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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 23.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The church of St. Joachim, erected in honor of the Jubilee of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., is rapidly nearing its completion. The other week, a portion of the marble facade was uncovered, also a magnificent Mosaic representing "the five parts of the globe, being presented by Clement VIII., to Leo XIII., the founder of the International Adoration of Reparation." This beautiful work of art was made at Venice after designs of the well known artist, Cavaliere Monti, and is considered worthy of the high fame he obtained. The first stone of this church was laid in October, 1891, and is built in the style of the Roman basilicas. It is sixty metres long and thirty wide, and is divided into three naves by immense columns of granite with bases of white Carrara marble. The doors are to be made of cedar from Mount Libanus. The Cupola, not yet finished, is covered with a double coat of iron, and will afterwards be covered with aluminium. It is to contain windows of a star shape of stained glass, and a gilt bronze monstrance is to surmount it, and when finished, it will be one of the most beautiful of modern monuments of the capital of the Catholic world.

The sanctuary of Pompeii has been given over to the Holy See, and a document has been published to that effect. The founding of this sanctuary is most remarkable and proves that religious devotion is still fervent in Italy. It was established by a lawyer, Bartolo Longo and his wife who have devoted twenty years to the propagation of the devotion of the Rosary in this neighborhood, which was infested with brigands. The miserable church was fast falling to decay and did not afford shelter for the small congregation. Longo was walking alone one evening, in this lovely district when he heard or fancied he heard the voice of a friend, who had recently died, close to his ear saying: "Calm is given by the Rosary, according to the promise made by the most Blessed Virgin to St. Dominic." He raised his hands towards heaven and said: "Then if thou hast promised that O Virgin, I am saved for I swear to propagate the Rosary in this valley." And it is said that immediately after was heard the Angelus bell in the distance as if to tell to the world the oath then taken. He first began distributing medals amongst the peasants and then with a still stronger hope of leading them back to the Catholic religion, he gave a grand religious festival with all those gay accompaniments so dear to the Italian peasant, he also distributed Rosaries, so that the devotion increased. In 1875 the idea

of building a new church was put into practice. Longo devoted himself "heart and soul" to this project. Pilgrimages were made to the sanctuary and miracles were wrought several of which have been related in *Il Rosario*, a monthly Journal published by him. The church was commenced in 1870 and is now finished. The interior is a marvel of beauty with its pillars, columns and altars of rich marbles from the Pyrenees. The cost of the building has been 1,500,000 francs, and of the marbles 800,000.

Although the incessant rains have not done any serious damage in this part of the province as yet, we hear of most disastrous floods in the far West. British Columbia and in fact all through the Fraser River valley is suffering very much from the rains which have swelled the river to a raging torrent. Miles of the C. P. R. track have been washed away and communication either by trains or telegraph have not reached some places for nine or ten days. The ranches have been severely damaged in this valley. The Canadian Pacific employs 1,000 men night and day and the Government has steamers running to rescue ranchers and their cattle. A number of lives have been reported lost, in spite of all that is done. The loss estimated is appalling, over 2,000 families are homeless, and about \$3,000,000 damage to property. In one place we read of the rescuing steamer being moored to the flag-pole of a warehouse. One steamer brought 807 settlers from Westminster which has suffered very much from the floods. Among them was a rancher and his family, who had built a strong raft, and on which he took his family and ten horses.

There was a rumour last week that Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, had resigned, owing to ill health. Lord Coleridge's brother, Father Coleridge, S. J., the distinguished preacher and writer, died last year.

At last we hear of a likely agreement among the Irish members for the division of the Paris fund. It is thought that it is now settled and as the needs of money are so great, to enable the members to attend Parliament, there will be no more wrangling over this point. It appears they never have been so much in need of money as they are now, and times being so very hard there is not much prospect of getting help from abroad.

The P.P.A. in Hamilton are evidently hard at work, they are said to have raised a fund of \$5,000 to defeat Mr. Gibson, the Provincial Secretary.

Mr. R. R. Fitzgerald, Q.C., of Charlottetown, P.E.I., has been appointed to the vacancy on the Supreme Court

Bench, caused by the death of Judge Hensley. The Charlottetown *Herald* says "that no better appointment could have been made, and the Government is to be congratulated upon its choice. Mr. Fitzgerald is eminently qualified for the dignified and responsible position to which he has been elevated. Upon his shoulders the purity of the ermine will not be endangered nor its spotlessness sullied." Mr. Fitzgerald was Stipendiary Magistrate for many years of Charlottetown and commanded the deepest respect in the Island Province.

Thomas Nevins, an American millionaire, of Orange, N. J., has purchased Killeen Castle, Co. Meath, Ireland, for \$800,000. Mr. Nevins landed in America thirty years ago a comparatively poor man, and has succeeded so well as to be able to buy and sustain one of the magnificent old estates in Ireland. Mr. Nevins said in regard to the purchase of it: "I was induced to buy the estate more as a matter of pride than anything else, as I might have invested my money in this country to more advantage. But like a great many other Irishmen in America I still have a regard for my birthplace, and it gives me great gratification to become the possessor of this estate and say that I am able to go back and occupy it any time I want to. I don't propose to give up America, however." Killeen is only twenty-five miles from Dublin. "It is history," says a description, "that King John, on one of his visits to Ireland, lived at Killeen Castle in 1210. The portion in which he resided is shown to day as *King John's Tower*."

The Benedictines of America will observe their golden jubilee in 1896, at St. Vincent's Abbey, Beatty, Pa., and are now making due preparation to celebrate that event. They propose commemorating their foundation at St. Vincent's by erecting a new abbatial church, upon which work has commenced. The Benedictines of America came from Bavaria, and the pioneer was born at Ratisbon, January 4th, 1809. The first few years they had a great many hardships to undergo, but before ten years elapsed the American Benedictine Monasteries numbered five.

Mr. Arnold Foster is making government enquiries in regard to the alleged "dissatisfaction of Canadian cattle owners with the conduct of the examinations of cattle by English experts," there being a grave suspicion that these examiners are not the disinterested parties they should be. The Rt. Hon. Herbert Gardiner, President of the Board of Agriculture, stated that the Earl of Aberdeen, Gov-

ernor General of Canada, "had sent information to the Colonial Office that McEachran, who was the principal certifier that pleuro-pneumonia existed in cattle exported from Canada, was connected with the Watford ranch in Alberta, N.W.T., but in what capacity it was not stated."

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner, engaged the eminent expert, Prof. Hunting, to conduct an independent examination of the Canadian cattle. He has pronounced the cases of alleged pleuro-pneumonia, "simply pneumonia contracted on the voyage from exposure."

At the conference of the National Reform Union in London, England, a movement was made in favor of the abolition of the House of Lords or rather a lessening of their power. Mr. Labouchere's resolution "that whenever the House of Lords should reject a bill which had been passed by the House of Commons it would only be necessary for the latter to signify its approval of the measure by a formal vote, and forwith the bill would become law." Mr. Labouchere said further he, himself, would like to eradicate the House of Lords, root and branch. "The House of Lords was an irresponsible and pernicious assembly which was opposed to the elementary principles of self government, and, therefore, should be swept out of existence." R. J. D. Burnie, M.P., seconded Mr. Labouchere's motion, which was adopted by a unanimous vote.

O'Donovan Rossa lectured last Monday evening in Cork on his prison experience. He was loudly applauded by the large and enthusiastic audience. Brass bands escorted him to and from the hall, and crowds of people cheered him in the streets.

High churchism in New York has made rapid progress the past few years. They are to build a new church for the parish of St. Mary the Virgin. Some twenty years ago, when the rector, the Rev. Thomas McKee Brown, launched forth with having candles, crosses, confession, as accompaniments to the episcopal services in his church, many members of his flock shook their heads gravely, and turned pale at the very thought of being precipitated into Romanism. But now after nearly a quarter of a century "Father" Brown is said to be a power in New York Episcopalianism, and ritualism has so increased that it has changed or influenced the services of nearly every Episcopal church in that city. "The very sight," says the *Catholic Standard*, "of the printed news item, the mere utterance of that sweet and powerful name, 'St. Mary the Virgin,' is a tightening of the links in that divinely forged chain of events which links our Mother's loving triumph to the end of the ages."

## MONTAZUMA'S DAUGHTER.

A correspondent sends from the City of Mexico a translation of an article in *The Mexican Daily El Tiempo*, which explains itself—

The most innocent creatures are occasionally the cause of the bitterest disputes. Such is the case with the inoffensive mummies in our National Museum. Their origin is being discussed just now away on the banks of the Thames, as may be seen from the following two letters, copies of which we owe to the kindness of their authors—

Mexican Seminary, Feb. 14, 1894.  
Sr. Don Jose Agreda, Librarian of the National Museum:

Dear Sir,—A novel by Mr. Rider Haggard, with the title "Montazuma's Daughter," has been published recently in London, and in it much capital has been made of the alleged entombing of nuns alive. The author, in justification of his bold assertion, makes the following marginal note:—

"In the museum at Mexico I myself saw the dried-up body of a young woman which had been found buried in the wall of a convent. By the side of this body is that of a child. Of the kind of death which befell this unfortunate there can be no doubt, since, aside from other proofs, we can still see distinctly the traces of the rope that fastened her limbs when alive."

The above observations by Mr. Haggard have given rise to a hot controversy in the London press, in the course of which the novelist has published the following particulars:—(1) That it was in the walls of a nunnery of this city that the remains in question were found entombed; (2) that the traces of the rope, intrinsic proof of the burial alive, are on the ankles; (3) that besides the remains of the above young woman, those of another, without a child, are to be seen in the museum of Mexico, and this one, too, had been buried alive in a convent. As you will understand, Sr. Agreda, this matter of the burial of nuns alive is of great interest for the history of Mexico, and if in the museum exist the authentic proofs which are cited the matter would be definitely solved. Accordingly I hope you will kindly let me know:—

(a) If there is any printed catalogue, for public use, of the objects kept in the museum.

(b) What is known of the origin of these mummies, and, in particular, if they show traces of ropes having been fastened them.

Thanking you in anticipation of your kindness,  
Manuel Sole.

National Museum, Feb. 28, 1894.  
Sr. Prof. Manuel Sole:

Dear Sir,—Thanking you for the desire you express for exact particulars regarding certain mummies that are kept in one of the departments of the establishment, I beg, as Librarian, and with the authorization of the Director, to submit the following:—

In the National Museum there is no printed catalogue for the public, as the one which was made in 1882, of only the collections of natural history and archaeology, was completely exhausted, and in the whole establishment there remain only such lists as are to be met with in vol. 2 of the Museum Annals, and in these the mummies do not appear. Two or more catalogues have been made by foreigners, but without aid from any of the employees of the establishment, and without the sanction of the Director. Consequently, as they were made by persons probably unskilled and without the information relating to the objects, they deserve no confidence.

There are four mummies in the National Museum, and they are on view in the anthropological section. Two are of adults and two are of children. Of the two first, one is that of a woman. It was taken from one of

the tombs of the burial vault (pantheon) of Nuestra Señora de los Angeles, and the chaplain said it was the body of Sr. D. Luz Urbina, a person whom he had known and ministered to. It has long hair, which shows that the lady was not a nun, but a secular, since the nuns did not wear their hair long, but always had it cut very short. On the ankles there are traces of bands, but there is nothing extraordinary in this, since with some bodies they fasten the feet together and also the arms. I myself have often seen it done. It has over its head a card which runs—"Human body mummified naturally; Pantheon of Los Angeles, Mexico."

The other large mummy is that of a man. His name is not known, and it is believed he was taken from the same burial vault, or from those of Campo Florido, or from those of San Diego. The card which is suspended over him reads:

"Human body mummified naturally, Mexico."

The two children mummies have no relation whatever to the larger ones. They were taken from different tombs in the vaults and brought to the tombs at different times, and if they were placed in the same cases as the larger ones, it was because there was no other convenient place for them.

As regards the burying alive, I may say that in this country such a punishment was never employed, either by the inquisition, the regular clergy or the nuns. In the convents of both sexes were cells, so arranged as in no way to injure the health of the persons confined in them. They had light more than sufficient for reading, writing and performing the canonical service, a bed in which to sleep, a table for meals, writing, etc. On holy days permission was given to go out and attend Mass, and also, on the special saint's day of the convent, and on the others of the order, to take part with the rest in the solemn services.

In the beginning of the year 1861 great outcry was made in this city over some mummies that had been found in the Convent of Santo Domingo. Every effort was made to prove that they were victims of the monks or of the inquisition, and a foreigner named Campi bought some from the Government and took them out of the country, with a view of speculating on them in connection with these false ideas. The mummies were those of monks who had died in the convent, as their clothes, shaven crown, etc., showed, they had been so well preserved because the tombs were very dry. They were not found in the walls, but in the burial pit of the convent, where I myself had seen them several times previously.

Some five or six years ago a mummy was exhibited in the United States, which was said to be that of P. Nicolas de Segura, a victim of the inquisition of Mexico. This priest, Provost of the Jesuit College, died there on March 8, 1749, at the hands of a layman of the same community, named Villasevor, as may be gathered from the report of the judicial trial which followed, and which report I have in my possession. He had never been punished by the inquisition, never having given occasion. His body, mummified naturally, on account of the dryness of the place, has always been kept and still is in the same tomb in which it was placed since the above date. I myself in company with two other persons saw it only two or three years ago.

I trust the above will be sufficient for the good purpose you have in view. Ever at your service,

JOSE MARIA DE AGREDA  
of Snachez.

Sr. P. Sole did well in consulting Sr. Agreda as to the origin of the mummies preserved in our National Museum. It would be difficult to find a more learned and authoritative anti-

quarian in ecclesiastical matters. It is true that at first sight the subject scarcely deserves the trouble of such consultation. To whom amongst us did it ever occur or who has ever said that these mummies were those of nuns buried alive? But the story has circulated widely abroad; and it was necessary to contradict it, with full and authoritative testimony. We know well who is the author of these and other falsehoods. He is a reverend living here in Mexico, whom we hope, God willing, to expose to the extreme of ridicule. This gentleman must know that truth cannot be outraged with impunity, and that in its defence we shall rally now and always, as Catholics and Mexicans.—*Globe*.

## Called by the Dead.

A peculiar incident in the life of Rev. Thomas J. Barry, rector of St. Ann's Catholic church, has been brought to mind through the story published recently of the death in Washington of Father Walters, says a Philadelphia exchange. The event referred to occurred when Father Barry was rector of the Church of Our Lady of Visitation, at Lehigh avenue and Leamy street.

One stormy night after Father Barry had retired he was awakened by his housekeeper, who said she had heard the bell in the sanctuary ringing. He told her she must have been dreaming, but she stoutly denied this and bade him listen. Sure enough, they soon heard the bell ring, as if by a person in great haste. Father Barry, however, thought there were burglars in the church, and, dressing hastily, he took a light and boldly entered the building.

What was his surprise to see kneeling before the altar two small, poorly clad children, their faces wet with tears, who seemed to have been praying. When asked what they were doing there at such an unearthly hour, they replied that their father was dying in the Episcopal hospital, and that they had come for the father to administer the last sacrament.

Father Barry took the father's name and went in haste to the hospital. When he explained his errand the superintendent expressed great surprise. He said that there was a man dying in the hospital by the name Father Barry mentioned, but that no one had been sent for the priest. The priest was taken to the side of a cot on which lay a man with a wan, wasted face.

"Who are you?" demanded the man in a weak voice, as the priest approached him.

"I am a priest. Did you not send for me a few moments ago?"

"You are mistaken," the man whispered; "I did not send for you—I have no one to send—I am all alone in the world—I am dying."

"That is strange," replied the priest, "for I found two children in the church. They had rung the bell, and they told me that their father lay here dying and gave me your name."

"Is it possible?" gasped the man, springing up in bed. "Two children, did you say? What did they look like?"

Their appearance was described in a few words, and as the man listened his head dropped upon his bosom. Tears poured down his eyes, and he tried to speak. At last, with a great effort, he cried:

"They were my children—the children I buried—come back from heaven to help save my soul." With this he fell back dead.

If you desire a beautiful complexion, abso- lutely free from pimples and blotches, purify your blood by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Remove the cause of these disfigurements and the skin will take care of itself. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Remember, O man, to what a dignity the Lord raised thee when He created thee—thy body to the image of His Divine Son, and thy soul to His own likeness.

## Things We Owe to Catholics.

Our Cathedrals, and the knowledge how to restore these buildings to their pristine splendor when not architecture only, but sculpture and painting also, lavished their wondrous skill upon the houses of God; we may also owe to them, if we will, the devoted hosts of worshippers, who ought to be constantly seen in them, rich and poor, nobles and laborers, indiscriminately mingled together, all touchingly acknowledging a common origin and end.

The cultivation of the love of music among the people by familiarizing them with it through all the services, processions and festivals of the Church; and to them we owe a better state of feeling than that which has often allowed the musical performance of our Cathedral choir to be mutilated on the paltriest ground.

Our drama, which sprung out of the early Church mysteries, would not be amiss if we were to owe to them a somewhat loftier notion than at present prevails of the objects that theatrical representation should aim at.

The revival of learning, and in a great degree our grammar schools, and to them we may owe the multitudes of students that ought to be able to flock them, as of old, when Oxford University alone is said to have had its 30,000 scholars.

Many a noble work of charity that still here and there stud the country over, the relics merely of a scheme of benevolence, unrivaled for magnificence and completeness, and to them, again we may owe the right principles of dealing with the poor—principles which can make a bad system to some extent good, but the absence of which must leave the best system worthless; in a word, we owe, or may owe to them, a sympathy with the poor that must exhibit itself in practical efforts for them.

Lastly, we owe to them an unending debt of gratitude for their services in the cause of literature and science. For ages who but the monks and friars were the literary and scientific laborers of England?—its poets, its historians, its botanists, its physicians, its educators? Where, but in the libraries of the monasteries, were the collections of the accumulated wisdom of ages to be found each day by holding additions to the store, through the labors of the scribes of the scriptorium. And when at last printing came to revolutionize the entire world of knowledge, who but the monks themselves of Westminster and St. Alban's was it that welcomed the new and glorious thing in the most cordial spirit, providing at once for the art and its disciples a home.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

A dispatch from Bombay says that the daubing of trees is extending. Cases of this peculiar marking which caused considerable apprehension in India and in England, some people going so far as to say that it foreboded another mutiny in India, have been reported from South Behar and Allahabad. The tree marking in some places has assumed the form of a piece of bark cut out of the tree.

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

## WALTER LECKY.

Walter Lecky, a country doctor, as he calls himself, is the pseudonym of a comparatively young and brilliant Catholic writer who, for the present, at least, objects to let the public into the knowledge of his real identity. Respecting his wishes in that respect, I have his permission to supply you with some biographical details in connection with him as well as with his personality. Before I enter into a discussion of these subjects, I have a few words to say about the character and style of his essays, biographical and otherwise. The name of Lecky was unknown to the literary world two years ago. To-day his "Adirondack Sketches" have won him fame not only in Catholic circles, but also in all the literary circles of the land. These sketches, which he is contributing to the *Catholic World* of New York city, and which are illustrated by the doctor's friend, an artist, are pen and ink pictures of odd, quaint, novel characters in a little town situated on a plateau high up among these stately mountains which are covered with forests. French Canadians and their descendants are the predominant portion of this classic burgh. Among the best drawn, though morally worst of his characters, is a parson, who, after having started a bank, clears out of the town one fine morning with the deposits of his parishioners rich and poor. This swindling dominie is evidently drawn from nature, for he is one of those unique types of arch villains and pious canting hypocrites, like McKane, a tenant at present of Sing Sing, who was a volunteer Sunday school teacher on Coney Island, N. Y., who are never suspected till they are compelled to reveal themselves in their true character.

Lecky's maiden debut behind the footlights of the stage of literature was made in the columns of the *Montreal True Witness* the organ of the English-speaking Catholics in the Province of Quebec. The ideas of these articles matured in the brain of the author of them for a long time ere they were jotted down on a Ms. sheet. Walter does nothing in a hurry. He does not rush audaciously into print. He slides slowly into it. He is very careful of his words and sentences, and he is a great stickler for original and strange ideas garbed in epigrammatic and harmonious prose. His essays are full of a quaint dry humor peculiarly Leckyish, from the fact of its pretended unconsciousness—a particular species of humor which tickles his reader to fits of laughter at times, and thus beguiles his hours of recreation away. Walter's praise and criticism are the products of a candid pen. He is a hater of shams of every kind. He has had bitter experiences of the hypocrisy of humanity in his salad days, as will be shown further on in these pages. He knows that literary perfection belongs only to the Shakespeare and Dantes who are as few as white black birds in this sublunary sphere of ours, where it takes nature a century or two to create a great master. But to the brilliant and logical talents of several of our best known Catholic authors, he always gives their due need of intellectual merit. The writers taken up for a course of literary treatment were Dr. Egan of Notre Dame University, Mrs. Blake, Miss Guiney, and Miss Conway of the *Pilot* of Boston, and several others. Here I close my remarks on Lecky, the author. I shall now deal with Lecky, the man, and of his early adventurous career when the fragrance of the flower gardens tempted him to enter the frontiers of the clime of dreams in the sweetly scented atmosphere of which subtle fancies scintillate like the fire-flies of the sunny south, and the luscious and Lucullan treasures of the poet's imagination gild with their glamor the woodlands, and the verdant valleys, the picturesque mountains and glorious

vineyards of that delightful locality in the fruitful soil of which grow the twin plants of literary hope and ambition.

Lecky's early days were passed in such an elysium in the little Puritan town of Lawrence, Mass. His maternal uncle, Father Denver, provided for the expenses of the bright juvenile's education. His father's mother, from whom he inherits his decidedly literary and artistic tastes, and his omnivorous desire for the quality, and not the quantity, of literature he is in the habit of absorbing daily, was a very well-read woman. She was the proud possessor of the first editions of Coleridge, Southey, Scott and other writers which are now to be found in her nephew's library, the volumes of which number 25,000. His first studies were conducted in private school houses of New England, where he passed his boyhood afterwards under the tutelage of his Rev. uncle, and subsequently in the College of Villanova. Lecky had a natural aptitude for languages of which he has a profound knowledge. He left college and proceeded to Chicago, where he starved on too little oatmeal and *belles lettres*, as poor Thoreau did on beans in the wilds of Massachusetts. He became that phenomenal nuisance of every day life, the book canvasser, and had to bear up with many an affront in that perilous profession. Failing in the book arena, the indomitable youth became a reporter on the *Times*, *Herald* and *Mail* of Chicago. He afterwards left for the south and was attached to the *Louisville Courier* and *New Orleans Picayune*, and tramped on foot through lovely Mexico with his kit of provisions and liquids on his back. His money grew so slack that he had to accept the humble position of cabin page in a steamer bound for New York city. He abandoned journalism after a long illness in the Sisters' Hospital in Chicago, and became a college professor. Having fallen in for a decent windfall from a maiden aunt, Lecky took up his scrip and scallop shell, and made a pilgrimage to Europe, where he studied the character and customs of the various peoples with the observantly eagle eye of a true blue Yankee globe trotter. In London he had a chat with Parnell and Gladstone, and received the blessing of Cardinal Newman. He heard Renan philosophizing in his lectures at the Sorbonne, in Paris. He was delighted with Rome where he had an interview with the present Pontiff. He witnessed the Sacred Play at Oberammergau and stood on the summit of the venerable acropolis of Athens. After these interesting travels, Lecky returned to this country loaded down with diaries of his travels in Europe, and rented a Queen Anne cottage in the town amid the mountains already referred to in this article.

A large lawn extends before the door planted with fine shrubs, and is decked with flowers in the genial sunshiny summer when the cool breezes are caroling down the mountain slopes, refreshing the people who inhabit the plateau. A huge mastiff guards the portals. This animal and an Irish greyhound always accompany their master on his excursions over the mountains. Three deer hounds leisurely stroll over the lawn or cut high jinks of impatience in the sunlight, longing for the hills and their brothers and sisters deer. Peacocks, guinea fowl and various creeds of game hens whisper to me of Lecky's exquisite tastes, which are also in love with flowers, of which he has a deep knowledge. The office is provided with rare plants, and all kinds of literature and writing material. The author's evenings are generally spent in the cabin's of the poor, listening to their woe-begone stories and helping them out of his own modern little income. He has done much for this poor people—he built a hall and library for them;

taught, and still teaches, their children. His name is a household one in their midst. The little salon of Lecky's cottage, I should have remarked further up, contains busts, plaster-casts, and his magnificent collection of photographs of Adirondacks' scenery. The dining-room has its deer head, while another chamber contains some precious bearskins and fox-skins, trophies of his deft skill in the hunt, the delights of which he relishes and enjoys so much. The visitor, who is invited upstairs, has a genuine treat. Books here, there, and everywhere. Among them are many rare editions, picked up from the quai Voltaire, Paris book-stores, in the Corso of Rome, or in Fleet street, London.

Lecky is as fond of those old tomes as he is of the apple of his eye. He dotes on them with all the enthusiastic and highly cultured love of a genuine artist and aesthete. One of those valuable volumes is a copy of Lactantius that belonged to Garrick. It was its first Oxford edition. He has also in this collection "The annals of the Four Masters," 1st edition; rare editions of the Spanish classics and books given him by their authors. A volume with the signature of the author, Justin McCarthy, novelist and leader of the Irish Parliamentary Party, is one of his treasures. He has also the *South Sea*, *Idyls*, and several novels of his old friend, C. W. Stoddard and Malcolm Johnstone. I might add here that when Lecky was introduced to the late Brother Azarias, and submitted some of his articles on divers Catholic subjects to that distinguished scholar, the latter after his having read them, told their author that they were very promising, and that he would one day become a popular Catholic writer.

The following is not given here as a specimen of Lecky as his best; but as a sample specimen of his literary style in the article on "Literature and the Catholic Poor:"

"Could not parish libraries have cheap editions for free distribution among the poor denizens? To defray expenses, a collection might be taken up twice a year. No good Catholic will begrudge a few cents, when he knows that it will go to brighten the hard life of his less fortune favored brother. The critic who does nothing but sneer may call this Utopian. It is the old cuckoo call, known to every man that tries to help his fellows. Newman, Barry, Lilly, Brownson, Hecker, Ireland, all the glittering names on our rosary have heard it, and went their way, knowing full well that if the finger of God traces their path, human obstacles are of little weight. The plan, however is eminently practical. In one of the poorest parishes in the diocese of Ogdensburg, it has been tried and with abundant success. I remember well last summer with what pleasure I heard a mountain urchin ask his pastor, 'Father, can I have the *Pilot*?' This urchin had made the acquaintance of James Jeffrey Roche and Katherine E. Conway. He was in good company. Infidelity is going to our poor. Her weapon is the printing press. The pulpit is well, but its arm is too short."

The following little gem entitled *Retribution* appeared from Lecky's pen in a recent issue of a small Catholic magazine, printed and published by the Paulist Fathers of New York City:

"He came and play'd his part,  
He sang some songs of love,  
The rabble prais'd his art,  
As coming from above.

Thus prais'd his muse grew coarse,  
And sought for art without;  
Its voice was strangely hoarse,  
To fit the rabble's shout.

He's dead, his age gone by,  
The age of rich and din;  
To-day with clearer sky,  
We count his life a sin."

Socially, he is quite at home. It is here where his conversation sparkles with the *solitaires* of fun, and rich

diamonds of what the French call "esprit." He has a decidedly analytic mind. He dissects with all the self-satisfaction of an anatomist any statements written or oral, which he sees or hears with the view of finding a possible flaw in the jewel. He does not act as critic through any vindictive spirit. Far from it. Lecky has a warm and generous heart, but he is anxious to see if the truth is told, and gracefully told. Physically he is slightly over the medium height, and is somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*. He has bright dreamy eyes, a ruddy complexion, and an artistic head.—*Eugene Davis in the Catholic Columbian.*

## Birthplace of the Jesuits.

In the first number of *La Revue de Paris* Pierre Loti contributes an interesting account of a journey taken by him to the great Spanish convent of St. Ignatius at Loyola, a monastery which may be styled the birthplace of the Jesuits, and where the election of each general of the Order takes place. The convent is far away from town or village, and forms an imposing mass of buildings surrounding the chapel, which is in the form of a basilica, and built of white and black marble. Every thing about the monastery is severely simple, if we except the room which was once the cell of the founder of the Jesuits. This apartment is turned into a kind of chapel, and is now, says the French writer, of fairy-like magnificence, hung with red brocade; each object in it is of gold, and in a number of reliquaries are to be seen fragments of the humble habit and pieces of the bones of St. Ignatius Loyola. The monastery, which is also one of the noviceships of the Order, is so large that its numberless passages give the impression of a labyrinth. The walls are whitewashed, and each corridor is lined with the doors opening into narrow cells, on each door being written the name of its present occupant, French, Russian, English and German names being in almost as great predominance as Spanish. The strangest thing about Loyola seems to be the tiny feudal castle around which the monastery was built.

The fathers are extremely proud of this strange survival of the Middle Ages. The walls, which are enormously thick, are made of rough stones and red brick, and so careful are the Jesuits of this curious little fortress that nothing is done which could in any way lead to its destruction, and the great monastery built around it and against it gives it the appearance of a pearl in a shell.

The Jesuits' gardens are filled with beds of chrysanthemums, and strange to say are surrounded by no wall nor even a hedge. All free to come in and out, the doors of the monastery being left unlocked during the daytime.

The Liverpool coal-heavers have struck against the Cunard Line's employing non-union men. The strike will in all probability extend to other steamship companies.

The University of Oxford will confer the degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon Captain Mahan of the United States cruiser *Chicago*, at the commencement exercise in June.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has issued a proclamation to his people asking that they consent to his visiting London "for the good of our holy religion and the glory of our country."

TOTALLY DEAF.—Mr. S. E. Crandall, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

## ARCHBISHOP CLEARY'S LETTER.

ARCHBISHOPAL PALACE,  
Kingston, May 31, 1894.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

It is not altogether unpleasant for one whose days are laborious to have amusing literature provided for his intellectual entertainment an hour or two after sunset. In this respect I cannot say that certain Toronto journals fail to contribute a goodly share to my quiet enjoyment frequently throughout the year and, with generous abundance, in the seasons appointed for campaigning. But, meanwhile, there are certain methods of literary warfare that may sometimes demand serious notice. An old adage says: "All is fair in love and war." There are, however, limitations to the privileges which this apothegm seems to concede. Christian civilization has refined the usages of warfare whether the weapon of fight be the sword or the pen. The liberty of the press has been immensely enlarged in modern times and is guaranteed by public law and social sentiment; but law and sentiment and professional honor have prescribed restrictions on its exercise to guard it against degenerating into licentiousness. The purpose of this letter is to expose to the public an instance of the worst kind of journalistic abuse of liberty, and the employment of dishonorable methods by the editor of the *Toronto Mail* in yesterday's issue of his paper.

The editor devotes little less than two columns to editorial comment on my recent introduction to my flock respecting the primary religious duty of parents to give their children a Christian education. The first column in its entirety displays the wonderful ingenuity of the editor in laboring to appear before his readers as a mighty champion of the no-papery cause by the profuseness of his writing, and all the while does not express a single idea in reference to his subject. He then introduces me to his readers in the second column as the author of certain utterances in 1890, which he prints in the form of a short paragraph with inverted commas at the beginning and end of every one of its fourteen lines. The paragraph is presented to the *Mail's* intelligent readers as a series of four short sentences, excerpted from one continuous sermon, having reference to one definite subject; and the successive sentences are brought into so close a relation with one another that the demonstrative pronouns in the later sentence are necessarily referred to antecedents in the immediately preceding one. Thus after the second sentence follows the third with this form of connection: "And later on." (These are the poisonous pastors, etc.): The pronoun "these" being referred by the law of grammatical construction to the word demons in the preceding sentence; whence the readers of the *Mail* are led to believe that I, not only, designated certain political parsons as "poisonous pastors," but also as demons.

Now, sir, what will honorable journalists think of this, when they learn that the first eight lines of the paragraph thus quoted by the editor of the *Mail*, are extracted from an address delivered in the month of April, 1890, and the subsequent six lines are taken from a report (a malignant and wilfully corrupt report) of an address delivered by me on the 29th of October, of the same year. The first eight lines are part of a sermon delivered in the Church of St. Carthage at Tweed in April, 1890, when I deemed it my duty to guard my flock against the shocking diatribes of the *Mail-Meredith* faction, and the equal righters who were then going from city to city, and from town to town in the province, violently and persistently denouncing Christian education in the Separate Schools, and threatening to bring about the ultimate abolition of

our constitutional rights for the Christian education of our little ones, by clamorous agitation and the continuous excitement of popular passion. In this reference I cited the constitutional guarantee given to the Church by her divine founder that "the gates of hell shall not prevail against her," and, of course, explained the scriptural meaning of our Lord's phrase, "Gates of hell," which every biblical scholar knows to be an eastern form of expression for the fighting forces of Satan, the Prince of Darkness, Christ's arch enemy, whose empire is hell and whose army is the myriad host of demons. I make no apology to atheists or infidels for teaching my people the Christian doctrine regarding the existence of demons and their active hostility against the kingdom of Christ and His disciples on this earth. From the first chapters of Genesis to the last chapters of the Apocalypse, the whole law and the prophets, the Psalms and Sapiential books and Job and Tobias, in almost every chapter of the four gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, the thirteen epistles of St. Paul and seven Catholic epistles, especially, those of St. John, St. Peter and St. Jude, Satan, that is the devil, called by the Jews, Beelzebub, and by our Divine Lord the "Prince of This World," and by St. Paul "The Ruler of this World of Darkness," is everywhere represented as the mighty adversary of Jesus Christ and commander of an immense host of inferior wicked spirits called demons, who infest this earth and wage unceasing war against the followers of Jesus of Nazareth, the Word made flesh, our Redeemer and our Saviour, "the King of Ages, the immortal and invisible, the only God, to whom be honor and glory for endless ages. Amen."

The latter six lines of the *Mail's* paragraph, quoted by him as mine and as part of the same address from which the preceding eight lines are extracted belong (except in so far as the context is corrupted) to an address pronounced by me in Kingston on the 30th October, 1890, fully six months subsequent to the delivery of the preceding eight lines. The editor of the *Mail* here tells his readers that I said "these (the demons) are the poisonous pastors that would lead the forces of infidels, atheists and bigots against Christian schools, etc." This sentiment has never been uttered by me in Kingston or elsewhere. In the address referred to I had occasion to say that "our blessed Saviour describes the true pastor and the hireling pastor." After portraying the characteristics of each of these two classes, I felt bound by my duty to advert to the deplorable fact, known to all, that "scores of men calling themselves Christian pastors, shepherds of Christian souls, allied themselves with the declared enemies of Jesus Christ and his right to reign and rule and enter into full possession of the minds and hearts of the little ones regenerated into the newness of divine life by communication of His blood. Not a meeting of the leaders of warfare against Christian education has been held in Kingston or any other city of the Province without two, three, four, five or six men, who call themselves Christian pastors, presenting themselves on the platform and shamelessly urging on the assault against the Church and her right to Christianize the early life of her children by leavening their education with the knowledge of God and His law, His holy fear and His love." I rebuked this impiety, as it justly deserved, and I am happy in thanking God that such an awful profanation of the gospel of Christ has not been repeated in this city from that day to this, or, if it has, no body seems to have heard of it. So much for the substance of that section of my address.

As regards the *Mail* editor's abominably corrupt quotation, as it were, of

my words, "these (the demons) are the poisonous pastors" its virus consists not only in the immediate connection of this sentence with one that had been delivered six months previously on a different subject, but also, and chiefly, in the substitution of the word "pastors" for "pastures," which latter word occurs in the following sentence of my instruction; "The true pastor is vigilant in guarding his flock against straying into poisonous pastures, and he has most loving and tender care for the lambs of the fold," etc.

I have borne much of misrepresentation and villification from the editor of the *Toronto Mail*. For many motives, natural and supernatural, I have submitted to it in silence. Obliquity and abuse are part of our Christian inheritance, promised to the followers of Christ in general, and in most particular and emphatic form, foretold by our crucified King to be the portion of the Apostolic hierarchy. The apostles bore this persecution even unto death. So also did their successors and all the martyrs of the first three centuries, in the successive conflicts of God's Church with paganism, heresy, infidelity and evil-minded statesmen of the highest rank and power, true Christians have had to suffer manifold wrong for the name of Christ. But none have suffered more severely, or borne their sufferings more courageously, than the Bishops of the Church, who have been forced by the obligations of their office to stand forward as champions of right and truth in defence of their flocks. These have been the choice victims of persecution in every imaginable form at the hands of emperors and kings and literary scribes and would-be philosophers and lawless demagogues. It will be so to the end.

It may be no harm to call attention to the fact that not alone Archbishops and Bishops are falsely reported in their utterances, and deliberately misrepresented by the pious editor of the *Toronto Mail*, but also statesmen, who are usually surrounded by a body-guard of vigilant witnesses of their forms of speech; and even the Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat seems to enjoy no privilege in this respect. For instance, in the report of Sir Oliver's address in London last Monday night, the *Mail* with seemingly studious spitefulness, quotes the premier's reply to Mr. Meredith's objection to the Separate School law on the ground of religious sisters' qualifications as teachers thus: "They (the Catholics) were entitled to take teachers qualified to be such by the laws of Quebec. The Schools stood by that law because many of them were poor and it was important to get teachers of a lower qualification than those from Ontario. Such a teacher can be got for less expense." On reading this passage it occurred to me that Sir Oliver could not have used such language. It would be entirely in contradiction of his argument and purpose. The context clearly ran counter to the phrase about "a lower qualification," the question being solely, as Sir Oliver had just stated, one of purely financial economy. Whereupon, I took up the *Globe* to ascertain what the premier did actually say, and I found that he had not made any such false and insulting statement against Catholics, their schools and their religious teachers. His words are reported in the *Globe* as follows: "The reason they wish to stand by that law is, because many of these schools are poor, and it is important to them to get teachers at the lowest possible expense and a teacher from their religious orders properly qualified comes to them at the least expense."

† JAMES VINCENT CLEARY,  
Archbishop of Kingston.

A despatch from Stockholm says the island of Hong Kong is infected with the plague.

## Obituary.

The *FRANSTRA* writes with many other friends in the expression of its sympathy with Mr. V. P. Fayle, of Lansdowne Ave., and his family in the severe affliction that has befallen them in the death of Mrs. Fayle. The deceased lady was born in the year 1852 in the county of Westmeath, Ireland; she came to Canada in the year 1872 and settled in Lindsay, Ontario, where she married Vincent P. Fayle, like herself a devoted Catholic. In company with her husband and children Mrs. Fayle came to Toronto in 1880 and has since resided in St. Helen's Parish, where she was much esteemed and respected. She was distinguished for her goodness of heart, the charity of her conversation and her zeal for religion. Of her ten children two little innocents have gone in advance from this world of sorrow to welcome the loving mother, who watched over their infancy and resigned them to God. In the peace and quiet of a truly Christian home, she diffused around her that pure happiness, which reigned in her own heart. "Her children rose up and called her blessed, her husband and he praised." Parab. 31 c. She bore the pains of a long and severe illness with amazing fortitude, receiving the Sacraments frequently with great devotion, and edifying those around her by her uncomplaining resignation to the will of Divine Providence. The memory of such is a blessing to be prized, an heirloom more precious than gold.

Her death occurred on Tuesday the 15th May, and on the following Thursday her remains were followed by a very large number of friends to St. Helen's, where a Solemn Mass de Requiem was celebrated by the pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, assisted by Fathers Kelly and Carberry as deacon and sub-deacon.

Father Lynch, P.P. of Niagara, acted as master of ceremonies, and Father McPhillips, P.P. of Orangeville, preached on the occasion, referring very feelingly to the many virtues of the deceased, and her claims to the devout prayers of those present. The funeral then proceeded to St. Michael's Cemetery, where the interment took place and the last blessing was pronounced. May she rest in peace.

## Catholic News.

The Rev. Francis J. Finn, S. J., the gifted author of a series of Catholic boy stories, has become one of the faculty of Detroit (Michigan) College.

Mr. Gilroy of Lylstone Hall, England, who died in April last, left his house as a sanatorium for sick clergy, gave £30,000 for educational and charitable purposes, and about £38,000 to the Catholic Bishops of England.

M. Eugène Vouillot, the distinguished editor of *L'Univers*, and one of the foremost journalistic champions of the Catholic cause in Europe, has just celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his official entrance into the editorial sanctum of that venerable but vigorous periodical.

A gold medal has been presented to Sister Berenice, superior of the Hospital of Charity at Turin, in recognition of thirty-three years of service in that admirable institution. The Duchess of Genoa officiated, and was surrounded by the local authorities, the supreme magistrates, and all the nobility of the city.

Cardinal Moran's story of the progress that the Catholic Church has made in Australia doubtless will prove a very interesting work. There are few sections of the world in which Catholicity has made greater progress than in those regions of which Cardinal Moran is now the leading ecclesiastical dignitary, and there are very few writers who can recount the story of that progress with the grace which the Archbishop of Sydney is sure to bring to that task.

**Gladstone's Character.**

Says a writer in the *London Goodwill*: William Ewart Gladstone is the last of the "old men," the last of the earlier generation, of the great heroic breed. Carlyle, Browning, Tennyson, have passed away; and now the only survivor is preparing to depart. "There were giants in those days." They were cast in a large mould. We feel very small now. And the new names do not ring in our ears with trumpet tones, nor carry with them grand histories. The old order passes, it is drawing to a close; we feel chilly, and forlorn, and deserted.

The old man goes. And yet, if we were to sum up, in one word, the full impression of Mr. Gladstone's character and presence, it would not be his age that we should speak of. Rather, we should say that he carries with him, in spite of his years, the fresh simplicity of a child. He wins us still, as a child wins us, by his guilelessness.

Never was any child more transparently open to all the influences that cross his path. Intellectually, no doubt, he is subtle and skilful in logical refutations, and wonderful in parrying inconvenient inquiries.

But in moral character, every mood and impression is visible. His face, in its quick changes, tells the whole story; he suspects nobody, conceals nothing; he shows you the whole man in plain daylight. He does not seem to know what guile is. And, again, his total unworldliness is the temper of a child.

"The world" has singularly failed to touch him. All his judgments on men are perfectly simple, spontaneous, plain. Out they come, without a suspicion of being colored by after-thoughts. They are quite fresh and untainted, and free from every hint of self-consciousness.

Perhaps it is the child, too, in him, which gives him his amazing power of giving himself up wholly to one thing at a time. He is absorbed: for the moment you would think that there was nothing else in the world that he had ever cared for or thought about, except just that one thing that happens to engage his attention. So a child, in its simpleheartedness, can give itself over to a single interest.

Certainly it is the child in him which throws itself, with such complete enjoyment, into the simplest home pleasures.

Anything will satisfy him; he asks for nothing but the plainest bill of fare. A walk, a picnic, a family expedition, these are real events into which he puts all his heart. All the little domestic fun that grows out of such things is thoroughly in his vein.

And his seriousness, his earnestness, have they not in them the note of the child—the child, overwhelmed with the solemnity of things, with the awful wonder of the world, with the tremendous importance of what is said and done! It is in a child's eyes that one often sees the strange and serious awe which is so characteristic of this old man's face.

An old, old man, with a child's heart—that is what he is; and for this, all England, of whatever party, will say, "God bless him."

**The Weak Point.**

The advertising department of the daily papers is frequently as amusing as the professed funny column. The numerous schemes offered for the capture of the nimble quarter of elusive half-dollar are ingenious enough to be interesting to those who never invest. The clairvoyants, astrologers, and others of that ilk easily lead the procession. Their weak point, as might be imagined, is grammar. But that is of slight importance, for their customers are rarely any better equipped than themselves in that branch. Here is "the greatest mind reader's" card in the *Star* which states, among other things "was sworn

by four Judges of Chicago." This is mysterious enough, though it has been suggested that it is a misprint for "sworn at." Another "points out enemies from friends," which is important, if true, while a third "tells those you have will or marry," which is astonishing and indefinite statement always recalls the answer in a newspaper to an anxious inquirer who wanted to know "how to toll a mad dog!" The wise editor advised him to write down what he wished to tell the dog on a piece of paper, stuff it into a shotgun and fire it into his head. There is a wearisome uniformity, however, in the concluding line of all these advertisements, namely, for 50 cents. And these advertisements are as permanent as the marriages and deaths, which would seem to indicate that, as that Prince of Fakirs, Barnum, once observed, "the American people love to be deceived."

**Kington.**

Last Wednesday afternoon the Archbishop of Kingston blessed and laid the cornerstone of the new church in connection with the Hotel Dieu in the presence of the whole body of the clergy of the diocese and a large number of citizens. On the stroke of six, priests and sanctuary boys proceeded in procession from the Hotel Dieu to the platform erected for the purpose. His Grace, vested in cope and mitre, and attended by his Vicars General and Archdeacon Kelly came in the rear of the procession. On arriving at the platform the ceremonial appointed for such occasions was commenced, the priests joining in the responses.

Contractor Newlands then gave the signal, and the stone was lowered into its resting place by the Archbishop with prayers. The procession then re-formed, and moved around the edifice while his Grace blessed the foundations.

The laity looked on devotionally, and were impressed with the beauty of the Church's Ritual as the voice of the Archbishop and alternately the voices of the priests could be heard reciting the prescribed psalms, as they moved slowly around the sacred edifice.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the Archbishop and priests passed into the Hotel Dieu singing the Psalm *Magnificat*.

His Grace the Archbishop laid \$5,000 on the corner stone to assist the community in defraying the cost of erecting the church.

**INSCRIPTION ON THE CORNER STONE.**

Quod religioni Catholice et Apostolice Romanæ vortat bene; Rmus Dns Jacobus Vincentius Cleary, Archiepiscopus R-giopollitanus, frequenti comitante clero populoque, aedis hujus fundamenta rite iustavit ac nomine S. Josephi, B. V. Mariæ Sponsi, largiente Deo, sanctificavit, consecravit, III Kalendas Junii, anno MDCCCXIC.

**ENGLISH TRANSLATION.**

May it serve well for the Catholic and Apostolic Roman religion; the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, Archbishop of Kingston, attended by a large number of clergy and people, duly blessed and, in the name of Saint Joseph Spouse of the B. V. Mary, by God's favour, sanctified and consecrated the foundations of this sacred edifice on the third of the Kalends of June (30th May) in the year 1891.

**Loretto Academy.**

A pleasant hour was passed last Friday afternoon at Loretto, Wellesley Place, when a concert was given by the pupils, at which were present, his Grace Archbishop Walsh, Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Fathers Ryan and James Walsh, and the parents of the pupils. A short but well selected programme was gone through by the young ladies, which consisted of instrumental and vocal music, recitations and a very pretty operetta the "Vale of Pearls." The performers in the latter who as Tyrolean peasants looked quaint in their peaked hats. The different solos were taken by the Misses Dundas, May Murphy, Colton, Vera Coxwell, Dolores Cassidy and May Murphy. A little band of "Fairies" headed by their queen (Miss Florrie Dwyer) announced the joyful news of finding the "Pearl" to the Tyrolean. Miss Claire De la Haye recited her part with great taste. The little children presented his Grace with bouquets of beautiful roses, reciting at the same time the "Uhlen's Call." The Christmas story by the junior class was most affecting and deserved great applause. "Come back to Erin" with variations was well executed by Misses May Murphy and Nellie McCarton. At the close his Grace expressed great pleasure at being present, and amused all present by his pleasant and affable remarks to the children.

**St. Mary's Church, Mount Forrest.**

We are pleased to be able to say that this church is being very much improved by an entire set of new windows—the old ones being replaced by handsome and very richly colored glass with figures in the openings, which are as follows: Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, St. Patrick, St. Aloysius, St. Stanislas, St. Catharine, St. Thomas, Sacred Heart, St. Catharine of Siena, St. Bernard, St. Anne, St. Cecilia, St. Elizabeth, St. John, St. Nicholas, St. Teresa. These figures are placed in the centre of each compartment, and above is a rich Gothic canopy, and below a base to match, with a space at the bottom in which is inscribed the name of the donor. This is certainly an effective and beautiful way of reminding us of the beloved departed. The contract for these windows was awarded to Mr. W. T. Lyon of Toronto, and they fully sustain the reputation he has attained for such work.

**League of the Cross.**

St. Paul's Sodality of the above named League held a crowded meeting on Sunday last in their cosy hall on Power street.

Mr. James C. O'Brien occupied the chair the total abstinence pledge was administered to three young men by the Rev. Father Hand who afterwards delivered a short address to the members, on the religious lives. Addresses were also delivered by several of the members, and a choice program of vocal and instrumental music was much appreciated. The Sodality intended to have an excursion at an early date, and as the young men of the League have now a Lacrosse Club it is expected that they will give a good account of themselves in handling the National stick and ball.

**Burlington.**

Rev. Father Burke has been in this village the last few weeks, instructing a number of children for their First Communion, which they made last Sunday in a most edifying manner. After Mass, Father Burke addressed a few but beautiful words to them on the Holy Sacrament they had received that morning for the first time. He spoke of the temptations before them and advised them to keep their souls free from sin, and always as pure and spotless, as they were now at the first reception of Our Lord. The Choir rendered beautiful and appropriate hymns for the occasion.

**The Dominion Bank.**

We publish in another column the annual report of the Dominion Bank, which exhibits handsome earnings for the year on the capital. The profits, after providing for management and doubtful debts, amounted to \$21,328 78, of which \$165,000.00 were paid in bonus and dividends, and \$50,000.00 carried to reserve fund. During the proceedings, Sir Francis Smith, Vice-President of the Bank, was warmly congratulated on his new honors—a compliment that was well deserved by one of the Bank's most prudent and energetic officers.

**St. Thomas.**

On Sunday Rev. Dr. Flannery announced having received a letter from the Hon. Edward Blake asking for contributions to the Home Rule Fund. He also announced a collection would be taken up for this purpose at both Masses on Sunday 10th inst., and as the final struggle for Home Rule was now approaching, he hoped a large sum would be realized.

**C. O. F.**

Delegates left Toronto to attend the Convention of the Catholic Order of Foresters, which is being held in St. Paul, Minn., this week. Representatives from all parts of Canada and the United States will be present. An interesting account of the Convention will be in the REGISTER next week.

**Pic-nic at St. Joseph's.**

A pic-nic in aid of St. Joseph's church, Leslie street, City, will be held on the church grounds, Saturday, the 23rd instant. The pastor, Dean Bergin, invites all his friends, to whom he promises an afternoon of solid enjoyment.

**Grand Picnic.**

A picnic will be held at the College Farm, St. Clair ave., Saturday, June 9th. Buses will meet the Yonge street cars, to afford every facility for those wishing to go. A string band will be in attendance.

**CHAS. E. BURNS, Steamship, Ticket and Insurance Agent.**

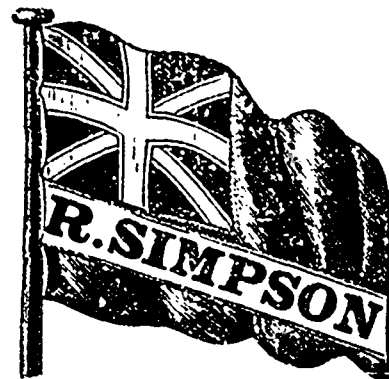
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**The Old-fashioned Style**



of pill gives you a feeling of horror when you see it and when you feel it. Like the "blunderbuss" of a former decade it is big and clumsy, but not effective. In this century of enlightenment you have

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver troubles in the most effective way. They're not easily seen for they're small as grains of mustard seed, but the effect is lasting and the cure complete. For Indigestion, Constipation, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headache, nothing has been found to equal these pills of Dr. Pierce's invention. They give such complete relief that their makers promise that they'll give you satisfaction or your money will be returned. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. 25 cts. a vial. A vest-pocket remedy.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

**BUILDING SALE.**

PRICES will move shoppers to buy, if there's any keenness for saving money in their composition.

- Men's Whole Fox Extension Solo Bala, regular price \$2, sale price..... \$1 50
- Men's whole Fox Hand Sewed Bala or Congress, wide or narrow too, regular price \$2 50, sale price .... \$2 00
- Men's Calf Goodyear Welt Blucher Bala, Piccadilly last, regular price \$3, sale price..... \$2 50
- Men's Tan Oxfords, regular price, \$1 75, sale price..... \$1 25
- Ladies' Vici Kid Button, Piccadilly last, long or short vamp, regular price \$2.50, sale price..... \$1 75
- Ladies' Dougola Kid Oxfords, patent tip, hand turned, regular price \$1.25, sale price..... \$1 00
- Ladies' Tan Calf Oxfords, hand turned, regular price \$1 75, sale price.. \$1 25

**Teas and Baking Powder—**

A Good Mixed Tea, 25c, regular price 40c. Best Ceylon Tea, 35c, reg. price 50c. Bon Ami Blend Tea, 60c, reg. price \$1. Pure Baking Powders, in pound tins, 15c, reg. price 40c.

Order anything by mail. Prices in every department cut during building operations.

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Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West. S. W. corner Yonge and | Entrance Yonge at Queen streets, Toronto. | Entrance Queen st. W.







# The Catholic Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,  
AT THE  
OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:  
TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

TRAVELLING AGENTS:  
Messrs. Patrick Mungovan, C. N. Murphy,  
C. J. Kernahan and L. O'Byrne.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

June 7—S. Augustine of Canterbury,  
Bishop and Confessor.  
8—S. Ferdinand, Confessor.  
9—Finding of the Holy Cross.  
10—Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.  
11—S. Barnabas, Apostle.  
12—S. Leo III. Pope and Confessor  
13—S. Antony of Padua, Confessor.

## Our Position.

If in our issue of the 24th ult. we did not please the *Maul* or satisfy the *Empire* we are all the more gratified. When we read the *Maul* of the 25th and the *Empire* of the 26th we felt that though we had not said all that could be said, we had expressed ourselves clearly upon a subject of great importance to the Catholics of Ontario, viz., the politics of Ontario. Had it been otherwise, had we been silent or indefinite, or had these journals held us up as models, not clinging to one side or another we would have felt it far more keenly than the inane threat of the one and the hole-and-corner criticism of the other. Our motto in the question is "God and country." We have appealed to no fanaticism. We have simply appealed to our co-religionists to stand by their separate schools. To any party that will attack them, render them unworkable, throw their management into non-Catholic hands—our answer as Catholics is plain. Yet this is what the Conservative party and their open allies, the P.P.A.'s, strove to do by their vote on the McCallum bill—a most insidious and iniquitous measure.

Have the pseudo-Conservatives of Ontario no policy to bring forward but that of destruction to our institutions, political death to our co-religionists and social ostracism to us all? Have they so far abandoned principles that they must drive from their ranks those who prefer to be guided by principle and conscience? They have sought the company of our sworn enemies. They choose rather a secret organization whose policy and methods have but one aim so far as Catholics are concerned. Why therefore blame us for the stand we take? It is an awful thing that Catholics are thrown upon the defensive every fourth year as if they were aliens making war upon the state? Whose rights are we attacking when we defend our Separate Schools? Because forsooth we struggle to protect the inalienable right of parents to educate their children according to their conscience because we will not be craven cowards in the contest; because we will not be silent while almost every newspaper in the country insults us then we are appealing to fanaticism and crystallizing the Catholic vote. We are doing nothing of the kind. There is no Catholic fanaticism in the

country to appeal to. We are guided by a principle as solid as the everlasting hills, and we wish to see our people guided by it also. There is no fanaticism in appealing to the conscience and liberty of the individual, appealing to his duty as a man who in his vote, as in every other act, must be guided by the principles of religion. To this we appeal confident that we do not appeal in vain.

As to the crystallization process we are not accountable for it. It needs no prophet to foresee that it will continue—and it is just and proper it should—as long as the present distilling of insult, bigotry, and persecution of Catholics and Catholic institutions is maintained by the officers of the Conservative laboratory.

## Lord Salisbury at Trowbridge.

On the day following Lord Rosebery's speech at Manchester—a large meeting was held at Trowbridge in Wiltshire. The principal speaker was Lord Salisbury late premier and author of a perpetual Coercion Act—for the subjugation and enslavement of the Irish people. Misrepresentation was the chief characteristic of the late premier's appeal to the prejudices and passions of his audience. He kept constantly dangling before the eyes of those who listened to him, the harrowing pictures of Ulster in chains, under the lash of Rome, and of Irish American dynamitards dominant in Ireland "within four hours of your coasts, in command of all your trade routes and threatening all your ports." Lord Salisbury must have a very poor opinion of English intelligence when he fancies that the cause of coercion may be bolstered up by means of such outrageous misstatements and exaggerations. It has been frequently proved to the general satisfaction of the English people that a Catholic majority would never oppress, much less enslave, a Protestant minority in Ireland. There is no such oppression in Limerick, Cork or Dublin, where the overwhelming majority is of Catholic belief and practice.

The only city in Ireland in which the minority is excluded from office or civil emolument is the Protestant city of Belfast. In all the Catholic constituencies of the southern and western Provinces, honesty alone, and patriotism are the necessary qualifications for any position of honor in the gift of the people. And in this respect Catholic Ireland is a brilliant example of toleration to the rest of the empire. Had Ireland her own Parliament, the representatives from Belfast or other Protestant centres in Ulster, would never be questioned as to their peculiar tenets of Faith, when merit or talents called for public recognition. Nor would they ask in vain for any favor which an Irish Legislature could reasonably afford to them on questions of religion or education. The Hon. Ed. Blake replying to questions of this nature stated before an English Protestant audience—that from his knowledge of Catholic majorities, and his experience was extensive on that score, he could easily predict that under Home Rule—in all matters of worship and education "the Protestants would be the spoiled children of Ireland."

The noble Lord is well aware of all this and yet he found no more telling argument in his speech at Trowbridge than harping constantly on the crime Englishmen would commit if they abandoned "the brethren in Ulster to the position of slaves under the feet of Catholic Ireland. Lord Rosebery," continues the late Premier, "gives two reasons why we should not abandon our friends in Ulster. One is that we should remove a clog from our Parliamentary proceedings. It seems to me an ignoble and frivolous reason for selling a kindred population into slavery—even if it is true—but it is not true."

It is impossible to conceive that a man of Lord Salisbury's experience and intelligence could be sincere in believing that giving freedom to Ireland would be selling Ulster into slavery. And when did the Scotch planters of Ulster become a kindred population with the Anglo-Saxons of Trowbridge in Wiltshire?

In exposing the second reason for not abandoning "our Ulster Brethren to slavery" the noble Earl says: "Lord Rosebery tells us we are offending the Irish element in America and in every English State—and that this great and cosmopolitan evil not only affects your foreign relations but disturbs your whole Empire. Are we really to give up our 'Ulster Brethren' to this slavery in order to please the triangle at Chicago or the bosses of Tammany at New York? Are we to sink so low as that? To my mind the ground that he alleges is rather a reason for resisting Home Rule than for granting it."

The noble Earl is very little acquainted with American geography or politics if he fancies that the eight or ten millions of Irish Catholics in the United States are subject to the bosses of Tammany or to any secret society that may exist or may have existed in Chicago. It is a downright insult to the great Catholic body of Irish Americans to connect them with political rings or star chamber conspirators.

But what cares Lord Salisbury for insult? He never had a word for any thing Irish but contempt, insult and calumny of the blackest type. He never legislated for Ireland except by the gag, the plank bed, the removable magistrates, emergency men, land grabbers and perpetual coercion.

And now he dares publicly to insult the millions of respectable and self-respecting Irishmen of Canada and the United States. He treats them one and all as Tammany bosses and conspirators against life and property. "If this is the object," says he "of giving independence to Ireland, what will be the result? Why that the Irish, anti-British classes in America, will be dominant in Ireland too, and you will have them within four hours of your coasts, in command of your trade routes threatening all your ports; you will have Ireland under domination of men who have shown their antipathy, their hatred of England in terms and actions which do not permit you to doubt for a moment either its insincerity or its permanence. Are you going for causes such as these to hand over Ireland which occupies an important strategic position to your

bitterest enemies. (The Tammany bosses)? Are you going to hand over your brethren in Ulster, to whom you are united by every tie, to a tyranny which they do not cease to dread and to denounce, &c." Really the noble Earl must be driven to desperation or must have taken leave of his senses to address such utter nonsense to sensible and intelligent people.

## Silver Jubilee.

The sanctuary of St. James' Church, Adjala, was crowded last Thursday with priests who had gone thither to do honor to the pastor, Father Kilcullen, on the occasion of his silver jubilee. Besides Very Rev. Dean Harris who preached a very eloquent sermon upon the occasion, the Very Rev. Dean Egan who acted as deacon, and Father Gallagher who was sub-deacon, the following clergymen were present: Very Rev. Father McCann, V.G., Rev. Fathers Teesy, O.S.B., Superior of St. Michael's College, Barrott, O.S.S.R., Superior of St. Patrick's, Bergin, Cantillon, Connolly of Riddulph, Craven of Hamilton, Crinnon of Dunnville, Duffy, Gibney, E. Kiernan, P. Kiernan, Maguire of of Bracebridge, Minchan, Morris, Moyna, McEntee, McMahon, McMahon of St. Paul's, Minn., McPhillips, McRae, Sullivan, Tracy, Walsh and Whitney. A large congregation was present. High Mass was celebrated by Father Kilcullen. Immediately afterwards an address was presented by the clergy of the diocese and two from the Tottenham and Adjala portions of the flock. These as well as the touching replies of the honored priest who was greatly moved upon the occasion, will be given next week. After the religious ceremony was over, the priests adjourned to the presbytery to partake of a sumptuous banquet provided under the direction of the well known caterer, Harry Webb of Toronto. After the plates were removed Vicar General McCann in an appropriate speech proposed the health of Father Kilcullen who as appropriately replied. Several other toasts were proposed and speeches made suitable to the occasion, after which the company adjourned well pleased with all that had brought them together.

No word of praise that THE CATHOLIC REGISTER can utter is enough to make a return for the twenty-five years of Father Kilcullen's faithful priesthood with quiet devotion to his work. We join his many friends in offering him our congratulations upon his silver jubilee and our best wishes for as many more years to come.

One of the guests, Father McMahon of St. Paul's, Minn., who is a native of Adjala, had come that long distance to say his first Mass in St. James' church and be present at the feast. He was ordained by Archbishop Ireland on Corpus Christi, May 24th, and reached home on Saturday the 26th. He sang Mass the following day. He has a short vacation preparatory to returning West, when he will enter upon his priestly duties. We learn that he is to be attached to one of the churches in Minneapolis. We wish our young friend all success in the great field of work to which he is devoting himself.

## Mr. Meredith at the Pavillon.

Whatever argument the leader of the Opposition advanced in his speech on the 30th ult. against the Government, he weakened very much when he came to criticise the Most Rev. Archbishop of Kingston. He made the most of the expression "hungry adventurer," but his "most" was not much. There was no question whatever of Mr. M.'s political life and conduct. The Archbishop seems always to carefully avoid politics whilst jealously defending his religion and his people against the assaults of irreligious politicians from whatever side they may come. His position is defined by the whole scope of his argument, which from beginning to end, treats solely of the right and duty of Christian parents to rear their children as Christians. We do not suppose that Mr. Meredith differs so much from other leaders of political parties that he is above the pangs of hunger and thirst for that power whence he may advance the constructive part of his policy. The term "adventurer" signifies a person who makes hazardous attempts in which large risks are taken on small chances of success. If we compare Mr. Meredith's policy, as at present announced with that of other years, we see many ventures for popularity, where we had looked for the equitable policy of a true statesman and high-minded patriot. There is no ground for all the theatrical indignation manifested on account of the use of this expression. But Mr. Meredith objects to it, and we pass on. His arguments afford plenty of material for our reflexion.

Mr. Meredith announces: "We have nothing to do with any man's religion; it should be free to every man to worship at whatever altar he pleases, and no man shall say him nay, and I have appealed, and do appeal, that no man in the contest in which we are about to enter shall cause this contest, these questions, these burning questions as they are, to degenerate in a war against religion. Is this bigotry?" We answer certainly not—if the language is sincere and the meaning definite. But Catholics wish the altar to be in the school-room that their children may worship as well as study. They insist that religion, morality and education, the trinity in unity of the soul, shall go hand in hand in the formation of the child's character. They insist that religion shall not be relegated to the church and Sunday, but that it shall enter into daily life and be the guide and helpmate of both morality and education—that without it, morality is null, and education a dangerous accomplishment. Furthermore they teach that the right of education primarily rests with the parents, who cannot alienate it. This being our elementary religious teaching upon the subject, it must be quite evident that the man who attacks our schools is attacking our religion, and is not leaving our people free to exercise that most important duty of religion, the Christian education of his children. That is how the discussion of Separate Schools is a sectarian cry.

But Mr. Meredith knows this as well as we do. We are surprised that he should tell us:

"I do not understand that to discuss the Separate School Question ought to raise any sectarian issue in this country. It in no way involves any question of race or creed to make it so."

There are none so blind as those who will not see. If a sincere examination of the question will not show the connection, surely the experience of the last forty years ought to prove that Separate School Education cannot be alienated from religion. To attack one is to attack the other. Never did Catholics allow any attack without taking it as a blow at their religion; and they never hesitated to resent it. We cannot but regard it as a subterfuge to tell us: "O you do me wrong—and Dr. Ryerson wrong and Mr. McCallum wrong—if you think we wish to attack your religion, when we wish to control your schools and, if possible, to do away with them." What a plea from an honorable man!

Mr. Meredith's position in regard to Separate Schools is that of regret that such institutions exist. Why not go back a step? Why not regret the separation that took place in the sixteenth century? It is all twaddle talking about our children going side by side, "instead of from the cradle to the grave being severed into hostile paths." Come over to us, Mr. Meredith—you and your children and your children's children. By all means let there be no separation. Let there be union lasting and deep, but it must be the union of truth, of principle and of right. No sham—no coercion. Otherwise let us walk each his own way until high heaven judge between us.

"If ever the day does come when there shall be a live agitation for the abolition of Separate Schools in this Province it is such conduct as that of his Grace of Kingston that will lead the people of this country to say it is not safe to entrust the young of the country to sentiments and opinions such as these."

What is that but a blow at the exercise of religion? Does Mr. Meredith propose to place a censor over the hierarchy to examine their discourses and pastorals, and if necessary expunge disagreeable sentiments? That is fine language for a man who wishes to support freedom of religion and who disowns all sectarian cries.

The other points in Separate Schools concerning which Mr. Meredith claims support for the Opposition are (1) compulsory ballot, (1) legal qualification of teachers, (3) same text-books and (4) same inspection as Public Schools. Let the Catholic electors compare those pseudo-Conservative sentiments with the P.P.A. code of questions and platform upon the same subject: (1) "Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish Separate Schools? (2) Are you prepared to insist that Separate School Trustees shall be elected only by ballot? (4) Are you in favor of one qualification for all teachers of Public or Private Schools? (5) Will you insist that the same text-books be used in all Schools?" Clause 10 in their platform requires: "That Public School Inspectors shall inspect Separate Schools, and that Separate School Teachers must possess the same

qualification as those possessed by Public School Teachers."

Let us imagine some of this programme in practice. Imagine our schools of Toronto inspected by Mr. James L. Hughes. We would be having a message sent to St. Paul's or St. Mary's some day—Father Chiniquy will be down this morning to lecture to you—or, Mrs. M. L. Shepherd will address the high school class. Then look what our text books would be like, prepared under such auspices. It would not take ten years with such agency at work to destroy every Separate School in the land—and put back this Province to the days prior to Catholic emancipation. Can the man who advocates this programme disclaim with sincerity all wish "to import race and religious questions" into the discussion? Mr. Meredith is certainly a man of lost opportunities. He had the opportunity of keeping peace and he chose strife; he had the opportunity of framing his policy according to principle and he has framed it according to expediency, he had the opportunity of retaining his Catholic friends and he has preferred their sworn enemies. If such a man disclaims the charge of bigotry and intolerance we cannot admit his argument. We had expected better of a man of Mr. Meredith's talents and reputation.

## The Hon. Mr. Harty.

Although we feel the loss of the Hon. C. F. Fraser we have great pleasure in welcoming his successor, the new Minister of Public Works, in the Hon. William Harty, member for Kingston. His career from youth has been steadily upward and onward. A man of great experience and clever talent he brings to the Ministry the wisdom of ripened judgment and to his Department, that best guarantee for success, viz., close application to office work. A faithful Catholic he has always enjoyed the confidence of his co-religionists and the esteem of all creeds and classes. He enters upon his office with every prospect of making his administration a decided success, and with the congratulations of his friends, and amongst them we tender to him the congratulations and best wishes of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

## Catholic Almanac.

Almanacs are frequently the medium of much useful information, and sometimes of much excellent reading. A Catholic almanac may easily be made to contain both. There are so many things in a Catholic year—feasts, mysteries, memorials—not to mention what ought to be personal red letter days—baptism, first communion, confirmation. These are all of interest to earnest people, and who should not be earnest when religion is concerned? We are therefore very much pleased to learn that a Catholic Almanac is in contemplation. It is to be published in the interests of the Sisters of the Precious Blood of this city. The editorship is entrusted to a lady of excellent literary taste, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for its high character, Mrs. O. Sullivan of this city. We shall welcome this new venture most cordially, and hope that it will meet with success and appreciation from our people.

## Aid from the A. O. H.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* says: The National Trustees beg to acknowledge the receipt for the Irish Parliamentary Fund of the sum of £10 8s 8d. referred to in the following letter:

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 19, 1891.

GENTLEMEN—I have received by the kindness of his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Canada, the enclosed draft for £10 8s 8d, being a contribution to the Irish Parliamentary Fund by Divisions 1, 2 and 3 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Toronto. I beg that you will have the goodness to publish and to acknowledge the subscription to his Grace.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD BLAKY.

Messrs. J. McCarthy, T. Sexton, J. Dillon, Trustees.

## Archbishop Cleary's Letter.

We call attention to the very able exposé of the *Mail's* tactics in dealing with his Grace, which we publish elsewhere. Nothing could be more contemptible than the *Mail's* treatment of Catholics in general, and the distinguished Archbishop of Kingston in particular. There is one source of gratification to the flock, that his Grace never comes off second best.

## Literary Notes.

*Pearls from Faber* is a little volume of selected gems from the different works of Father Faber selected and arranged by Marion J. Brunow. It is published by Benziger Bros. New York, price 50c.

*The Little Prayer-Book of the Sacred Heart* is a beautiful arrangement of the prayers and practices of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque by Rev. Bonaventura Hammer, O.S.F. This is a most useful little book for June, the month dedicated to the devotion of the Sacred Heart of our Blessed Lord. It is also from Benziger Bros. New York. Price from 40c. to \$2.00

## Editorial Notes.

On Sunday, May 27th, his Lordship Bishop Dowling administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to 75 candidates at Walkerton. Rev. Father Kelly was the officiating priest, assisted by Father Halm of Carlsruhe.

On Wednesday night, May 30th, Rev. Father Keogh's house, in Paris, Ont., was entered. Fortunately there are electric bells in the house and an alarm was given in time. The next morning a set of burglar's tools was found in the vicinity.

In July of this year the celebrated Catholic college of Stonyhurst, England will celebrate its one hundredth anniversary. The celebration will continue for several days, and numbers of distinguished Catholics, bishops, priests and laymen, will attend.

Sir Wm. Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer, evidently does not believe in the House of Commons indulging in the frivolities of Derby Day. One of the Conservative members, John W. McClure, M.P., moved for the adjournment of the House over yesterday to afford the members an opportunity to attend that world renowned race. The motion was opposed by Sir Wm. Harcourt, who said, "the whole time of the House for the remainder of the session be longed to the House." Mr. McClure's motion was defeated by 246 to 160.

## Weekly Retrospect.

Those who continually grumble at the weather are looked on as chronic fault-finders, and we rather avoid them, and think them to disagreeable to have anything to do with; but they must be pardoned all the grumbling they do, old Father Weather has given them good reason the past three weeks. How we would love dear old So: to come out with his old brightness. Our sympathy was thoroughly roused by the good Sisters of St. Joseph, who have charge of the House of Providence. They must have felt the effect of the bad weather in the attendance at their annual picnic, which is held on the Queen's birthday, but this year had to be postponed to the Saturday following on account of the down pour. His royal highness, *Jupiter Pluvius*, was so unusually kind that even then the dampness prevented many from being present. The kind friends of this charitable institution will bear in mind the weather's uncharitable conduct and generously contribute their mite to the support of the many poor the House of Providence shelters, and make amends for their non-attendance. The helpless aged have there a home of comfort, we cannot say of luxury, as the Sisters could not afford that, but more comfortable than in many of their own homes. All their whims and fancies are satisfied, as far as it is in the power of their patient attendants to do so. We who live in the world may not be able to devote every moment of our lives to God, but if by assisting these good women as our means will allow, will have a share of their reward hereafter.

As the warmth of the season advances, and the bright annals with their many different hues are seen in the gardens, we breathe a little wish, way down in the bottom of our hearts, that the bright colors worn by the fashionable women of the present, would tone down a little. How they jar on our nerves, these poor imitations of lovely nature. We feel more keenly the incongruity when we see what is called a grass green dress, which is really no more the shade of grass than of verdigris, and, then, Oh horrors! is worn with this, a bright red or pink head gear. We might go on *ad infinitum* enumerating the wonderful taste displayed, now that fashion allows so many combinations, whether they please the eye or not. Writing of colors reminds us of something we saw recently in one of the journals of Mrs. Langtry's, devoting much time to the harmonizing of tints, not that we wish our readers to spend their time that otherwise might be more usefully employed, but a little more attention to this matter would add an air of refinement to many of the fashionable people, who imagine they can wear any shade or color from the bright magentas and scarlets to all the blues of the nether world. Mrs. Langtry, for instance, says: "a blue-eyed person never looks so blue-eyed as in a blue dress, whereas the strong blue of the fabric might have been expected to dim the fainter blue of the eye. But it does not. A woman with full red lips, attired in dull heliotrope, with amethysts, has all the coral taken from her mouth, which wears instead, a light heliotrope tint, and with this tint the flesh of her cheek is also touched. Turquoise blue darkens dark eyes and adds to their brightness. Experiment and verification should be as much valued by women as by the Comtist philosopher."

## Catholicity in Siam.

The Catholic schools in Siam are in a flourishing condition. French influence gives a great impetus to the success of the Catholic missions in that country. In the neighborhood of Bangkok there is a seminary which is placed under the supervision of Mgr. Ladovice Veg, the Vicar Apostolic in Siam since 1875, and which is attended

by 60 pupils in ecclesiastical studies. At Bangkok there is also a Catholic College, with 72 resident pupils and 144 more who attend it for the study of foreign languages. The institutions under the jurisdiction of the Vatican further include 41 Catholic elementary schools, 17 orphanages, 4 hospitals, where, during the past year 524 patients were treated and also a small Catholic agricultural colony, and the Catholic missionaries in Siam number 39 Europeans who work in co-operation with 71 native priests, and 48 native catechists.

## A Romance of the Franco-German War.

A ceremony recently took place at Sainte Genevieve des Bois, in the Seine-et Oise, which recalls a painfully dramatic incident in the Franco-German war. The conscripts of the department assembled to place wreaths on the graves of Andre Delorme, a young French soldier, and his sweetheart, Jeanne Bernier. Delorme, who was only 19 years of age, had been wounded in the war at Choisy-le-Roy, so that, having been invalided, he returned to his native place. The Germans were then occupying Sainte Genevieve.

The first place he went to, so the French account runs, was the home of his sweetheart. On approaching it he was surprised to hear her screaming. The door was shut, so that he burst open a window and thus got into the house, when found the girl struggling with a drunken German officer. Mad with rage, the young Frenchman shot the German, and for this he was seized and summarily shot, without even a court martial trial. Half a dozen German soldiers placed him against a wall and pointed their rifles at him. At that moment the young girl rushed forward towards her sweetheart, and the two lovers were shot dead together. Their tomb bears the inscriptions: "Andre Delorme, died for his country, 1870.—Jeanne Bernier, killed by the enemy, 1870."

## Wit and Humor.

It is a pretty healthy man who can read a patent medicine almanac without suddenly discovering that he is afflicted with about 150 of the 200 diseases described therein.

"Have you noticed that loss of memory often accompanies deafness?" "No, does it?" "Yes, deaf men seem to forget that trains have the right of way on a railway track."

When the writer was on his way home last evening, he met an Italian boy about sixteen years of age, carrying two snow shovels.

"How much have you made to-day shovelling snow?" asked the reporter.

"Two dollar ten cent," replied the boy, grinning.

"Why, you must have worked hard."

"Yes, works all day. Didn't stop only to hunt up a job."

"What have you got two shovels for?"

"Little one works well while doing the job by the hour; big one when taking the work by the job for so much."

A young negro girl was met by an old negro woman, and the usual salutations, with by questions as to the health and happiness of the families, were passed. "Does you' mammy still take in washing?" asked the older. "Yes'm," replied the younger. "She been doing washing for Mr. Blank down here at Mrs. — boarding house, but he says times is too hard to have clothes washed, and I dunno what she gwine to do now."—*Valdosta (Ga.) Telescope.*

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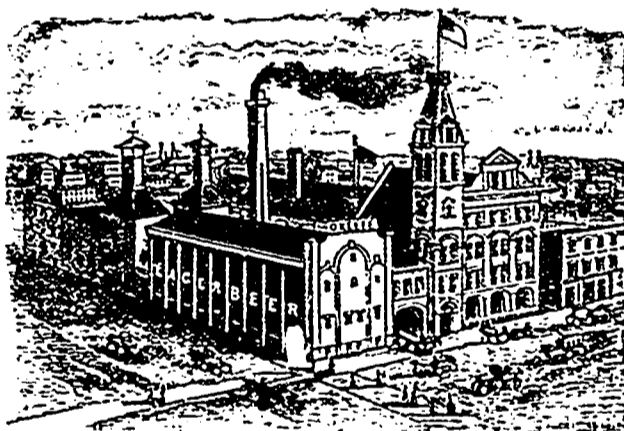
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## THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XVII.  
MACHINATIONS.

By the first of February the London residences were occupied by those who were to conduct England with honor, and in strict alliance with France, through the approaching war in the Crimea; and the quaint old drawing room in Downing Street now heard repeated the names, since become historical, of the royal and military heroes of that gallant and victorious, yet chequered campaign.

The short Easter holidays were passed by the family of the Marquis of Seaham at Richmond, whither he went from St. James's Square as often as possible. It had been an agreement, before the marriage of Lady Clara Chamberlayne to Sir Henry Moorland, that she should never cease to be mistress of her brother's house until one of three events should occur: the second marriage of the marquis, the sufficiently matured age of the Lady Violet, or the marriage and residence in England of the younger brother, Lord Claud Chamberlayne.

After Easter the Parliamentary season commenced in earnest. Richmond was relinquished in favor of James's Square, the hereditary residence of the Marquis. The Duke of Peterworth and family were in the same square, with the exception of the dowager duchess, who occupied the mansion assigned to the widows of that ducal house, in Stanhope Street, Mayfair.

The London residence of the Earls of Charleton had been sold to satisfy the creditors more than fifty years before, and a house had been bought to supply the loss in Carlton Gardens, to which the Earl came soon after Easter week, at the earnest entreaty of the Marquis of Seaham, that the venerable nobleman might be presented without delay by himself and the Duke of Peterworth to the house of Lords. Lord Charleton, who had been rather indisposed, would have postponed this public presentation for a few days, but his friend became so nervously irritable at the bare mention of delay, that the earl yielded, and was warmly greeted by his peers on the 20th April, 1854.

On their return from the house all three dined together, not at either of their homes, but at the Clarendon hotel, at the earnest request of the marquis, that no interruption might occur to the confidential and important topic he had to lay before his two friends. During the dinner, of which he scarcely partook, he became so abstracted, that on the duke asking him whether he patronized South African wines, he replied:

"I patronize such a complication of villainy! No, duke."

At which the duke, highly amused by this reply, at cross purposes, observed to Lord Charleton that they had better postpone any reference to the most noble marquis, until the privacy he sought for was more complete. This was soon effected by the withdrawal of the waiters, when the marquis, still absorbed by his one subject, exclaimed:

"Yes, I repeat it—complication of villainy! All this came to my knowledge during the last month I was in office for the colonies; not that I was made officially acquainted with the ultimate view this colonial personage had in coming to England, but I was applied to, as the head of the colonial department, to befriend and patronize this Mr. Gerard Woolton. Lord Charleton, are you aware that you have such a relation—a grandson of your precious uncle Gilbert, consequently a first cousin, once removed, to yourself, and, in the same way, second cousin to Stanmore. Are you aware of his existence?"

"Of his existence, yes, but of little further. Is he not contented to be one of the richest planters in Jamaica?"

"It appears not. He is getting up a formidable attack against the existence of a far better man than himself; not by means of poniard, pistol, or poisoned bowl, but by decision of the supreme court, that there exists no such person as Viscount Stanmore!"

"His exertions are useless," observed Lord Charleton; "every formality was fulfilled, every document most carefully preserved relating to the birth of my grandson."

"He does not pretend to deny the birth. He found, as you state, that documents existed too powerful to enable us to call in question the birth; but he pretends to have in his possession the still more powerful document of the death."

"The death!" exclaimed both auditors.

"Yes; he pretends that the nurse's infant that died at Dieppe, in Normandy, was, in truth, the little Arthur Dieudonne Bryce Woolton, Viscount Stanmore; and that, consequently, he, Gerard Woolton, is heir presumptive to the title and estates of the Earls of Charleton."

"Something more than mere assertion would be required for him to obtain even a patient hearing," said Lord Charleton, quietly.

"Can you remember the nurse?"

"Yes, perfectly well. It is only twenty-one years and a few months since I first saw her at Dover. Madame de Courtrai had met with her at Calais while awaiting the vessel to cross over to her daughter."

"Can you also remember her child?"

"Yes; I remember the infant. He was seven weeks older than my grandson, and might then have passed for his elder twin-brother, so great was the resemblance. A resemblance to be accounted for in the accidental likeness of the two young mothers."

"Mr. Gerard Woolton asserts that the Comtesse de Courtrai took advantage of this likeness between the two infants to substitute the living child of the nurse for your dead heir, after a most mysterious visit that the two ladies paid to the sea-side, without the nurse. What imprudent things women will do! Have you any recollection of this circumstance? for, on its truth rests the main hinge of Mr. Woolton's accusations. He has now in London this former nurse, once Sophie Bauvin, now Madame Pierre Boule, married a second time to a hotel-keeper at Versailles. He has either convinced or highly bribed this woman to be a terribly powerful witness in his favor. Have you any notes, memoranda, or letters that could be produced to nullify those accusations?"

"I have kept all the letters of my daughter-in-law," said Lord Charleton. "I will refer to the date of her residence at Versailles; for it must have been thence that the excursion was made to the sea side."

"Are these letters in England?"

"They are. But, my dear marquis, do not permit this attack to annoy you. All will be explained, and set at rest."

"Well, I hope so, but this Gerard Woolton is a clever man, and not scrupulous about bribes. There is a man brought over from Versailles who, it seems, lived as lady's footman with your daughter-in-law and her family, and accompanied the ladies to Dieppe; also a woman who was lady's maid at the time, and of this fatal party. They pretend, and of course will swear, to have overheard various sentences which will be all in favor of Mr. Woolton's assertion, that the child who died was the little heir."

"What were the overheard sentences?"

"Oh, mamma! that I should have lived to see this hour of woe. 'Calm yourself, my child,—leave it all to me,—I will arrange it all. Oh! I can

never face Sophie again, or let her see the child.' There are several more such sentences; but at this moment I can remember only these. I have seen a list of them, for the use of the advocates on their side. However, they cannot refuse in court for their witnesses to answer the interrogatories of the counsel for the defence, and he may probably insist on receiving all these expressions as the natural outpouring of a delicate and wounded honor, at having taken the child from its mother, to share in the benefit of the sea-air, and having then lost it. The sentences will quite bear this interpretation, as well as the other point I now remember,—the inconsolable weeping of Lady Stanmore over the dead child, and refusing to look even at the living one, until reproved by her mother."

"All that you have hitherto mentioned," observed the duke, "will bear the best interpretation."

"And all perfectly in keeping with the generous and impetuous character of my daughter-in-law," added Lord Charleton. "The least likely person I ever knew to lend herself to any deception; besides she was so young! When we had returned from Dover, and I consented to remain a few weeks at Versailles, I used to watch with pleasure the natural effect of time in restoring to Celeste the playfulness of her character. She and the peasant wet-nurse would play at hide and seek with the two infants, and I have occasionally been interrupted in my writing or reading with, 'Oh! permettez papa,' and one or other little bundle placed on my knees, or behind me in my chair, as a temporary hiding place. Ah! my poor little Celeste."

"I conclude," said the duke, "that you secure the first counsel on your side, and also look after a few useful swearers. The medical man, for instance, at Versailles, who recommended this trip to the sea, and still better, the medical practitioner at Dieppe."

"Your grace is right," said Lord Charleton; "I will send my own trusty valet, Julien, a native of France, to both those places, with written directions for himself alone."

"Yes, for himself alone," observed the marquis; "that is wise. We must at present seem to be doing nothing; above all, do not let anything transpire to Stanmore: he is to make his maiden speech on or about the 28th, 'On the importance of Peace with France.' He chose that from a variety of subjects I offered him. He will come off brilliantly."

"And solidly," added the duke. "Let us drink to his success, and when I will tell you my own experience of good swearing on the part of faithful servants." After a short pause, he resumed—"My step-mother, whom I call 'mother'—for I have always felt her to be such—was also, indeed, primarily my effective friend during a most trying twelvemonth of my younger life. She became my father's second wife when I was three years old; my sisters were then aged four, seven, and nine. Poor Augusta died unmarried; she was the youngest. The present duchess dowager was first cousin to my father, and in case of my death, the whole affair would go to her own brother, Lord Dartfort, and to his son. I mention this to show that flesh and blood did not move her fidelity to me. My own mother had declared, on her death-bed, in presence of this cousin, and of several female servants, that I was not the son of the duke, her husband." Lord Charleton gave a suppressed cry of horror. "Well, my lord, the hired nurse reported this death-bed declaration. It was not to be denied. Five persons heard it; the nurse more than once. I alone never knew the report. Lord Dartfort made no move. All seemed to die off, when my father's death induced the Dartfort family to begin a private amicable

arrangement. I was then twelve years old. I was taking a lesson in painting, when the lawyer, on the Dartfort side, broke the news to me. I felt so stunned and bewildered, that I went on painting. My master had retired; the lawyer, after saying some civil things, also withdrew. My step-mother came to me, and exclaimed—"Oh! George, are you caring more for your painting than for all that is hanging over you? I replied—'No, mamma, but I shall still go on painting; for if I am duke, it will always be an agreeable pastime, and if I am no duke, I will be an artist.' This private arbitration was closed in my favor, owing to the irrefragable life of my mother, to her having always retained about her person the same female servants, who could vouch for every hour of her married life, and from the zeal and intelligence of the present duchess, in giving the best solution to the extraordinary turn of the delirium under which my mother had pronounced such a decree against me. Among the prayer-books constantly on the sick-bed, the present dowager had found a little book of fairy tales that must have been left by one of the children at a visit from the nursery. In this collection there was a tale of a prince, brought up by a certain duke as his son, the which prince, assisted by a fairy, goes in the end to reign over his own principality, having married the daughter of the duke. In my mother's mind I had become identified with the prince of the story. My wise step-mother had kept this book locked up with a memorandum of several things uttered by my mother; amongst the rest, 'Does he not look like a prince?' These were produced by her, and obtained the sentence in my favor."

"These investigations to clear the innocent are most deeply interesting," observed Lord Charleton. "Well done, Emma."

"So much so," continued the duke, "that I have sat up whole nights reading the collections of 'Proofs of Innocence,' after circumstantial evidence had gone against the victims of a false suspicion. As I had nearly been one of those victims myself, I felt bound to give all the support in my power in the upper house to do away altogether with the capital punishment, which was then a question before parliament. These collections had been made in support of the question, and were most powerful in aiding the good cause; I will now do all in my power for young Stanmore."

"Thank you, my lord duke, for this promise, and for your personal narrative. My own first proceedings must be to send to Woolton Court for my private letters, and to dispatch my faithful Julien to France."

CHAPTER XVIII.  
A STYEN.

The unconscious Arthur was enjoying himself extremely during the early part of the London season, among the friends of the Duchess of Peterworth and of the Chamberlayne family, who had become his. He particularly liked the youngest daughter, or rather step-daughter, of the duchess, the Lady Emily Whyne, and accepted with pleasure an invitation to her house, on the night following the revelations made to Lord Charleton. The ball of Lady Emily's was preceded by a dinner at the Duchess of Peterworth's, consisting of those young persons who are likely to enjoy that species of festivity. One or two mammas, or grandmammas, completed the staff of chaperons. All the young couples started for the ball, fully engaged among themselves, and our hero, involved in happiness three deep. These triple engagements did not prevent him, however, from becoming extremely interested in a certain young person, who, first as vis-a-vis, then placed at the side next him in the quadri'es, recalled to him most forcibly the sunny south. Perhaps she was in him reminded of the same; for certain glances quickly withdrawn,





LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., May 25th, 1894.

Parliament has resumed work after its brief holiday, and last night—if I may be pardoned the bull—was the first field day after the recess. The decisive majority secured by the Government has put them in high mettle, and they announce their intention of forcing matters for the remainder of the session. There were some amusing incidents during the sitting. One of them had its origin in the goring of Mr. Auston Chamberlain by a bull at Highbury. Mr. Storey had been accused of breaking his pair in the division on May 10th, and in the course of a personal explanation he was interrupted by one of the Orange members who inquired if the House could be informed of the nationality of the bull. This clumsy attempt at wit fell as flatly on the House as its stupidity deserved. No one laughed, and the oppressive silence remained unbroken till the irrepressible Dr. Tanner suggested that it might have been Jesse's cow.

The next item in the miscellaneous programme was a bill introduced by Mr. John Morley to amend the Irish Education Act of 1892, and here again we had a touch of burlesque which went perilously near to the tragical. The Irish members are not at all satisfied with the treatment of the Christian Brother's Schools. There is no divergence of opinion in the Irish ranks on this subject, but Mr. Healy was ill-advised enough to challenge a division of the first reading of a Bill which only indirectly effects the Christian Brothers. As soon as the Tories realised that there was a split between the Government and a section of the Irish Party they rushed off hoping that thereby the Government might be placed in a minority. Mr. Justin McCarthy saw the danger of the situation, and he appealed to Mr. Healy not to force a division—a request with which he reluctantly complied, to the great chagrin of the Tories and Redmondites.

I understand that the reports which have been floating about for some time that the Healyite party are about to add another to the daily newspapers of Dublin have now taken definite shape. A "distinguished member" of the Radical party, stated in some circles to be Mr. Labouchere, is said to have advanced the necessary capital.

We were all much surprised to learn this morning that the operation on Mr. Gladstone's eye had actually been performed, and much relieved to learn that it had resulted satisfactorily, and that the ex Premier is in good health and spirits. Dr. Nettleship's examination of the eye which immediately followed the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Carlton House Gardens, suggested that an early operation was probable, but no hint was given that it would take place so soon. Therefore the news of the morning came upon London as quite a surprise.

The course of events on the Continent during the next week or so will merit more than ordinary attention. In addition to the *coup d'etat* in Serbia, the importance of which can scarcely be exaggerated. Much interest attaches to the political crisis in Hungary and France. The situation in all three countries is undoubtedly serious, not only for the populations primarily affected, but also, in a greater or less degree, for their respective neighbours. All concerned in the maintenance of concord and the stability of the *status quo* cannot fail to recognize the dangers which lurk in a continuance of the present unsettled condition of things—dangers which would be most perilous were it not for the expressed, and, we believe, sincere, desire of rulers and peoples alike to avoid any action likely to endanger International peace.

A curious scene was witnessed in the House of Commons the other afternoon. Two ladies having escaped from their attendant M.P., or possibly the M.P. had escaped from his fair friends, waded through the open door into the Chamber itself, and began to survey the mysteries of debate. The paucity of the members present possibly gave them courage, for they began to advance straight in the direction of the Speaker, whom they probably thought, boxed up in his pulpit, an object of extra interest. After the position had been taken in by Mr. Peel, he recalled the janitor to his senses by the exclamation of "order, order," and the ladies were somewhat hastily asked to leave. Possibly they were choosing the seats they would like to occupy when they enter Parliament themselves, at any rate, they exhibited much greater *savoir faire* than the gentleman who "hustled" them into the Lobby.

Sad and untimely as it was, there was something very characteristic about the manner of Mr. Yates' death. At one period of his career one of the most distinguished personages of literary London, honoured as the friend of Dickens, the confidant of Antony Trollope, and the associate of Thackeray, Mr. Yates was justly looked upon by the younger school of writers as a link binding them to a former generation. But he was himself more proud of the title of journalist than that of *litterateur*. "A journalist I have lived, and a journalist I shall die," was his not unfrequent exclamation; and certainly as regards the manner of his death the prophecy was amply fulfilled. He died a journalist, and, as so many of his craft do, in harness, and it is pre-eminently as a journalist that his contemporaries will lament his loss and revere his memory. Mr. Edmund Yates cannot be said to have been a great man either in the world of letters or in Society, but he performed during his busy and eventful career much work which entitled him to be regarded as one of the most notable figures of the age. His novels were neither few nor mediocre, he was at times a brilliant newspaper writer, his name was not unknown in lighter dramatic literature, but it is chiefly as the type, and, as some claim, the pioneer, of new developments in journalism that his name will live. As the pioneer of the paragraph, which has done much to relieve the pomposities of the old style newspaper and the acclimatizer of the interview, which supplied "a long-felt want," especially to the interviewed Mr. Yates has done yeoman service to the Press, and if for no other reason, certainly for this fully merits the posthumous honours which have recently been paid him.

Three or four days of winter suddenly made its appearance in the lap of May, and the experience in most parts of the country during this week was as disagreeable as it was unusual. There was an eager and a nipping air accompanied by driving showers of hale and snow. In parts the snow lay to a depth of three or four inches and strawberries, potatoes and other early garden produce have been irretrievably ruined.

Mr. P. M. Walsh, V. S., has been appointed Veterinary Inspector to the Manorhamilton Union.

Some one observes that the day is lost on which we do not share another's sorrows. But why not his joys? Why should there forever be this assumption of infelicities?

Fear not. You are walking upon the sea, amid the winds and the waves, but it is with Jesus. If fear seizes you cry loudly, "Lord save me!" He will stretch forth His hand to you, clasp it firmly and go joyfully on.

Our human sympathies, or that fellow-feeling, the touch of which makes all men kin, and the pride of association in a sacred cause, produce the warmest impulses of the heart arouse all the chivalry of our nature.

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A Bright Lad,

Two years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

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— CORNER — YONGE AND COLBORNE STS. TORONTO.

Capital, - - - - \$1,000,000 Guaranteed and Reserve Funds, \$325,000

Hon. Ed. Blake, Q. C., LL.D., President. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., John Hoskin, Q. C., LL.D., Vice-Pres'ts.

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc., and for the faithful performance of all such duties its capital and surplus are liable.

ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSURED IN THE COMPANY'S BOOKS IN THE NAMES OF THE ESTATES OR TRUSTS TO WHICH THEY BELONG, AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

The protection of the Company's vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

SAFES IN THEIR BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

The services of Solicitors who bring estates or business to the Company are retained. All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

J. W. LANCMUIR, MANAGER.

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

|                     | Close          | Due                 |
|---------------------|----------------|---------------------|
|                     | a.m. p.m.      | a.m. p.m.           |
| G. T. R. East       | 8.00 7.40      | 7.15 10.40          |
| O. and Q. Railway   | 7.45 8.00      | 7.35 7.40           |
| 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      | 10.55 8.50          |
| Midland             | 7.00 3.35      | 12.30pm 9.30        |
| O. V. R.            | 7.00 3.00      | 12.15pm 8.50        |
| G. W. R.            | a.m. p.m. noon | a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00 |
|                     |                | 2.00 7.30           |
|                     | 6.30 4.00      | 10.30 8.20          |
|                     |                | 10.00               |
| U. S. N. Y.         | 6.30 12.00     | 9.00 5.45           |
|                     |                | 4.00 10.30 11pm     |
| U. S. West'n States | 6.30 12 n.     | 9.00 8.20           |
|                     |                | 10.30               |

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m. on Wednesdays at noon 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 June: 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

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

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

WESTERN Assurance Company.

INCORPORATED 1851.

CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000.

Fire and Marine.

Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT: A. M. SMITH, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. Cox, Esq. DIRECTORS: Hon. S. C. Wood, W. R. Brock, Esq. Geo. McMurrich, Esq. A. T. Fulton, Esq. H. N. Baird, Esq. Robert Deary, Esq. J. J. ERNNY, Managing Director

SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, O'Leary, Hoskin and Creelma. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation. On cargo Risks with the Maritime Provinces, by rail or steam. On Carriages by steamer to British Ports.

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS,

10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

MEMORIAL STAINED GLASS WINDOWS N. T. LYON, TORONTO