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ROYALTY AT LORETTO CONVENT, NIAGARA

The Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York spent Sunday at Niagara. They went sight-seeking until 6 o'clock. At Cedar Island the party detained and climbed the hill, which was about a quarter of a mile to Loretto Convent, situated at the top of the escarpment overlooking the mighty cataract.

His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto, who was present, accompanied by Vicar-General McCann of Toronto, Rev. D. Best, O. C. C. Prior of Carmelite Monastery, Falls View; Rev. Father Otto Wiedemann, O.C.C., and Father Benedict O'Neil of Niagara, Ont., all greeted the royal visitors at the portals of the convent. Inside His Grace presented Rev. Mother Superior and the Community of Loretto.

Immediately afterwards three young ladies stepped forward, Miss Irene O'Connor of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., and Miss Frances Lemesurier of Niagara Falls, Ont., each presenting the Duchess with a large bouquet of white roses and maple leaves, and Miss Prudence Van-de-Poelc of Lynn, Mass., presenting the royal couple with a portfolio, containing views of the convent and surrounding scenery.

The Duke graciously thanked the young ladies, and immediately 80 pupils, dressed in white, wearing white roses and maple leaves, seated in tiers on either side of the Reception Hall, sang "God Save the King," accompanied by pianists and violinists. After a few minutes' conversation the royal party were escorted to the luncheon-rooms. The tables were decorated with roses, smilax and maiden-hair ferns. The party, after luncheon, visited the various parts of the Academy. Their Royal Highnesses climbed up the stairs to the cupola, to enjoy the unsurpassed scenery of Niagara's cataract and river, also the beautiful surrounding country, and the woods, tinted in their royal colors.

While viewing the scenery from this elevated point the royal couple received quite an ovation from the crowd of spectators, who, notwithstanding the entirely private nature of the visit, had assembled by the hundreds, no doubt with the hope of catching a glimpse of the heir apparent and the Duchess.

When the party returned to the reception rooms the pupils again greeted them with a glorious burst of songs. "Ave Maria Loretto," the class song of the Academy, was the selection now rendered. This number seemed specially to please Their Royal Highnesses, who asked to have it repeated a second and then a third time.

The little ones of the academy had expressed a desire to send some souvenirs, and the children brought canoes, etc., to the children.

of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York. When their wish was made known to the Duchess she was much pleased, and graciously accepted the proffered gifts, and gave the address to which they were to be sent.

The royal party expressed the entire satisfaction of their visit at the academy, and were highly pleased with the simplicity and homelike atmosphere that pervaded the institution. Lord Minto remarked that the ladies of Loretto had made a little home for the royal party on their visit to the Falls.

The academy was appropriately decorated in the royal colors, and the balconies were draped and festooned with bunting and royal and Canadian flags. In the interior decorations, roses and maple leaves predominated.

When the royal party were viewing the scenery from the cupola they asked the direction of Buffalo, and when told, they viewed with seeming interest the top pinnacles of the Pan-American buildings and tower, which were quite discernible by the aid of glasses.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

The visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall to Loretto Convent on Sunday was one of the most agreeable features of their stay in the Niagara Peninsula. The royal party honored Archbishop O'Connor and Rev. D. F. Best, prior of the Carmelite Monastery, which is situated near the convent, by inviting them to join them in the luncheon partaken of in the convent, and both of these reverend gentlemen had long conversations with Their Royal Highnesses, who spoke in the highest terms of the very kind receptions given them everywhere in Canada. The Duke mentioned specially his appreciation of the handsome decorations and displays in his honor on the beautiful new Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers, and said that his visit there was one of the most pleasant and enjoyable events in his Canadian tour.

An amusing incident occurred as the party were leaving the grounds. A little girl broke through the crowd and the guards around the Duke and Duchess, and insisted upon being allowed to speak to the Duchess. Her Royal Highness, who is noted for the pleasant and kind disposition and manner, greeted the little one very graciously.

The day was a lovely one, and was well calculated to show Their Royal Highnesses our beautiful autumn season at its best. The view of the Falls and the surrounding country is a most charming one from the convent windows and tower. The sun shimmering on the fascinating cataract, the fine perspective of the river stretching up towards Chippewa, the charming autumn tints of the densely wooded country all about, the enthusiastic crowds of people anxious for a glimpse of a couple, now growing very familiar and dear to the people of Canada, all these things combined to make up a picture which could not fail to make glad and happy the hearts of the royal couple; and, judging by their happy appearance and the many expressions of thanks which they tendered to the kind and thoughtful hostesses, the good Ladies of Loretto, the Duke and Duchess were more than pleased with the visit. The Sisters had left nothing undone to make the occasion in every way worthy of the distinguished guests.

A PRIEST'S FUNERAL

Ottawa, Oct. 10. — The remains of the late Rev. Father William B. Wlelan, formerly curate of St. Joseph's Church, who died Tuesday, were interred this morning in the Oblates' seminary, Ottawa East, the funeral taking place from St. Joseph's Church. The body was last night removed from Ottawa University to the church and was escorted in procession by the students of Ottawa University. Six priests acted as pall bearers. Requiem Mass was chanted this morning by Rev. Father J. Wlelan, of New Westminster, B. C., brother of the dead clergyman. Rev. Father Cornell acted as deacon, and Rev. Father Kerwin as sub-deacon. Archbishop Duhamel pronounced the Absolution. The priests and the students of Ottawa University and the students of the Juniorate were present, as were a number of members of St. Joseph's parish. Among the clergymen in attendance were: Rev. Father Tatin, of Paris, France, visitor of the Oblates; Rev. Father Jodoin, of Montreal, provincial of the Oblates; Rev. Canon McCarthy, of St. Bridget's Church; Rev. Father Fitzgerald, curate of St. Patrick's Church; and representatives of the Dominicans and Capuchins.

Catholic Newspapers

Australian exchanges just to hand give us the full report of Cardinal Moran's address to the members of the Holy Catholic Guild. His Eminence, in urging on his hearers to fulfill the various duties which modern Catholic life imposes, said: "And, speaking of Catholic literature, I would say, be sure and read a Catholic newspaper. In its columns you will find the true facts in connection with our Holy Church, faithful reports of Catholic events, and Catholic movements among us, and all the information you will need regarding the home countries. Again I would say, be sure you take a Catholic newspaper, be sure you read it, and be sure you pay for it. We live in material times, newspapers require material aid, and sometimes we expect too much from Catholic papers, even while forgetting to aid them." His Eminence's words are not without point for this country. Catholics, who are not unwilling to gird at their own newspapers, and who severely criticize them for any slight error into which they may fall, have no feeling of opposition for the mistakes which are committed, or the insults which are offered by secular journals against our Faith or its officials. They easily tolerate in the latter what they condemn in the former. This is not only unfair, but unwise. It tends to cripple Catholic newspapers. The best way to secure a good religious press is to help it by contributions, by friendly interest, and, above all, by recommending it to friends. No Catholic home should be without a Catholic paper. — Catholic Times.

A DAY WITH THE POPE

Rome, Sept. 21. — There is no personality in the world to-day which touches the imagination and arouses curiosity as does that of the Pope; not the Czar of Russia nor the Shah of Persia nor the King of Siam is surrounded with such fascination and mystery, drawing the notice of all, and the reverence of millions, to himself. This peculiar figure is in many ways unique in his habits and surroundings. He lives in the largest palace in the world, which contains art treasures of untold value; his everyday life has for twenty-three years been bounded by a few square yards of land — what is contained in a "paved garden" — and he is the only sovereign without possessions yielding immense power without temporal support of an kind. And the man himself? A shrunken, bowed, small person, one would say, although as a young man he was above the average in stature, with deep, penetrating eyes, a benevolent air, and an inscrutable smile ever coming and going. Such is the occupant of the Chair of St. Peter at the present moment. Always dressed in white from head to foot, he moves like a wraith among his gorgeous hued court, from the cardinals in scarlet to the Swiss Guard in parti-colored uniforms, the bishops in purple and his servants in red. In the winter he walks but little, being carried constantly in his sedan chair by four able-bodied men; but in summer he turns like a sunflower to the sun and leads an entirely different life, being in the garden from early morning to sundown. During the hot months permits to enter the garden are so rare as to be something of a curiosity, but one morning, after one need not say what pressure, the writer received a pass from a friend to enter the forbidden land, as His Holiness had announced his intention of not going out that day. As one stepped through the large iron gates he felt that he was leaving the world and reality behind and entering an enchanted region, not because of its actual beauty, but from the atmosphere of mystery which wraps its solitary occupant. The Pontiff is always gently driven from the Vatican to his so-called "summer house" in a closed carriage, accompanied by one of his private secretaries and escorted by six or more of the Noble Guard. Arrived at what is half tower, half villa, he moves at once to a veritable seat under the trees, and there converses almost familiarly with those who gradually gather about him, as this man of commanding intellect and vast responsibility seeks relaxation from the cares of state in hearing the news of the palace and the chat of Rome, on one condition, that it is never malicious, and what he likes better, impartial; but that, of course, it can hardly be. Many people have wondered and speculated at the instant liking he took to Prof. Mazzoni, who performed the operation two years ago, good patriot, Liberal and monarchist as he is; but the explanation is simple to a degree. The Pope speaks almost exclusively with persons of his own party, who see life and events all through the same spectacles, while the professor's are of a totally different color, and he delights in lending them to his august patient. Although the latter is often huffed at opinions expressed, he goes ever back to the same source, "with great benefit to myself," he once said. After the rest under the trees there is a regular daily round, more or less prolonged, but always in the same rotation. Next far is the park where the deer are kept. The pretty creatures come to him as a Jubilee gift, and are now such pots that each goes fearlessly to him, responding as he calls its name, and eating from his hand. "They are about the only pets I have," he said, one day. "I have had no dog since my young days in my father's vineyard, and the death of the creature cost me so many tears (I was only ten) that I have never had another." Last winter one of the deer died from cold, and it was as if the Pontiff had lost an intimate friend. Further on one comes to an enclosure, which to ordinary eyes seems like any other, kept with perhaps a little more care. But that this is a mistake one glance at the Pope's face is enough to establish. With eyes bright with pleasure and eager expression of face, he presses forward, opening the gate himself with a private key. Immediately two gardeners come forward, cap in hand, and kneel reverently at his feet. Imagine the benevolent white figure in the act of blessing the kneeling men in bright peasant costume, encircled by the brilliant suite of officers and prelates, backed by the green of the trees, and towering above, the grim palace of the Vatican, the whole gilded by the flaming sun of Italy. This particular enclosure contains grapevines planted by the Pope and cultivated exclusively according to his theories, which are much more modern than those held in most parts of the peninsula. So far they have yielded no fruit, but their proud possessor declares, with a twinkle in his eye that it will be one of the happiest days of his old age when he eats his own grapes and drinks his own wine at his own table. A halt is now called and a return made to the summer palace for audiences and such unavoidable state business as must be done from day to day. The Papal summer afternoons are still more placid. After dinner and the siesta, Leo XIII. goes to the adjoining coffee house, where Papal etiquette does not deny him the pleasure of offering a cup of coffee to those about him, and here he often dismisses all, and left alone in the lazy heat of a Roman day, composes some of those sweeter Latin poems for which he is famous. Later, in the cool of the declining day, another hook of the vast garden is visited, either on foot or in his sedan chair. That is the flower garden, where roses grow in profusion and sweet perfumes make the air almost too heavy. Blossoms meet him on every side, but, although he often touches them and remarks on their individual beauty, he never plucks one, this being one of his characteristics, carried to such lengths that the gardeners have to remove faded or fallen flowers, as it were, by stealth, as it seems to give him positive pain to see one gathered.

ARCHBISHOP O'CONNOR AT THOROLD

The Thorold Post of Oct. 12 says: Friday last the Catholic Church was the scene of a most impressive ceremony, viz.: the administration of the Sacrament of Confirmation to a large class of candidates by His Grace Archbishop O'Connor of Toronto. Among a number of visiting priests in the sanctuary we noted Rev. Father Best, Falls View; Otto, Niagara Falls; Murphy, Niagara-on-the-Lake; Allain and Dean Morris, St. Catharines; Smith, Merrittton; Finigan, Grimsby, McCall, Fort Erie, and Trayling of Port Colborne. At 9 o'clock, mass was celebrated by Father Finigan, after which His Grace proceeded to catechize the candidates, who gave evidence of a very careful preparation by their ready answers. After putting the class through a rigid examination, during which he brought out with great distinction the principal features of the Catholic faith, His Grace, attended by Rev. Fathers Sullivan, Smyth and McCall, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, and afterwards administered to the boys the pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicants until they were 21 years of age. Following this, His Grace delivered a most interesting and instructive address on confirmation. The singing of the junior choir under the Sisters of St. Joseph was appropriate and excellent, as usual. Saturday morning His Grace, attended by Rev. Fathers Sullivan, Trayling and McCall, visited the mission at Port Robinson, which is attached to the parish of Thorold, where a number of candidates were awaiting Confirmation. The church, which was crowded to the doors, had been thoroughly overhauled, and now presents a most comfortable interior. Upon arrival, His Grace proceeded with the ceremony of blessing the church, after which High Mass was sung by Rev. Father McCall, the music being supplied by the senior choir from Thorold. After mass, the Archbishop as at Thorold, put the class through a searching examination, and after complimenting them upon their ready answers administered the Sacrament of Confirmation, and in beautiful words addressed them and the congregation upon the duties of the Christian to his God, to his neighbor, and to himself. His address was listened to with wrapt attention, and will be long remembered by the crowded congregation. At its close all knelt reverently while His Grace gave them his blessing. The proceedings were brought to a close by Gounod's anthem, "Praise ye the father," excellently rendered by the choir. After the ceremonies many of the congregation had the pleasure of meeting His Grace, and enjoyed a few moments of cordial conversation with him. This, being the first visit of the Archbishop to Port, will be a memorable event in its history.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC

"Innominato," writing in The New York Sun from Rome, says: The Republic of San Marino has just celebrated the sixteenth century of its establishment on the precipitous heights of Monte Titano, above Rimini and Urbino. The republic has a right to be proud of its founder and of its history. This political Mt. Tabor has preserved its privileges and its independence through the fusion of patriotism with the Church. Even Carducci, the poet of Satan, has sung it. "On the Monte Titano religious feeling is joined to love of liberty, the worship of holiness is one with the worship of the Creator and founder of the republic. The fusion of Christianity and politics brings about the unity of religion and country; religion becomes the lever of the State, just as the State is the product of religion." Marino, the Romulus of this microscopic Rome, was, according to the Bollandist fathers, a wise, pious and industrious mechanic. Driven from the Island of Arba on the Dalmatian coast at the time of Diocletian's persecution, he landed at Rimini to work in the harbor works. He climbed the Titano peak from Rimini in search of building stone. There he undertook to convert the wild men of the mountains. He preached the Gospel, advised the division of property and the lover of the poor. He joined to ardent faith the gift of healing. Felicissima, a rich matron of Rimini, was cured by the workingman, and gave him the mountain Titano, which was her property. At the top of the peak he set up an immense cross, the symbol of peace, love and justice; at the foot he built a chapel in the name of St. Peter.

Around these monuments a people of shepherds and free peasants gathered, eager to throw off the yoke of the "publicans" of Rome. Having become a deacon and a priest, Marino built the fortress. To the new Republic he gave a Constitution at once very Christian and very democratic, based on liberty and equality. He was present at the Council of Rimini and died in the year 366. The people turned Marino into a saint. San Marino became soon the palladium of the republic, the eponymous hero of its independence. His tomb was transformed into a sanctuary. The Church of San Marino came to mean the same thing as the political Government. San Marino, trusting to a charter of its founder, "Relinquo vos liberis ab utroque homine," "I leave you free from every man," has managed to maintain its independence and its prosperity against all conquerors and all envious neighbors. San Marino is a living example. Its existence demonstrates against all the dogmatists of the "Risorgimento" the possibility of the coexistence of a republic with the national unity.

AN IRISH MEMBER ARRESTED

London, Oct. 14.—John O'Donnell (Nationalist) attempted to address his constituents to-day in Kilmarnock, County of Mayo, the scene of recent evictions. He was dragged off the platform several times by the police, and finally, after a fierce struggle, was taken to the barracks. One hundred and fifty police were present at the meeting. The crowd hurled stones, and several persons were injured. John O'Donnell is a young tenant farmer and a protege of William O'Brien, M. P. He is secretary of the United Irish League and was first returned to the House of Commons for South Mayo in February, 1900, defeating Major McBride and succeeding Michael Davitt.

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The CATHOLIC CHRONICLE...

DEVOTED TO FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND BISHOPRIC OF NOTTINGHAM.

It was rumored in London Catholic circles that His Holiness the Pope will offer the Bishopric of Nottingham, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Bagshawe, to the Right Rev. Dr. Brindle, D. S. O., auxiliary bishop to His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.

THE PONTIFICAL JUBILEE.

Preparations are being made in London to celebrate, in conjunction with Catholics in other parts of the world, the Pontifical Jubilee of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. A representative pilgrimage of English Catholics, led, in all probability, by Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk, will visit Rome to congratulate the Sovereign Pontiff upon attaining the silver jubilee of his pontificate. The Catholic children of this country will also present the Pope with an elaborately illuminated album, in which will be inscribed the names of donors.

IRELAND

THE LATE ABBE HOGAN OF ST. SULPICE.

The Freeman's Journal, in announcing the death of the late Very Rev. Dr. Hogan, says: Many Irish priests and a large circle of friends will learn with the deepest regret the death of this distinguished Irish ecclesiastic, which took place at St. Sulpice, Paris, on Sunday last. For a great number of years Dr. Hogan maintained in France and in America the best traditions of the Irish Church, uniting in his person those national characteristics of learning and sanctity which won for him the respect and veneration of the clergy for whom he lived and labored in both countries. Dr. Hogan was born at Coolreagh in the County Clare, in the year 1829. He left Ireland while still a boy and went to live with some relatives in the South of France. There he studied classics and mathematics, and in due course entered the seminary of Bordeaux with the intention of becoming a priest. At the end of a distinguished course he joined the Sulpician Fathers, under whom he himself had been trained. The opinion entertained of his abilities by the superiors of his Order was marked at the outset by his appointment to one of the most important posts in the French Church, that of Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Sulpice. When M. Carriere, the famous theologian, became Superior-General of his Order, he appointed Dr. Hogan to the chair of Moral Theology, which he himself had just vacated, and which he regarded as the position which made the greatest demand on the qualities of penetration and sound judgment for which his colleague was remarkable. For upwards of thirty years Dr. Hogan taught the Divine Science of Theology to the clergy of France, as well as to the rare students who came to St. Sulpice from England, Ireland, Scotland, the United States and various countries in the East. He was a most interesting professor, a man of very varied knowledge and wide culture. He possessed the gift of interesting his students in their work to a degree that was quite rare. Many of them became deeply attached to their master, and there was scarcely a priest in France who had so many personal friends among the bishops and clergy. This attachment was greatly strengthened during the Prussian siege and the Commune, when Dr. Hogan stuck with great courage to his post. He was three times arrested during the Commune, and conveyed with several of his colleagues to Mazas Prison. Twice he was released by the interference of Lord Cowley, then British Ambassador in Paris. The third time he was taken by the Communards as an inconvenient personage, and sent out of Paris. On his return two days afterwards Archbishop Darboy and thirty or forty of his priests were shot. But what grieved Dr. Hogan most was the murder by the insurgents of one of his students, Paul Seigneret, an inoffensive youth, whose only crime was that he wore the soutane.

Dr. Hogan frequently visited Mgr. Darboy and the other hostages in prison, and several times faced the enemy in their own stronghold. He wore his clerical dress all through, and when threatened that he would be shot if he did not leave Paris he calmly replied that they could take his life if they were mean enough to do so, but that a man's life can be taken only once. He succeeded in saving a good deal of the valuable property of the College, having had on one occasion thousands of pounds worth of bonds and notes in his pocket whilst he accompanied Coeurdoux, the Communist chief, who made a search for documents and money all through the College. When Dr. Hogan left Paris for the United States in 1884 he received an address from the clergy of Paris, headed by the late Mgr. d'Hulst, bearing testimony to the affection and gratitude of his pupils. Since then he had been President of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Boston, with the exception of a few years that he spent as President of the Divinity College at Washington University. He was well known in the United States, for during his summer holidays he gave retreats to the clergy in a great number of the American cities. Last winter he was taken seriously ill, and after struggling with illness for several months he recovered sufficiently to be able to return and see his friends in Ireland. Quite recently he set out for Paris, and there at St. Sulpice, where he had spent the best years of his life, he died on Sunday last. During his life in Paris as a Professor Dr. Hogan was much consulted by priests and bishops, and even by lawyers and publicists, on intricate questions of morals. So much was this the case that he devoted all his spare time to the work which it involved, and gave up all idea of writing anything himself. Since he went to America, however, he had more leisure, and published a few very practical volumes on matters of ecclesiastical interest. His work on "Clerical Studies" has been widely read, and is well known in Ireland. Though away from Ireland all his life, Dr. Hogan cherished the deepest affection for his native land, and sympathized with every effort that was made to lift her from poverty and oppression. John Mitchell has recorded in more than one of his letters the warm welcome that he always received at St. Sulpice from his countrymen there while he was in exile in Paris. The late J. P. Leonard was his intimate friend. Many Irish visitors to Paris called to see him, and he was always ready to do them any service in his power. In France and America, where he spent his life, his loss is sure to be deeply mourned, but it will also be felt in the land of his birth, not only in the domestic circle, where he is sure to be missed by many friends, but personally, or who know him personally, or who know him splendidly he maintained in foreign lands the reputation of the Irish clergy. Dr. Hogan was, we believe, a near relative of Dr. Hogan of Maynooth, and of Rev. D. Hogan C. C. Kilkee.

FRANCE.

THE CONGREGATIONS.

So far as is known at present, twenty-seven Orders and Congregations of men and two hundred of women have applied to the French Government for leave to remain. Among the principal are the Trappists, the Dominicans, the Oratorians, the Franciscans, the Marist Fathers and Brothers, and some Benedictines. It is fully expected that owing to the intervention of the Bishop of Grenoble, already alluded to in these columns, the Monks of the Grand Chartreuse, or some of them, will also apply for authorization. The Associations Bill will again be attacked by the Conservatives when the Parliament opens towards the end of October. While these attacks are being planned, the religious continue to depart. The Fathers of La Salette are establishing their chief house at Tournay, in Belgium; the Benedictines of Marseilles are leaving for San Remo and the Valley of Aosta; Carmelite Nuns are leaving several French towns for places in Belgium and Holland, and the Jesuits are fast disappearing from their numerous establishments all over France. The Benedictine Monks of Auteuil, outside Paris, are much to be pitied. They opened their Priory only three years back, and now they have to go. The Prior, Dom Antonio du Bourg, is supposed to be held in special hatred by the enemies of the Order, as he is a Royalist, a noble, and a former cavalry officer. He joined the Benedictines on the death of his wife. It was he who was among the heads of Religious Orders approached by Madame Dreyfus-Gonzales, a wealthy ex-Jewess, now a Catholic, who tried to effect a compromise between the Government and the Congregations. This she did, however, in a very diplomatic manner, so that her efforts, however laudable, were futile. She reproached Dom du Bourg with having been among those who opposed the campaign in favor of Captain Dreyfus. The Prior of the Benedictines replied that he was a patriotic Frenchman, and that he respected the army in which he had served. After that it is said that he was a marked man with the Government. On Saturday last took place at Lyons the exhumation of the remains of Mgr. Franzoni, the Archbishop of Turin, who in 1850 was banished by the Sardinian Government for having defended the rights of the Church. The Prelate sought refuge in Lyons, like Pope Pascal II., St. Anselm and St. Thomas of

Canterbury of old. He died there in 1862, and was buried in the Church of St. John. The present Cardinal Archbishop of Turin applied for the return of the remains of Mgr. Franzoni and the application was granted. The celebrant of the Pontifical Mass at the ceremony was the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons, and the Archbishop of Chambéry, assisted by three Bishops, officiated at the disinterment of the body, which was subsequently handed over to the delegates from Turin.

UNITED STATES

FORTY CURED BY MIRACLES.

(From The New York Sun.) In The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament, published monthly by the fathers of the Blessed Sacrament, who are now in charge of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste in East Seventy-sixth street are given this month the names, addresses and ailments of forty persons who have declared themselves cured through the efficacy of the relic of St. Anne, which is enshrined in the church. Besides these it is asserted that numerous other cures are known to the fathers.

(Here follows the list of forty names, with age, residence and ailment cured.) "It is but natural," says the writer, "that any assertion of the miraculous should arouse comment and skepticism. The reporters of the daily journals treated the matter with respect and fairness, having had access to the crypt at all hours and been given every opportunity of investigating the cures. Much controversy was excited and the correspondents of The New York Sun in particular discussed the matter unfavorably. But scarcely one claims to have visited the shrine.

"Ten cures have taken place since the novena. "One correspondent is at a loss to understand how the enlightened clergy of the Catholic Church can countenance such a thing" and then goes to extremes and grumbles because the Lord did not heal everybody.

"Let us now consider the matter of the cures, which are either delusive and temporary, or truly miraculous, and as such must compel our belief and reverence. It is a serious matter and should be carefully investigated, lest on one hand we yield to delusion, or on the other, overlook God's own merciful designs. "We are too apt to forget in this age of material views that the gift of miracles is an acknowledged and precious gift of our Lord to the one true Church, a proof of her divine mission and supernatural life."

"The gift of miracles has waited upon the Church in every age and clime. The saints of God still mark their passage through life by the marvel God works through their hands, nor may they be raised to the altars of the Church without such supernatural evidences of sanctity.

"Are we more enlightened than those upon whom fell directly the radiance of the light of the world? And shall these God-given graces stop short at the nineteenth century? This is an age of shams and we must be on our guard against delusion, but let us beware lest we earn the reproach made to Christ's own kindred, that 'He could perform but few miracles there because of their unbelief.'

"We must, therefore, believe in the possibility of miracles, even in modern times. No assertion has been made by the clergy of the Church of St. John the Baptist beyond the facts, which are open to investigation. The crutches and braces and plaster jackets still remain in the sanctuary, and if the cures were but temporary the sufferers have not returned to say so.

"The sincere seeker after truth can examine the case at leisure, and it would be well if some of our eminent physicians who are interested and fair-minded would take up the matter, examining into the cures, and renewing the examination after some months that their permanency may be established. "There were many cures and yet should anyone defy the tests of human science and reason and be certified as miraculous, then must we acknowledge that the Lord hath been here."

FARMERS AND STOCK BREEDERS.

It will interest the farmers and stock breeders of Canada to know that Mr. J. B. Spencer, who has for seven years been associated editor of The Farmer's Advocate, has been secured by The Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal and will in future be identified with the agricultural columns of that great paper. Mr. Spencer is a recognized authority in all branches of farm work, and The Family Herald and Weekly Star will more than ever be considered the farmer's friend. The Family Herald is to be congratulated on this acquisition to their already able staff, and Mr. Spencer also in his connection with the leading paper of the continent.

A man's labor must pass like the sunrises and sunsets of the world. The next thing, not the last, must be his care.

UNITED IRISH LEAGUE CAMPAIGN.

Mr. John Redmond, M. P., was the principal speaker at a meeting of the local branches of the United Irish League which was held on Sunday at Linnore, County Waterford. He said that the voice of the scoffers and doubters of twelve months ago had now been silenced by the recent progress of the United Irish League and by the ability, industry, and unity displayed by the Irish party in the last session of Parliament. Their enemies recognized that this movement was the successor of the Land League; and they who were guiding the United Irish League were proud to avow that the principles of the Land League were their principles, and that they would never lay down their arms until the objects for which the Land League was founded had been fully accomplished. The object of the United Irish League was to stop emigration and keep the young people of Ireland at home; and he appealed to the young men and women of the country to think seriously before they decided to leave their native shore. The only way to stop emigration was to improve the industrial condition of Ireland. With regard to land purchase, the object of the League was to compel the Government to do as they did in the Land League times, when they passed the Land Act of 1881 and other measures. They did not propose any scheme of compulsory purchase that was not perfectly just to every landlord in the country. He believed that it was always better to speak straight, and he would say that he hoped this season to see an agrarian agitation adopted by the United Irish League all over Ireland so close, so intense, and so menacing a character that the landlords who were holding out against them and the Government would be forced, as they often had been forced in the past, to come to deal generously with this matter. He did not propose for a moment to lay down upon what precise lines that movement ought to run in every district in Ireland; but he had sufficient faith in the common sense and wisdom of members of the United Irish League to feel sure that they would translate that general declaration of policy into action according to the circumstances of each locality, always bearing in mind that this movement, if it was to be successful, must be maintained well within the laws both of God and man. Violence was foreign to their programme and injurious to the cause, and while he would be the first to trample under foot police proclamation laws and to think nothing of vindicating the national rights of the people in opposition to any law at the same time, when he spoke of God and man, he pointed to those laws which were binding on the heart and conscience of a Christian people, and he said that such laws must be respected by this movement if it was to be successful.

KING ALFRED AND THE POPE In his speech at Winchester on Friday, says The Catholic Times of Sept. 27, Lord Rosebery paid to the character of Alfred, whom Freeman described as "the best and greatest of all our kings," a tribute which was not merely graceful and glowing, but also singularly expressive, especially when he spoke of the monarch's thoroughness as a truth-teller and his completeness as a man. But the eulogy was necessarily too general in its scope to permit His Lordship to emphasize a phase of King Alfred's life which is of particular interest from the religious point of view. Alfred was crowned in Rome by the Pope at the early age of five. Accompanied to the Eternal City by the Bishop of Winchester, the prince, Lingard informs us, was honorably received by the Pontiff, Leo IV., who at the request of his father, Ethelwulf, conferred on him the royal unction and the Sacrament of Confirmation. In 855 the tranquility which England enjoyed encouraged Ethelwulf to undertake the same journey. Attended by a splendid retinue, the royal pilgrim, with his son Alfred, crossed the Channel, visited the most celebrated churches of Gaul, and was sumptuously entertained at the Court of Charles the Bald, King of France. At Rome he spent several months in viewing the remains of ancient magnificence and indulging his devotion at the shrine of the Apostles. He rebuilt the school or hospital of the Saxons, and solicited an ordinance abolishing the episcopal custom of sending pariares and other great criminals from England to penance in irons at Rome. The zeal for Christianity by which Alfred's reign was marked may in truth be traced to the training and example thus given him by his father.

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CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK. Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost. Gospel, St. Matt. xviii. 23-35.

S. 20 Maternity of the B. V. M. 21 St. Ursula and Comp. 22 St. Mello, B. C. 23 St. John Capistrano, C. 24 St. Raphael, Archangel. 25 St. Crispin and Crispin. 26 St. Evristas, P. M.

Christian Generosity

Generosity is the birthright of a Christian. To be generous, in the original meaning of the term, is to be of noble extraction, and to have the nobility of mind and heart, the lofty sentiments that should be inseparable from noble birth.

Generosity would make us rise above everything low and petty, and despite the meaner sentiments which spring from envy, jealousy and spite. It prompts us to overlook the faults of others, and pardon them even when they are offensive to ourselves.

Generosity prompts us to give to others what we hold most precious, to use our resources for their welfare, to share with them our treasures, to extend to them the benefit of our advantages, to devote to their improvement our personal gifts, our energy, intelligence, experience and the influence or authority we may have acquired.

Virtue like this is necessarily Christian, and there is no need of qualifying it under this name except to put before us the One, who alone as God and man, could be its source and model, since it is more divine than human.

There are many reasons why we should pray for Christian generosity. First of all it is something heroic, and nothing heroic can be had without prayer. Then it is something very rare; its opposite—meanness—is common, but it is also rather exceptional.

There has been much talk about Pny-Balsam, the greatest modern remedy for coughs and colds. It cures quickly and certainly. 25c. Of all dealers. Made by proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

poor are clamoring for help, the laborer is vainly appealing to them not to multiply his burdens, the little ones of the flock are crying to have the bread of the Word broken into them, the wail and the orphans are seeking shelter, and millions of heathens are groping in darkness for the light of the religion and for the benefit of the civilization without which it were better we had not been born into this world; all about us, even in the bosom of our own families, minds and hearts are craving for light and consolation.

The object of our Holy Father in designating "Christian Generosity" as the General Intention for October, is manifestly to renew among Catholics the world over, a sense of the need of this virtue in the persecutions to which the Church is subject in countries in which the government has been seized by enemies of religion, and in the face of hardships which we encounter in countries like England and our own, in which there is so much discrimination, on the part of certain bodies of our fellow-citizens, if not on the part of our government, against Catholic interests.

Without adverting to the need of more Christian generosity among the Catholics in other countries, it is well worth while to reflect on the need of it in our own country. A little more of it would support our schools, or at least inspire those who give a trifle for this purpose to give it cheerfully, without forever harping on the hardships or impossibility of supporting a Catholic school, and cherishing secretly, if not avowing openly, the conviction, rarely well founded, that a free religious school is necessarily inferior to a common one.

Christian generosity, finally, would make us all give more of our time, our energy, ability, learning, fortune, influence, political or social, to the advancement of religion, and make us give it ungrudgingly, modestly, yet fearlessly, with no other motive than that of repaying the generosity with which Christ has treated us, with no other hope of reward than the confidence that He will not be outdone in generosity.

PROFANITY. A repulsive feature of contemporary life is our reckless profanity. The vice is not confined to the "tough" element, but is indulged in by "respectable" people. The name of God is outraged by oaths and imprecations quite as a matter of course and without the excuse of anger or excitement.

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Welcomed Home

St. Catharines, Oct. 7. — Last evening at St. Patrick's Church, Merriton, in honor of Rev. Father Smith's return from the Old Country, the Merriton choir, assisted by members of St. Catharines' Church choir and an orchestra of eight pieces rendered in excellent style St. Paul's Musical Vespers.

Reverend and Dear Father—When a short time ago your dutiful parishioners of St. Patrick's Church, Merriton, assembled together in order to bid you Godspeed on the eve of your departure for a short visit to your native land, we then congratulated you on the results of your labor amongst us for the last six years.

Far down the village street, with step so slow and lended form, he comes; his cassock old Flaps faintly in the breeze. The sun's last glow Sweet rests upon him now and time of gold

It is only the exile who can fully appreciate the supreme delight of once more visiting the scenes of youthful days. There is a charm associated with this visit that cannot find compensation elsewhere.

"Live there a man with soul so dead That never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land."

Now, dear Father, we beg to congratulate you on the improved condition of your health. You have escaped that troublesome hay fever which has been undermining your health for the past two or three years, and we cordially welcome you back again to continue your energetic labors which you so auspiciously began, and we are confident will come to its full fruition in the years that are still before us.

Father Smith, though taken completely by surprise, and being very much overcome, replied in feeling terms, expressing his pleasure at being amongst them once again, though during the past summer he had experienced almost an exile's pleasure in revisiting the scenes of his childhood and renewing old acquaintances.

CONSUMPTION CURED. An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints.

There is no single organ in the human body which exerts such a wide influence over the other organs as does the liver. It has been well named the regulator of the system. Once the liver grows sluggish and fails to filter the bile poisons from the system, there comes pain, disease and death.

HALL, CAINE ON RELIGION.

London, October 5. — If there be any who read his novels who have been puzzled as to Hall Caine's religious creed they may learn something from a recent utterance by him.

At the Catholic bazaar at Douglas, Isle of Man, he said his book just published had brought him many protests, both from Catholics and Protestants. He assured his Catholic correspondents that the Pope in his book was not intended as a portrait of their present honored head. The Pope in his story was a purely imaginary being.

THE PRIEST. Far down the village street, with step so slow and lended form, he comes; his cassock old Flaps faintly in the breeze.

Notice to Creditors. In the matter of the Estate of George W. Rielly, late of the Township of York, in the County of York, farmer, deceased.

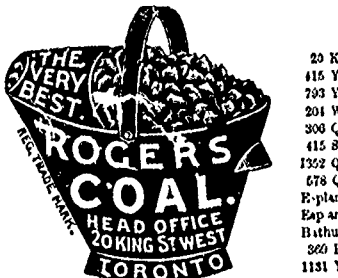
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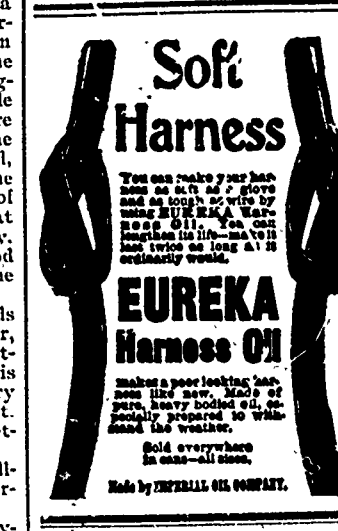
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The Catholic Register

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THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1901.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

Toronto has reason to congratulate herself upon the complete success of the visit of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York last week. Although the rain, which fell upon the first day would have spoiled any other occasion by clearing the streets of sightseers, it did not dampen in the least the enthusiasm of the popular welcome to the future King and Queen. The spectacle in front of the City Hall was the most impressively hearty civic demonstration ever witnessed in Toronto. The Reception Committee of the Council deserves credit for bringing together there the representatives of all classes of citizens. The illuminations at night and on the following night eclipsed everything north of the Pan-American electrical display, from which indeed they were copied. The Legislative Buildings in Queen's Park easily outshone the other features of the night scene, and the park consequently was the great centre of attraction. The Ontario Government, and in an especial way Provincial Secretary Stratton, should receive the best appreciation of the people of Toronto for the magnificent contribution made to the spectacular grandeur of the city during the royal visit. Osgoode Hall was a good second in the competition.

The glorious weather on the second day made up for the previous day's downpour. The people, who were arbitrarily shut out from Exhibition Park by the martial law-loving usurpers of the militia, were recompensed by the gay street scenes, as the Duke rode on a white horse to and from the review. The only dignified protest that under the circumstances, could have been made was to boycott the "second class" stand, and this was done with emphasis. Next year's Council should not pass one cent of the expenses incurred by the militia officers. If the Dominion Government have any jurisdiction in the matter, an audit of the grand stand receipts would also be of some public interest. It takes one's breath away to conjecture the wealth that might have been gathered in if the militia officers had taken control of the reception at the Legislative Buildings. The thirty thousand who struggled with each other for the touch of the royal hand would doubtless have paid as high as \$25 per shake for the distinction. But the Ontario Government, being imbued with democratic generosity, besides having a large surplus, made the function entirely free.

It would take long to tell all the detailed benefits bestowed right and left by the royal presence. W. F. Maclean, M. P., has made the gratifying discovery that he, "the plain man like yourself," and not Prof. Ramsay Wright, speaks English like the Duke, although he had taken it for granted heretofore that the Professor, along with Arnold Haultain, Byron E. Walker and a few others, had cornered all the aristocratic English accent going around loose in these latitudes. Alexander Muir, the venerable author of "The Maple Leaf," has not taken his lesson so gratefully. He thought the Duke would have been honored to see him planting a tree; and he considered himself grievously insulted when the heir-apparent planted the tree and he (Mr. Muir) merely looked on. If he could only regard the incident in its true light, he might have felt as pleased as Mr. W. F. Maclean at the opportunity of learning how to handle a spade like the Duke.

Not only do our leading citizens know how to speak and dig with royal grace, but their wives and

daughters, if they are wise, may with equal facility dress like royalty. The Duchess, wherever she was seen, was very simply dressed, and lost nothing of her wonderful grace and charm on that account. If the women of Toronto copy her in this matter, all the money expended on the royal welcome will soon come back.

These practical reflections on the influence of royalty upon people who come in contact with it only once in sixty years cannot be concluded without a word of honest praise for Major Maude, the Governor-General's secretary. He more than any other who accompanied the royal party filled the difficult position of manager between the public and the royal pair. It must be said for him that he has displayed the greatest tact and industry, and the entirely happy and harmonious record of the visit from one end of the Dominion to the other is in no small measure due to his personal capacity for arranging the difficult details of such work.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND AND LABOR.

The Register last week noted, without any ardent expressions of satisfaction, an article written in the current number of The North American Review by Archbishop Ireland. We are accordingly not displeased at all to see the Archbishop's argument closely analyzed by as capable a Catholic lawyer as Dr. Dillon, editor of The New World, Chicago. We give space to the editor's view, which appears to us to be more logical than the Archbishop's. Dr. Dillon writes:

The Archbishop assumes all through his argument, and several times in effect asserts, that the right of a workman out of employment to take a job at any wage he may be willing to accept, under existing conditions, is always a sacred right of personal liberty—"one of the most intimate rights of his being." Going direct to the heart of the subject and brushing aside all issues that are not vital, we question the Archbishop's position on this the most vital principle for which he contends. Let us take an example. A number of men in a certain department of industry go out on strike on the ground that their wages are unjustly low, having regard to the rate of profit being made by the employer. For the purposes of the present argument, we are clearly entitled to assume, as against the Archbishop, that the men are right, and that the rate of wages is unjust, since he asserts without exception or reservation the absolute right of one man to take another man's place irrespective of the question whether the rate of wages that has been paid, and that is offered, be just or unjust. In the same city in which the strike takes place there happen to be a certain number of men out of employment who have more or less skill in the kind of work that was done by the strikers. These men have wives and families. They are suffering one of the most terrible forms of misery that a man can suffer, that of seeing his wife and children want for the necessities of existence and not being able to supply them. Under the duress of this misery they decide to go and ask for the jobs of the strikers, and to accept a rate of wages which they know to be inadequate and unjust. The strikers determine to prevent this, if possible. They picket the approaches to the works. They jeer at and deride the so-called "scabs" as they come and go. They institute as rigorous a boycott as they can, and they make things extremely unpleasant for the new men. Recourse is had to the courts. An injunction is procured. The soldiers are called out to protect the new workmen. The pickets are dispersed; the boycott is raised, so far as may be, and the new workmen are protected from annoyance in going to and coming from the factory.

Now, is the main effect of the action of the authorities in such a case to assert the right of personal liberty? This question really states the issue between us and the Archbishop. There can be no doubt but that, in a certain sense and to a certain degree, the action does assert the right of personal liberty. It asserts the right of a man, acting under the duress of a crushing misery, to accept an unjust rate of wages for his work, because the

so-doing offers the only way for even a partial escape from his misery. It asserts his right to do this, although his doing so may, and probably will, have the effect of causing others to suffer for an indefinite time to come the misery from which he is trying to escape; these others having had the job before him, and having thrown it up simply because they were unwilling to accept an unjust rate of wages for their labor. On the other hand, it is equally clear that this action of the authorities also asserts, in a very effective way, the right of the employer to avail himself to the uttermost of the desperate need of the employe. If sternly, consistently, and thoroughly pursued, it must ultimately have the effect of breaking down the restraint which the labor unions have succeeded in imposing on the action of competition as an agency for the fixing of the rate of wages. And certainly, if there be any lesson which the economic history of civilized man clearly teaches, it is this—that the leaving of the rate of wages to be fixed by the unchecked action of competition, under such a system of production as ours, means the forcing of the rate of wages down to the lowest rate at which men can work and live.

Once more, then, we ask—is the action of the authorities above set forth, in its ultimate analysis, and having regard to its ultimate results, really in the main an assertion of the right of personal liberty, or is it really in the main an assertion of the right of the man who has capital to avail himself to the uttermost of the desperate need of the man who has not? We take it that the Archbishop would say that it is in the main an assertion of the right of personal liberty. We would, with very great respect, say that it is in the main an assertion of the right of the capitalist to avail to the uttermost of the desperate need of the laborer. We invite our readers to think out the question carefully for themselves and decide between us.

We shall merely say in conclusion that we hold, with Mr. Ruskin, that it is impossible to shirk the question of justice. You must first determine whether the treatment of the striking laborers has been just or unjust, before you can say with confidence that the taking of their places by other laborers is, in the true and high sense, an exercise of the right of personal liberty. There is a right of personal liberty and a wrong of personal liberty. The right of personal liberty, properly understood, never confers on a man a privilege to aid and abet injustice.

A PAINFUL NECESSITY.

In another column appears a letter which The London Times has published. The writer is an English Bishop, Right Rev. Dr. Brownlow. The mere reading of the letter must suggest at once that Bishop Brownlow recognized an absolute necessity for this appearance in print. Every Catholic in England felt the necessity of it just as keenly when The Times published a communication signed "Mechtildis Pynsent Abb. O.S.B.," along with an editorial characteristically anti-Catholic. The object both of the letter and the article was to provoke ill feeling between English and Irish Catholics; but Bishop Brownlow's reply shows how far short the bolt has fallen. The Universe gives the facts leading up to the outbreak, and it must be said that The Times would have been better advised to let the case alone. The Universe says:

About the year 1886 the head of the Irish Augustinian College in Rome, on the demolition of the ancient house of that province of the Order in the Eternal City, decided to erect a church and monastery in honor of St. Patrick in the centre of Catholic faith and unity. The Holy Father approved of the project, and the Irish race at home and abroad were appealed to for the necessary funds to realize the undertaking. Large sums of money were subscribed; but after erecting the monastery and purchasing the ground for the site of the church, the foundations of which involved a considerable outlay owing to the nature of the soil, it was found to be impossible to proceed with the building of the church with the amount of money in hand.

The monastery itself was found

to be considerably too spacious for the needs of the Irish Augustinian Fathers. So after careful consideration the authorities of the province decided to part with it. A number of English ladies in Rome, who had formed themselves into a community, with at least one wealthy member, and who called themselves English Benedictines—though unrecognized, so far as we know, by any branch or congregation of that historic Order in this country—agreed to take over the Monastery of St. Patrick, which underwent a change of title, being subsequently known as St. Benedict's. The nuns agreed to pay the Irish Augustinian Fathers the sum of £24,000 for their property after a lapse of six years, and during that period interest at the low rate of two per cent. Any man of business instincts will see at a glance that the nuns had here a very good bargain. In fact, the Irish Augustinians were themselves paying interest at the rate of 4 per cent. on a mortgage of £7,000 in connection with the very building, on the purchase money of which the nuns were paying only 2 per cent.

Beyond one half-year's interest, the nuns paid nothing to the representative of the Irish Augustinian Province in Rome. The wealthy member of their community brought disgrace upon herself and her sisters in religion, and the nuns were immediately reduced to a state of insolvency. Instead of retiring as quietly as possible from the monastery they were unable either to support or pay for, as one would naturally expect them to do, they insisted on remaining in possession. The representative of the Irish Augustinians had recourse to every argument in his endeavor to induce the nuns to retire from what everybody recognized to be an impossible position. He delayed all unpleasant action for years. But all in vain. Ultimately he was forced to establish his claim to the property of his Order in the Italian Civil Courts, but with the full concurrence of the Holy See. Not even then could the few nuns that remained in the monastery be induced to act as reasonably. So after still further delay the property was taken over in the usual way required by law. The General of the Augustinian Order a man noted for his generosity and warmth of heart, had implored the nuns to avoid scandal. He even asked them to accept a substantial sum of money as a present from himself. But all in vain. Every thinking man must admit that the Augustinians of the Irish Province acted throughout this painful matter with considerable patience and liberality. Miss Pynsent would fain have the English public believe that they were actuated by feelings of enmity towards a body of English religious. But this lady's wild and venomous charges are certain to recoil upon her own head, and, while she has caused considerable pain to every loyal Catholic in England, we question whether the English Protestant public she seems so feverishly anxious to propitiate, will come to her assistance with that show of alacrity she evidently anticipates.

MUNICIPAL MATTERS.

It is the custom of the taxpayers of Toronto to show little or no interest in municipal conditions up to a few weeks before the election. Then there is not sufficient time to hear the claims of the men in the field, and the results invariably include the old men in an overwhelming majority. This practice of "playing low" is still more in favor with Mayoralty candidates. The people should demand of aspirants to the chief magistracy that they come to the front at least two months before they ask for the votes of the electors. The present custom is the habit of the gambler. It lends itself obviously to wire-pulling. Any public-spirited man who intends to run for office because he believes his election would improve the civic administration should not wait and watch till the last moment to estimate the strength of this or that possible opponent and calculate what possible chances or combinations might allow himself to slip in. Last year's election was scandalous enough in this respect to warrant the citizens in reprobating all future resorts to mere trickery. We all know what happened a few days

before the election. A certain rich citizen then thought the moment had arrived for making his decision known. He named his favorite, two newspapers turned their backs on the man they had been supporting and began to shout as they were ordered. From that moment the election was decided. The wire-pullers knew how their combination would work. It is only by demanding that candidates shall announce themselves early that the electors can retain the power of making their vote tell.

This year we are likely to have at least four mayoralty candidates. They may be four good men; but there will be room enough for making a choice among them. More than a few weeks will be required to make that choice, and the man who keeps longest in the background figuring out the chances open to a dark horse should come into the contest under the greatest disadvantages. He is the man who should have the least chance of success. He should be handicapped according to the measure of his faith in election trickery. Two or three members of the Council very probably will be among the contestants. He who comes forth soonest and announces himself should be allowed to have the best claim on the confidence of the electors. He certainly will have time for making the most of the opportunity to tell the people many things they desire to know at the present time. Though the history of the City Council in 1901 has been by no means free from faults, the interests of the citizens have not been as aggressively championed as in past years. The results of this are plain to all eyes. So plain are they that the bulk of the people have come to the conclusion that it is absolutely necessary to have men in the Council who will assume and maintain an aggressive attitude towards all corporations operating public franchises. When Ald. Spence dropped out of the Council, the keenest student of municipal government and the most vigilant sentinel of the people's rights in the street car and gas questions was lost. Next to him stood Ald. Urquhart, who has yet to gain the hold upon the Council's attention which Ald. Spence commanded. Aldermen who are strong enough to disengage themselves to some extent from the little ward questions should be encouraged. There are not enough of them in the present Council.

The Toronto Railway Company has taken a sweeping advantage of the piping time of 1901. The street car service to-day is at its worst in many years. There are fewer cars which are run at a more rapid rate. This deterioration in the service combines the maximum of public danger with the minimum of public convenience. It is a common thing to see people standing at a crossing while one crowded car after another rushes past at steam railway speed. The passenger who gets on as a strapholder may consider himself fortunate. Many men have been thrown out of employment by the reduction of the number of cars, so that in various ways the greed of the company for large dividends calls for attention on the part of the Council. This is one question that should not be dropped from among the municipal issues of 1902. Cheap gas we are also entitled to. That point has been settled long ago. There has not, during the year 1901 been the faintest sign of a disposition in the Council to press the rights of the citizens upon the Gas Co. In the hurry of a brief election campaign candidates will promise anything and everything. The present is the time for asking men to give the public reasons why they should be re-elected.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Roman correspondent sends confirmation of the report which we lately announced that Mgr. Prior will shortly be nominated to the Bishopric of Nottingham, England.

On the occasion of the silver jubilee of the Holy Father's Pontificate it is reported that a representative pilgrimage of English Catholics, headed by Cardinal Vaughan and the Duke of Norfolk, will proceed to Rome to offer their congratulations.

Two letters in The London Times exactly sum up the question of reducing the representation of Ireland in the House of Commons. Says one: "In spite of the present number of members, Ireland's population has dwindled from nine millions to four; does that not prove that Ireland wants more members, to ensure for her better

laws? The other says: "If England is to break the agreement made at the Union, well and good; but, in that case, let her restore to Ireland the status quo ante, e. g., Home Rule!"

The Paris Univers tells an amusing story of American journalistic enterprise on the occasion of the assassination of President McKinley. When the news reached London the correspondent of a great American news agency was struck with the idea of a striking bit of enterprise. He hurried off to the telegraph office, and despatched the following message: "His Holiness, Pius IX., Vatican, Rome.—We invite the expression of your opinion upon the assassination of President McKinley." Two hours later the central office at Rome wired back the simple reply—"Not known as addressed."

The Jesuit Superiors have issued a manifesto explaining and defending their refusal to submit to the Law of Authorization. The law, they say, is a law of coercion, "wounds us deeply in our most essential rights as freemen, as citizens, as Catholics, as Religious; and in striking at us it violates the inalienable rights of the Church." Those rights they declare their inability to reconcile with the decrees of M. Waldeck-Rousseau. They have accordingly chosen the hard way of exile. "It is a sorrowful resolution that we are compelled to take," says the manifesto. "All the works to which we have vowed our lives are threatened with destruction. In a moment when the future seems dark to us our greatest grief is that we can no longer labor for the good of France, and see endangered, in our Missions, works which were not without honor and usefulness for her. Yet we declare it, we have no bitterness in our soul against those who have condemned us. We do not forget that we are disciples of Him Who said, 'Pray for those who persecute you.' May the Merciful Hand of God stay France upon the fatal incline upon which it is being dragged in our ardent prayer."

Last week the term expired during which the Religious Orders of France might appeal for authorization under the new law passed for their subjection to the State authority. The question of appealing or not appealing was left absolutely to the discretion of the heads of the Orders, and a great many engaged in works of charity made the necessary application. The total number of congregations existing in France at the date of the law was 1,663, including 152 Orders of men and 1,511 Orders of women. Out of this number 910 had been previously authorized, leaving 753 unauthorized. Besides these latter 276 of the authorized congregations had opened 10,970 establishments without consulting the Council of State. These are obliged to appeal for special authorization for the various establishments. Only 351 of the 753 unauthorized congregations applied for authorization, 45 being Orders of men and 306 Orders of women, and only 65 of the authorized congregations for the special license of the Council of State for their establishments. Among the Orders that have applied for permission to stay in France are the Dominicans, the Third Order of St. Dominic, the Capuchins, the Franciscans, the Passionists, the Oblates, the Marists, the Fathers of St. John of God, the Carthusians of the Grand Chartreux (the other houses of the Order have gone into exile), the Fathers of the Holy Ghost, of St. Philip Neri, the Redemptorists, and a few others. The Jesuits, Benedictines, Assumptionists, and the greater number of the Trappists and Carthusians have closed their houses and churches, and amidst extraordinary scenes of mourning have bade farewell to France.

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Mrs. Dorsey's Warning

BY JOHN WILKINSON

"I'll bet you, Captain Benner, and I'll put up five dollars to one on it, that this eloquent preacher that we've been listening to, paying him a high salary for the last year to give us good, sound doctrine, is after all nothing but a Jesuit in disguise. What do you say? Now don't you think so yourself?" and John Stanton of the town named after his grandfather, standing on the street corner and looking into the eyes of his neighbor and fellow-churchman, Captain Benner, a retired sea officer, waited some time for an answer.

"I don't know," and the captain spoke slowly, "but you may be right, Mr. Stanton, but so far he's proved himself all right, and what he said last Sunday about the schools, the immorality of the age, divorce and so on, and saying that it all sprang from a goddess education, I'm beginning to think there's a good deal in it. And as for being a Jesuit in disguise, as you say, I've been sailing around the world from a cabin boy up, have seen some of the work the Jesuits accomplished, read something about them, but never of there being anything but priests. I look upon Rev. Edward Naylor as a man true to his faith and in every way fitted for the chairmanship of the School Board, and will vote for him to have it at tonight's meeting of the committee."

A crowd was gathering, Captain Benner's voice being strong and forgetting himself by pitching it too high, he felt he was saying too much, so turning upon his heel he walked away. Enough had been said, however, to give the wagging tongues of the town material for further clatter as high on barrels in grocery stores, they talked of the contention in the School Board, the Episcopal minister's last Sunday sermon and the probability of his being "a Jesuit in disguise." The last thought was a horrible one. Would not the town go up in smoke some night — burnt to the ground by this insidious, smiling, dark villain whose trade was dark plots and counterplots?

Leaving the village centre in an excitable state of mind, Captain Benner reached his home, as Miss Goulding, the new teacher, who was to board at the captain's was going out. Looking at the pleasant-faced girl as she was drawing on her gloves, he was tempted to ask what church she belonged to — Episcopal, Baptist or Congregational. Not that he cared about it himself, but hoped on her own account as there was a dark cloud coming up, she should prove to be as far from Catholic as possible. It was her first day, she having come to fill out a vacancy. The captain repressed his curiosity, only saying he hoped she would find all pleasant at the school. He was surprised and taken somewhat aback to see her go out by way of the porch, where she stopped to speak to the washerwoman, Mrs. Dorsey. Had he heard the question asked the woman at the tub, his heart would have almost stopped beating.

"Are you a Catholic?" Such were the words that Mrs. Dorsey heard, as, not noticing the approaching footsteps, she was bearing her strength on the washboard. Looking into the blue eyes that met hers she reddened — stopped her washing, and looking steadfastly at the questioner, answered, "And what else would I be?"

"Will you kindly tell me when you will have services — evening services?"

Mrs. Dorsey resumed her washing, and, as she drew the garment back and forth slowly on the washboard, said — all the time looking at her work: "Be on your guard, Miss. The one ye are taking the place of was told to go when it was found out on her that she was a Catholic. Himself here is good enough, but they're not all that way — there's a minister on the Board an' he's black. It's sermon and Benediction to-night at eight. But be on yer guard."

In the same low voice Mary Goulding answered, thanked the woman at the tub and passed on. Mrs. Dorsey did not know it was the minister whom she dominated as "black" who was the friend of the girl she was speaking to, and had brought her name forward at the last meeting of the school committee before its reorganization. On the other hand, Mary Goulding had found by what Mrs. Dorsey said that in Captain Benner she would be apt to find a friend, if the test should come before the School Board. And Captain Benner himself, never thinking to include the fourth and last "meeting house in town," the one on High Hill, when wondering to himself which was Miss Goulding's church, was only thinking of the fight he would have that night in the meeting of the committee to place at its head Rev. Mr. Naylor.

The three Protestant church bells were ringing that night, and Mrs. Benner, preparing to attend the Episcopal, was to have her husband's company down the street.

They were asking each other the propriety of asking Miss Goulding which of the three she attended, when the young teacher came into the room.

"We are going out, Miss Goulding," said Mrs. Benner, "I to attend church and Mr. Benner to go to a meeting of the School Board, so we will have to leave you alone — without you are also going out."

"Yes, Mrs. Benner," she said, "I am going out, too. I am going to my church and you are going to yours." She turned back into the parlor with a sweet smile as she said this, a smile that captivated, while the words were pronounced with firmness and dignity. "Our churches," she continued, "are different, Mrs. Benner. I am a Catholic and you are going to the Catholic Church to-night. I feel I ought to tell you at first the whole story."

The bells of the three churches were ringing more clamorously than ever as the school teacher said this. The face of the captain's wife lengthened and clouded, and he himself saw the mountain of bigotry he would have to contend with that night at the meeting of the Board, if this last work of "the Jesuit in disguise" should become known. And it was known. Leaving the house together, Mary Goulding parted with the Benners in the village and turned to St. Michael's Church, the cross of which she had seen glittering in the sun the moment she left the train on coming to the town.

The meeting of the Board was a stormy one. John Stanton in passing the Catholic Church had seen the new school teacher entering its door. Rev. Mr. Naylor not being present, he was attacked on all sides, save by the captain. The sailor's words for his clergyman were strong, but he was breasting a sea deeper and wilder than any the oceans had given him, and his craft "Fair Play" with "Merit" lettered at the masthead, went down. Not only was Rev. Mr. Naylor defeated for the office of Chairman of the Board, but a resolution was passed, with only one dissenting voice, that he should resign. In the case of Miss Shields there was no one who knew what her religion was until she came and no one was to blame. But here a teacher was brought forward by one who knew her unfitness to teach American children, one who himself was as far from the spirit of true Americanism as was the teacher he imposed upon them. So said, in effect, John Stanton, and Captain Benner, thinking of the much-discussed sermon of the previous Sunday, thought of the modern Americanism it denounced. But it was not the place at that meeting to use words of reason, and the captain allowed the next vote, calling upon the new teacher to give up her position forthwith, without expressing his disapproval.

Silence reigned at Captain Benner's table the next morning, until it was at last broken by the old bailor, who feelingly told Mary Goulding the decision of the School Board. He was still speaking of it, and that while she might teach that day, still he hoped she would not — for the sake of her own dignity, when the doorbell rang and the servant announced Rev. Mr. Naylor. Meeting the captain and Miss Goulding in the parlor, he said that the ever's of last night had hurried him to the final step. Next Sunday he would announce to his congregation his determination of entering the Catholic Church. The bigotry that was outside it and pressed around it had forced him to this. He had hoped to live in the religion of his parents, to preach it, and, occupying a middle ground, offer when occasion would admit, an equal chance to all. But the hollowness of the self-styled "defenders of our institutions" had been at last brought out so bare, had shown him that as long as he believed in the Catholic Church, now was his time, when it was weak and its believers were being wronged, to be instantly and without further hesitation a postulant for admission to her fold.

"You, Mary," he said, turning his eyes upon the young teacher, while Captain Benner's heart beat warm at the words he heard, "when my father met your father forty years ago, both on the same ship coming to America, my father was English and your father was Irish. But when you and I were born, although near each other — your father being our gardener — you were born and grew up an Irish child and I an American — at least that is the distinction given us by those to the manner born because one child is Protestant and one Catholic. And it is for this that you are called to-day to resign your position in this town, and it is because I championed your cause that I, too, am asked to resign my place on the town's School Board."

The warm-hearted and impulsive old sea captain could contain himself no longer, and springing to his

feet grasped the hand of Mr. Naylor.

"I believe with you — almost want to go with you," he said. "You have made me look at things around us in a different light than I have ever before seen them."

"Think well upon it," replied Edward Naylor. "Your heart is in the right place, captain, and whether you come into the light of the Church or not, I'm sure God will reward you. And you, Mary Goulding, did not think when I brought you here that your coming would cause the storm it did. I thought my popularity would tide you over. But I did not think you would be so indiscreet as to go to Father Fay's church the first night. Edward Naylor laughed as he said this, and Mary Goulding smiled her reply:

"I only did what I was brought up to do."

An hour later, as Captain Benner was helping Mary Goulding into the carriage, she saw the washerwoman, Mrs. Dorsey, entering the side gate. The heavy little woman as she was going by looked neither to the right nor the left, but straight ahead, as she said in an undertone:

"I told ye to be on yer guard 'That minister's black." — From Dominicana.

McKinley's "Rebel" Ancestry

In no country outside the Federal Union will the tragic end of President McKinley awake a keener sympathy than here in Ireland, says The Ulster Examiner. It is fitting that this should be so for many reasons. The country of which William McKinley was ruler has given shelter to thousands and thousands of Irishmen, and he himself comes of a stock that gave a martyr to the Irish cause. Far away in the north of Ireland lies the grave of a kinsman and namesake who died a hero's death for Ireland a little more than a hundred years ago, in the stirring times of '98. The William McKinley who has just died was the chief executive of the greatest nation in the world. The William McKinley of 1798 fought in the war for Irish independence sustained in hope, no doubt, by the example of American independence already achieved; and defeated in the unequal strife, was not treated as a prisoner of war, but shot in Coleraine market place on the finding of a drumhead court-martial. Of course he was a Protestant, one of the race that gave McCracken and Monroe to Ireland. Nothing is better in these days than to recall to mind the fact that in Ulster and Leinster — at Ballynahinch and Antrim, as well as on the hills of Wexford — Protestants and Catholics fought and fell together for the cause of human liberty. The revolutionary idea arose in the north, and its first adherents were the Protestant friends of the Catholic cause. The great struggle was fought out in Wexford, and with Father Murphy and Father Roche during that terrible brief campaign were Bagenal Harvey and many other Protestants whose

LIVES WERE GIVEN FOR IRELAND.

There is nothing wonderful, then, in the fact that William McKinley, of the McKinleys of Dercock, County Antrim, went to his death with the United Irishmen in 1798, although Antrim is the ultimate county of Ulster, that farthest lung bit of Irish soil that parts the fretting foam of the northern sea. The McKinleys of Dercock were a substantial family. The sturdy stone farmhouse in Dercock, "four square to all the winds that blow," still stands just as it did when they lived in it, the stone chimneys untroubled by time, the thick walls solid as a fortress against the assaults of age. The roof of the house was thatched until at a recent date the three feet thick of matted straw was replaced with slate. The wide doorway is filled by the familiar "hall door." The house is not old, as substantial Irish houses go. It was probably built in 1765 by the William McKinley of that date, who left his initials cut on an old stone seat that still serves the visitor to rest upon by Dercock door:

W. McK., 1765.

But long before 1765 the McKinleys had lived on the spot, probably in a ruder dwelling torn down to make room for the present house. Their precise origin is in dispute. Some say that the McKinleys were a Scottish race that settled in Antrim during James I.'s plantation of Ulster; others stoutly maintain that they were of pure Irish stock, and a sub-tribe, or branch family, of the great house of O'Neill. However this may be, it is fairly certain that during the reign of Charles II. James McKinley, son of another James McKinley, called "Shamus Oge," or "James the Younger," settled upon the lands of Dercock.

THE NAME OF "SHAMUS OGE"

may be found among the list of those to whom a contract for the making of a road along the shores of Lough Neagh was issued in the year 1688. In 1709 David McKinley of Dercock was a collector of the hearth tax in Antrim. From his time the names of David and William reappear in the successive generations of McKinleys of Der-

cock. It was the grand son of David McKinley, the hearth-tax collector, who went with the Ulster United Irishmen, and so met death. Of David of the hearth-tax, and his wife Hannah, were born four stalwart sons, James, John, Peter and William. They were smart, stern men of strong bodies and resolute minds, and with bold brows and prominent noses, such as have for generations marked the McKinley men.

The oldest son, James McKinley, went to America, and from him descended in regular line the present William, who, by a strange coincidence, became Washington's successor 100 years after 1798.

It was by a junior line of the family that the William McKinley of 1798 inherited the family home of the McKinleys of Dercock. And he was, as his forbears had been, a sturdy yeoman, tilling his acres, fearing his God and learning naught else. This William McKinley was a close friend of Henry Joy McCracken, leader of the Ulster "rebels," and an ardent admirer of the Emmets, the Sheares, Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone. When the great organizer was in France, plying his quest for efficient French aid, the United Irishmen of Ulster were among those who strained the eye, day by day, for the sight of the French ships with their braided-up sails, and floating proudly at their peaks the tri-color, which was then all over Europe the emblem of liberty. But bright hopes faded, and in wild desperation the people took the field in Ulster and Ulster, trusting to themselves alone. It was not given to William McKinley to die in battle. A quantity of arms and ammunition destined for

THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

lay concealed in Dercock House one day when a party of troops came upon it unawares, and captured the stores and their guardian as well. For William McKinley's offence there was but one punishment recognized as adequate in those stern days of brutal tyranny and deliberate persecution. It was death — death to fight or to stand, to run or to plot — death to have in one's possession arms or ammunition. McKinley was arrested by a detachment of troops headed by a Captain Hanna, and away to the town of Coleraine went the procession. There the soldiers took possession of the market place, while the unarmed people stood around with swelling hearts, but unable to save or succor. It was the day of the short shrift and the swift bullet — not so very far past the time when English hunters returning to some lord's keep after a day's sport would toss blazing torches into the thatch of cabins, in pure sport, to see the half-naked children pour out at the low door, their blue eyes wild with terror, their dark hair falling about their faces. And woe betide the prisoners captured by the yeos!

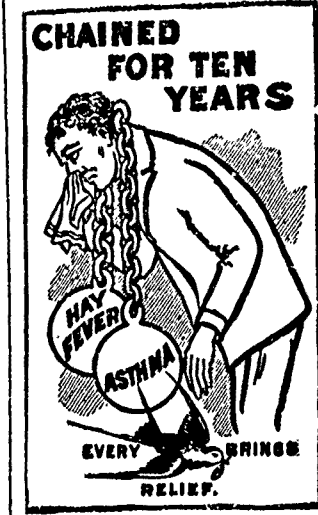
"For them was hot times for an honest gossoon, If missed by the judges he'd meet a dragoon. And whether the sojers or judges gave sentence, The diva a much time was allowed for repentance."

In Coleraine market place William McKinley and three others were "tried" by drumhead court-martial. Not even Zola's trial in France gives us an idea of what the procedure of Irish court-martial was in 1798. Of

McKINLEY'S TRIAL

no record remains. Yet well enough we know how it must have fared. It was not long later, in trials supposed to be civil, that one man achieved fame by sentencing 12 men in one day in Kildare. William McKinley, called, was confronted with his witnesses. They were the men in red coats, whose tongues burred with alien speech, who had taken the ammunition from Dercock and held its stout-hearted owner to such justice as the wolves give the stricken deer. Witnesses for the defence there were none — could be none. There was no defence. The facts were obvious in ten minutes the prisoner was sentenced. The young lieutenant who acted as secretary jotted six lines of record, flitted the ink from his left quill pen to the cobblestones of the market place, and the trial was over. Within the half hour its verdict was carried out. With three others William McKinley stood up facing the firing squad. One can imagine the scene — the cruel red line of soldiers; behind them the glowering people; some fierce voice on the outskirts, its owner out of sight, shouting out in the Gaelic curses and cries of anger against the murderous red coats and their callous officers. Then the four men, their hands and legs tied, but no bandage hiding from their eyes the last sweet look at the blessed day, their backs braced to some bit of dead wall, looking all about for the help that could not come. The firing squad of fifteen or twenty men, armed with flint-lock muskets, stood very near, looking with curious eyes, in which there was little hint of kindly feeling, upon the doomed victims. The muskets, held at the shoulder with the eye glancing down the brown barrel, were aimed at the condemned. So when "the schooling bullet leaped across and taught them whence they came," it may be that because of

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the uncertain aim in the little group some muscle twitched, some tense form writhed,

STAINED WITH GUSHING BLOOD,

some low voice moaned for mercy. Then all was over. After that what happened? Who knows? What usually happened in such cases, no doubt — the family hurried from the old home, dispersed over the earth. Presently another name was known in local circles by the added words, "of Dercock." The children of a happier time played about the huge stone slab that bears the initials of William McKinley. or in riot glee chased each other up and down the long boreen and about the tall blackthorn hedge. The family disappeared and were remembered only by the "sheanachie" of the remote district, or by those others whose business led them to examine the records of the church — until lately, when the old McKinley home has become an object of more than local interest.

But before the McKinleys of Dercock were scattered far, one sacred duty they performed. Home from Coleraine they brought the broken body of the Irish patriot, and buried it in the churchyard, where to this day the headstone over William McKinley's grave reminds the passers-by of the stormy times in Ireland's history.

A FAIRY TALE.

The chief mark of the old-time fairy tale was its improbability. That also is a mark of this fairy tale. Another invariable mark of the old fairy tale was a lovely maiden in this. But that is about all the similarity.

Once there was a lovely maiden and she lived in a beautiful city by the sea. In time a brave young man came to woo her, and, as he seemed to be a good and sensible young man, who could work hard, the maiden's parents, being also usually good and sensible, did not object, nor ask her to wait for some one who had more money.

Thereupon the wedding-day was set. But the beautiful maid reflected somewhat in this way: "A woman," says the old proverb, "can throw more out of the window than a man can bring in at the door." Now what can I do to keep from being that kind of a woman? I know how to play the piano, to play tennis, to dance and to play golf, and I can embroider, but I do not know how to buy, to

The TOILET IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT POND'S EXTRACT

RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRRITATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, AFTER SHAVING.

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sores and often contains "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

cook, to plan, to sew, nor how to take care of children."

Thereupon she went to cooking school, bought the supplies for her father's house, took charge of some orphan children in a ward in the asylum and learned to sew. After that she and the good young man were married and lived happily ever after. This last they also did in the old fairy tales, but in a different way.

CHILLED TO THE BONE? A teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in a cup of hot water sweetened will do you ten times more good than rum or whiskey. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Often, without knowing any particular cause, we feel special influences — such as the nearness of God and the holy angels. Sometimes, when watching before the Blessed Sacrament, or at other times when engaged in ordinary duties, there comes on us a hush, a sense of peace, as though the world were removed a million miles from us. All disturbing thoughts have vanished; the air is full of a kind of balm; and we wonder if it may not be that an angel has been by our side and dropped the dewy fragrance from his wings before he passed back to Heaven.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful. was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parmanee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one

LITERARY.

She got a cat-glass inkstand,
And a new pearl-handled pen,
And some dainty tinted paper—
You have seen it now and then.
She thought she'd write a poem
about
The "whither and the whence"—
Something pathetic, sorrowful,
And soulfully intense.

And so within the crystal font
Her jewelled pen she dipped;
But inspiration from her grasp,
Alack, had somehow slipped!
But soon, undaunted, o'er the
page
She bent with studious glee;
She straightway wrote to all her
friends,
And asked them round to tea.

A Suburban Trick

When the hot weather came back
for an extra dose of two weeks
during September, Mrs. Simpson
said to her husband one Satur-
day evening:
"Let us take the children and
go out to see the Hutchinses to-
morrow. We have not been to see
them since they moved out to
Windham Addition, and I hear it
is getting to be very pretty out
there now."

Mr. Simpson, being a wise man,
usually agreed with his wife's
household plans. They hurried out
early accordingly on Sunday so as
to have a nice, long afternoon. But
when they got up to what was the
Hutchins house, according to the
number and the door-plate, there
was no sign or sign of life, not
even a dog nor a cat. The house
next door looked just as quiet, and
so did the second one. At the third
house they thought they saw a man
come down the gravelled walk. But
when they asked him if he knew
anything of the Hutchins and their
whereabouts on this day, he looked
at them vaguely and repeated,
"Hutchins? Hutchins? I'm some-
thing of a stranger myself," and
shook his head and went on.

When they had gone about half a
block in perplexed and disappoint-
ed aimlessness, they met another
man. Mr. Simpson addressed him
on a guess and said, "Do you live
in Windham Addition?"

The man looked sharply at the
disconsolate party and then he said
that he did.
"Do you happen to know Mr.
Hutchins? We are friends of the
family and came to spend the after-
noon, but the house is shut up."
"Oh," said the man, a far-away,
sad look in his face. "I believe
they were suddenly called away by
a wedding or something. Mr.
Hutchins took the whole family
with him."

Then he raised his hat and went
on.
Mrs. Simpson suggested a little
inaliciously that men never did
know anything definite about af-
fairs, and she would ask the next
woman they met herself. So when
presently they passed a lady who
seemed to be waiting for the trol-
ley car, she addressed her.

"Hutchins?" she said. "Oh, yes;
of course the house is shut up.
They are gone away suddenly on
account of some trouble about a
will or something." Then the trol-
ley came and whisked the lady
away. Now Mrs. Simpson was ex-
cited. "A will or something? I wish
she had waited a minute. Anne
Hutchins is my second cousin, and
if there's trouble about a will I
should like to know what it is."

"I want a place to sit down, and
something to eat and drink," said
Mr. Simpson, and the children. Look-
ed as if they were of the same
mind. So they stopped the next
trolley car and asked the motor-
man. He told them that there
was a nice little park about a mile
farther on.

When they got to the park they
sat down and bought the children
some soda water. The children did
not sit very long, but wandered off
inquisitively toward the sound of
merry voices. Mrs. Simpson fol-
lowed watchfully. And, behold!
here was the jolliest of a Sun-
day afternoon picnic party. The
Hutchinses, the lady who had been
whisked away by the trolley, the
vague man who did not know any-
thing, and he who told about the
wedding. At sight of Mrs. Simp-
son they all seemed to have some-
thing to look after in some other
direction. Mrs. Hutchins, however,
came toward her with outstretched
hands.

"But," gasped Mrs. Simpson, "I
thought you were all gone to a
wedding, or a lawsuit, or some-
thing."

"Well, we're all gone from the
houses, that's true. You see, since
the trolley has come to Windham
and the company has put on extra
trains, so many people came out to
spend Sundays that we never could
have a good time ourselves. So we
formed the Windham Protective
Association. We eat our dinners
here in the park every pleasant
Sunday, and if a stranger asks to
be directed to any of our houses on
that day, why we tell him some-
thing that will send him back on
the next train. We're all in league.
But then you're different, and you

must not tell," said Mrs. Hutch-
ins. "Where are the children and
Mr. Simpson?"

"Queer idea," said Mrs. Simp-
son, on the way home.
"Oh, I don't know," said Mr.
Simpson. "I'm thinking of buying
a place in Windham Addition my-
self next year."

THE STORY OF A SHIP.

Once there was a stately ship,
built so large and strong that the
crew felt no fear of storm or dan-
ger. And, indeed, it seemed as if
the ship were indestructible. Gaily
the sailors sang in sunshine and in
storm, but at last their very se-
curity made them careless. They
gave themselves up to ease and
pleasure when they should have
been repairing the ship, searching
her massive sides for bad places,
and freeing her from the barnacles
clinging to her. But the days were
bright and none heeded the hours
save one old fellow. At him the
others laughed, and when he per-
sisted in his warnings they called
him a crank. "Let well enough
alone," they said to him. "Are we
not having a good time, and has
the ship ever failed us, no matter
what the storm?"

But one night a storm came up
that seemed more terrible than
any they had yet met. The ves-
sels rolled and plunged, and then one
sailor cried out in terror that she
was sinking. And indeed it was
true.
Then the crew, long since lost
to discipline and hard work, ran
helplessly here and there, alternately
praying to Heaven for protection
and cursing the fury of the sea.

But the old sailor spoke up once
more. "Stop blaming the sea, and
go to work at the pumps. Repair
your ship and work as you did
when you first started out. This
storm is no worse than many
others, but you yourselves have
grown unfit to face storms."

The sailors did not call him a
crank nor a croaker now, but fol-
lowed him, shamefaced. They saved
the ship and, taught by that night,
changed their ways.
And the moral of this tale is one
that can be turned to more things
than a ship and its crew.

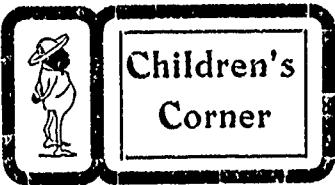
THE BOW TO MR. SPEAKER.

Mr. Swift MacNeill, M. P., in an
interesting article, on "Customs
and Curiosities of the House of
Commons," in The New Liberal
Review, recalls the origin of the
bow to the Speaker which it is cus-
tomary for members to make as
they enter or leave the Chamber.
This practice has been interpreted
as a mark of respect to the Speak-
er as the representative and mouth-
piece of the House of Commons in
its collective capacity, or as an
obsequiousness to the Mace as the
emblem of that authority. The origin
of the custom, however, is of re-
mote antiquity. The House of Com-
mons, till the destructive fire in
1834, met in St. Stephen's Chapel,
on whose site the present St. Step-
hen's Hall is built. St. Stephen's
Chapel was lent by the King to the
Commons for their deliberations.
The Speaker's Chair in St. Step-
hen's Chapel was placed before the
High Altar, and "there is little
doubt," says Mr. MacNeill—"I
speak on the authority of my
friend, Sir Benjamin Stone, M. P.,
who is fortified by the opinion of
the late Lord Idesleigh, better
known as Sir Stafford Northcote,
one time leader of the House of
Commons—that the origin of the
bow given by members to the
Chair must be traced to the bow
to the High Altar in the Chapel
of St. Stephen's given by their pre-
decessors in the far away time of
the Plantagenets."

WRONGS AND SUFFERING.

The lines of suffering on almost
every human countenance have been
deepened, if not traced there, by
unfaithfulness to conscience, by de-
partures from duty. To do wrong
is the surest way to bring suffering.
No wrong deed ever failed to
bring it. Those sins which are fol-
lowed by no palpable pain are yet
terribly avenged, even in this life.
They abridge our capacity of hap-
piness, impair our relish for inno-
cent pleasure and increase our sen-
sibility to suffering. They spoil us
of the armor of a pure conscience
and of trust in God, without which
we are naked amid hosts of foes
and are vulnerable by all the
changes of life. Thus to do wrong
is to inflict the surest injury on our
own peace. No enemy can do us
equal harm with what we do our-
selves whenever and however we
violate any moral or religious obli-
gation.

A LIFE SAVED. — Mr. James
Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was
confined to my bed with inflamma-
tion of the lungs, and was given
up by the physicians. A neighbor
advised me to try Dr. Thomas Ec-
lectic Oil, stating that his wife
had used it for a throat trouble
with the best results. Acting on his
advice, I procured the medicine,
and less than a half bottle cured
me; I certainly believe it saved my
life. It was with reluctance that I
consented to a trial, as I was re-
duced to such a state that I doubt-
ed the power of any remedy to do
me any good."



A LITTLE BROWN BALLAD.

A little brown rabbit sat under a
tree,
With a little brown headache, to
boot,
Since not for his little brown life
could he see
Why he couldn't get up it on
foot.

"There's a little red animal, very
like me
(But with very inferior ears).
Who hops to that tree-top as quick
as can be?"
And he squeezed out two little
brown tears.

But the small wicked squirrel peep-
ed down from his perch:
(Dropping nut-shells beneath him
like hail),
And winked at his friends as he
said, "But by chance,
You've forgotten, friend Rabbit,
my tail!"

And a little brown hen gave a lit-
tle brown jump,
And uplifted a little brown wail,
As it mournfully looked at its
little brown stump,
"Of course, I'd forgotten his
tail!"
— Evelyn Glover.

WHY IS A MONKEY A MONKEY?

One of the funniest of animals is
the monkey, and whenever you
look into its little wrinkled face, re-
member how its name arose. Mon-
key is due to the English way of
pronouncing the old German word
"Moncke," which was the name of
the Apes' son in a famous old
tale. This "Moncke" is a diminutive
form of the Italian "monna,"
meaning an ape, and also used as
a nickname for an old woman;
while "monna" itself is short for
"madonna," i.e. my lady. Orang-
outang is a Malay expression,
meaning, in plain English, the
"wild man of the woods." Lemur is
the Latin word for "ghost," and
was given to the little animal so
called on account of its nocturnal
habits. The squirrel carries its
name-history about with it in the
shape of its bushy tail, which
serves to a great extent as a cov-
ering when it sits down. "Squirrel"
is composed of two Greek words,
meaning "shadow" and "tail,"
"Mouse," which goes far back to
the old Persian and Sanskrit lan-
guages, means the "stealing" ani-
mal, just as "wolf" in its original
form meant the "tearer," and
"hare" meant "jumper." The lynx
was so called because of its keen,
bright eyes, its Latin name being
allied to the Greek word for a
lamp. — Cassell's Little Folks.

TOO BAD.

Great men, when they were boys,
were often just like other boys,
fond of fun and mischief. The boy
who became Professor Gillespie
proved this. He noticed — trust
boys for noticing — that the
schoolmaster was in great fear of
thunder and lightning. Even when
the sky grew overcast he used to
eye the windows tremblingly. The
boys, led on by Gillespie, turned
this weakness at times to their own
advantage. When a holiday was
wanted they used to get a herd
laddie to "work" a stick against
the railings outside and in other
ways to make a noise that might
pass for distant thunder. When
the boys heard the sounds, one
would utter, in a stage whisper,
"Thunder!" Some would even cry
out, "There's a flash!" By-and-by
the teacher would say: "You had
better go home, boys, for a thun-
derstorm is coming on, and it will
rain in torrents." The lads obeyed.
— Cassell's Little Folks for October.

Mr. D. J. Devine Honored

Peterborough, Oct. 9.—A farewell
banquet was given at McCallum's
restaurant last evening by the
members of St. Peter's Total Ab-
stinence Society for their friend,
Mr. D. J. Devine, who left to-day
for Toronto, where he assumes a
position with the Manufacturers'
Insurance Co., for whom he has
been local agent in Peterborough
for the past few years. Great was
the regret expressed at Mr. Dev-
ine's departure, and this senti-
ment will also find place with the
very many people here who have
known him. In business as in
other circles he has proven himself
a gentleman worthy of the great-
est confidence and esteem, and so
worthy a member of the commu-
nity that his loss will be deeply felt.
In him St. Peter's Total Ab-
stinence Society found a most vigor-
ous worker, the inestimable value
of his offices being seen in the great
success with which he had filled
the position of secretary of the so-
ciety. "May he have all kinds of
success" is the unanimous and sin-
cere wish of his friends.
It was a very sumptuous spread
which Mr. McCallum had arranged
in his dining-room last evening.
Cut flowers of great beauty and in

becoming profusion adorned a table
that was laid in splendid style and
contained a mighty supply of good
things. And right heartily did the
company of young men attack the
excellent repast, and soon showed
in most convincing manner that
they commended the appetible or-
der of things. Those at the table
were: Rev. Dr. O'Brien, the inspira-
tor of the Society's progressive-
ness; Mr. D. J. Devine, the guest of
the evening; Mr. J. Hickey, who
acted capably as chairman; Messrs.
J. P. Shevlin, Jas. Maher, Thos.
Lane, J. Roach, J. Sullivan, W.
Meagher, F. McFadden, James
O'Brien, Frank Pope, J. Sharpe,
Fred. Derocher and J. Denard. The
discussion of the repast was punc-
tuated by many witty passages be-
tween the gentlemen assembled, and
all tended to create a very pleasant
time indeed.

Mr. Hickey opened the after-dinner
programme by paying a tribute to
Mr. Devine's connection with the
Society. He was one of its
hardest worked members, ever be-
ing ready, night or day, to place
his time, energy and talents at its
service. It had been the intention
that evening to present Mr. Devine
with a token of appreciation, but
unfortunately the gift though or-
dered, had not yet come to hand.
It certainly would be received by
him ere his departure. All would
regret his going away, but on the
other hand, would be pleased to
know of his advancement and join
in extending best wishes for suc-
cess.

Rev. Dr. O'Brien followed, and
asserted that Mr. Devine's depart-
ure would be marked as an event in
the history of the Society. He said:
"The first time I met him was, I
think, when I returned from Rome
about two years ago, and the longer
I knew him the more I esteemed
him. I have found him to be not
only a temperate and upright, but,
indeed, a model young man. It is
certainly encouraging to find so
many young men who are, I might
say, pillars of the Society, and of
these Mr. Devine was one. It is
very seldom I have a chance to ex-
press my views to you, but I must
say some of the most delightful
moments I have known in Peter-
borough have been spent with you
in your rooms, and I am glad that
an occasion like this presents itself
to weld the links of friendship be-
tween us and impress upon us the
fact that we are all one in working
in the interests of Almighty God,
our church, our country and for
one another. This reunion will, I
doubt not, ever remain uppermost
in our minds, marking as it does
the departure of Mr. Devine. I am
not speaking in a mere convention-
al way when I say that we are in-
deed sorry that he is leaving us,
but we know that Mr. Devine is
bettering his position, and it is our
hope that success will be his. He
has, moreover, doubtless had a
proviso stipulated in the terms of
his engagement to return to Peter-
borough very often. We will there-
fore see him quite frequently until
things are brought to a focus.
(Good-natured laughter.) I am sure
we will be able to say of Mr. De-
vine what has been said of many
other young men who have gone
forth from the Society, that the
pledge has proven of great worth
to him. This little emblem we are
going to give him will help him to
keep in mind and to cherish the ob-
jects of St. Peter's Total Abstin-
ence Society."

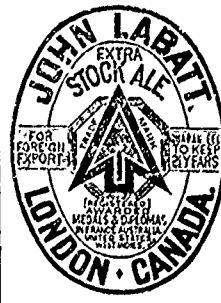
Rev. Dr. O'Brien's remarks were
received with enthusiastic approval.
Short speeches expressive of
regret at Mr. Devine's departure,
acknowledging his great worth to
the Total Abstinence Society and
expressing hopes for his future
well-being and prosperity were
made by Messrs. Lane, President of
the Society; Jas. Maher, F. Mc-
Fadden, J. Sharpe, J. O'Brien and
J. Roach, secretary.

Mr. Hickey proposed the health
of Mr. Devine, and this was heartily
honored, the company singing
lustily "He's a Jolly Good Fel-
low!"
Mr. Devine made a feeling reply,
in which he assured his friends that
he would never forget that occa-
sion, nor the pleasant remarks
that had been made with reference
to him. He had found many warm
friends in the Society, and in Rev.
Dr. O'Brien he had found one who
had been constant both night and
day, in sickness or in health. He
returned his sincere thanks for the
honors that had been done him
during the evening and on many
previous occasions.

Mr. Devine was again declared
"A Jolly Good Fellow." A recita-
tion by Mr. Roach and a song by
Mr. Pope were pleasant contribu-
tions to the evening's entertain-
ment. The National Anthem was
sung at the close and Mr. Devine's
friends afterwards took opportuni-
ty to bid him personally good-
bye.

Life is indeed great, and not lit-
tle; and one must realize its digni-
ty and its proportions. One defect
has been that the emphasis of value
of action was laid on some
vague and far-off time instead of on
the present day, the present hour.

THE MATERIALS USED IN
"THE D. & L." EMULSION are
the finest the market affords re-
gardless of expense. Taken in cases
of wasting diseases, loss of weight,
or loss of appetite, with great ben-
efit. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,
manufacturers.



ASK FOR
Labatt's
(LONDON)
Brewed with exceptional care and watchfulness until just
the right body and flavor are obtained. flavor is the
true flavor of good malt and hops. No substitutes used
At the proper age it is bottled, and consumers are offered
an absolutely pure, sparkling and delicious beverage—
tonic and refreshing to the body and quenching to the
throat. One case in your home will demonstrate to your
entire satisfaction that it is the best table ale brewed.

J. E. SEAGRAM
DISTILLER AND DIRECT IMPORTER OF
WINES, LIQUORS and MALT and FAMILY PROOF
Whiskies, Old Rye, Etc.
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