widow, and has lived like a saint. And now that she's dying, she is in awful trouble. She was taken sick about a few hours ago."

"Where does she live?"

"Two miles from here, Father, on the border of the Great Swamp; she is a stranger in these parts, and alone. I know the way perfectly; you needn't be afraid of getting lost."

A few minutes later we were tramping through the snow, or, rather, I was tramping; for the child beside me moved with so slight and tender a step, that had there been flowers instead of snowflakes beneath her feet, I do not think a single petal would have been crushed, under the airy fall of her fairy feet.

Her hand was in mine, with the confiding clasp of childhood. Her face for the trouble that was at home, wore a gravely serene air, such as is seldom seen in years of sprightly youthful innocence.

How beautiful she looked, more like a creature fresh from the perfect handiwork of God, than one who walked in the valley of sin, and sorrow, and trouble, and death.

Upon her bosom I observed a golden locket, fashioned in the shape of a heart.

She noticed my glance, and, with a quick movement of her fingers, released the locket and handed it to me.

"It's a heart," I said.

"Road what's on it, Father?"

"I can't, my little friend; my eyes are very good, but are not equal to making out reading on gold lockets by moonlight."

"Just let me hold it for you, Father—now look."

How this mite contrived, I cannot say; but certain it is, that at once, as she held the locket at a certain angle, there stood out clearly, embossed upon its surface, the legend:

Heart of the Heart of Jesus is with me.

"Mamma placed that upon my bosom one year ago, when I was very sick, Father." And, kissing the locket, the child restored it to its place.

We went on for a time in silence, as I carried the Blessed Sacrament with me; and, young as she was, the girl seemed to appreciate the fact. Whenever I glanced at her I observed her lips moving as in prayer, and her eyes seemed, in very truth, fixed upon the

place where rested, in the Sacramental Veil, the Master of Life and of Death.

Suddenly the girl's hand touched my sleeve. Oh, so gently!

"This is the place, Father," she said in the soft tones that thrilled me, as they broke upon the stillness, and she pointed to a little hut standing back in the dim shadows of three pine trees.

I pushed open the door, which hung loosely upon its hinges, and turned to wait her entrance. She was gone. Somewhat startled, I was peering out in the pallid night, when a groan called me to the bedside of the dying woman.

A glance told me there was no time to lose. The woman lying in that room had hardly reached middle life, but the hand of death had touched her brow, upon which stood the drops of sweat, and in her face I read a great trouble.

I was at her side in an instant; and, God be thankful for it, soon calmed and quieted the poor creature. She made her confession, and, in sentiments of faith and love, such as I have rarely seen, received the last Sacraments of the Church.

Standing beside her, I suggested those little prayers and devices, so sweet and consoling at the dread hour. I noticed, as the time passed, that her eyes frequently turned toward a little box at the further end of the room.

"Shall I bring you that box?" I asked. She nodded assent.

On placing it beside her, she opened it with trembling hands, and took out the dress of a child.

"Your little daughter's dress," I said. She whispered, and there was love in her tone:

"My darling Edith's."

"I know her," I continued. "She brought me here, you know."

I stopped short and caught my breath. The woman half arose in her bed; she looked at me in wonder that cannot be expressed. I no less amazed, was staring at the golden heart shaped locket fastened to the bosom of a child's dress, which the woman was holding in her hands.

"Madam!" I cried, in the name of God, tell me, where is your daughter? Whose is that locket?"

"The locket is Edith's. I placed it here, on the bosom of the dress, when my little girl lay dying a year ago. The last thing my darling did was to hold this locket to her lips, and say:

Heart of the Heart of Jesus is with me.

She died a year ago. Then the mother's face grew very sweet and very radiant.

Still holding the locket in her hands, she fixed her eyes straight before her.

"Edith, my dear Edith, we are at last to be united in the Sacred Heart. I see you, my darling—"

"Cease! the Heart of Jesus is with me."

Her voice faded with the last syllable into silence.

Edith and she were again united—[Our Lady of Martyrs]—Catholic Citizen.

The Uses of Hot Water.

Speaking of hot water, it is wonderful how many good purposes it serves. A compress of linen wrung out of hot salt and water, and applied to the chest, covered entirely and closely with flannel, to prevent the taking of cold, will ease pain and do away with the irritation which culminates in frequent coughing. Hot water at the back of the neck, and behind the ears, will cure that nervous weariness and hysteria which overcome one after a hard day's work. Hot water, taken internally before a meal is an aid to digestion.

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Says GARRIE R. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H., "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton



weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving as suddenly; but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during nearly thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."

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Mary's Autumn May.

By Arthur Ryan.

In Australia, as May is a Winter month, the *Mole do Marie* is kept in October. Pope Leo XIII has now given a second Month to Our Lady.

Say, dearest Mother Mary, can it be
That having May, thou claim'st October too?
The flowers of spring we pluck'd and gave to thee—
Are these sad leaves of autumn also due?

When evenings first were lengthening, calm and warm,
We lit thy altar, gay with lily bloom,
Now falls the night, full awat with threatening storm,
And still, thy tapers stay the advancing gloom.

Ths thine, and ten times welcome, Mother dear,
This ripe and crisp October month is thine;
What, though our flowers and leaves be scant and sore,
The calendar of love knows no decline.

Accept these autumn wreaths—our chaplets bright,
With crimson—yellow—stained, like sunset skies;
O star of morn, be still our star at night,
And bless our falling years as thou didst bless their rise.

Selected Receipts.

CREAM OF RICE SOUP.—Cover one cup of rice with one quart of white stock, adding one slice of onion, one sprig of parsley and leaf of celery. Boil for thirty-five minutes, press through a sieve, scald one and a half cups of milk, add the rice, season with salt and white pepper, and two minutes before serving add one-half cup of cream.

TO PRESERVE VEGETABLE MARROW.—12 lbs. of marrow (cut in squares), 8 lbs. of sugar— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. root ginger, 4 lemons, 6 chillies, one stick of cinnamon about 6 inches long. Bruise the ginger and cinnamon, tie in a muslin bag with the chillies and boil all slowly for 4 hours. It is better before putting the ingredients in, to make a syrup, a cup of water is sufficient to dilute the sugar.

STUFFED PEPPERS.—Select the sweet Spanish peppers. Cut off the stem end and remove the seeds as in preparing tomatoes for stuffing. Put the peppers in a saucepan, cover with boiling water and simmer twenty minutes. Drain. Mix together for every four peppers one-half cup of chicken or veal chopped fine, one-half cup of bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Carefully fill the peppers, stand in a baking pan and bake twenty minutes in a moderately quick oven.

FIG LAYER CAKE.—Cream one cup of butter; add one and a half cups of sugar gradually, beating all the while. Beat the yolks of three eggs light; add to the butter and sugar, with one teaspoonful of vanilla. Add half of a cup of milk and three cups of pastry flour. Beat until smooth; then add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff, dry froth, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Pour in jelly cake tins and bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven. Make for the filling a boiled icing, to which add one cup of figs chopped fine. Ice the top of the cake and ornament with English walnuts.

POTATO BOULETTES.—Add to two cups of mashed potatoes four tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolks of two eggs, beaten light, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of sweet marjoram, one-half teaspoonful of thyme, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a very little cayenne pepper. Mix all well together; put over the fire in a saucepan, stirring until the potato is thoroughly heated, so that when stirring it will come away from the sides of the pan. When cool enough to form, roll in small, round boulettes, cover with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking-hot fat.

NESSERLODE PUDDING.—One pint of chestnuts, one pint of sugar, one pint of boiling water, one pound of French candied fruit (mixed), one pint of almonds, one pint of cream, one pineapple, or one pint of canned, yolks of six eggs. Shell the chestnuts, take off

the brown skin, put them in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, and boil twenty minutes, then press them through a colander. Shell, blanch and pound the almonds. Cut the fruit in to small pieces. Put the water and sugar on to boil; let it boil fifteen minutes. Beat the yolks of the eggs until very light; add them to the boiling syrup; stir over the fire until it boils, then take it off and beat with a wire spoon until cold. Now add the fruit, cream, almonds, chestnuts and a tablespoonful of vanilla, and if you use wine, four tablespoonfuls of sherry. Mix all well together, turn into the freezer and freeze. After it is frozen drain off the water, add more salt and ice, cover the freezer with a piece of carpet and stand away for four or five hours to ripen. It will serve fifteen persons.

Dairy Notes.

Cows may as well give milk ten or eleven months in a year.

Don't make poor butter, it is not wanted; oleomargarine is cheaper and quite as good if not better.

If you have not milk enough for two calves give one all he wants and let the chickens have what is left.

Butter underworked will be striped, overworked it has the appearance of lard; if done either way there is a loss in value and in the maker's reputation. A good profit is the result of attending to little details.

The proper taste for yellow butter comes from the fact that butter made when cows are pasturing on clover, takes the color naturally, and usually have no superior in quality, though it may be equalled. Yellow butter has become the standard, and hence white or pale butter is regarded with disfavor. But, fortunately, the coloring matter so much used to give fall or winter butter the popular color is perfectly harmless, and something like a "fad" can be gratified without a particle of danger.

Blossoms, Living and Dead.

A little worldling in coarse gingham frock and stubby shoes stole out of the darkness and drew near the foot of the cross.

Stray gleams of light from the sanctuary fell tenderly on the thorn-crowned Christ and on the upturned baby face quivering with pity and wistful love.

The cruel spike transfixing the bleeding feet thrilled his childish soul with responsive agony, elevating it to the sacrifice of Golgotha. A divine impulse to manifest his love, to help the tortured Christ, grew strong within him and presently became tangible in a votive offering.

On the tiles beneath the cross lay some faded flowers, withered worthless things, probably swept into the shadow by the frown of a silken skirt.

The tiny devotee gathered them eagerly, and with awkward touch wove them into a baby's conception of beauty.

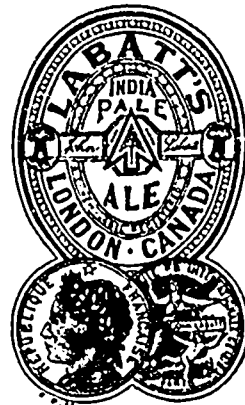
"Flowers for God, poor God!" he whispered reverently, and reaching up to the pedestal laid his offering on the mangled feet.

Was it only fancy, or did the sanctuary light grow brighter as it touched the unsightly gift? A baby's handful of withered blossoms, but they covered the spike and the cruel wound—*Donahoe's Magazine.*

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Of all the gifts of the Holy Spirit the principal is grace to conquer self, and willingly to suffer injuries for the love of God. —*St. Francis.*



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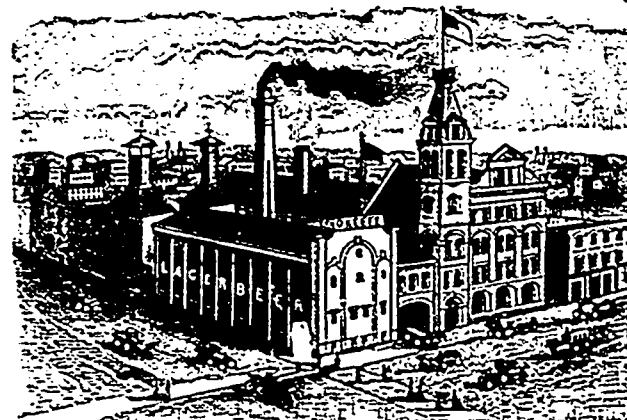
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. W. B. Lawson, of the firm of Lawson & Co., stock and share brokers, Royal Avenue, Belfast, was found drowned in Carr's Glen, Ballysillan, on the evening of Sept. 20th. It seems that on the previous night he had been in company with three of his children. When at the foot of the avenue leading to his home in Chlochester Park, he told them to go home, saying that he would shortly follow. Mr. Lawson did not return, and next evening a lad passing through the glen found his dead body, face downwards, in the stream which flows through the glen. Dr. Musson, coroner for the South Division of Antrim, held an inquest on the body in MacCarthy's public house, Ligoniel, when, after hearing the evidence, the jury returned the following verdict: "That the deceased came to his death on the 20th of September, 1893, at Carr's Glen by accidental drowning."

Armagh.

On the night of Sept. 16th, the Tory-Orange life and drum bands turned out and marched through the principal streets of Armagh shouting and cheering for the House of Lords, and groaning for Gladstone. The bands were accompanied by immense crowds. Afterwards a mock funeral of Gladstone was held, the procession marched up Barrack Hill with a coffin and seven candles burning. When opposite the military barracks they stopped and used offensive language, when some of the soldiers retaliated by striking one of the processionists with a stone, severely cutting his head. Revolver shots were fired from the house of a Protestant in Railway street at some Nationalists. They retaliated, smashing the windows and partly wrecking the house. In the stone throwing that ensued the windows of the houses of two men named Livingston and Brown, were broken. When the Conservative bands were passing the top of Thomas street, the crowd cursed Gladstone and cheered for Salisbury. Stones were thrown, and the large plate-glass windows of Mr. Todd and Mr. Wilson, merchants, were broken. The loyalist party had bonfires lit in Barrack street, Callan street and Barrack Hill.

Carlow.

Among the successes scored by the Irish Catholic colleges at the Intermediate Examinations, we notice, in addition to those already recorded, that of Master P. Murray, of Carlow College, who gained the highest marks in English, not alone in his own grade, but also in any grade, with first place in English and Mathematics combined and full marks in Algebra.

Clare.

A number of the tenants on Colonel O'Callaghan's Bodyke estate have been summoned to Tomgreany Petty Sessions to give up possession of their holdings. This is considered to be the forerunner of an extensive eviction campaign, which it was hoped some time ago might have been averted.

Cork.

Mr. Patrick O'Hea, who represented one of the divisions of Donegal, for several years, in the Irish Party, in Parliament, left Cork with his family a few days ago for London, intending to sail thence to the Cape, where he purposes to reside for the future. Since leaving Parliament Mr. O'Hea has been practising, at his profession as a solicitor in Cork.

Dublin.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Thos. Augier, Esq., of Roganstown, Swords, to the commission of the peace for the county Dublin.

Galway.

The Tuam and Claremorris Railway line is rapidly approaching completion, indeed as far as the contractor, Mr. W. M. Murphy, is concerned, his work is done, as he has laid the rails of his line up to the junction with the Midland system, and all that needs to be effected now is to unite both lines.

Kerry.

The following clerical changes have recently taken place in the diocese of Kerry: Rev. Father Godley from Ballymacolligott to The Mines; Rev. Father Kelly from Curran to Ballymacolligott; Rev. Father Allman from Castleisland to Curran.

Kildare.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, has appointed the Rev. Thomas O'Neill, who had been Administrator of the parish of Tullow for the past ten years, to succeed the late Rev. Arnold Wall, P.P., as Parish Priest of Baltinglass; and the Rev. Father Campion, C.C., Goresbridge, to be Administrator of the parish of Tullow. The Bishop has also made the following other clerical changes:—Rev. Joseph Mooney, C.C., from Portarlinton to Goresbridge; Rev. Michael Bolger, C.C., from Hacketstown to Portarlinton; Rev. John Farrell, C.C., from Graigue to Hacketstown; Rev. Andrew Murphy, C.C., from Caragh to Graigue, and Rev. James Robinson, to be C.C. in Caragh.

Kilkenny.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Maurice R. Loyne, which occurred at his residence, Maudlin st., Kilkenny, on September 19th, at the early age of 37 years. Mr. Loyne was manager of Mr. E. O'Shea's marble works, Kilkenny and Callan, and

was held in high esteem by a wide circle of friends who were quite unprepared for the melancholy news of his death. The funeral took place on the 21st, the remains being followed to their last resting place in St. John's Cemetery by a large and representative concourse of people.

Limerick.

A beautifully illuminated address and a handsome silver tea and coffee service have been presented by the G. S. & W. R. Goods Staff, at the Limerick Terminus, to Mr. B. H. Cahell, station master, on his removal to Cork on promotion.

Louth.

On Sept. 18th, at Irishtown, near Drogheda, a girl named Catharine Smith, aged 17 years, and daughter of a herd of Mr. Murdock, at the Bolles, who was one of the hands employed in feeding a threshing machine, was caught by the machinery, which crushed one leg so terribly that the girl succumbed shortly afterwards from exhaustion and shock.

Mayo.

Mr. F. H. Reed, after a stay of some years in the Bank of Ireland, Ballina, as Sub Agent, has been moved to the head office in Dublin.

Mr. Hargedan, who had been for nearly a year engaged in the Post Office at Castlebar, has been transferred on promotion to Gorey, county Wexford.

Monaghan.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 17th, an excursion party (consisting mostly of ladies) of the Monaghan Christian Doctrine Society were passing in brakes through Milford, Armagh, on their way home from Benburb, where they had been passing the day, they were violently attacked by a cowardly mob of Orange ruffians, who had been lying in wait for them. No sooner had the excursionists got the length of Milford than they were assailed by a hostile mob, cursing the Pope and Gladstone, and shouting "Down with the Home Rulers!" and behaving generally like maniacs. Stones and brickbats were thrown at the excursionists, and one lady, seated in the back of one of the brakes, was struck on the back of the head with a brickbat, wounding her severely; while another was struck on the face with a stone, having her nose badly injured. The Armagh police profess to be making inquiries to bring to justice the perpetrators of this wanton and cowardly attack, but, so far, no results are apparent.

Roscommon.

We announce with sincere regret the death of the Rev. P. Irwin, P.P., which took place at his residence, Mervue, Kilglass, on Sept. 21st. For some time past the reverend gentleman had been in failing health. On the 23rd, the Office and High Mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated in Kilglass parish church, and the interment took place immediately afterwards in a specially prepared vault in the church grounds.—R.I.P.

Sligo.

On Sunday, September 10th, at Kingsfoot, Balymote, Matilda Mary Clare O'Brien, fifth daughter of Mr. Patrick O'Brien, died, deeply regretted by her friends and a large circle of acquaintances. R. I. P.

Tipperary.

In the recent Intermediate Examinations, Master John Shinc, of Rockwell College, Cashel, has obtained no less than three prizes in middle Latin, French, and Italian. Master O'Brien also obtained one in Middle Latin. Mr. John Ryan obtained one in Junior Italian and Mr. Sullivan in Preparatory Latin.

Waterford.

The Waterford and Central Ireland Railway Traffic Receipts for the week ending September 1st, were—Passengers, &c., £321; corresponding period last year, £271; goods, &c., £366; corresponding period last year, £268; total, £687; corresponding last year, £539.

Wexford.

One of the old inhabitants of Archerstown recently passed away in the person of Michael Cahill, aged ninety-three. Born in the fatal year of 1800, when Ireland was deprived of her independence by "perjury and fraud," the old man yearned to see the accursed "Union" broken. He possessed all his faculties up to the time of his death. He was well liked, and on the day of his interment, his neighbors attended the funeral in large numbers. He was buried in Ballinamona.

Wicklow.

On Sept. 21st, the beautiful ceremony of profession into the Presentation Order was witnessed in the Presentation Convent, Castlecomer, the happy young lady being Miss Treacy, of Liscolman, county Wicklow (in religion Sister Mary Stanislaus). The Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg officiated, and there were present a large number of the local clergy, besides the friends of the newly professed religious.

Obituary.

Died, on Wednesday, 5th instant, at Cornwall, Mr. Michael Noonan, at the patriarchal age of 85 years. Deceased was a native of the county of Limerick, Ireland, but for the last 40 years a well-known and much-esteemed resident of the "Factory Town." Although making but little noise

in the world, few men can leave behind a finer record than Michael Noonan. A most exemplary Catholic, a patriotic Irishman, a citizen true to the land of his adoption, an inoffensive neighbour, an indulgent father and affectionate husband, it can be said of him that his eyes closed in death without leaving a solitary enemy behind. A widow and two children survive to mourn his loss. May he rest in peace. RAMBLE.

"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Harland among a host of others) are using

COTTOLENE

Instead of lard. None but the purest, healthiest and cleanest ingredients go to make up Cottolene. Lard isn't healthy, and is not always clean. Those who use Cottolene will be healthier and wealthier than those who use lard—Healthier because they will get "shorter" bread; wealthier because they will get "shorter" grocery bills—for Cottolene costs no more than lard and goes twice as far—so is but half as expensive.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

In an address lately delivered in England, Lord Braye expressed a truth which is, of course, familiar to Catholics, but which our Protestant friends seldom take to heart: "Ours alone of all religions upholds monogamy. Protestantism allows divorced persons to marry as often as the laws of the land permit it. Mohammedanism and even Judaism allow several wives. Buddhism also allows polygamy.

Before adjourning, the delegates to the Colored Catholic Congress formed a permanent organization, to be known as the St. Peter Claver Catholic Union. The Union will hold biennial conventions, each society entitled to representation being allowed one delegate for every fifty members. The affairs of the organization will be conducted by an executive committee, with headquarters at Washington, D. C.

Professor Thomas Corcoran, says our esteemed contemporary the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, was the first parochial school teacher in the State of New Hampshire; perhaps the first in New England. The school was located in the basement of St. Anne's Church, Manchester, in 1859, and there were 250 pupils. To-day Manchester boasts of fourteen Catholic school buildings, with as many teachers and pupils as are found in the public schools.

The foundress of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Mere Augustine, died in France on the 19th of September. She was born in 1820, at Saint Servan, of a respectable pious family. In 1840, under the wise direction of the Abbe Sepailleur, the Order of the Little Sisters of the Poor was founded by her. God blessed her effort. She had the happiness to see during her lifetime 266 Homes for the aged poor, sheltering about 40,000 old men and old women.

Honor to the parish priest of Roby (near Philippeville) in Belgium, against whom odious scandals had been uttered by three local miscreants. The priest summoned the fellows before the court of Dinant, where they were condemned, but they appealed to a higher court at Liege which confirmed the sentences, varying from five days to a month's imprisonment, and in addition has ordered them to pay a fine of 500 francs to the pastor. The village made festival on this decision being known, and loaded the worthy ecclesiastic with congratulations and garlands of flowers.

Here is a tribute paid to the Catholic Church by Rev. Henry M. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, who spoke at the Chicago Parliament: "When I went across the ocean, I thought a Roman Catholic was a terrible person. When I came to know the Roman Catholics, however, I found that I was a very poor specimen of Christianity beside the Sisters of Charity whom I saw, and the noble brothers devoted to every good Christian and benevolent office." The doctor also bestowed high praise on Cardinal Lavergne's White Fathers, whose spirit he described as magnificent.

A broad Christianity is developing in New Jersey, and friendliness between the various sects appears to be growing rapidly. Rev. Father Thomas J. Kernan is engaged in founding a Catholic parish in Arlington and Kearney, and has not as yet a place for his people to worship in. He was offered recently the use of the Knox Presbyterian Church, of Kearney, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Peyer, and while the offer was not accepted, because of the timely engagement of a temporary place, the priest and his people made haste to express their appreciation of the Christian spirit of kindness which prompted the proposition.

Cardinal Gibbons' silver jubilee will recall the Baltimore prelate's rapid rise in ecclesiastical honors. The Cardinal was ordained only thirty-two years ago, and after serving in the sacerdotal ranks for seven years, he was made

vicar apostolic of North Carolina, transferred four years later to the bishopric of Richmond, called in 1877 as coadjutor to Baltimore, succeeding Archbishop Bayloy the same year, and seven years later made a cardinal. Were there any higher steps for him to ascend, he would probably have mounted them before this; and even as it is, the quid-nuncs have more than once claimed him the successor in the Holy See of the present occupant of that position.

Rev. G. J. Dunne, pastor of All Saints, Chicago, and who has been elevated to the episcopacy, was born on April 23d, 1848, in Tipperary, Ireland. When but eleven months old his parents came to America, so that his education, training and Associations are entirely American. His first appointment was as assistant to the present Archbishop of San Francisco, Most Rev. P. N. Riordan, then pastor of St. James Church, Chicago. Father Dunne is a man of commanding presence and fine physique. In manner he is gentle and kind, and abridges from harshness or cruelty either in word or act. The vast territory to which Father Dunne has been called as its spiritual ruler comprises a large portion of Northern Texas.

The Catholic Telegraph eloquently says: "The altar before which a Catholic has spent many days from infancy to old age is inexpressibly dear. Before it Baptism was received; there the act of contrition was made before the first Confession; there the happiness of the first Communion was enjoyed; there the Holy Ghost was received in confirmation; there the sacrament of Matrimony brought out the fullness of life in linking two hearts together; before it the blessed remains of loved ones have been laid to receive the final absolutions; before it one's own lifeless body will come some day for the holy water and the incense preparatory to interment. So from the cradle to the grave, the soul's life of the Catholic is associated with the altar of the parish church."

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, October 11th, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 33	0 34
Peas, per bush.....	0 56	0 58
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	7 75	8 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 55
Geese, per lb.....	0 07	0 08
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 11	0 13
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 24	0 25
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 17	0 18
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per basket.....	1 00	1 25
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per bag.....	1 20	1 25
Turnips, per bag.....	0 40	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Peas, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per bag.....	0 50	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 50
Straw, loose.....	5 00	0 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Oct. 10.—Total receipts to-day amounted to fifty loads. The following lots were purchased for shipment:—Twenty-one, averaging 1,325 lbs., sold at \$3 80 per cwt.; 19, averaging 1,300 lbs., sold at \$3.87 1/2 per cwt.; 21, averaging 1,350 lbs., sold at \$3.80 per cwt.; a lot of 17, averaging 1,200 lbs., sold at 3 1/2 per pound; and a lot of 20, averaging 1,350 lbs., sold at \$4 per cwt.

Trade in butchers' cattle was fair. For picked cattle 3 1/2 was obtained. The run, however, was from 3 to 3 1/2 per pound; inferior, 2 1/2.

Few milkers were in and prices were somewhat off, the enquiry being small. The best price paid was \$49.

Stockers are being purchased to return to the country, and sell at from 3 to 3 1/2, and in a few cases at 3 1/2 per pound.

Sheep were fetched last week's quotations. There were 350 lambs left over, and prices gave way.

Calves were in small supply and firmer for good samples.

Hogs brought from \$6 to \$6.10 for the best. All sold, but stores are not wanted.

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 Lead the Dominion.
OUR ANNUAL FALL SALE now on.
STOCK REplete
 with the Markets latest and best productions.
SPECIAL Inducements for OCTOBER.
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HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

P. MUNGOVEN.

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TELEPHONE No. 264.

The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XVI—(CONTINUED.)

She panted, but no word escaped the professor's lips; he did not even glance at her. At the commencement of her accusation he had once hastily stretched out his arm as though he wished to interrupt her, but as she went on his listening attitude became more and more motionless; he did not even raise his hand to stroke his beard, a gesture very frequent when his attention was arrested.

"My uncle had kept me in happy ignorance," she continued, after a pause, "but he died, and with him all pity left this house. That morning I had been for the first time to my mother's grave—I had learned her horrible death only the night before—they had told me, at the same time, that the juggler's wife was a lost creature, whom even the merciful God would not admit into His Heaven—"

"Why did you not tell me all this then?" interrupted the professor in a hollow tone.

Felicitas, out of regard for the sleeping child, had spoken in a suppressed tone, which only heightened the intensity of resentment pervading her whole manner. Nor did she raise her voice as she now turned her beautiful, flushed face fully toward him.

"Why did I not tell you all this then?" she repeated. "Because you had just declared that the class to which I belonged was unutterably detestable to you, and that there was frivolity in my blood."

The professor covered his eyes with his hand.

"Though I was so young, and my first bitter experience of sorrow was so fresh in my heart, I knew at that moment that I should find neither sympathy nor pity. And have you ever felt any sympathy or pity for the player's child?" she continued, advancing a step nearer, and emphasizing every word with inexpressible bitterness. "Have you ever thought that the creature you sought to force under the yoke of servitude might possibly have a mind? Have you not racked her soul a thousand times by your endeavor to stifle every loftier aspiration, every expression of suitable independence, every yearning for intellectual culture? Do not imagine that I resent your rearing me to labor—even the hardest toil can never bring disgrace. I work willingly and gladly; but that you sought to make me a mere soulless machine, and utterly destroy the intellectual element which can alone ennoble a life of the hardest toil—that I will never forgive."

"Never, Felicitas?"

The young girl shook her head with an almost wild gesture of refusal.

"Then I must submit to your decision," he said, with a faint smile, which, probably much against his will, was strangely sorrowful. "I have offended you mortally, and yet, I repeat, I could not do otherwise." He paced up and down the floor several times. "To defend my motives I must touch a sensitive spot in your nature," he hastily continued. "You are entirely without property, and of—despised birth. You are compelled to support yourself. If I had given you a better education it would have been cruel to degrade you to the level of a servant—or do you believe that any family would consent to receive a juggler's daughter as a governess for their children? Do you not know that a man"—he stopped a moment, and drew a long, sighing breath, while a livid pallor overspread his face—"yes, that a man in the upper circles, who might wish to unite his life to yours, would be forced to make great sacrifices, both of his own prejudices and in his relations to society? What a humiliation that would be to your proud heart. These are the social laws which you despise, but to which the

majority of men submit with unspeakable mental struggles, maintaining them out of reverence for the past, and because they deem them to be a political necessity. I, too, must submit—we do not all bear our secret experiences written on our foreheads—and from me these laws demand resignation and—a life of loneliness."

He was silent. Felicitas felt a strange thrill as she listened in the solemn midnight to the inmost secret of this man's close-shut heart, uttered so hastily, with quivering lips, almost against his will. Doubtless he loved some woman far above him in social station. Though confronting him with wrath and hatred, she felt an emotion of sorrow never experienced before. Was it possible that she could experience any emotion of pity for him? Had she such culpable weakness of character; she, who but a short time ago had said so positively that, no matter what misfortune might befall him, she would have no compassion. And, after all, there was no occasion to pity him—why did he fold his hands submissively in his lap, instead of striving with manly energy to win the lofty prize?

"Well, Felicitas, have you no answer?" he asked. "Or are you again offended by my explanation, which I could not avoid?"

"No," she coldly replied. "These are your personal opinions—I have not the slightest desire to see them altered. But you can not deprive me of the belief that there are kind, unprejudiced hearts, who will recognize an honest nature and upright intentions even in a juggler's daughter. Why should I answer? We should never reach the end of our discussion. You stand on the pinnacle of so-called aristocracy, and impose fetters on yourself, lest you might fall from this vantage-ground. I belong to the class despised by your caste, because we believe that thought is free. You say yourself that our paths in life will soon diverge forever, but we are already widely sundered in mind. Have you any other directions for me about the sick child?"

He shook his head, and ere he could add another word Felicitas had left the room.

CHAPTER XVII

Anna's convalescence was rapid, but Felicitas was not yet released from her office of nurse. The little one, usually so quiet and patient, grew cross and excited as soon as the young girl left the room, and the mother could do nothing except beg Felicitas to stay with the child until her health was fully restored. The young widow undoubtedly did this with a lighter heart because the professor no longer remained any length of time in the sick-chamber. He came every morning, but his visits lasted scarcely three minutes. Often he took the child in his arms and carried her up and down the sunny, sheltered court-yard—but with these exceptions he was scarcely seen in the house. It seemed as if he had been suddenly seized with a perfect passion for the garden; his method of life was entirely changed; he no longer spent the early morning hours in his room—whenever wished to see him was sent out to the garden. Frau Hellwig, strange to say, submitted to this freak, as she termed the sudden transformation, and, to the widow's great satisfaction, arranged to have their principal meals usually served in the garden. The old house thus became at times even more quiet than before; the family often did not come back until ten o'clock in the evening. But it frequently happened that the professor returned earlier and alone. Then Felicitas heard him slowly ascend the stairs, and a singular incident almost always occurred. He would walk several paces mechanically toward the sick-room, then stop short in the middle of the landing, as if recollecting himself, and ascend the second flight at a much more rapid pace. His room was

directly over little Anna's, and on these evenings he did not sit quietly down to his books, but paced restlessly to and fro for hours. This solitary striding up and down always excited Felicitas—she connected it with her midnight confession.

Anna usually went to sleep about eight o'clock, then Rosa took Felicitas's place by the child's bed, and now came the young girl's hours of rest—she went up to the rooms under the roof. Aunt Cordula's recent attack of weakness and premonition of death seemed to have passed away; she was more cheerful than ever, and talked as gayly as a child about the near approach of the time when she should have Felicitas entirely to herself. She usually kept her supper waiting for the young girl. The neatly arranged table stood in the balcony, some favorite dainty was always provided for Felicitas, and a package of new periodicals waited to be read aloud. During these few brief hours of recreation everything that had recently oppressed and grieved Felicitas's heart would fade away—often to her own astonishment. She never mentioned anything that happened in the front of the house; the old mam'selle, true to her custom, never incited her to make any communication, so Felicitas's secret struggles, inexplicable even to herself, readily passed out of notice.

One beautiful sunny afternoon Felicitas was sitting alone with Anna—the whole house was as still as a church. Frau Hellwig and the councillor's widow had gone out to pay some visits, and the professor was doubtless in the garden; for there was no sign of life heard in the second storey. The child had been playing a long while, but now she lay back wearily on the bed and said, coaxingly:

"Sing to me, dear Caroline!"

The child was passionately fond of hearing Felicitas sing. The young girl had a contralto voice—its notes had a clear, bell-like sound, which is peculiar to the violoncello; the tone which melts into the air without any sharpness of accent and has a tinge of gentle melancholy, the expression of a fathomless depth of thought. The old mam'selle, with her rare knowledge of music and the careful cultivation her own talent had received from able masters, had given admirable training to this exquisite organ. Felicitas sang German songs in a thoroughly classic style. She had found that she could always soothe the little girl by beginning a sustained melody in a low tone, and gradually allowing her voice to attain its full power—never doing so, of course, if she knew that unfriendly ears were near.

"Thou sollage now, thou gram so fresh!"

Schumann's song now rang through the quiet sick-room with the chaste expression that only the lips of a pure young girl could lend it. Felicitas sang the first verse with pathetic simplicity and with suppressed power; but with the words:

"Forth from mankind I now must go,
No human words can ease my woe,"

her resonant voice pealed out like the music of an organ. Just at that moment in the professor's room above a chair was hurled aside, hasty steps approached the door, and a bell rang shrilly and violently through the quiet house. It was the first time the bell in the professor's study had ever been used. Frederica hurried up the two flights with breathless speed, and Felicitas stopped in mortal terror. In a few minutes the old cook came down again and entered the sick-room.

"The Herr Professor sends word that you must not sing any more—he can't study," she said, in her harsh, unfeeling way. "He was as white as chalk and could hardly speak for rage. . . . Why do you do such stupid things. I never heard anything like it in all my life—you sing just like a man, and—Lord have mercy on us—what songs they are! Just fit for a

night-watchman! I don't know what sort of a girl you can be! I could sing, too, when I was young. But they were beautiful songs, 'Lifo lot us oberish' and 'Beautoous moon, so calmly shining; you'd better not try it again, Caroline. You can't sing at all! Yes, and you are to take the child down into the court-yard and drag her about a little, the professor says."

Felicitas hid her burning face in her hands; she felt as though she had received a severe reproof. How ashamed, how humbled she was! Brave as she could be in the defence of her own convictions, in telling her foes the undisguised truth, she was exceedingly timid and reserved in regard to her own talents and attainments. The bare thought that her voice might reach the ears of strangers would instantly silence her, the idea of annoying any one was unendurable. And now it had actually happened; she was thought bold, she had exposed herself to the suspicion of trying to attract attention, and so she had been pitilessly reproofed and humbled. Frau Hellwig's greatest injustice and ill-treatment had never extorted a tear from Felicitas, but she now wept bitterly.

Fifteen minutes after the young girl was dragging the child's carriage slowly up and down the court yard. The feverish flush on her cheeks was gradually disappearing under the cooling influence of the soft air, but it could not efface from her pale brow the sorrowful expression of gloomy reverie. Ere long Frau Hellwig and the councillor's widow returned together, and at the same time the professor came down stairs, evidently on his way to take a walk, for he held his hat and cane in his hand. All three entered the court-yard together. The young widow carried a large bundle and, after kissing and petting her child, pushed back the paper a little from the parcel and said to her cousin with a smile:

"See, John, am I not a very heedless woman? Though my heart is steeled against feminine finery, it can not resist the temptations of a linen-shop. I saw this exquisite table-cloth—could I pass it by? Impossible! Almost before I was aware of it I had this table-cloth in my arms, and a piece of wonderfully fine linen besides. But farewell to winter toilets. I fill up this gap in my purse by giving up new garments—be it so—a good German housekeeper can not get her linen-chest full enough."

The professor made no reply. He was looking past the speaker toward the gate of the court-yard. The woman whom Felicitas had seen in his study upstairs was just coming in. She seemed to be carrying something under her big cloak, and approached the professor with an almost reverential manner.

"Herr Professor, my William can see again, see just as well as I or anybody else," she said in a tremulous voice amid her tears. "Who would have believed it? Oh! he was so wretched, and we wore all so miserable, too! Now he can earn his bread and I can die quietly, since I shall not leave a blind, helpless child behind me. Oh! Herr Professor, all the treasures in the world would not be too much to give you. But we are very poor people—we can not even think of repaying what you have done for us. Don't be angry, Herr Professor, I thought a trifle—"

"Well, what is it?" interrupted the professor, barely retreating a step.

While uttering the last words the woman had thrown back her cloak, displaying a large bird-cage and a roll of linen.

"You are so fond of hearing the nightingale sing, when you came to see us," she began; "if you put the bird in a small cage you can easily take it to Bonn with you. And the piece of linen—it's not fine, but very strong, I

spun it myself—perhaps Frau Hellwig could use it for towels—”

“Are you out of your senses, woman, that you want to take the bird from your husband?” interrupted the professor, angrily—his eyes almost vanished under his frowning brows. “I can't bear birds, positively can't endure them—and why should you think it necessary to supply us with household linen? Pack the things up at once and go home.”

The woman stood before him in speechless confusion.

“You ought to have spared me and yourself, Frau Walther!” he said, in a more gentle tone. “I have repeatedly told you that you must not give me anything. Come, go now, and tell your William that I will see him again to-morrow.”

He shook hands with her and drew her cloak over the objects of her unsuccessful expedition. The poor woman courtesied with downcast eyes, and went away. Frau Hellwig and Adele had been silent witnesses of the scene; the face of the former lady expressed marked disapproval, once she had even seemed disposed to interfere.

“I really don't understand you, John,” she said, sharply, after the woman had left. “When I think of all the expense of your education, it seems to me that you have no reason to refuse compensation for your advice. It was a stupid idea about the bird—I could not have endured its noise in my quiet house—but the woman might have left her linen here—good linen ought not to be thrown away in that fashion.”

“Oh, aunt, then I'm afraid the charitable idea that just flashed into my head would have found little favor in your eyes,” said the young widow, in a jesting tone. “Just think, John,” she went on, more gravely, “we heard this morning of an unfortunate family so poor that the little children actually have nothing except their ragged gowns to cover them. I felt so sorry for them. Aunt and I instantly thought of making a collection. If you had taken the linen, I should have begged it all from you, it would have made splendid clothes for those children—I would have sewed them myself.”

“Oh, the depth of this Christian charity!” interrupted the professor, with a grim laugh. “The last possession of one poor family must be taken to supply the needs of another—and the generous originator of this deed of love stands before a contrite world with a halo of compassion around her fair locks.”

“You are too bad, John!” cried the young widow, deeply offended. “I like to give—”

“Only it must not, on any account, cost you any sacrifice, Adele,” he replied, with bitter irony. “Why doesn't the true German housekeeper dive into her well-filled linen-chest? For instance, here's this superfluous piece,” he touched the bundle of linen in her arms. Both ladies pushed his hand away as if the young widow's life was in danger.

“Oh, that goes beyond a joke, John!” replied the young widow, in a complaining tone, “this marvelously fine linen!”

“You have just reproached me,” the professor continued, turning to his mother, without paying any further heed to his irate cousin, “for not setting a proper value upon the results of my expensive education. I can assure you that I, too, am very practical, and consider it a man's duty to gain property; but I also have a higher view of my profession. There is no calling—not even that of the clergyman—which requires a greater exercise of charity. I will never be one of those physicians who, while using one hand to lift a poor man from his couch of suffering, plunge him with the other into a sea of anxieties concerning the means of paying for this aid.”

Hitherto he had not noticed Felicitas' presence, and even now his glance wandered over her figure unconsciously, but remained riveted upon

the beautiful face glowing with heartfelt pleasure; for the first time their eyes met with an expression of mutual sympathy. It was but the space of a lightning-flash, then the young girl dropped her eyelids in alarm and the professor, with a hurried gesture that seemed like indignation, pulled his hat so far over his forehead that his flushed face was nearly hidden by its broad brim.

“Very well—I don't care, John, it is your own business, you can do as you please,” replied Frau Hellwig, in a tone of icy coldness. “Your grandfather would hardly have listened to such opinions. The practice of medicine is your business, and in business, he used to say, no sentimental considerations can be tolerated.”

Her ungainly figure moved clumsily toward the door of the house. The councillor's widow, clasping her precious bundle to her heart with a pretty pout, followed her, walking at the professor's side. In the hall the latter glanced back toward the court-yard. Felicitas, complying with Anna's entreaties to be carried up and down a few times, was just lifting the child out of her carriage. As, clinging with both arms around the young girl's neck, she hung with all her weight, it seemed as though the slender figure must break under the burden. The physician instantly returned to the court yard.

“I have already repeatedly forbidden you to carry the child—she is too heavy for you!” he angrily exclaimed. “Did not Frederica tell you that Heinrich was to help you?”

“She forgot it—and Heinrich is away.”

The professor took the little girl and put her back in the carriage, talking gravely to her. The expression of his face was even sterner and more gloomy than usual—at any other time Felicitas would have turned defiantly away, but to-day she was the cause of his ill-humor; she had disturbed the physician's studies by her singing, perhaps driven away some new idea just shaping itself in his mind. No matter how angry he might be, she must relieve her heart of the burden that oppressed it, he must know that her sin had been committed ignorantly. The moment was a favorable one, as she could not see his face—he was still bending over the carriage, talking to Anna.

“I must ask you to pardon me for having annoyed you by my singing,” she said, timidly. The sweet entreaty in her voice, a tone so entirely new to him, evidently produced a marked impression; he stood erect and gazed intently into her face. “I hope you will believe,” she continued, still more earnestly, “that I had not the least idea that you were in the house.”

The word singing reminded Anna of Felicitas' tears. “You naughty uncle! Poor Caroline cried!” she said, reproachfully, shaking her little clenched hand at him.

“Is the child telling the truth, Felicitas?” asked the professor, hastily. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Archbishop Walsh at Upter-Grove.

A short time since our good pastor, Father Hogan, announced to us that His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, had intimated to him his intention of paying a visit to the parish. The people were delighted with the joyful intelligence and made preparations to give His Grace a hearty welcome. His Grace, when parish priest of Brock, in 1857, dedicated this church, assisted by Fathers Synott and Leo, both of whom are long since dead. Father Walsh named the church St. Columbkil in deference to the Irish and Scotch Catholic inhabitants of Mara and Rama townships. Both Mara and Rama were then part of the Brock mission and consequently the present venerable and eloquent Archbishop was pastor of this parish, hence the love, veneration and special friendship entertained for His Grace. Many of the old residents here recall the name of Father Walsh with loving and affectionate remembrance.

His Grace, accompanied by Rev. Doctor Tracey, of Toronto, and Father Duffy, of Orillia, arrived here from Orillia at 4.30 p.m., at which time every available space in the large church was fully taken up. From 3 p.m. until the arrival of His Grace hundreds were to be seen wending their way to the church. Some were on foot, some in carriages, some on bicycles. They came by the roads, the fields and in fact from every direction until there must have been seven hundred people present. Many of the good Catholics of Orillia and Brechin were present, and there were even some from Toronto. Immediately after benediction representatives of the parish went forward to the railing of the altar, where Mr. Gillespie read the following beautifully engrossed and handsomely illuminated address:

To His Grace the Most Rev. John Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—We, the parishioners of St. Columbkil's Church, Uptergrove, here assembled, respectfully approach your Grace with feelings of love and affection, to tender you a sincere and hearty welcome to the parish. Our joy know no bounds when recently we learned from our good pastor that your Grace was about to do us the distinguished honour of paying us a friendly visit. Permit us to assure your Grace that we fully appreciate your kindness, and thank you most heartily for the honour you have conferred upon us and our beloved pastor, by your visiting us to-day.

It is, however, only one of your Grace's many acts of pastoral affection towards this parish, for away back in the year 1855 when this section of Canada was a wilderness, with but few settlers, nothing daunted with true missionary zeal, you nobly faced the difficulties, penetrated the forests, and ministered to the spiritual welfare of the Catholic population of this section, of your then parish of Brock.

A short time since your Grace again manifested your ardent desires for our spiritual welfare by appointing to this parish, the learned, eloquent and venerable Father Hogan, than whom none could be more acceptable.

We specially embrace this opportunity to make known to your Grace, the magnitude of the debt under which you placed us when you made that fitting appointment. The greatest harmony exists between pastor and people, and we only regret our unworthiness of such a pious, exemplary and painstaking priest.

The feelings of gratitude and love which we never ceased to cherish for your Grace, became deepened and strengthened by contemplating the remarkable success that has all along been a heavenly recognition of the self-sacrificing zeal that characterizes your every effort. We recall with pleasure your successful mission in St. Mary's parish, and the invaluable services to religion and education, which your vigilance and prudence secured during the period of your Vicar Generalship in Toronto, a vigilance and prudence so perceptible to all that the mitre was deemed a due recognition of a happy union of such rare qualifications. Nor do we forget the high standard to which you elevated the infant diocese of London, where you left in the hearts of the priests, and of the faithful, and in religious establishments, lasting monuments of the wisdom, generosity and graces that marked your administration of the diocese. Since your return to Toronto as Archbishop of this important Archdiocese, we have been delighted to again experience the gentleness and urbanity of other days, together with a firmness and wisdom so necessary in the discharge of the manifold duties of your holy and exalted position.

Again extending to your Grace a true Cord Mille Falthe, we humbly ask your Grace's blessing.

Signed on behalf of the parish.

Geo. Boulton, Con. Doyle,
Martin Healy, Thos McDermott,
Patrick Mahoney, R. D. McDonald,
Martin Twlin, J. H. Bethune,
Thos. Milvhill, J. D. Bethune,
John Haraby, John Fox,
Francis J. Gillespie, Thos. Hannen,
Wm. Morris.

Uptergrove, Oct. 1st, 1893.

His Grace thanked the people for their hearty welcome and kind feelings expressed

towards him in the address among many other things. His Grace said he was very much pleased to learn the good feeling existing between pastor and people. He said Father Hogan and he were classmates in the seminary at Montreal. He knew Father Hogan to be just what our kind address had said of him, and he prayed God that such good feeling and harmony would always exist between people and pastor. His Grace gave the people the Papal blessing in his usual solemn manner which brought the services to a close about six p.m. His Grace remained over night with Father Hogan and took the 8 a.m. train on Monday morning for Toronto.—Cor. Peterborough Examiner.

League of the Cross.

The regular afternoon meeting of the League took place last Sunday in St. Paul's hall, the President, Mr. Geo. Duffy in the chair.

As usual, the meeting was a very interesting one. The pledge of total abstinence was administered to five new members by the Rev. Father Hand, and a large amount of routine business transacted.

W. H. Cahill and John J. Moran were appointed organizer and deputy organizer respectively to establish branches of the League in the city of Toronto.

An excellent programme followed the business meeting, and was taken part in by Messrs. Wallbridge, Sullivan, Reid, Farrell, Jennings and J. C. O'Brien. Mr. O'Brien read a most interesting essay, which we will give in our next issue.

Sarah Gilson (colored) died on the 8th inst., at Red Hook, N.Y., aged 106.

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G. T. R. East	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
	noon 2.00	9.00 7.30
	6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
	4.00 10.30	11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.15 10.00	9.00 7.20

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for October: 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30, 31.
N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
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