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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 14.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

On Saturday last the Dominion Parliament closed its session with the following speech from the throne.

HONORABLE GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE; GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—In relieving you from attendance in Parliament for this year, I congratulate you upon the energy and promptness with which you have disposed of the duties of the session you ended.

The assembly at Paris of the Behring sea arbitration tribunal gives reason to hope that the differences which have existed between the Government of the United States and the Government of the Dominion are approaching a satisfactory adjustment, while the nomination of the prime minister of Canada as one of the arbitrators affords a guarantee that the interests of our sealers will be properly, though not unduly, safeguarded.

The treaty of commerce which was negotiated with France on behalf of Canada has been laid before you, together with the correspondence which passed during the negotiations, but owing to the late period of the session at which the treaty was received, the pendency of communications as to its bearing in respect of most favored nation treatment, and the interpretation of certain of its clauses, my government has thought it advisable to postpone for the present its ratification by Parliament.

I thank you for the ample provision you have made to protect the country from the possible introduction of cholera, and I trust that the precautions taken will result in guarding against any danger from that source.

The liberal provisions made for the proper representation of Canada at the World's Columbian Exposition will, I doubt not, enable this country to make a worthy exhibit of her resources and progress among the nations of the world.

The various acts which you have placed upon the statute books will contribute to the maintenance of public security and the continued progress of the country.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—I thank you for the liberal provision you have made for the requirements of the public service.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE; GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS:—I feel with deep regret that the period of my official connection with the Dominion is drawing towards its close, and that in all probability I am taking leave of you for the last time. Lest this should be the case, I desire to avail myself of the present occasion to express my abiding interest in all that concerns the welfare of Canada, and my sincere affection to her people, who have never failed to testify their loyalty to the person and throne of our sovereign, and to show kindness and consideration to her representative. It will ever be my sincere desire to be of service to the Dominion, and I shall continue to cherish feelings of the warmest solicitude for the welfare and prosperity of those amongst whom I have been placed during the past five years. I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may at all times attend you.

The men of Ulster are drilling, and Sergeants Balfour, Churchill and Goschen are spending their Easter vacation, not of course in putting them through their military tactics, not in openly advocating recourse to arms, but in addressing angry audiences who do not wish to be self-governed. It seems that military preparations are being actively and systematically made, not only in Belfast, but elsewhere. A correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* witnessed a company of these braves being put through their squad and company drill. They spoke as if they were preparing for the worst. It will undoubtedly be the worst piece of folly they ever took part in.

A despatch from London announces that the private meeting of the Irish party held March 28th in the famous committee room, No. 15, was the most critical assemblage since Parnell was deposed. The meeting was to settle the dispute over the control of the *Freeman's Journal*. At the end of two hours' discussion a committee of control was agreed upon and the meeting ended with perfect unanimity. The great meeting in New York on Monday night, March 27th, had a good deal to do with bringing about the good feeling which rendered a settlement possible. The members of the Irish party said, after reading a report of the proceedings of that meeting, that it was more than ever incumbent on them to present a united front to the enemy when their friends and kinsmen in America were standing so staunchly by them. The committee of control consists of Justin McCarthy, Edward Blake, Michael Davitt, John Barry, William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor and Alfred Webb.

In spite of the opposition which the Unionists made, Gladstone has secured all the time of the House of Commons to press forward the Home Rule Bill after the Easter vacation. The debate on the second reading will end about the 14th or 17th of this month, and the bill will be sent to the House of Lords about July 12. On that date it is expected that the Ulster Orangemen will begin to riot, and the House of Lords will reject the bill. Then there will be an autumn session, to pass the bill through the House of Commons a second time, as well as to complete the other parts of the Government programme. These are the present calculations of the home rulers.

As was expected, the French Government has been defeated. The crisis arose out of increasing the burdens of the liquor trade. When the Minister of Finance, M. Tirard, announced the resignation of the Cabinet, he stated that they had been charged by the President of the Republic to carry on the affairs of the State for a short period. He accordingly asked the Chamber for a vote on account to cover the next two months. This was referred to a Committee, which, on rising, reported against the demand, but recommended a vote covering one month—which was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

The documents in the Behring Sea case were submitted to the public last week. The summary of claims made by the United States is as follows: That when Russia owned Alaska she always asserted and exercised the exclusive right to the seal fisheries in Behring Sea, and the right to use force in protecting them, that Great Britain, not having objected to this, must be

considered as having assented to it; that all rights to seal fisheries enjoyed by Russia passed over to the United States by the treaty of cession; and that the United States have such a property in the seal herd to justify the employment of means necessary to secure the benefit and possession of the seals for themselves.

The representatives of Great Britain argue that Behring Sea is an open sea, and no mere declaration of one or more nations can impair the right of the nations of the world to sail or fish in it; furthermore, that the absence of exercise of this right cannot impair the common rights of mankind in this open sea. In accordance with this the sea was always considered open, and no opposition was offered until the Russian ukase of 1821, which closed this sea against foreign traffic; but on this occasion the United States united with England to force Russia to withdraw the decree, which was done in 1825. From that date till 1867, when the United States came into possession of part of the territory in question, no opposition was offered to sailing and fishing in the non-territorial waters of the sea, and until 1886 the United States legislated to control only the territorial waters and the shores. But when pelagic sealing had grown as an industry the United States reverted, first to the Russian ukase of 1821, to which they themselves had then objected, and, that plea failing, had introduced a case based upon the property in fur seals as such; finally, that Great Britain, though opposed to the claims advanced, was in favor of the adoption of general measures for the protection of the seal, provided that the regulations made should be fair, and approved by other powers, so that they might be guaranteed a continued and impartial execution.

To the property claim set up by the United States the British representatives reply that the laws of natural history and common interests of mankind have no bearing on the question of the right of property claimed by the United States, to the exclusion of all other nations. The counsel for Great Britain submitted, under protest, arguments regarding the regulations which may probably be made. They demand that the principle shall be settled first, and then they will decide whether they will leave to the arbitrators, the settlement of regulations.

Meantime the position of Russia in the question may be inferred from a letter of the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Times*, which states that: "The Russian Government has proposed as a temporary arrangement with Great Britain in the Behring sea matter, a ten mile limit off the mainland coast and 80 off the Commander

and Robin islands. The Russian authorities declare that the taking of the captured British sealers comprised 92 per cent. females, three per cent. males and five per cent. doubtful. Russia complains that the dispute between Great Britain and the United States has driven all the foreign sealers to the Russian side of the Behring sea, thus causing a decrease of the Russian company's catch from 80,000 in 1891, to 20,000 in 1892. The negotiations between England and Russia on this question are most friendly. The relations of the two governments were never more amicable."

Our Holy Father is showing great generosity towards the Order of St. Benedict by presenting them with £75,000 to build a magnificent international College at Rome. The foundation stone is to be laid on the second Sunday after Easter, when all the Superiors of the Order, Presidents of Congregations and the Abbots and Priors of Monasteries from all parts of the world are summoned to take part in the ceremony. Before leaving Rome they will hold a general Chapter for the discussion of affairs regarding the general welfare of the monastic body. No such numerous assembly of Benedictines has been held since the Council of Constance in the early part of the 15th century.

A Bill has been introduced into the Italian Parliament making civil marriage obligatory before any religious ceremony is performed. The Bill provides for fines to be levied on persons who presume to have their marriage blessed by the Church before going to a civil magistrate. The priest who marries a couple before they have gone through the civil ceremony is also to be punished, and for the third offence he is to be imprisoned for a year and perpetually deprived of his office. That is liberty and modern Italy. The brigandage in that country now differs from what it was in former days in this fact that it is legalized.

An anecdote is related concerning the late Cardinal Place, Archbishop of Rennes, while Bishop of Marseilles. In 1871, during the Commune in Marseilles, the Jesuits' residence was attacked by the rioters, and the Fathers were unable to escape. The Bishop hastened to the house and alone entered the chapel, then filled by the mob. He pushed his way through the crowd and ascended to the altar, where the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. One of the men asked respectfully where he was going: his only answer was to light the candles, and take possession of the Holy Bread of Life. As he left the chapel, the leader of the armed anarchists shouted: "Four men to escort the Blessed Sacrament; present arms!"

ITALY'S DISGRACE.

What Freemason Rule has Brought with it.

The fact that the Government machines of Republican France, and nominally Monarchical Italy are, in transatlantic phrase, "run" by the Masonic Lodges, is self-evident to all, save the most superficial observers of the course of politics in those countries. In the latter indeed, the authorship of some of the most anti-religious measures has been openly gloried in at the public celebrations of the sect, leaving no further excuse to the most obtuse optimism for doubt as to its directing influence on the current of official legislation. That Freemasonry in this country is compelled to veil its essentially anti-Christian character in deference to public opinion, thus hoodwinking many well-intentioned people as to its real tendency, is a compliment to the good feeling of Englishmen at the expense of their perspicacity, but is no argument as to its action in continental countries, where it has attained to a sufficiently commanding position to enable it to throw off the mask with safety. To the dangers threatening society from its insidious attacks, the present Pope, in his Apostolic writings, has never ceased to call attention, and in his Encyclical to the Italian Bishops, and Letter to the Italian people, of December 8th, he points out once more the necessity of combating by all possible means the working of a sect, adhesion to which he emphatically declares to be incompatible with Christianity. On its mode of action in Italy, he dwells in a striking passage, and after pointing out its illusory self-glorification as the benefactor of that country and denunciation of all who follow the precept of religion as its enemies, goes on to say. "Let facts speak for themselves. We repeat once more, as to the deserts of the iniquitous sect in regard to our Peninsula. They tell us, that Masonic patriotism is but sectarian egotism, craving for universal domination, and lording it over modern States, which collect and concentrate all authority in their hands. Facts teach us that, in the Masonic sense, the names of political independence, of equality, civilization and progress, cover in our country the assertion of man's independence of God, the licensing of error and vice, the league of a single faction to the detriment of the rest of the community, the aim of the unfortunate of this world to enjoy life with greater ease and luxury, the return of a people redeemed by the Divine blood, to the divisions, the corruptions, the scandals of Paganism."

The Holy Father goes on to indicate the danger to Christian families of admitting to their intimacy members of the sect, whether as physicians, tutors, or friends, and thus giving them the opportunity of disseminating their pernicious doctrines, and gaining influence, especially over the unsuspecting minds of the young. The importance attached by the Pope to this solemn warning was indicated by his recurrence to it in his address to the Cardinals and Prelates received by him on December 23, in which he dwelt on the political aspects of the subject in the following significant words: "Unquestionably it (Freemasonry) would be less fatal in its effects had it no other argument than its own strength to trust to; but it finds, unfortunately, favor and support in those who rule us." Two measures now about to be pushed forward in the Chamber bearing the special imprint of Masonic authorship have doubtless tended to call forth this renewed protest from the venerable Pontiff. These are the law of divorce especially dear to the leaders of the sect as a blow to the institution of Christian marriage, and its corollary, penalizing the solemnization of the religious marriage by

a priest before the parties have entered into the civil contract.

Against this latter interference with religious liberty a portion even of the liberal press has been found to protest, and the *Gazzetta di Torino* condemns it as a violation of the freedom of the ministers of religion in the performance of functions absolutely independent of the civil power; pointing out the possible cases in which a priest would have to choose between obedience to the provisions of such a law, and fulfilment of his sacerdotal obligations in view of higher spiritual interests. The results of sectarian domination in secular politics and the close connection between Masonic rule, and that Jewish element so preponderant in modern financial speculation, are just now receiving sufficient illustration in Paris; but the Italian body politic is being preyed on by similar parasitic growths of moral corruption, and in Rome, too, the public are busy discussing their "Panamino," or little Panama. In one respect, indeed, the situation in Italy is more serious than in France, since the revelations there made, however damaging to the reputation of the official and parliamentary classes, do not directly affect the national credit, as do those on the further side of the Alps, where they concern the chief banking institutions of the country. The history of the present scandals goes back to the great financial crisis of the year 1889, when Signor Giolitti, now Prime Minister, was head of the Treasury Department in Signor Crispi's Cabinet. The *Banca Tyberina*, deeply involved in the building speculation in Rome, being then on the verge of bankruptcy, invoked the assistance of the Government, and Signors Crispi and Giolitti put pressure on the *Banca Nazionale* to advance it 50 million francs (two million sterling) which has never been refunded, and on which no interest has been paid. The intended proposal of the present Italian Government for a six years' extension of the banking law now in force, tending to stereotype an unsound state of affairs, has not only encountered such opposition that a prolongation of the present powers for three months has had to be substituted for the longer term, but has also given occasion for the disclosures which have excited so much public indignation. These are based on the inquiry made in 1889 with a view to reorganizing the credit system of the country as to the result of which the *Italia del Popolo* writes as follows. "Crispi discovered, from the partial inquiry then made, that other banks of emission were in criminal conditions, but through very mistaken patriotism set to work to stifle everything, leaving the thieves to triumph."

Signor Alvisi, the Senator now dead, who drew up the Report, strongly urged its publication, but was appealed to by Signor Micelli, one of the Ministers then in office, in the name of the country, of the Government, and of the ties of private friendship, to keep it secret. It is this jealously guarded document which has now transpired, the actual report having come into the hands of Signor Napoleone Colaianni, a Sicilian Radical Deputy, through the instrumentality of a friend, as he declares. It was with this document, whose contents had been rumored abroad for several days previously, that he confronted the Government in the sitting of December 19th, demanding, when the three months' extension of existing powers was asked for, a Parliamentary inquiry, instead of the Government inspection of the banks promised. His speech was listened to in breathless interest, and caused a profound sensation both in the Chamber and in the country. His charges, founded on the paper in his hands, were directed principally against the *Banca Romana* in the conduct of whose business grave irregularities were reported. These consisted, among other things, of keep-

ing a duplicate series of notes (each set bearing the same numbers) in circulation, thus fraudulently exceeding its legal issue, and of holding a large number of bills signed by political personages, a proceeding with which many other banks are charged as well. These were termed patriotic bills, and were renewed at the lapse of twenty years, without either signatories or backers being called upon to pay them. Considering that from 100 to 150 Deputies and Senators are said to be compromised by these revelations, it is not surprising that considerable latitude was allowed to the bank in its operations. The speaker continued amid profound attention, to give in round numbers the figures in which its various clients are indebted, saying that out of an aggregate of 83 millions distributed between 1,686 individuals, 73 millions were divided between 179 persons, 33½ millions between 49, while 10½ millions were left to the remaining 1,507 clients. He added significantly that the list of names would throw still further light on the nature of the business of the bank, but that it was not his business at the moment to touch on that side of the question. These charges remain uncontradicted, Signor Miceli, having confined himself in reply to a burst of patriotic indignation against the defamer of the national credit, and other speakers on the same side to levelling against Signor Colaianni the counter-charge of having possessed himself, by surreptitious means, of the incriminating report. Meanwhile the Government has openly defied public opinion by the nomination of Signor Taulango, Governor of the Bank, so seriously accused, to a seat on the Committee of Vigilance on the public debt, having already insulted the Senate by promoting him to a place on its benches. The *Tribuna* compares its action in this respect to the promotion of General Baldissera after his confession of responsibility for the horrible massacre of Massowah, and declares such honor to those in public disgrace "a sort of tradition of the Italian Government." M. Riant, Communal Councillor of Paris, had some grounds for his epigrammatic exclamation, "The Revolution is robbery." *La Revolution cest le vol.*—London *Tablet*.

Kindness.

A little boy was asked which was the greater evil, hurting another's feelings or his fingers.

"The feelings," he said.

"Right, my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "But why is it worse to hurt the feelings?"

"Because you can't tie a rag around them."

And indeed the little lad was right. We cannot "tie a rag around the feelings."

We cannot efface the scars which unkind and cruel words have produced, but we can cultivate kindness in our hearts. We can speak a kind word to each and every one—it costs but little, and yet how great is its value! How conciliating its effects! It intersperses life's pathway with its optimistic presence. It reflects its influence upon the heart and it forms life-pillows which bear up great weights of sorrow, and which hold us up high above clouds of doubt and despondency, up where the sunshine of faith and hope lights the way to a realization of our dreams, and kindness is the great wheel which revolves around on its axis, and dispels gloom from life, and, like the waves of the ocean, sinks its shadows and adversities into mildness and serenity.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

"Five Minutes Before Mass."

In most instances there is absolutely no excuse for coming late to church. People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach the church five or ten minutes after the services have begun it is wholly because of an unreasonable fear of spending too much time in the house of God. Also, why the studious care which people take of leaving the house only with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early? They are not gingerly about coming some minutes "before the play begins" at places of amusement. They waste ten times the time thus "lost" otherwise during the day. But is the time that a Christian spends in church just before the services begin really "lost?" The expected answer is: by no means. A sterling Catholic has expressed the opinion that five minutes reflection and self-communion before the priest comes to the altar is productive of the best spiritual results. A practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and of spending the time in strictly religious reflection—powerfully assisted by the associations of the place—has always prepared an excellent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that ensues. This Catholic feels that it is a difficult thing to come off the crowded street, sometimes hurried, and often occupied with worldly thoughts, and then to kneel down with the proper disposition before the Sacrifice of the Mass. The five minutes of preparation before "church begins" has, he thinks, doubled the spiritual advantage to him of the half hour or hour that ensues.—*Sundaybeam*.

Women in Time of War.

During the terrors of the French Revolution, the most delicately nurtured, the most luxuriously reared, the most sensitive daughters of the old aristocracy passed through crowds of the insulting, maddened populace; to the gallows, as ghastly as unmerited, without appeal or lamentation, writes Junius Henri Browne in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. Plebeian women, in desperate exigencies, are as fearless as the haughtiest patricians. Rank or no rank, they are alike equal to the sternest obligation. Honest men who have seen women tried again and again are eager to admit that she holds a courage that they cannot command.

Women are timid when peril is far away; as it approaches, their daring rises to meet it; fairly confronted with it, they overtop it quite. They are not brave to do wrong, to speak evil, to injure humanity, as men so often are; but, in the cause of good, of advancement, of pure unsaltness, they parallel Caesar or Lincoln. The courage of men is lauded and trumpeted; the courage of women is passed over and unappreciated.

Third Order of St. Dominic.

There are souls who for want of vocation, or because held back by ties of duty, or by the cross of poor health, are never able to realize their desires of a conventual life. For such the spiritual treasures that the Third Order of St. Dominic holds are rich indeed. This great organization, by which so many in the world are made truly Children of St. Dominic, is too little known we commend the articles, upon it now appearing in the *Rosary* New York.

Dyspepsia Cured.

GENTLEMEN,—I was troubled with Dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.
BERT J. RIBB, Wingham, Ont.

San Lorenzo Giustoluni's Mother.

ALICE MYNNELL.

I had not seen my son's dear face
(He chose the cloister by God's grace)
Since it had come to full flower-time,
I hardly guessed at its perfect prime,
That folded flower of his dear face.

Mine eyes were veiled by mists of tears
When on a day in many years
One of his Order came. I thrilled,
Facing, I thought, that face fulfilled,
I doubted, for my mists of tears.

His blessing be with me for ever!
My hope and doubt were hard to sever.
—That altered face, those holy weeds,
I filled his wallet and kissed his beads,
And lost his echoing feet for ever.

If to my son my alma were given
I know not, and I wait for Heaven.
He did not plead for child of mine,
But for another Child divine,
And unto Him it was surely given.

There is One alone who cannot change;
Dreams are wa. shadows, visions strange;
And all I give is given to One.
I might mistake my dearest son,
But never the Son who cannot change.

A Famous Duel.

To give an idea of what a brave man can do if he knows fencing thoroughly, and but keeps cool and collected in danger, we will relate an historical duel. So extraordinary is this combat that it would be held a romance, had it not been witnessed by a whole army. The hero is Jean Louis, of whom we have already spoken of as one of the great masters of the beginning of this century, and the duel happened in Madrid in 1813. He was the master-at-arms of the 32nd Regiment of French Infantry; the 1st Regiment, composed entirely of Italians, formed part of the same brigade.

Regimental *esprit de corps* and rivalries of nationality caused constant quarrels, when swords were often whipped out or bullets exchanged. After a small battle had occurred in the streets of Madrid, in which over 200 French and Italian soldiers had taken part, the officers of the two regiments in a council of war assembled, decided to give such breaches of order a great blow, and to re-establish discipline; they decreed that the masters-at-arms of the two regiments should take up the quarrel and fight it out.

Imagine a whole army in battle-array on one of the large plains that surround Madrid. In the centre a large ring is left open for the contestants. This spot is raised above the plain so that not one of the spectators of this tragic scene—gayly dressed officers, soldiers in line, Spaniards, excited as never a bull fight excited them—will miss one phase of the contest. It is before 10,000 men that the honor of an army is about to be avenged in the blood of thirty brave men.

The drum is heard. Two men, naked to the waist, step in the ring. The first is tall and strong; his black eyes roll disdainfully upon the gaping crowd; he is Giacomo Ferrari, the celebrated Italian. The second, tall, also handsome, and with muscles like steel, stands modestly awaiting the word of command; his name is Jean Louis. The seconds take their places on either side of their principals. A death-like silence ensues.

"On guard!"

The two masters cross swords. Giacomo Ferrari lunges repeatedly at Jean Louis, but in vain; his every thrust is met by a parry. He makes up his mind to bide his chance, and carouses and teases his opponent's blade. Jean Louis, calm and watchful, lends himself to the play, when, quicker than lightning, the Italian jumps aside with a loud yell and makes a terrible lunge at Jean Louis—a Florentine trick, often successful. But with extraordinary rapidity, Jean Louis has parried, and risposts quickly in the shoulder.

"It is nothing," cries Giacomo, "a mere scratch," and they again fall on guard. Almost directly he is hit in

the breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis, who is now attacking, penetrates deeply. Giacomo's face becomes livid, his sword drops from his hand, and he falls heavily on the turf. He is dead.

Jean Louis is already in position. He wipes his reeking blade, then, with the point of his sword in the ground he calmly awaits the next man.

The best fencer of the 1st Regiment has just been carried away a corpse; but the day is not yet over. Fourteen adversaries are there, impatient to measure swords with the conqueror, burning to avenge the master they had deemed invincible.

Jean Louis hardly had two minutes' rest. He is ready. A new adversary stands before him. A sinister click of swords is heard, a lunge, a parry, a rispost, and then a cry, a sigh, and all is over. A second body is before Jean Louis.

A third adversary advances. They want Jean Louis to rest. "I am not tired," he answers, with a smile.

The signal is given. The Italian is as tall as the one who lies there a corpse covered by a military cloak. He has closely watched Jean Louis' play, and thinks he has guessed the secret of his victories. He multiplies his feints and tricks, then, all at once, bounding like a tiger on his prey, he gives his opponent a terrible thrust in the lower line. But Jean Louis' sword has parried and is now deep within his opponent's breast.

What need to relate any more? Ten new adversaries followed him, and the ten fell before Jean Louis amid the excited roars and yells of an army.

At the request of the 32nd Regiment's Colonel, who thought the lesson sufficient, Jean Louis, after much pressing, consented to stop the combat; and he shook hands with the two survivors, applauded by 10,000 men.

From that day fights ceased between French and Italian soldiers.

This wonderful and gigantic combat might be held a fable were not all the facts above stated still found in the archives of the Ministry of War.—*Lippincott's.*

An Appropriate Gift.

Through the initiative of His Grace Archbishop Stonor, the new Augustinian College of St. Patrick has been embellished by three valuable paintings which have adorned the picture gallery of the English College for many years, and were, moreover, the gift of Archbishop Stonor in the first instance. They represent the three Irish *Porporati*, their Eminences Cardinals Norris, Cullen, and McCabe. The first named was born at Verona of Irish parents, and in the year 1704 was created a member of the Sacred College. In speaking of the circumstance, Prior Glynn expressed his deep gratitude to Archbishop Stonor for his thoughtful recognition of the Irish National Institution at Rome, as well as for the sentiments of friendship which had prompted the generous gift and kindly thought.

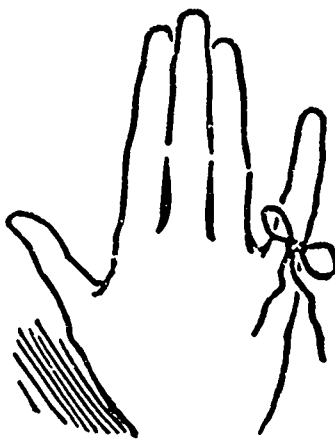
In a Day.

Mrs. J. Ringland, Kincaid St. Brockville, Ont., says: "I was confined to my bed by a severe attack of lumbago. A lady friend of mine sent me a part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which I applied. The effect was simply magical. In a day I was able to go about my household duties. I have used it with splendid success for neuralgic toothache. I would not be without a bottle."

The Catholics of Italy are petitioning in large numbers against the bill for giving the civil marriage rite precedence over the religious ceremony. The measure was rejected by the senate in 1880, when 100,000 Catholics petitioned against it.

A Cure for Coughs.

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



SOMETHING TO REMEMBER, if you're a weak or ailing woman:—that there's only one medicine so sure to help you that it can be *guaranteed*. It's Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. In building up overworked, feeble, delicate women, or in any "female complaint" or weakness, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a safe and certain remedy for woman's ills and ailments. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

In all the chronic weaknesses and disorders that afflict women, it is *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

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Howarth's Carminative Mixture.

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

GIVES REST TO CHILDREN, AND QUIET NIGHTS TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.

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HOLY WEEK.

Imposing Ceremonies at the Cathedral.

The beautiful services of Holy Week, always most touching in their deep significance, were especially impressive this year at St. Michael's Cathedral.

PALM SUNDAY.—The ceremonies open with the blessing of Palms. His Grace the Archbishop presided at the service, and blessed the Palms from the throne, assisted by the Very Rev. Vicar General McCann and the Rev. Mr. Carbery. After the blessing of Palms, and before their distribution his Grace gave a brief explanation of the ceremony. The Archbishop's impressive eloquence is perhaps never more powerful and effective than in these familiar explanations of doctrine, devotion and ritual. His vast erudition, his easy, and graceful rhetoric, apt and striking illustration—all illumined by a lively faith and tender piety—are nowhere seen to better effect. All the ceremonies of the week, he said, centre around the Hero of the Divine Tragedy, Jesus Christ our Saviour. The first scene in the great drama is, His triumphant entry into Jerusalem, was commemorated in the ceremony of Palm Sunday. The Catholic Church, in her magnificent ceremonial, makes the invisible visible, the past present. To-day she asks her children to go out and meet their divine King, Christ Jesus the Lord, who is, yesterday, to-day, and the same for ever. They go, as the Jewish people did, with palm branches in their hands and hosannas in their hearts to hail the Messiah coming in meekness to save mankind. But let not the children of the Church do like the fickle children of Israel, who, a few days after, crucified their King. Let the Palm branch of the Christian be not only an emblem of his faith, but a sign of his victory over sensuality and sin, and a pledge of his loyalty to his divine Leader. After the blessing and distribution of Palms the procession was formed and moved towards the door of the Cathedral. The boys' choir sang, with splendid effect, the triumphant processional hymn under the direction of Father Rohleder and the Christian Brothers. When the procession ended his Grace left for St. Helen's, Brockton, to preach there at the Forty Hours Devotion. High Mass was sung in the Cathedral by Father Ryan, and Father McCann read the Passion in English from the pulpit.

WEDNESDAY.—The solemn and mournful office of Tenebrae was chanted in the evening. Very Rev. Vicar General McCann preached. Father Ryan gave a brief explanation of the service from the pulpit. The Lamentations were chanted by Father Trayling, Father Hinchey of Hamilton and Father Rohleder; and the Responses were beautifully rendered, in harmony, by the Cathedral quartette.

THURSDAY.—The Archbishop pontificated at the Solemn High Mass and morning service of Thursday, and blessed the holy oils. Very Rev. Vicar General McCann was assistant priest; Very Rev. Dean Cassidy and Father Ryan, deacons of honor; Father Trayling and Father La Fontaine, deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass; Father Hand was master of ceremonies, and about twenty priests took part in the solemn procession. Father Rohleder conducted the singing, ably assisted by the excellent choir of St. Michael's College.

The office of Tenebrae was again chanted on Thursday evening, and Father McCann delivered an impressive address on the Blessed Eucharist. This day is called *Mandatum*, that begins our blessed Saviour's new commandment of Love, which he gave when He instituted the Sacrament of the Altar. This commandment was well kept by the people of St. Michael's parish, as was seen in the crowds at the altar rails for Holy Communion, and at adoration before the Repository on Maunday Thursday. The Altar of Repose is always beautiful at the Cathedral, but this year the young ladies of the Sanctuary Society surpassed all former efforts of artistic taste and generous zeal.

GOOD FRIDAY.—The Cathedral was crowded at the morning service, which consists of the unveiling and adoration of the Cross; the procession and Mass of the Presanctified. The Archbishop assisted and gave a most touching and pathetic address to the people before the adoration of the Cross. Tenebrae service was held in the evening, and Father Ryan preached on the Passion.

EASTER SATURDAY.—The morning service on Easter Saturday is very beautiful and very long. It begins with the blessing of fire, the singing of the *Exultet* and blessing of the Paschal candle; then continues with the reading of the Prophecies, blessing of the Font, singing the Litanies and solemn High Mass. Very Rev. Father McCann was celebrant. Father Rohleder, deacon, and Mr. Carbery sub-deacon. The Boys' choir sang the Litanies and the Mass, and showed excellent vocal culture and musical training.

EASTER SUNDAY.—The cathedral was densely packed at morning and evening services. Solemn High Mass was sung in presence of the Archbishop. Father Ryan was celebrant. Father Kelly, deacon, and Rev. Mr. Carbery sub-deacon. The Archbishop preached a really magnificent ser-

mon, which we give elsewhere. Father Ryan preached at the evening service.

The Forty Hours' Devotion was held in all the city churches during Lent, and the attendance was even better than last year. The faith and fervor of the people were most edifying and consoling. This remarkable outpouring of piety was, under God, chiefly due to the Archbishop's untiring zeal, which made him seem almost ubiquitous. He opened the Forty Hours' Devotion and preached in all the churches. His Grace looks higher than any reward that earth can give, but his great paternal heart must have been filled with joy and consolation at seeing the marvellous fruit of his zealous work.

Miscellaneous.

Jerusalem is still supplied with water from Solomon's Pools through an aqueduct built by the Crusaders.

Buffalo is to have a new theological seminary. It is to be built by the Order of the Oblate Missionaries of the Immaculate Conception.

Among the gifts at Miss McClellan's wedding was one from the Comte de Paris, the badge of the Army of the Potomac in red enamel, with gold laurel leaf and pearl acorns. It was the count's own design.

All the Benedictine Abbots have been summoned to Rome. They will be present at the laying of the cornerstone of the College of St. Anselm. Abbot Hilary of Newark is making up the party, which will sail on the steamer Allen, April 4.

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

Mr. Vincent Nash, of the firm of James Nash & Sons, house and land agents, 85 George st., Limerick, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor, a Commissioner to administer affidavits for the High Court of Justice in Ireland, for the City and County of Limerick.

Princess Marie of Orleans, the wife of Prince Vladimir, the youngest son of the King of Denmark, will send to the World's Fair a picture in oil of an eighty three year-old woman, whose gentle features attracted the Princess while she was visiting the hospital "Narvon" in Copenhagen.

Evanston, Ill., Catholics are considerably stirred up over an attempt to repeal the law prohibiting the licensing of saloons within a four mile limit of Evanston. The removal of the limit would tend to pollute the sacredness of Calvary Cemetery, with the indecency and vice which are ever attendant upon the saloon.

Bills have been introduced in the Wisconsin legislature to appropriate \$27,000 to the House of the Good Shepherd and \$30,000 to St. Mary's Hospital. The Lutheran ministers of the city are strongly opposed to the appropriations and have delegated Rev. J. H. Schlerf to enter a protest before the proper committee.

In order that he may make a full report, based on best information, regarding the Ancient Order of Odd Fellows, the Archbishop of Milwaukee has requested the head officials of that organization to send him a copy of its ritual. They say they will not do so, as the ritual is secret and can be made known only to members.

Some idea of the magnitude of the work done in a quiet way by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, without a cent of expenditure for salaries to officers, may be gleaned from the account of the thirty conferences established in the diocese of Brooklyn. More than \$30,000 was distributed and more than 20,000 personal visits of investigation were made.

It gives us great pleasure, says the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, to note the fact that Prof. Egan has been offered the position of Minister to Greece, to be stationed at Athens. We would be exceedingly glad to have the Doctor act in such a position, but our selfishness is great; and our greater desire is, that he remain with us. This latter desire, the Professor has assured us, will be gratified, for he cannot accept the honor offered him.

Can You Think?

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

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

RADAM'S Microbe Killer Remedy.

A few names here are given of prominent Canadians who have been **CURED**, not merely benefitted, by **M.K.:**

J. S. EDGAR, Merchant, Windsor:

M. K. acted marvellously in my case of chronic stomach and bowel trouble.

WM. MACRAE, L.D.S., Cookshire, Que.:

Was given up to die from a complication of Dyspepsia and Liver trouble with consumption. Am as well as ever; it is truly wonderful.

T. H. LUSCOMBE, Barrister, London:

Chronic cough and hemorrhages from the lungs were hurrying my wife to an early grave; but thanks to M. K. she is as well as ever.

THOMAS PARRY, Builder, of Hamilton:

My wife was reduced to a skeleton from cancer and suffering terribly. Doctors had given up all hope. M. K. was then used perseveringly and she was restored to health again.

MRS. ANNIE COOPER, Toronto, Ont.:

My little daughter and my husband were both down at one time with Diphtheritic Croup. Two jars of M. K. cured them in a week. No other remedies were used.

S. A. BROWN, Hamilton, Ont.:

Suffered for 10 years with Ozæna and was unable to be near others owing to this foul-smelling affection. Used many jars of M. K. and was cured fully in course of time.

THOS. LANVIN, Toronto, Ont.:

Was afflicted with a severe case of Fistula and terrible pains in his back. Had no faith in M. K., but used it and got radically cured.

J. S. ALLAN, Goderich, Ont.:

For 20 years suffered from Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles; had tried many remedies, but it remained for M. K. to cure him.

JOHN B. MURRAY, Halifax:

As an army officer contracted Chronic Rheumatism of the nerves, was compelled to use morphine all together to obtain relief, until he tried M. K. It cured him.

E. B. HEMSTREET, Napanee, Ont.:

Was an inveterate sufferer from an abdominal tumor for nearly 20 years and was so reduced from his suffering as to wish a speedy death. Others induced him to give M. K. a trial. It cured him.

MISS K. CAMPBELL, Peterboro, Ont.

Used M. K. for a complicated case of inflammatory rheumatism which compelled her to use crutches. She was cured.

THOMAS BARRETT, Hamilton, Ont

Had been suffering from what his physicians pronounced consumption and rheumatic pleurisy of the heart. He was in a very bad way when, as a last resort, he also used M. K. He's cured.

William Radam Microbe Killer Co., Ltd.

A statue of Archbishop Feehan will be placed as a centre piece in the Chicago Archdiocesan educational exhibit at the World's Fair. The statue is seven feet in height and represents the Archbishop imparting instruction.

A WIFE'S FORETHOUGHT.—He: "I am going to the Old Chum's dinner to-night, love."

She: "But surely not in a dress suit!"

He: "Of course. Why not?"

She: "It will look so out of place to come home in it in broad day light."



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Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free. You work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully. Remember, I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work. Absolutely sure; don't fail to write today.

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THOMAS DEAN, Montreal, Que.,

suffered for many years with Asthma, Catarrh and Dyspepsia to such an extent that he could not see anyone owing to the odor from his diseases. He had given up doctoring, but La Grippe took hold of him and another effort was made to shake it off with M. K. It did this, and also cured him of all his other infirmities.

Many hundreds of names could we give had we the space to spare of Canadians who are grateful for their deliverance from disease, and are recommending M. K. whenever opportunity offers.

None need despair of being cured if they will but exercise their reason and judgment in remembering that disease in the body cannot be "drugged" out of it in a hurry. Besides this, persons who resort to "drugging" never get done with them while alive.

REV. J. P. SPARLING, Christian Islands,

Was entirely broken down from La Grippe which produced Dropsy, Catarrh and Stomach Disorders. Used M. K. and was cured, not relapsed.

O. S. DOAN, Clinton, Ont.,

Is an aged gentleman of 70, suffered with chronic rheumatism and had to use canes. Tried many palliatives, but at last got a cure through M. K.

MRS. JAMES DAVIDSON, Paisley Ont.,

Was afflicted with chronic diarrhoea for over six years. Nothing would help her, and as a last resort M. K. was tried; it cured her.

MRS L. P. JOHNSTON, Aurora, Ont.

For nearly 30 years this lady suffered from cancer throughout her system; was a chronic invalid and bedfast when she commenced to use M. K. It cured her.

M. C. TYLER, Toronto, Ont.,

Whose son was afflicted with catarrhal deafness and had to abandon school on that account, was finally cured and his hearing made perfect again with M. K.

REV. J. S. ALLEN, Richibucto, N. B.

States that such a wonderful change was made in a case of consumption in his family as to almost border on a resurrection. M. K. was used as a last resort to ease the patient's demise, but instead it brought him back to a new life.

MICROBE KILLER CORES.

(Stick a Pin Here.)

IT IS NO PALLIATIVE

Follow our advice in the use of this remedy and you can join those whose names are above given as "being of the cured."

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EASTER SUNDAY.

His Grace at St. Michael's.

At St. Michael's Cathedral on Easter Sunday morning His Grace Archbishop Walsh preached an impressive sermon on the topic peculiar to the day. He took his text from that portion of the Gospel of St. Mark in which is related Christ's resurrection and ascension. He said: The Church commemorates to-day the great central mystery of the resurrection of Christ from the tomb. This feast is a feast of joy and gladness, because the mystery it commemorates is the foundation of our faith, the anchor of our hopes and source of the merit of all our good deeds. A few days ago the Church was in tears and mourning for the death of her Saviour; but to-day, with joy in her heart, she rejoices because of the triumphant resurrection of Our Saviour from the grave. A few days ago our hearts were sad and heavy. We beheld Jesus bruised and bleeding before His persecutors; we saw the cruelty of His flogging at the pillar; we saw the crown of thorns pressed upon His bleeding head, His face lacerated with blows and covered with spittle. We saw His persecutors follow Him up the weary heights of Calvary, and kneel in mockery and in scorn before the dying Saviour. When He died the disciples laid His body tenderly in the tomb, but they wrote no epitaph upon His sepulchre. If you go into the cemeteries of the illustrious dead, you will read on their monuments the words that record their greatness, while if you dig beneath you will find their mouldering ashes. But not so with the tomb of Jesus. The epitaph written there is written by the hand of God; it is an epitaph of hope, of triumph and of life. "He is risen; He is not here; behold the place where they laid Him." And thus there came to life again the dead hopes of humanity, and that old original faith in God, which had almost faded from the human soul, while the spirit of mutual love and charity was rekindled once more in the human heart. This is Christ's monument, this the glorious mystery of His resurrection from the tomb. In this mystery we may find important lessons.

In the resurrection of our Saviour we find the pledge of the true christian religion, the imperishable character of the Church. Secondly, we find the cause and the model of the resurrection on the great morning of the last day. The resurrection of Our Saviour puts the seal of the divine authority upon His teachings, and shows that the institution of His Church is a divine act, because His resurrection proves that He was God, and that the fire that day enkindled upon earth had come down from Heaven. Many other miracles He wrought during His public life, and disease of all kinds fled from His divine presence. Death itself fled before Him. The blind saw, the lame walked, and the very dead arose from their graves at His word. These things would have sufficed to prove Him to be God, but He rests the final proof of His divinity upon the mystery of His resurrection from the tomb. God very justly and properly gives the resurrection of the dead as the work of omnipotence alone. Man has tremendous power here below, and never in any age have the wonders of human genius and human power been so profusely exhibited as in our own. But human power has its limits and is circumscribed by certain lines. When men lie buried away in the tomb they cannot lift their hands to brush off the worms that are feeding upon them, nor can they recall the blood to the pulseless heart that has grown silent forever. God alone can do that; and therefore the resurrection of Christ proves that He was God, proves that He was the Messiah and the Saviour of men, proves that the Church which He created, and to which He gave authority to do His work, is a divine institution that will live upon earth as long as souls are to be saved and God is to be worshipped. Armed with this power and this commission His Apostles went forth to teach all nations, down to the consummation of the world. Their doctrines spread over the earth like the strains of half-forgotten music, because the former revelation of God had still lingered here and there. But the teachings of the Apostles were inevitably such as to arouse human passions and to provoke human hostility. The Roman empire lifted its hand against the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Never yet had that mighty power attacked an enemy which it did not smite to the earth. But now it failed. That Church went forth through the Roman Empire; and though her children were martyred and her temples torn down, still, through three centuries of suffering and patience and endurance she advanced to a complete and brilliant triumph. The cross arose in every city and in every country village of the Roman Empire; and when, in the process of years, Roman civilization was destroyed by the inroads of the northern barbarians, when these terrible men came down upon that empire like an inundation, when the sacred temples were again torn down, and Europe was flung back into barbarism, the Church went forth, and into the ruins of the world she breathed the breath of life, and up sprang Christendom, with the Cross on top of her spires and the sacrifice of the Mass in her temples. Thus Jesus has triumphed. The risen God has proved His

religion, and His Church is imperishable. Come back now nineteen centuries to the door of the sepulchre in which His enemies had laid Him. You will find that tomb empty. He is risen. He is not there. And His divine influence has spread over the world like the breath of Spring, and the cross of shame on which He hung is raised over millions of altars. The first object which the sun sees as he rises above the eastern hills is the cross upon a Catholic steeple, as it is also the chief object which glitters in his burning noontide rays, and the last of which he catches a glimpse as he sinks below the horizon. And millions and millions of human beings remember Jesus Christ to-day, and celebrate with joyous hearts the glories of His resurrection. "He is not here. He is risen." This then is the cause of our joy to-day.

As His resurrection proved that He was God, there is also connected with it the further mystery that He came for the salvation of the nations. He came for the salvation of the individual man and woman, and therefore the mysteries of His life He wishes to be repeated spiritually in the lives of His people. We should die to sin as He died to human life, and on Easter morning we should spiritually rise from the tomb of sin into a new and spiritual life of Christ's virtue and holy love. The resurrection of Our Lord from the tomb is the efficient cause of the spiritual resurrection. By His suffering and death he merited redemption for us. It was Jesus, in His risen life, that put into the hands of the Church the tremendous power of forgiving sins. St. Paul dwells upon this feature of the lessons to be drawn from the resurrection of Jesus Christ. As Jesus risen from the dead dieth now no more, so we also should walk in newness of life. There is the conclusion of the inspired Apostle. So we, in a spiritual sense, should rise also and walk forward in newness of life. Christ raised many of the dead to life, but not upon any of them was our spiritual resurrection moulded; why so? Because they died again. It was only the resurrection of Jesus Christ that our spiritual resurrection could imitate and be moulded upon. To "walk in newness of life" means that if we rise from our sins we must never again return to the tomb from which we have risen, but must persevere in loving God to the last moment of our earthly existence. And how are we to do this? The salvation of our souls and the service of God must be the chief aim of our life. We are not put here for any other primary end. All other ends are of a secondary character and must be subordinate to this main issue. And therefore the Apostle says: "If you be risen with Christ seek the things that are above." Put not your hearts upon those lower treasures that thieves and decay and corruption can wrest from our hands. The rich man will enter eternity as poor as the meanest beggar that walks our streets.

The third lesson is that the resurrection of Jesus Christ is the cause and the guarantee of our resurrection from the tomb. As He has spurned the tomb and has risen immortal, so it is His purpose that we should also rise from the tomb one day and lead the risen life of Christ in Heaven. If we lead the risen life, if we persevere in that life, the time will come that we, though having slept perhaps for centuries in our forgotten graves, will rise from the tomb, stirred by the presence of our immortal life. Let us labor for this glorious destiny. Let us make use of the means that God, in His mercy, has given us so abundantly to persevere in a holy life. Let us persevere to the end. What use would it be to the soldier to have fought bravely all day if the night falls upon him in ruin and disaster? What good is it to the captain to have overcome the forces of the mountainous waves if he is to be wrecked at last upon the very shores of his native country? What avails it to celebrate this feast if we lead not lives in harmony with it? What matters it though we struggle all our lives if disaster is to come upon our souls at the end? The cause lost upon the field of battle may revive, but not so in the case of the soul. If the battle in that case be lost, it is lost forever. The evil is irreparable and final. Let us then spare no effort to lead holy lives to the end, so that when that end comes we may be at peace with God, and thus hear the voice of the Son of God, and rise in glory and dwell with Christ for ever and ever.

The mass was sung with a full choir, and was Haydn's Mass 2. Rev. Father Rohleder conducted the music, and Mr. Lemaitre presided at the organ. The offertory was "Regina Coeli," which was also rendered with a full chorus. In the evening Rev. Father Ryan presided at vespers.

St. Paul's.
At St. Paul's church Farmer's mass in B flat was rendered by a full choir, with organ and orchestral accompaniments. The solos were sung very acceptably by members of the choir—soprano, Miss Carroll and Miss Judge; alto, Miss Curran; tenor, Mr. Tommney; bass, Mr. Mogan. The chorus acquitted themselves very well, the attack and shading being good. Mr. E. L. Feeder was leader of orchestra; Miss L. Murphy, organist, and Mr. D. F. McCloskey musical director. In the evening Rev. Father Hand preached an eloquent and impressive ser-

mon, and the choir sang, in addition to the psalms, Lambillotte's "Regina Coeli" and Goeb's "Tantum Ergo." A tenor solo, "O Salutaris," was sung by Mr. M. Closkey.

The jubilee collection for the Pope, which was taken up in the Archdiocese of New York on February 6th, shows a total of \$17,537.50.

The gift of the nobles of Bohemia to the Holy Father on the occasion of his jubilee was a casket enclosing a million florins in Austrian gold.

Bishop Howley, of St. George, Newfoundland, who was recently the guest of the Jesuit Fathers of Boston College, was surprised a few days ago to receive a present of a beautiful gold watch from some of his Newfoundland friends in Boston.

M. Mame, of Tours, the well-known European Catholic publisher, has been celebrating his "diamond wedding." M. Mame and Mme. Mame were married 60 years ago, in 1833. On the day of their celebration, 200,000 francs were distributed by M. Mame among his work people in various sums, according to their length of service.

The convent at Widenaski, near Tobolsk, in Asiatic Russia, has been burned to the ground. Three nuns, who were unable to effect their escape, perished in the flames, while several others were seriously burned before they could be rescued. The convent, which was very well endowed, was famous for the wax candles which were manufactured there.

Canon Johnson, who for twenty six years has held the office of secretary in the Archdiocese of Westminster, has received from the Holy Father the honor of being made a Domestic Prelate of his Holiness. Father Morris S. J., his predecessor as secretary in the same Archdiocese has, in a recent magazine article, borne witness to the Monsignor's remarkable fitness for the post.

MESSRS. NORTHROP & LYMAN CO. are the proprietors of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to," is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is indispensable, and it should be in every house.

50,000
BARRELS.

Pabst Brewing Company of Milwaukee have secured the sole right to supply Lager for the World's Fair.

The estimate is 50,000 BARRELS monthly.

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JAMES GOOD & Co.

Corner Yonge and Albert Streets.

SOLE AGENTS FOR TORONTO.

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

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

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for April: 1, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29.

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

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- Church Pews -

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WHAT WE TALK ABOUT.

By a REGISTER CONTRIBUTOR.

Do you not envy those happy souls who have faithfully lived in the Spirit of the Church for the last six weeks? Who, during the past Great Week, lamented the evils—the blind ignorance of this world, and sighed for its and their own conversion; who have ardently partaken of the Paschal Lamb; have watched, wide-awake, in the garden of Gethsemane; have laboriously followed the weary way to Calvary; have wept over its sorrowful sacrifice; have anticipated the Easter's unrestrained outburst of adoration, praise and thanksgiving in the tentative Alleluias of Holy Saturday.

It is only they who go down unflinchingly to Calvary who can be transported by the Rejoicings of Easter. And there have been many such here right in our midst. We have seen them, you and I. The number is increasing each year. Does not the more general practice of the Forty Hours' Devotion seem to be identified with this better appreciation of the Church's Ceremonial and Offices.

Were you out on Holy Thursday morning early? I thought I was early, but in the newly-fallen snow there were the footprints of the early ones, and all leading to the one way—across the Park, to be joined at the turn by yet other footsteps, all pursuing the path to the Church. Big and little prints ahead of me, with the look of haste in the step, and I think of the love that burned these early ones, that whispered to them: "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you before I suffer," and the haste of another people comes to me who were instructed: "... and you shall eat in haste."

Did you visit many of the Repositories? One cannot, much as one would wish, visit all, but I am sure everyone must have worshipped in the Cathedral. Was it not edifying to see the large numbers of adorers there? Were not the elaborate preparations beautiful? You visited, of course, the Repository of the Precious Blood Chapel; and if you did, could you not breathe in—absorb some of the overflowing devotion that seems always to pervade this most prayerful chapel? We can never know here all we owe to the vigils of these chosen ones, Seats seemed superfluous in this little chapel, and one can't but knock against them and tumble over them. It seems to me the Ideal Repository should be star like, the Tabernacle the centre of the Star, and the myriad lights the radii and sole illumination—no other light should enter the chapel, and as this light guides our eyes to the centre, our hearts will follow and our souls be filled with the rays of Divine Grace that are streaming, many and fast as our desires invite, down towards us. There are no pews to knock against and tumble over, and we all kneel here, there, or in groups, undisturbed by a slamming, creaking door. A heavy hanging is noiselessly pushed to one side to allow the entrance of each new visitor.

Did you not think there were visiting many worshippers, or were they all worshippers? Was it simple devotion, or was there added a spice of curiosity? It is not easy to be always recollected. I wondered at all the purple veils—so suggestive of the season—and speculated had the season helped to popularize them. Were they not worn in some cases for penance? We do read, you know, of Christians many years ago making themselves hideous by way of penance, and the fashion books tell us that all the old modes that are not already in are coming.

Don't you think St. Basil's Altar Society just a little indifferent to suffer those ancient curtains to drape their

Repository? I can remember with what pride it would be repeated that St. Basil's was the most tasteful. But if her Repository comes not first, her ceremonies during Holy Week and on Easter Sunday were well nigh perfect. Whose heart would not be wrung by the plaintive rendering of the Lamentations; and who could resist the cry "Jerusalem, Jerusalem. *convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.*"

The chanting of the Passion on Good Friday was dramatic, and every detail of the long, exhausting ceremonies carried out most faithfully. It is a great instruction to those who care to understand—an education in the power of the Church over all things and her great solicitude that we make use of them well. It makes doubly welcome the shorter joyous service of Easter Sunday.

Was not Haydn's 2nd Mass magnificently sung? And the orchestra accompanied better than I have ever heard it in this church. The solos seemed excellently suited to the flexible, bell-like qualities of the voice of the soprano, Mrs. Warde, and were delightfully sung, as were also the alto solos by Miss Adair. Mr. Geo. McPherson was heard in a solo for the first time in this church, and proved himself a careful and pleasing singer. But this Mass is a Mass for choruses, and they were particularly well sung. The attack was much better than is usual in church choirs.

It is really becoming a serious ground for complaint that the congregation is supplanted, whenever a special musical service is announced for the great feasts, by non-Catholics. They come a good twenty minutes before the hour for Mass, and take up all the best seats, remaining serenely seated whether the congregation kneel or stand, and have not even the fair-mindedness either to contribute when the collection plate is passed, nor even pay the customary five cents for their seat at the door. This is most discouraging to the advocates of free seats, and most trying to the patience of the long suffering parishioners. It is very annoying to be crowded out by inattentive listeners from hearing our best preachers. I am told that Father Teefy's effort of last night was most masterly.

But I am talking too much on one subject this week, though one can scarce help it at this season of the year. I rather congratulate myself though in saying nothing of the Easter bonnets, but I could tell you of one Easter hat whose much-curved and fashionably indented rim deceived its late-rising, and consequently hastily-dressed owner, and entailed disastrous consequences.

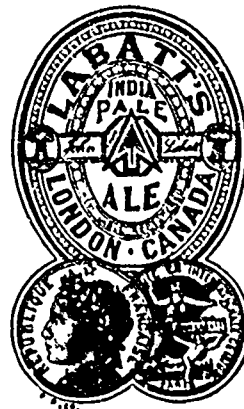
Are we going to hear much more of this picture of the horrible subject that is making the painter notorious—that we never have aroused any expression of opinion good or evil were it not for its hideous realism? Let us hope the decision made against it will stand for our country's sake.

At this season of cards, and the more welcome Easter letters, I am reminded of the dainty way Leonore Duse of the naturalistic school, as we call Bernhardt of the realistic and Modjeska of the ideal (I dare not say idealistic) seals a letter on the stage. Her handkerchief is pressed to her lips, then to the flap of the envelope, and the sticking is done; this is an improvement is it not on the popular way, and indeed smacks more of the ideal than the natural.

I would like to draw the attention of those ladies who indulge in tea gowns of aesthetic shades to a remark I overheard made by a disappointed lover of good tea, that "the weak colors of the gem matched the fluid dispensation." ONE OF THE WOMEN.

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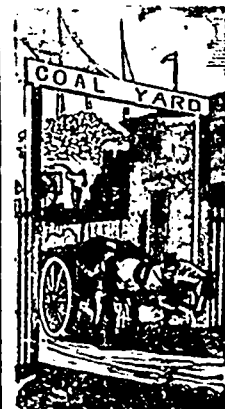
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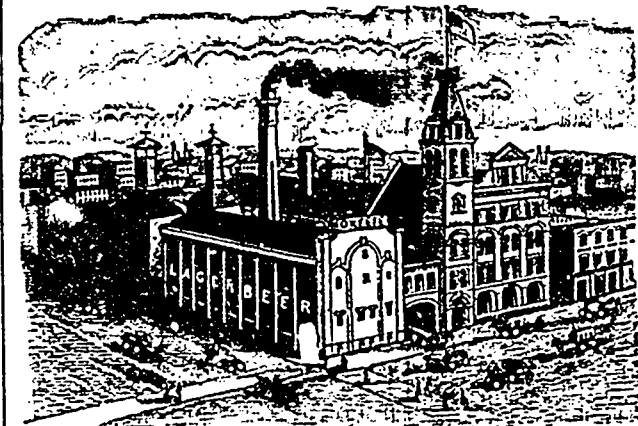
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"Driftwood."

FOR THE NEW WORLD.

Far out on the surging billows
Of the ocean wild and wide,
We see stray pieces of driftwood
Dashed high by the wind and tide.

There are hearts on life's stormy ocean
That drift through the fleeting years,
Alone amidst the troubled waters,
Deluged by griefs and fears.

St. Mary's, Achill.

In the REGISTER of last week a brief reference was made to the dedicatory ceremonies in connection with the new church at Achill. The Cardinal's notices the event more lengthily as follows:

On Thursday, the 23rd inst., the neat new church of St. Mary's, Achill, Adjala, was dedicated with all the solemnity of the Catholic ceremonial. In the unavoidable absence of the Most Rev. Archbishop, the ceremony was performed by Very Rev. V. G. McCann. At 10 a.m., the procession started with the cross in front to the porch where the first prayer was said in front of the door. Then the circuit of the church was made on the outside, the Very Rev. Vicar sprinkling the wall from top to foundation as the procession moved around, the priests meanwhile reciting alternately the dedicatory psalms. When the prayer proper to this part of the ceremony was offered, the clergy moved two by two to the High Altar where the Litany of the Saints was chanted. After the officiating priest had said the prayers and given the blessings prescribed by the ritual at the altar, the procession moved around the inside of the church, starting from the Gospel side, the priest sprinkling the wall from top to bottom, as the procession moved around the church, till it brought up in front of the High Altar where the last of the dedicatory prayers was said.

This prayer implores God to sanctify places dedicated to his name, to shower down His graces upon this house of prayer; so that all who in it invoke His name may receive the assistance of His divine mercy. Thus was the church separated from things profane and given over to the perpetual worship of the Omnipotent God. High Mass was then sung by Rev. Father Gibney, of Alliston. After the post communion Vicar General McCann preached, as he always does, whether in gorgeous cathedral or in country chapel, a very learned and eloquent sermon. He dwelt chiefly on the mark of sanctity impressed by Christ as a characteristic trait of His Church. St. John gives his vision of the church and that he shows to us: "Come and I will show thee the bride, the wife of the Lamb. And he showed me the holy city of Jerusalem coming down out of heaven from God. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations; and in them the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb—Apoc. XXI." She was holy in the founder, in her teaching and in members of her children who in every age of her existence down to the present day have been, and are still remarkable for their piety and sanctity.

He said she was not founded by any man like those that bear the names of the men who started them, and the dates of their establishment. Her author and head is Christ Himself; her constitution is Christ's work; her end man's sanctification and salvation; the means to attain her end a most holy doctrine and the sacraments. It is then self-evident that according to the will of her divine founder holiness should be one of her distinguishing marks.

St. Paul says: Eph. V., "Christ also loved the church, and delivered Him-

self up for it, that He might sanctify it by the laver of water in the word of life. That He might present to Himself a church, not having spot or wrinkle, nor any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish. The prisons, the racks and the countries of the world sprinkled with the blood of her martyrs evidence this sanctity. The sacred institutions reared by christian benevolence which exist and flourish every where in the great garden of the church, to alleviate every species of human misery, whilst breathing the odor of sweetest charity, are trumpet-toned in proclaiming her sanctity.

In this strain did the preacher proceed limning, delineating and portraying with master-sketch the holiness of the church in her members, in desert, mountain and cave; in the most sequestered places as well as in the most populous cities for a full half hour, to the great delight and benefit of his audience till he suddenly brought it home to them by a few words on St. Patrick and the success of his mission in planting the faith, in an incredibly short period of time, in the hearts of all Erin's sons and daughters. There it found a resting place as true and congenial as that under heaven whence it came.

It became indigenous to the soil. The leagued forces of hell and earth for three centuries were unable to uproot it. Time could not efface it, persecution could not enfeeble it, adversity could not wrest the bright jewel from their hearts. He advised his hearers to remember that Ireland was canonized by surrounding nations as the "Island of Saints," and that they too must imitate the sanctity of their fathers in the faith in order to share in their glory. He then wound his brilliant discourse by asking them to have a great devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary under whose patronage this church was placed by being dedicated in her honor.

This is but a feeble outline and a poor memory draft of the grand sermon preached by Very Rev. Vicar General McCann at the opening of St. Mary's Church, Achill.

Those who had the happiness of hearing him will remember the orator and the sacred oration for many a long day, and should he return on a future occasion, as they hope he will, to give a like intellectual treat, they will turn out en masse to greet and hear him.

Rev. Father Kilcullen, after the sermon was over, in a feeling and touching manner, referred to the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, which, though unavoidable, was greatly regretted by himself and his people. He thanked most cordially the Very Rev. and Rev. Clergy, of whom there were eight in the sanctuary who came to offer himself and his Achill congregation their felicitations and words of cheer.

Very Rev. Father McCann, V. G., Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto; Very Rev. Father Egan, Dean of Barrie; Rev. Father Walsh, P. P. Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto; Rev. Father Gibney, P. P., Alliston; Rev. Father Kiernan, P. P., Collingwood; Rev. Father Whitney, P. P., Caledon; Rev. Father Minehan, P. P., Schomberg; Rev. Father Headon, O.S.R., Toronto, were present.

He then paid a well merited tribute to all who had a share and took part in the erection of the beautiful and sacred edifice at whose dedication they were present, and within whose sacred walls they, for the first time, assisted at the adorable Sacrifice of the Mass.

Mrs. Languish. "Tired! Oh, so tired all the time!" Mrs. Smart. "Well, so I used to be until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine, and now I don't know what it is to have that tired feeling. Try it, my dear; only be sure you get Ayer's."

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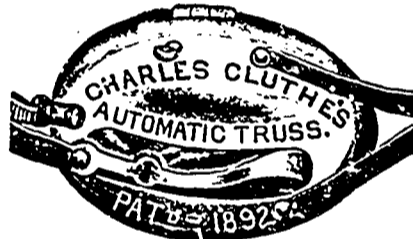
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NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

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THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- April 6—Easter Thursday—Commemoration of S. Kyatus.
7—Easter Friday—Commemoration of S. Celestine.
8—Easter Saturday.
9—Low Sunday.
10—S. Cyril of Jerusalem, Bishop, C. D.
11—S. Leo, Pope, C. D.
12—S. Julius I., Pope, O.

Philosophical Talks.

PASSION AND PEACE.

That genial philosopher, Artemus Ward, tells us that if a young man would succeed in life, the first thing he has to do is to find out his "fort"—his particular talent or strong point—and when he has found it, stick to it. The wisest and best educators confirm the teaching of the humorous sage. But there is something that is still more necessary for the young man, for every man, than even a knowledge of his strong point, and that is, a knowledge of his weak point. A knowledge of his strong point may avail to success, but a knowledge of his weak point may avert failure; and, unfortunately, failure is more frequent than success. But a knowledge of the weak point will even help to success by making the weak point strong.

This weak point is known as the predominant or ruling passion. It must be accepted as a fact, not needing proof, that everyone has a weak point. It may be partly an inherited tendency, but it is principally an acquired habit, formed, like other habits, by repeated acts, by frequently yielding to a natural tendency till the frequency begets a fatal facility that becomes a second nature. God made man right, but man can make himself wrong. And his predominant passion is the self that man makes, the self he likes best, but the self that will ruin him if not conquered or controlled. Each one has his own predominant passion, peculiar to himself like his countenance or character; indeed it is an important part of what is called character. It takes time to find out the weak point, and courage to face it when found. But by listening to friends and foes, by a daily scrutiny of his conscience, and a monthly squaring of its accounts, a man will soon find out the domestic enemy he has to watch.

It is impossible, of course, for us to determine the ruling passion of each, but philosophers tell us that anger is the predominant passion of all. Anger is everyone's weak point. Anger is a compound passion, made up of displeasure, desire, and hope; displeasure at a slight received; desire of revenge, and hope of satisfaction. Here too we have the elements and nature of anger. First a slight or insult, an injury to what we call our feelings, a large and important and

sensitive part of ourselves. Then, the desire of revenge. We want to be "equal with" our enemy. We'll have it out with him; we'll give as good as we got—or as bad—and we watch an opportunity to give it. Anger supposes malicious intent on the part of the person who offers the insult. If the action be done in ignorance or error, or thoughtlessness, there is no reason for anger—and anger, though a passion, looks for a reason. The real reason is an implied contempt in the insult. Our dignity, or honor, or self-esteem, has been wounded. A slight has been put upon us in public. We have been humbled and put to shame in the presence of those whose esteem we value. Our feelings, or our comfort, or our importance—all which are about the same thing—have not been duly considered. We must assert ourselves, and we will. We will let people see who and what we are. We are not as the rest of men, as is also this inconsiderate, ignorant, contemptible person who has dared to forget our dignity. And so anger goes on to work itself up into a rage, and deck itself out in fuss and feathers, and get ready its porcupine quills, or poisoned arrows, to deal death and destruction all round, for vengeance must be visible.

Anger, as a permanent quality or habit, is seen in what is called temper. And temper, it may be noticed, is not the exclusive privilege of either sex. Everyone has a temper, though some show it more, and oftener, than others. The way to get anger under control is to begin with the temper; and the way to get at the temper is to begin with the tongue. Anger will sometimes proceed to blows, but its ordinary weapons are words. Temperance in speech is a virtue for all, even for the total abstainers. The highest authority tells us that perfect manliness consists in complete control of the tongue. "He who offends not in word, the same is a perfect man." The virtue that gives this control of the tongue, that represses, or regulates the expression of anger, is called the virtue of meekness.

But the passion of anger may rage in the heart without any external manifestation. "The heart of the fool is in his mouth," says Solomon; and this is especially true of the angry fool. "But the mouth of the wise man is in his heart." This is the wisdom of meekness. But the mouth of even the wise man may still talk in the heart, and he may nurse his anger by talking to himself and saying what he could or would do, or what he might have done. To control this internal anger something more than meekness is needed. Reason may be brought to the rescue, and may show that there was no malicious intent; that the action was done or the word said in mere ignorance, or thoughtlessness, without any intention to wound. Reason may indeed go further, and remonstrate with offended dignity and self-esteem.

A man feels slighted because he thinks himself something and somebody. If he could only be convinced that he is nothing and nobody he would get at the root of anger. If he is made little or nothing of, he is not disturbed, or even surprised, if he

knows he is little or nothing. Thus it is that the knowledge of his weakness becomes his strength. Truth is great and gives the victory. But this is the truth that is called Humility. The philosophy that teaches this truth with effect must be something more than human. He who said: "Learn of me to be meek and humble of heart," was divine. His meekness did not consist in not feeling injury and insult. No one was ever so sensitive to pain as the Man of Sorrow: None felt insult so keenly as the meekest of men. He controlled His feelings: "When He was reviled He did not revile: when He suffered He threatened not. He was led like a lamb to the slaughter, opening not His mouth." He is the model man. His characteristic virtue was meekness. *Ecce Homo. Ecce Agnus Dei.* And learn to possess your soul in paschal peace.

Protestants, Beware!

The following correspondence may be found interesting and serviceable to our co-religionists throughout the country generally. Before publishing it, we have no care, thought or wish about what calumniators say concerning our priests and nuns. The only purpose we have in placing such matters before our readers is that the calumnies are not to be relied upon, because they are the evil fruit of evil trees. We do not claim for priests or nuns immaculate sinlessness, although be it never forgotten for them, their virtue, their zeal and self denial in all the noble works of charity entitle them to the gratitude of mankind. But this we claim for them, that when a charge is made against them—either individually or as a body—the veracity and character of the witnesses shall first be established. We also claim that the newspaper which gives any item containing a report of such calumny should hear the other side.

Now let us suppose a case—an imaginary yet possible case—suppose a person who had once been in a lunatic asylum, and who had taken up with one man and then another; who forged names to cheques; who spent some time in prison; who took to drink—suppose that such a person, who, at one time of her life, had been at a convent where they receive such characters, had also left, and afterwards spoken against our religion, its ministers and its sisters—what would be thought of her? Would respectable people believe her? Too frequently they would. We can imagine ministers not a thousand miles from our own intelligent city taking such a character by the hand, and welcoming her as one who knows all about us, who is yearning simply with a love of truth, whose pure soul is horrified at the iniquities of our consecrated priests, and who has, with heroic self-denial, devoted her life to expose and condemn them. Would intelligent people attend such lectures, without being well satisfied about the veracity and character of the lecturer? Would they treat their neighbors so unfairly? Not they, for "they are all, all honorable men." they would not stab thus.

The above is an imaginary case. The following, on the contrary, is a

copy of a real letter written to a mistress of penitents at a certain convent by one Isabella Marron—*alias* Adelaide—when she was an inmate of the Penitentiary attached to said convent:

"Mother, I left India after my first husband's death with another man, who left me and returned to India. I afterwards went to Ireland amongst my father's people, but did not stay there long. I came over to — and from there to London, where I was found wandering about the streets and taken to the workhouse. After being kept there a week the doctor pronounced me insane, and I was sent to the Lunatic Asylum at — under Dr. —. I remained there for some months, and on recovering I obtained a situation with a lady who was returning from India, but who, hearing that I had been in the Asylum, would not keep to her engagement, and I was obliged to apply to a Solicitor to help me. This introduction led to an intimacy between us, and he furnished a house for me at —. I used to take in boarders. I only kept the house open for a few months. I did not understand the house-keeping and went too extravagantly to work. The furniture was sold and I left—owing several bills.

"After this I obtained a situation as governess in a young ladies' School at —, but after having been there for some time I found I should have to leave, as I was expecting my confinement and I did not wish the people to know. I went and took lodgings in — and Mr. — (the Solicitor) paid all my expenses. The doctor who attended me was called —, and after my recovery I went to live with his wife. They had several sons, and to make a long story short, I married one; the parents disapproved of the match. I do not know what possessed me to marry him; he had no situation, and with the exception of being rather good looking there was nothing to recommend in him." "My husband one day suggested that I should go to —'s Bankers and represent myself as his daughter, and obtain a cheque-book. I did so, and made out several cheques, all of which I had changed, amounting to something like fifty pounds, but the money soon went." "I forged —'s name to a bill of acceptance for thirty pounds." "I then went about getting money from one and the other, and at last I was taken up and sentenced to six months at — Prison. On my dismissal from there I went into St. —. I stayed there a few months and left in a temper. I then commenced a life of dissipation." "I was taken up for being intoxicated several times, but the people always paid my fines, because I used to argue the law with the magistrates. Sometimes they used to get me tipsy purposely to hear me, and then I would write letters to the papers and ridicule the magistrates." "I suppose I ought to let — know that I blamed Mr. — wrongly. I am afraid, as his people are so bitter against me, that they might have me taken up for bigamy, as I acknowledge that my marriage with him was void."

And the following is a copy of a letter of Rev. Lord Archibald Douglas, March 7, 1893, to Canon Russell, Clifton, Bristol, England:

"Some years ago a detective called on me at St. Vincent's Home about a daughter of mine; who was said to have presented bills backed by her father, Archibald Douglas. I was subpoenaed and went to Bodmin, and on being confronted with her she was evidently older, or quite my age. She was acquitted by the Cornish Jury on the ground that, 1st, the imitation of my handwriting could not be traced to her; 2nd, that her words; 'Oh he is my father, and that is how I got my money,' might have been, 'Oh, he is the father,' &c. The Jury acquitted her, and there the matter ended. Later she wrote me very penitent and long letters from *Arno's Court*, but I had a suspicion she was not genuine even then. She was in Bodmin gaol."

We have other correspondence about this Adelaide; but we have given quite enough to warn our separated brethren that if, in the vagaries of her mind, Adelaide should take it into her head to enter upon a campaign lecturing against their Catholic neighbors, they ought to be on their guard. We have also a copy of a letter from Mrs. Bramwell Booth to a lady in Boston regarding a Margaret Herbert. Without taking up too much space or time by publishing all in our possession, and without stating at all that Adelaide has in fact ever actually lectured against Catholics, we do hope that should she appear in that character our Protestant neighbors—the respectable, intelligent ones, citizens of no mean city, those who occupy a position in Western country towns—all of this class will be just if not generous, and prudent if not charitable.

Industrial School.

The work of a zealous prelate is not confined to the administration of the sacraments or to the preaching of the word of God. The great corporal works of mercy, and more especially the provision for the outcast and the orphans, will always mark the works and lives of our zealous bishops and saintly pastors in every position. To come to particulars — one of the greatest objects of zeal and charity which attracted our venerable Archbishop's care since his arrival in Toronto was his anxiety concerning young boys. Their parents had either died, or, with unnatural feelings, had abandoned them, or from poverty had failed to provide for them. The case fell upon some one. The State undertook to do something and agreed to the establishment of Industrial Schools, but the details were left to the benevolence of sects which were certainly not Catholic in teaching or sympathy.

According to the law all children under thirteen years of age, unprovided for by parents, were liable to be sent to such schools. An Institution of this kind was established some few years ago at Mimico, where several of our Catholic boys were placed by order of various magistrates. As might be expected, children surrounded by such circumstances could not but be in very great danger of losing their faith. And no one, upon whom the responsibility rests, could without an effort permit such a state of affairs to continue. Archbishop Walsh, as the head of the Diocese, and as natural guardian of the spiritual orphan, continually felt that these children needed to be withdrawn from such occasion — in fact that a Catholic Industrial School should be established. The first difficulty was the selection of a proper place; and this difficulty has been very lately removed his Grace having purchased for this purpose what is known as the Blantyre estate, which consists of 25 acres of land just north of Victoria Park, fronting on the Kingston road. It is five miles east from the centre of the city. On the grounds there is a dwelling of immense proportions, built by the late Peter Patterson. It is said the building cost \$80,000. The interior woodwork is especially noticeable for its beauty and design. A large sum of money was also spent in the ornamentation of the grounds and gardens. A few years ago the estate was purchased by Mr. J. F. McLaughlin, grain merchant, who has used the property as a summer residence. The situation is a most delightful one for the purpose to which the farm will be devoted. No better selection could be made, overlooking, as it does, Lake Ontario, and situated in the clear, healthy air of Scarborough Heights.

His Grace is moving as promptly as prudence will allow in the carrying out of this very important work, which will be the only Catholic Industrial School in Ontario. That it commends itself to our co-religionists from one end of the Province to the other goes without saying; and while municipal and government aid cannot be wanting, still no worthier object can present itself to our benevolent people —

for the grants it will receive will certainly not be sufficient to cover necessary expenses in the way of teachers, &c., much less to restore the capital expended.

We have all heard of the good work that has been done for homeless boys by such charitable souls as Father Drumgoole in New York, and many have experienced the blessings which Providence showers on those who aid such undertakings. Every Catholic who takes an interest in the salvation of souls and the growth of the Church in this country, every father of a family who has brought up his children in the faith, should give what he can, be it little or much, to aid in preserving that faith to these homeless lads. And it more especially commends itself to those whom God has blessed with wealth. This is an opportunity for some of our wealthy Catholics to establish a new foundation which will be a monument to their zeal, honor and charity. The prayers of the orphans will be offered up for their benefactors as a perpetual remembrance, and they whose cry of distress can move heaven to vengeance will surely be heard when they pray a blessing on those who have befriended them. Who will stand by our Archbishop as father of the fatherless? Who will save our boys?

The cost of maintaining such an institution may best be gathered from the following report:

A delegation of the Industrial School Association, consisting of Ex-Mayor Howland, Beverley Jones, Vicar-General McCann, M. O'Connor, Mrs. W. T. Aikens, Miss Wilkes and Miss Massey, waited on the Attorney-General and presented a petition showing that by recent legislation the custody of all boys committed under 18 has been thrown upon the Association, unless the boys are sent to the jail or the Central Prison. The Association have now in their school 178 boys and 23 girls. The cost of maintenance for the boys in 1892 was \$2.92 per boy per week, derived from the following sources:

The municipality from which the boy comes.....	\$2.00
Toronto Sch. of Board.....	30
Government Grant.....	42
	\$2.72

Leaving a deficit of 20 cents per boy per week.

The Association request that the Government grant to the Association, 10 cents per diem per boy to enable them to do the work effectually which has been laid upon them.

The Government promised to give the matter their most serious consideration.

Prince Bismarck.

Prince Bismarck celebrated, on the 1st instant, his seventy-eighth birthday. His countrymen were exceptionally enthusiastic in their display of esteem and honor. There seems to be a feeling of unrest in Germany and a longing against that growing absolutism which began with the labor reform and culminated in the army bill. Another reason is that Bismarck's advanced age and failing health led many to believe it would be their last opportunity to show their admiration for the Man of Iron. And lastly, a spirit of opposition on account of the prohibition forbidding a torch-light procession. It was passing strange that no congratulatory message was sent from the Emperor.

Thus we have a man at Bismarck's age abandoned by those for whom he sacrificed all, for whom he would have enchained the consciences of his countrymen, and for whom he did drive into exile the noblest patriots any country could possess, its religious. And all this to build up a united Germany, which to-day is very

far from being able to stand a heavy shock, while Bismarck himself is left alone to contemplate the difference between the celebration of his seventy-eighth birthday and Leo's eighty-third birthday, around whom a firmly united world met and rejoiced.

The Emperor of Germany sent Leo XIII. a valuable present upon the occasion of his Golden Jubilee. Not a word did he send his grandfather's old Chancellor what a contrast!

O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on prince's favours.

Well Deserved Honor.

It is the custom of Notre Dame University, Indiana, to present a medal every year to a layman who has distinguished himself in the cause of religion and country. This year Mr. Patrick Donahoe of the *Pilot*, the veteran Catholic Editor, was selected, and the presentation took place at Boston on St. Patrick's Day. The Very Rev. Dr. Byrne, V.G., made the presentation, while the University was represented by its Vice-President, the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.

Dr. Byrne, alluding to the *Pilot*, addressed Mr. Donahoe thus:

"In 1836 you founded the *Pilot*, which again in your hands lives and flourishes and is still conducted with that intimation of the best aspirations of your fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens for which it has been noted from the beginning. The *Pilot*, though a pioneer in the field it ventured on, has always proved a true guide even in the most perplexing times when human sagacity might be pardoned for making some errors. On all the great questions of religion, patriotism and social reform the *Pilot* has always taken the right departure, and steered the true course. In giving to the late John Boyle O'Reilly a fair field and a free hand in the *Pilot* to manifest his genius, guide his countrymen and influence the course of events, you did more for the cause of Ireland than any other man living in America. For this alone you deserve not only a Latture medal, but the highest honors that your countrymen can confer upon you. For this alone your name should be held in benediction, and you should enjoy our eternal gratitude. Your publishing house placed in our hands many books that were a real help to religion and patriotism. Your liberality and enterprising spirit encouraged the few gleams of literary talent that from time to time showed themselves in our ranks. The magazine you founded in your days of adversity, though now in other hands, and reaching out with vigorous and well-directed efforts for wider recognition, is still proud to bear your honored name. May both be perpetual!"

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER extends to Mr. Donahoe its sincere congratulations upon his well deserved honors.

The Sultan's Gift.

Amongst the gifts to the Holy Father is one of special interest from the Sultan of Turkey, consisting of the marble inscription of Abercius. It was placed on the tomb of Abercius, Bishop of Hieropolis in Phrygia. It was discovered in 1862 by Mr. Ramsay, an English traveller, and is now destined for the Lateran Museum. Up to the time of its discovery it had been employed as building material. St. Abercius lived in the second century of the Christian era, and in the *Acta* which he wrote he mentions this inscription. The Patriarch of Cilicia, in presenting it, thus speaks of its value and history: "In fact this is a most valuable document, which may be said in a certain way to date from the later years of St. John the Evangelist, and in which Abercius, Bishop of Hieropolis, after a journey to Rome, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia and Armenia, attests the universal union of the Disciples' faith

in the Immaculate Shepherd and participation in the food offered by this same heavenly faith, bread and wine, which are the great heavenly *Lithys* (Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour), drawn from the source of the true Virgin; it also lauds and extols in magnificent allegorical phrases the grandeur, the splendor and the superiority of the Holy Roman Church."

The inscription is in Greek. Abercius declares in his epitaph that he had visited Rome, "the queen city," and that afterwards he had passed through Syria. He adds: "The faith accompanied me everywhere. This it is which put before me everywhere, as nourishment, the fish from its source—fish always signifying Christ and by a secondary meaning the Blessed Eucharist—the great and pure fish, taken by the chaste Virgin, who has given it to be eaten by its friends, with bread and delicious wine. . . . Whosoever comprehends these words is a believer, and let him pray for me."

This secret and symbolical language is the very same as is used in the Catacombs, where the fish was always employed to represent our Blessed Lord because the letters of the Greek word for fish, *Ichtlys*, are the first letters of the following words, Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour. The Virgin who distributed this mystic should be a symbol of the Church.

Thus we have the East and the West bringing in the second century the strongest and most harmonious testimony to the truth of the Eucharistic dogma. Certainly the Sultan could not have chosen a present more suitable to offer the Supreme Head of the Catholic Church.

Editorial Notes.

We are very much pleased to see that our friend, Mr. O'Hagan of Waterdown, is on the Board of Associate Examiners for Teachers, &c., this year. Mr. O'Hagan's literary excellence as well as his position of head master of Waterdown High School well entitles him to the confidence thus placed in him.

Donahoe's Magazine for April opens up with a very interesting article on Easter Music, which is further enhanced by a good photogravure of the Sistine Chapel in Rome. George Parsons Lathrop contributes the next article on "The Catholic Summer School." As the writer remarks, this is a movement which made itself, and which carried people with it. The idea originated in a Catholic Reading Circle Review. In 1892 the Summer School held its first session, at which fifty-two lectures were given upon subjects religious, philosophical, historical, social and literary. The question then arose whether it would not be better to have a fixed place, and after many claims had been advanced and the subject had been fully discussed, a beautiful site was chosen amongst the Adirondack mountains of New York. The object of the School is to bring to all who desire it an opportunity of hearing lectures or pursuing lives of study in various branches. Here, it is claimed, in the leisure of a summer vacation, "any one may listen to the best thought of the world, condensed and presented simply by unselfish masters of study." The meeting this year is to take place some time in the latter part of July and extend into August.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

A FRENCH STORY, BY ALPHONSE DAUDET.

We were walking up the Avenue des Champs Elysees with Doctor V., and reading the story of the Siege of Paris in the walls and pavements around us, perforated by shells and broken by canister shot. Shortly before we arrived at the Square de l'Etoile the doctor stopped, and pointing to one of the large corner houses, which are so pompously grouped around the Arc de Triomphe, said:

Do you see those four windows which open out on to that balcony up there? During the early part of August, that terrible month of 1870 which was so full of storms and disasters, I was called to that house to attend a case of apoplexy. It was the house of Colonel Jouve, a cuirassier of the first Empire, and a man full of glory and patriotism. He had lived since the beginning of the war in Champs Elysees in the apartments up there. Can you guess why? In order to assist at the triumphal return of our troops. Poor man. The news of Wissembourg came as he was getting up from the table. Reading Napoleon's name at the bottom of the bulletin of defeat, he had fallen as if struck by a thunderbolt.

I found the old cuirassier stretched out upon the floor of the room, his face as rigid and as expressionless as if he had received a blow on the head from a club. Standing, he must have been very tall; lying down he appeared immense. His handsome features, perfect teeth, and a head of thick, white hair, made his eighty years seem but sixty. Near him knelt his granddaughter, in tears.

She resembled him very much. To see them together you would have said that they were like two Greek medallions struck from the same mould, only the one was old and time-worn and a little irregular in outline, while the other was bright and perfect, like the complete brilliancy of a new coin.

The child's grief touched me. She was the daughter and grand-daughter of a soldier. Her father was on the staff of MacMahon, and the figure of her grand father stretched before her called up her mind another image not less terrible. I re-assured her as well as I could, but to tell the truth, I had little hope. It was a case of hemiplegia, or paralysis of one side of the body, and at eighty one hardly ever recovers from that. For three days he remained in the same motionless and stupified condition.

In the meantime the news of Reichshofen had arrived at Paris. You will recall in what a strange way the news came. Until evening we believed that the French had gained a great victory, 20,000 Prussians killed, and the Prince Royal a prisoner. I do not know by what miracle, by what magnetic current, an echo of our national joy found its way into the paralysed mind of the semi-conscious soldier; nevertheless, it is true that when I approached his bed that evening I did not find the same man. His eyes were almost clear and his tongue was recovering its usefulness. He had the strength to smile at me and to stammer twice, 'Vic-toi-re!'

'Yes, my dear colonel, a great victory.'

And as fast as I gave him the details of MacMahon's success, I saw his features relax and his face grow brighter.

When I was leaving the grand-child accompanied me to the door. She was pale and was sobbing.

The unhappy child had scarcely strength enough to answer me. The real news about Reichshofen had just been posted, announcing that MacMahon was in flight, and that his army was destroyed. We looked at each other in consternation. She

was grieving also at the thought of her father. For myself, I trembled at the thought of the grandfather. He surely would not be able to resist this new shock, and what could we do? Let him keep his joy and the illusions which had brought him to life again. But in that case it would be necessary to lie.

'Very well, then, I will lie,' said the heroic child, and drying her tears quickly, she went back like a ray of sunshine into her grandfather's room.

It was a severe task which she had undertaken. At first all went well. The poor man's mind was greatly weakened, and he allowed himself to be deceived as readily as if he were a child. But as he gained strength his mind became clearer. We had to show him the course of the army's movements, and to re-write the military bulletins for him. It was truly a pity to see the pretty child bending night and day over the map of Germany, and striving to put everything together—into a glorious French campaign—Bazaine before Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, and MacMahon at the Baltic. She sought my advice in everything, and I helped her as well as I could; but it was the old soldier himself who aided us the most in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the first Empire. He knew all the campaigns in advance.

'Now, this is where they are going, and that is what they are going to do,' he would say, and his prophecies were always realized, a fact which did not fail to make him very proud.

Unfortunately we never went quickly enough for him in capturing cities and winning battles. His appetite for victory was insatiable. Every day, when I called to see him, I learned of a new French victory.

'Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl one day, meeting me with a weary smile. At almost the same instant I heard a joyous voice exclaim from the next room—

'March on. March on. In eight days we shall enter Berlin.'

At that moment the Prussians were not more than eight days from Paris. We considered at first whether it would not be better to take the colonel into the country, but as soon as he got outside of the city he would have found out the true circumstances, and I found him still too feeble and too weakened by the great shock to let him know the truth. We therefore decided to remain in Paris.

On the first day of the siege I went to his room—as I recollect—very much excited, and with that anguish in my soul which could only be caused by the condition of our unfortunate city, with war itself under our very walls, and our suburbs themselves converted into frontiers. I found my patient proud and contented.

'Ah,' said he, 'the siege has commenced.'

I looked at him in astonishment.

'What, colonel, do you know?'

The grandchild turned towards me. 'Yes, doctor, it is great news. The siege of Berlin has begun.'

She said this in a perfectly quiet manner, keeping intently at her sewing. How could he suspect anything. He was not able to hear the conqueror's cannon. He could not see unhappy Paris broken down and destroyed; All he could see from his bed was a part of the Arc de Triomphe, and around him, in his chamber the mementoes of the first Empire, well calculated to sustain his illusions.

Portraits of marshals, pictures of battles, the King of Rome in his baby garments, large tables filled with Royal relics, with medals and bronzes, the island of St. Helena under a glass globe. It was this atmosphere of victories and conquests, more than anything else, which made

him believe more readily in the siege of Berlin.

Beginning with this day, our military operations were much simplified. It was only a matter of patience to take Berlin. From time to time the old soldier was wearied too much, we read him a letter from his son, an imaginary letter, of course. You can readily imagine the despair of the poor child, without news of her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, deprived of everything and perhaps sick, and at the same time having to read happy letters from him. At last her determination failed her.

No news came to the Colonel for some weeks, and finally he grew very restless and could sleep no longer. Immediately a letter came from Germany, and she read it to him gaily, at the same time struggling to keep back her tears. The colonel listened attentively, smiled in an appreciative manner, approved, criticised, and explained to us the meaning of the troublesome passages. But he especially enjoyed the answers which he sent to his son.

'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' said he once. 'Be generous to the unfortunate people. Do not let the invasion bear too heavily upon them.'

And then would come some recommendations, some delightful precepts on the respect which we owe to woman. It was indeed, a truly military code of honour for the use of conquerors. With these he almost intermingled some general considerations of political matters, on the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the conquered country, and in that, I must say, he was not exacting.

'The indemnity of war, nothing more. What good would it do to take their provinces from them? Can we make a new France out of Germany?'

He said this in a firm voice, and there seemed to be so much candour in his words, such a beautiful, patriotic faith, that it was impossible not to be moved.

During all this time the siege was going on, but not the siege of Berlin, unfortunately. The weather was severe, and the misery was intensified by bombardments, epidemics and famine. Nevertheless, thanks to our care and efforts, and to the indefatigable tenderness that was shown him by everyone, the old soldier's peace was not disturbed for a moment. Until the end I was able to procure him white bread and fresh meat.

There was only enough for him, however, and you can imagine nothing more touching than those repasts of the poor old grandfather, so innocently selfish, he on his bed, laughing happily, and beside him his dear grand-daughter, somewhat pale because of her privations, guiding his hand, helping him to drink, and assisting him at everything.

Then, strengthened by the meal, amid the comforts of his warm room, the cold wintry wind and the snow beating against the windows, the old cuirassier would tell us about his campaigns in the north, and relate for the hundredth time the story of that unfortunate retreat from Russia, when they had nothing to eat but frozen bread and horseflesh.

'Do you realise it, my child?' he said. 'We actually had to eat the flesh of horses!'

She did, indeed, understand it well. For two months she had not eaten anything else. As the days went by our task increased in proportion to the gaining strength of our patient. The enfeebled state of his mind and body, which had helped us much until now, began to disappear.

Two or three times the terrible volleys upon the Maillet Gate had caused him to jump, his ear having become as keen as that of a hunting dog. We had to invent a second

victory of Bazaine at Berlin, and tell him that the cannon were being fired from the Invalides as a salute in honor of the victory. One day, when we had pushed his bed close to the window, he saw the National Guards assembling on the avenue.

'What are those troops doing there?' he demanded, and we heard him grumbling:—

'What a show! What a showing!'

Nothing more came of this, but we saw that henceforth we must take the greatest precautions. Unfortunately we did not take enough. One evening as I was coming in the child came to me, greatly troubled—

'The troops are going to enter the city to-morrow,' she said.

Was the old soldier's door open? It must have been, for I now remember that his appearance was strangely altered that evening. It is probable that he had heard us. Only we spoke of the Prussians, and he thought of the French and of the triumphal entrance for which he had been waiting so long, with MacMahon marching down the Avenue amid flowers and the flourish of trumpets, his son at the marshal's side, and he up above on the balcony, in a grand uniform like that which he had worn at Lutzen, saluting the tattered flag and the powder-stained eagles.

Poor Colonel Jouve. He had undoubtedly imagined that we would hinder him from viewing the grand return of the troops, in order to avoid too great excitement on his part. So he spoke to no one, but on the following day, at the same hour that the Prussian battalions were entering the long avenue which leads from Maillet Gate to the Tuilleries, the window up there opened softly, and the colonel appeared upon the balcony, his helmet on his head, his sword at his side, and in the complete uniform of a cuirassier.

I still asked myself by what effort of will, by what new hold upon life, he had thus been able to put himself again in harness. One thing that I am sure of, however, is that he must have been greatly astonished, standing there behind the railing, to find the streets so empty and so quiet, the blinds of all the houses closed, and all Paris as gloomy as a pest-house. He must have been astonished, especially at the singular appearance of the flags, which were white with red crosses upon them, and furthermore at the fact that there was nobody in the streets to greet the soldiers.

For a moment he appeared to think that he had been deceived. But no. Behind the Arc de Triomphe there was a confused clatter and a black line which advanced steadily. Then, little by little, the peaks of the helmets began to glisten, the drums began to sound, and through the Arc de l'Etoile burst the triumphal march of Schubert.

Then, in the dreadful silence, a terrible cry was heard: 'Aux armes! Les Prussiens!' And the four Uhlans of the advance guard saw high above them on the balcony a tall old man stagger and fall prone upon the floor. Colonel Jouve was dead."

"Beauty" may be "only skin deep;" but the secret of a beautiful skin is pure blood. Those coarse, rough, pimply complexions may, in most cases, be rendered soft, smooth, and fair by the persevering and systematic use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Small Son: "I know what I'll be when I grow up. I'm going to be a great inventor."

Papa: "That's encouraging, certainly. What makes you think you have inventive genius?"

Small Son: "Why, I wanted to take a screw out, and I couldn't find any screw-driver, so I unscrewed it out with your razor."

The Red River.

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

Pinching the Anti-Home Rule Corn.

The regular Dublin correspondent of the New York *Catholic News*, in his last letter to that journal, says:

If one may judge by the frantic efforts the Irish Unionists are making against it, Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, whether modified or unmodified, is destined to pass into law. Nothing like their present flurry was ever seen before now. Although they abhorred the Land Bill of 1881, and commonly described it as a measure of spoliation and plunder, they did not take a tithe of the trouble to oppose it which they are taking towards securing the rejection of the Home Rule Bill of 1893. It would be really amusing to watch their antics were it not for the seriousness of the issues involved. The same set of men are appearing in a dozen different capacities to pass resolutions declaring that the Bill spells robbery and murder and red ruin for them. For example, we have a number of persons meeting on one day as the Senate of the University of Dublin; on another day they turn up afresh at a meeting of graduates of that university; on still another day they come on the scene as members of select vestries, then a lot of them are transformed into grand jurors; then another lot pose as members of diocesan synods of the disestablished State Church; in a few days they are to pose as members of the General Synod of that organization; most of them have already appeared as members of the Unionist Alliance; and about fifty of them have gone to London as a deputation to press their ridiculous fears on the leaders of British political parties—this time assuming the character of merchants, governors of the Bank of Ireland, and directors of the leading Irish railway companies.

Now for the little information about the self-deputed deputation, so that my readers may know what value to set on their representations. First, as to the governors of the Bank of Ireland. The bank carries on its business in the very buildings wherein the Irish Parliament sat for many years up to the last moment of its existence. Naturally the majority of the Irish people would for the sake of linking the present to the past, like to get back the old Senate House on College Green for the use of the revived native legislature; because its atmosphere would be redolent of the lofty thoughts and brilliant eloquence of Grattan and Curran and Plunkett and Flood—and to mention lesser yet still distinguished names. Just as naturally, from a selfish point of view, the governors of the Bank of Ireland would like to retain their premises; although I have been told that there is a clause in their lease compelling them to surrender the historic and marvellously beautiful buildings whenever the Government may call on them. To clear out and have to set up shop in a new location would be pretty troublesome to the governors of the Bank of Ireland; it would be expensive also, and therefore would hurt the interests of shareholders temporarily; but all the same the governors are not taking an enlightened view for the benefit of the bank, which should of necessity become the right arm of a native Government in all matters of finance. The opposition of the governors, therefore, is as short-sighted as it is selfish; and no one who could pretend to rank as a statesman would attach a feather's weight to anything they might say in the circumstances.

Now for a word or two about the directors of the railways. One of the first duties which an Irish Government would have to undertake is to buy out the railways and work them as a department of the State, like the post-office and telegraph systems, if Irish industries are to have any chance of existence. In that case the occupations of the railway directors would be gone. It is a curious fact that of the four principal Irish lines having ter-

mini in Dublin not one has an Irish traffic manager. The Great Northern has a Scot in the person of Mr. Robertson; the Midland and Great Western has an Englishman, Mr. Joseph Tallow; the Great Southern and Western has a Scotchman in the person of Mr. Colboun, and the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford has an Englishman, Mr. Payno. These are all clever railway men; but they do not understand Ireland and the situation of the Irish people, and any sympathies which they may have, over and above the mere mechanical working of their departments, is presumably on the side of the races from which they spring. Anyhow, the establishment of an Irish Government would necessarily have the effect of curbing the British tendencies of the traffic managers, and of abolishing the various boards of directors in favor of a governmental staff whose business it would be to run the railways for the general benefit of the Irish public. Hence the directors of the railways like the governors of the Bank of Ireland, are opposed to the Home Rule Bill.

Perfume at the French Court.

The rage for perfumes at the French Court reached its apogee during the reign of Louis XV., writes Lucy Hamilton Hooper in the *April Ladies' Home Journal*. His court was known throughout Europe by the name of the "Scented Court." The expenditure of Madame de Pompadour for this one branch of her toilette amounted to a hundred thousand dollars annually. It became the fashion for the host or hostess of a great entertainment to signanize to their guests what particular perfume was to be employed for scenting their rooms on the night for which the invitations were issued, and they were expected to use no other, so that the delicate effect of a unity of the odors might be produced. At court a different perfume was prescribed for each day of the week. This all sounds very refined and charming, but it must be remembered that the utter disregard of the rules of cleanliness during this reign and that of Louis XIV., even by individuals of the highest rank, rendered the use of powerful scents, to a certain degree, obligatory. The gorgeous palace of Versailles did not contain a single bathroom till one was arranged for the use of Marie Antoinette. The ill-fated Queen was very fond of perfumery, her favorite scent being essence of roses.

Perfumes went entirely out of fashion in France during the epoch of the great Revolution. They were brought back into vogue by the Empress Josephine, and have never since lost their hold upon society. Queen Marie Antoinette, the wife of Louis Philippe, was fond of orange flower water.


Dawn.

Suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich, red, rose, according to the scene they lit on and the curtain flung around, yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, and proclaiming, "God is here." The life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow, every flower and bud and bird had a fluttering sense of them, and all the flashing of God's gaze emerged into soft beneficence. So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill nor valley, nor great unvintaged ocean, but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance.—*Blackmore.*

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A LITTLE GIRL'S DANCER.



Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call white swelling. She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally

ST. JACOBS OIL

was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her.

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Four of the men who took rather an active part in the late Randalstown Tenant-Farmers' meeting have been served with writs for rent. They are among the largest and strongest farmers in the Toome portion of Lord O'Neill's estate, two Catholics and two Protestants. The farmers on Lord O'Neill's estate were expecting that finally he might see his way to give them even a small reduction. But this is how their expectations have been realized.

The Belfast *Newsletter's* London correspondent, writing on March 14th, says: "I hear on good authority that the Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant has given instructions that three officers in each of the garrisons in Ireland be sworn in forthwith as magistrates, so that in connection with the Home Rule agitation the commanders of the troops may be able to act without calling upon the local resident magistrates. This is regarded in Unionist circles as a most extraordinary and unprecedented step for the Irish Executive to take, especially in the present state of public feeling."

Armagh.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue arrived in Dublin on March 15th, accompanied by the Rev. Father Fox, his private secretary, and the Bishop of Galway and Killaloe, who travelled with his Eminence from Rome.

Clare.

On March 17th, in the Land Judges Court, Dublin, three properties were offered for sale, but the offers made being deemed insufficient no sale took place. One estate, in the County Clare, was that of Georgina Donworth, and consisted of part of the lands of Ross, 387 acres, held in fee-simple, and producing a net rental of £251 a year; and another denomination consisted of 159 acres, held under lease for lives, renewable forever, and producing a profit rent of over £29 a year. An offer of £3,000 for the two lots was rejected. In the matter of an estate of the assignee of Dean Conroy Taylor, the life estate of the owner in Harold's Grange, Dublin, having an average yearly rental of £302, was put up, but there was no bidding. In the matter of the estate of Thomas S. Blake, in the County of Galway, held in fee simple, a bid of £2,000 was held insufficient for lot No. 1, containing 649 acres, and having an annual rental of £184. For lot 2, containing 744 acres, and having an estimated rental of £163, there was no offer.

Cork.

Died on March 17th, at his residence, Cork Workhouse, Thomas Hurst, Weighmaster, deeply and deservedly regretted by his sorrowing wife and young family.

Mr. John Hartnett, P.L.G., Dungourney, was thrown from his horse and severely injured on March 14th. The animal was young and wild, and got beyond the rider's control, with the result that injuries were sustained by Mr. Hartnett which may endanger his life. Much regret is felt for the accident in the district, where Mr. Hartnett is deservedly very popular.

The death is announced of Mr. Arthur H. Browne, of Nutley, Macroom, which occurred on March 10th. The deceased, who was not in very robust health for some time past, was a prominent figure in local Nationalist politics for years. He was President of the Land League, and subsequently of the Nationalist League. For delivering a speech in connection with a proclaimed Manchester Martyrs demonstration, some five years ago, he was tried by a Coercion Court and sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment, but in consequence of the poor state of his health at the time, the sentence was not enforced. He was connected with the Macroom Poor Law Board for some years, and there he exhibited unusual ability and prudence in the management of the affairs of the Union. Mr. Browne was very popular, and there will be none who know him that will not regret his early demise.

Derry.

On March 14th, between four and five o'clock, a man named Charles Doherty, of Nailor's Row, Derry, met with a violent death on board the *Eglantine*, a vessel which was lying at the quay. The deceased, who was a pedlar, had been on board endeavouring to dispose of some of his wares, and was returning ashore when he stumbled and fell into the hold of the vessel. He died immediately, his neck being broken.

Donegal.

Speaking at a Unionist meeting, at Castlefin, on March 13th, the Protestant Rector of Killigordon, said that lately he was in a house in the district where a young woman was practising with a revolver. Two other ladies declared themselves able to shoot crows with rifles, and said they could shoot a village ruffian if attacked. They trusted in Providence, but kept their powder dry. These remarks were cheered.

Down.

On March 13th, Justice Madden commenced the business of the Assizes in Downpatrick. In addressing the grand jury he said it afforded him sincere pleasure on the occasion of his first visit to the County Down to be able to congratulate them upon the condition of their great and prosperous county. The bills to go before them repre-

sented nothing more than the average amount of ordinary crime, which, as long as human nature remained, might be expected to occur in any community.

Dublin.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Joseph Tierney, solicitor of 20 Rutland Square, Dublin, a Commissioner to administer affidavits for the Supreme Court.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Edward Richard Taylor, of Arglite Castle, Balbriggan, Lieutenant, Grenadier Guards, to be a Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Dublin; and Mr. George W. Finlay, J.P., to be a member of the Loan Fund Board for Ireland.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Thomas Mathews, J.P., on March 16th, at his residence, Great Charles street, Dublin. Mr. Mathews was an extensive landowner, and occupied an extensive farm at Annagor, near Drogheda, and was for several years identified with the *Turf*. Mr. Mathews was very generally respected, and his death will be deplored.

Galway.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Bridget Noone, relict of the late Mr. Bernard Noone, of Killyan, Ballinamore Bridge, and mother of Mr. Edward Noone, merchant, Gort, which occurred on the 10th of March, in the 80th year of her age.

At Turloughmore, on March 13th, the wife of Mr. Dolly, publican, died of concussion of the brain, caused by an accidental fall from a cart on her way home from Galway. A coroner's inquest was held, when a verdict in accordance with the evidence was returned by the jury.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. William Phillips, of North Park, Eltham, Kent, and Derrynasliggan, Leenano, Connemara, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Galway. Mr. Phillips is the author of the Irish Home Rule Catechism, now in its ninth hundred thousand.

Kerry.

Thomas Shea, laborer, has been lodged in the County Infirmary, suffering from injuries to his jaw, received while working a crane on Fenit Pier. It appears the crane lever slipped and struck him on the jaw.

Five of the Cloghane fishermen, who were fined for illegal fishing on Lord Ventry's and Mr. Hickson's "preserves" at Cloghane, were lodged in gaol on March 11th. They had been fined £2 10s. each by the magistrate at the Petty Sessions, and had appealed; but on the appeal, the decision of the magistrates was confirmed. They had also memoriated the Lord Lieutenant, and last month an order was received reducing the fines to 10s. each. These fines, with costs, they refused to pay, and hence the issuing of the warrants. It is expected from telegrams received from Dublin Castle, that they will be released before their term of office expires.

Kildare.

Before the Grand Jury of Kildare, on March 14th, Sergeant Patrick Griffin, R. I. C., Athy, applied for £1,500 compensation for "being severely injured and maimed on account of his exertions as a peace officer to bring a disturber of the public peace to justice, at Barrack street, Athy, on the 3d August, 1892." Compensation to the amount of £900 was awarded to him.

Kilkenny.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Denis Drenan, Conway Hall, Newtown-Kells, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Kilkenny.

On March 14th Dr. Hackett, Coroner, Kilkenny, held an inquest on the body of Lieutenant Colonel Egan, aged 46 years, late of the Bengal Corps, who died suddenly at his residence, Shipton House, Callan, while in the act of taking a bath. The deceased gentleman was hunting on the 11th, and it was stated in the course of the evidence submitted to the coroner that he had sustained some injuries. Death, however, was attributed to heart-failure; and the Jury returned a verdict accordingly.

Leitrim.

There was only one contest in Manorhamilton Union this year, namely, in Glenboy Division, where Mr. Cormack Gaffney was opposed by two Tories, R. Crawford and Christy Armstrong. The Tories have given up Manorhamilton Division in despair, and the two popular representatives there, Messrs. Dolan and McGinness, were unopposed.

A report has been issued showing the work done in Ireland, in July and August last, under the Land Acts. In the cases in the County Leitrim heard and settled in these months by the Commissioners and the County Court Judge the total amount of old rent was £1,289 1s 6d, and the total of the new rents is £1,099 2s 4d, showing in round numbers a gain of £280 per annum to the tenants.

Limerick.

In Limerick, on March 17th, the Garryowen Football Club beat the Cork Football Club by two tries to nothing. The match between Queen's College, Cork, and Queen's College, Galway, resulted in a draw.

In Limerick, on March 11th, Mr. William B. Fitt disposed of the following lots of land by public auction.—Lot 1. The interest of Mr. John Flannery in the lands of Kilmore, containing 30 Irish acres plantation measure; held under judicial agreement at a rent of

£19 10s. per annum, half rates and taxes allowed; together with dwelling and offices thereon. Mr. Thomas Herbert became the purchaser at £255. Lot 2. The interest of Mrs. W. McNamara in the farm of Sallybank, containing 10 acres Irish; held under a judicial agreement at the reduced rent of £4 15s (old rent, £7 10), which has been still further reduced by an allowance of 15 per cent. The farm is all under grass. Mr. Thomas Welsh became the owner at £115.

Louth.

On the morning of March 17th a tailor named Donohue, residing in Green Lanes, was found dead on the roadside near the cross roads of Collon. He had left home the previous evening in pursuit of employment in Collon.

The President of the Drogheda St. Vincent de Paul Society acknowledges the receipt of £10, being the amount of a legacy bequeathed by the late Mr. John Chadwick, of Stameen, for distribution among the poor visited by the society.

Mayo.

The three tenants served with eviction notices at Bellisker, on the D. Nolan-Farrell estate, were evicted on March 10, but two were subsequently readmitted as caretakers. The case of Duffy, who was refused readmission, is a peculiarly hard one. He and his family, the youngest child of which is barely two months old, were thrown on the roadside and refused to be readmitted, though the tenant proffered to pay any rent demanded. A large crowd of persons witnessed the eviction, and the worthy administrator of the parish, Rev. J. McHugh, was also present. Father McHugh endeavored to effect a settlement, but his efforts were futile. In an address to the people he characterized the treatment of Duffy as harsh. It is contemplated to hold a public indignation meeting at an early date.

Meath.

Vicount Gormanstown has been appointed Governor of Tasmania in succession to Sir Robert Hamilton. Lord Gormanstown is the Premier Vicount of Ireland. He saw considerable active service with the 60th Rifles in the Indian Mutiny. He has since 1857 been Governor for two years of the Leeward Isles. He was also a Commissioner of National Education for Ireland, and is the owner of an estate of 10,000 acres in Meath.

On the 17th of March a statue of St. Patrick of heroic size, sculptured by Mr. Thomas Curry, of Navan, who has presented it to the people of Ireland, was erected on the Hill of Tara. Considerable expense has been entailed in the manufacture and erection of a pedestal to support it. An appeal to the patriotic public who appreciate native art and genius, to defray the cost, is made by the committee to whom Mr. Curry handed over the statue, namely—Messrs. Nugent, T. C.; J. Healy, T. C., with Mr. P. McNamara, T. C., as treasurer, who will receive subscriptions.

Our Irish obituary column, this week contains the sad announcement of the death of a zealous priest and true-souled Irishman, the highly-gifted Dr. Tormey. As a vigorous and polished writer, Dr. Tormey had few equals, and as a platform speaker he was always effective. In the days of Lucas and Mocre Dr. Tormey was one of the leaders in Meath in the tenants' defence, and later on in the Land League, he was one of the patriotic priests who helped with might and main to make it the success it became. To the earlier numbers of the *Dublin Nation* he was a poetic contributor. One of his poems, "The Irish Race," will live in our ballad literature while the language endures.

Monaghan.

The Rev. P. Callan, Adm., Clontibret, has been promoted by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, to the important parish of Errigal Tragh, in succession to the Rev. Canon O'Connor, transferred to Newtownbutler, and the Rev. Eugene MacMahon, Q.C., has been promoted to Clontibret as Administrator, in succession to Rev. Father Callan.

Roscommon.

Mr. Jasper Tully has succeeded in inducing the Treasury to redress a case of great hardship in South Roscommon. A poor woman named Mrs. Daire, of Roscommon town, was deprived, by some red-tape officialism, of a considerable legacy to which she had been entitled for the last couple of years. At the request of some of the leading local Nationalists, Mr. Tully took up the case, and entered into correspondence with Sir J. T. Hibbert, the Under-Secretary, with the result that Mrs. Daire has been paid the amount to which she was entitled.

Sligo.

There were no contests for Guardianship in the Sligo Union this year. The only Guardian against whom an opponent was nominated was the popular representative for Cliffoey North, Mr. H. Brennan. The gentleman opposed to him having reconsidered the matter wisely decided to withdraw from the contest.

Tyrone.

With deep regret we chronicle the death of Mrs. Gillon, which took place at her husband's residence, Doonans, Armoyn, on Sunday evening, March 12th last, at the age of 66 years, after a brief illness of less than a fortnight.

On March 10th the remains of Mrs. Jane Fullan were removed from her residence,

Annaghor, Coaliland, for interment in the family burying ground attached to the Coaliland Catholic Church. The funeral cortege was one of the largest seen in the district for many years, and comprised all classes of religious belief, which alone testified the esteem in which deceased was held. The Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Francis Donnelly, C. C.

Waterford.

The Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan's arrival in Waterford on his return from Rome was made the occasion of a great demonstration by the people of the city. At the railway terminus he was met by the Mayor and the members of the Municipal Council in state. Several of the city bands and an immense multitude of people also waited his arrival, and as the train steamed in he was greeted with ringing cheers. The Town Clerk read an address to the Bishop from the Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses of the city, to which he replied in graceful terms. After warmly thanking those of his own religion he said:—"I would wish also to thank those who are not of our faith for their sympathy on the occasion. I thank God we are happy in Waterford in the union of people of different religions; and as for me as well as for you we hope and pray that that union may continue, that it may grow closer and closer in the days that are to come. We want the help of every good man to make our country a nation again, and we cannot afford to dispense with any. To everyone who is right-minded we should hold out the hand of friendship. Let me, for my part, thank the Protestants of Waterford heartily for the spirit they displayed on the occasion of the drawing up of the address, as well as on many previous occasions in the recent history of this city." The Bishop having entered his carriage, a procession, headed by the bands, was formed, and he was escorted to the Cathedral, where an address from the priests of the diocese was read by the Very Rev. Francis O'Brien, P.P., SS. Peter and Paul's, Clonmel. Bishop Sheehan, having replied, bestowed the Papal Benediction on the immense congregation.

Westmeath.

With great regret we record the death of the Rev. Thos. Geoghegan, P.P., Kilbeggan, which took place at the Parochial House, on March 13th. For some weeks the Rev. gentleman had been ailing; his death, however, was quite unexpected, and when made known created the most poignant grief among his attached parishioners, and wherever he was known.

Wexford.

The Rev. John O'Brien, of Port Elizabeth, South Africa, recently celebrated his Silver Jubilee. Father O'Brien is a native of Taghmon parish, and spent many years in Wexford, where he was one of the founders of the Catholic Young Men's Society. About 31 years ago he left Wexford with another old and distinguished townsman, the Most Rev. James D. Ricard, Bishop of Ratimo, whose ministry has been among the people in South Africa. Father O'Brien pursued his theological studies under the Most Rev. Dr. Moran, in Grahamstown, Cape Colony, and was ordained on New Year's Day, 1867, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Utenhago, which has been the field of his sacred ministry, owes much to Father O'Brien's labors for the flourishing state of Catholicity there at present. In Port Elizabeth he established the Marist Brothers, who conduct a very fine school with 300 boys. He also established the Marist Brothers in Utenhago, where they have an excellent boarding school.

Wicklow.

A congratulatory address was recently presented from the parishioners of Dunlavin to the Very Rev. Canon Donovan, P. P., on his elevation to the dignity of Canon of the Archdiocese of Dublin. The address was beautifully illuminated by Mr. Samuel Watson, Upper O'Connell street, Dublin.

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of
SCOTT'S
EMULSION
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.
Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper, sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

A Remarkable Banquet.

"I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barfoot with the boys of Genoa," is the remarkable statement made by a writer in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, "This remarkable 'spread' was given by an antiquarian named Goebel in the city of Brussels in 1874. The apples were from an earthen jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit. The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where for centuries it had lain in an earthen crock in icy water, and the wine was recovered from an old vault in the city of Corinth. There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it. The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday."

The Teaspoon is Banished.

The teaspoon has been banished from the table of the ultra elegant. Its use has long been forbidden to assist in eating any sort of kernel and soft vegetables, but it survived for a time as an aid to consuming what our grandmothers called "sauce," and for certain desserts of a custard nature or ices and ice cream. Now its employment is considered, as the fashionable woman told her child, "worse than wicked—vulgar—" in any such service. So, like Fatima in the "Arabian Nights" eating her grains of rice, we pick at all these yielding, gelatinous, and elusive substances with a little fork. The teaspoon is restricted to the teacup, and that alone.

Catholics and Catholic Papers.

A well-known missionary priest once said that he never knew an intelligent Catholic family that failed to take a Catholic paper. The explanation was that, if intelligent and if truly Catholic, their wants led them to look for a Catholic paper as a necessity. But there were intelligent persons, conforming as Catholics, who did not care for Catholic papers. It was lack of interest in Catholicity. They were intelligent but not truly Catholic.

How about the Catholic who is not intelligent? who will eagerly devour local gossip and sensational stories, but who can't read a Catholic paper? More intelligence is the thing most needed.—*Catholic Citizen.*

The Crucifix of Louis XVI.

It has often been wondered what had become of the crucifix used by the Abbe Edgeworth at the execution of Louis XVI, says the *London Daily News*. A Paris correspondent says it is now in the possession of the parish priest of St. Medard de Guisiers, to whom it was given by one of his flock, a Mme. d'Espilat, when she was dying. She enjoined him never to part with it, because it was a sacred relic, and she expected that Louis the Martyr would one day figure in the calendar of the Church along with his ancestor, St. Louis. The crucifix, with the Christ on it, is in old carved ivory, and was probably made at Dieppe.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Thos. Smith, Esq., Drumlane, Moyalty, to the Commission of the Peace for the county Meath.

Princess May of Teck has achieved new distinction through the invention of a "hygienic teapot." The hot water is poured through the tea leaves, but not allowed to remain upon them. They are placed in an upper vessel or strainer, which is removed when the water has passed through. Tea made in this way can be kept hot for any length of time without fear of obtaining that solution of tanning which is so destructive to the nerves.

The sword General Beauregard bequeathed to Charleston is an unusually ornate sabre, with a fine Damascus blade and an elaborate hilt wrought with gold. The scabbard, which is of gold, is very handsomely ornamented in low relief, and on it is engraved the inscription: "Brigadier-General G.T. Beauregard, from the ladies of New Orleans May 21, 1861." The sword was sent to General Beauregard just after the fall of

Fort Sumter, and was given to commemorate that event.

The total amount subscribed last year by the Catholics of the United States for missionary work among the negroes and Indians was \$90,068.09. The colored population of the South, according to the report for 1890, was 6,000,160. Of these, only a little more than 140,000 are Catholic. Of an Indian population of 285,730,49,434 belong to the Catholic Church.

Since Mr. Justin McCarthy was elected to the leadership of his party he has done more solid and permeating work in the interests of home rule than any other private member in the House of Commons. During the last twelve months or more he has written article after article in the magazines, has contributed leader after leader for the great newspaper with which he has been so long and intimately connected, while the number of interviews and fugitive contributions which he has scattered broadcast must be a severe task on the energy and versatility of this busy politician.

The Austrian archduchess who was recently married did not take her splendid bridal robe with its embroideries of silver marguerites and costly lace to her new home, but made a gift of it to the church where her sisters and brothers prayed continually for her recovery during a serious illness. The beautiful gown is to be made into a set of Easter vestments for the clergy, and the bride will keep only for her remembrance of the day the veil of tulle and the myrtle wreath, which all German and Austrian brides wear in token of their purity.

The late Baron de Rothschild once took a cab to his offices, and on alighting tendered the proper fare. The cabman received it, but kept his hand open and looked at the money significantly, which caused the baron to inquire whether it was not right. "Oh, yes," replied the cabman, "it's quite right, but your sons usually give me double." "They do, do they?" was the baron's reply. "Well, they have a rich father, and can afford it. I have not."

He—Do you think I—aw—shall have a good beard? Barber after close inspection I'm afraid not, sir. He—Ah, weally. Ma lawther has a very fine beard, you know. Barber—Maybe you take after your mamma, sir.

Maria (after talking for a quarter of an hour and getting no answers)—Thar ye set, jest chewin and chewin with yer mouth always so full of terbacker yer can't say a word. Uncle Abner—Marlar, I wish you'd learn to chew terbacker.

"Which do you like best, Uncle Silas, tragedy or comedy?"

"Well, for the most part," replied Farmer Begosh, "I believe I prefer tragedy, for when the killin' comes yer feels that yer gettin' sorter square with the actors."

THE MARKETS

TORONTO, April 5, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$0 68	0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 67	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 82	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 35	0 36
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 62
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	7 00	7 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 60	0 75
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 25
Eggs, now laid, per dozen....	0 14	0 15
Parsley, per doz.....	0 20	0 39
Radishes, per doz.....	0 00	1 00
Beets, per bag.....	0 45	0 60
Turnips, per bag.....	0 40	0 45
Cabbage, now, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz.....	0 50	0 00
Onions, per bag.....	0 00	1 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 00	0 40
Carrots, per bag.....	0 25	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 95	1 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 0j	11 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 4.—Only twenty-one loads came to hand. Some few deals of prime stuff were made at 4c, but the principal business for very fair cattle was done around 3½c and a shade over.

There were only 68 sheep and yearlings on sale, and these few were not really wanted. Sheep were nominally quoted at from \$5 to \$7 each, and grain fed yearlings sold at 5½ to 6c per pound.

A few spring lambs were here, and sold at from \$3 to \$5 each, but the enquiry was very light.

About a dozen calves were here, and they sold at fairly maintained and steady prices; if of good quality, a few more would have sold.

Milkers were slow to-day at from \$35 to \$45 each, with one sale at \$48. We had not much enquiry for springers, but good ones will find steady prices.

In hogs weakness was felt; in one case 6c was paid, but the best sold at a range of from \$5.50 to \$5.75 per cwt. Stores and small rough hogs are but little enquired for.



POSITIVE LUXURY.

This is a fine country to live in once the winter is over and the posies begin to grow.

That's the time we do have positive luxury, taking down stoves and packing them away. Then scrubbing and rubbing, taking up the carpets, and and finding to our sorrow that they're not worth

putting down again.

What's to be done? Nothing, but go to C. F. Adams Co. for a new one; they have them of all kinds, from 30c. the yard to \$1.50.

Then we'll want a new Parlor Suit. They keep them too, and every other kind of Furniture, and so cheap too.

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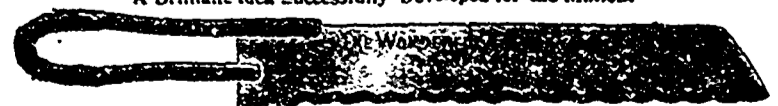
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RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

"I do not understand, Senorita," he said. "What do you mean by 'afterward'?"

"I mean," replied Ramona, "that the Senora never says she wishes anything; she says she leaves everything to Felipe to decide, or to Father Salvierderra. But I think it is always decided as she wishes to have it after all. The Senora is wonderful, Alessandro; don't you think so?"

"She loves Senor Felipe very much," was Alessandro's evasive reply.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Ramona. "You do not begin to know how much. She does not love any other human being. He takes it all. She hasn't any left. If he had died she would have died too. That is the reason she likes you so much; she thinks you saved Felipe's life. I mean, that is one reason," added Ramona, smiling, and looked up confidently at Alessandro, who smiled back, not in vanity, but honest gratitude that the Senorita was pleased to intimate that he was not unworthy of the Senora's regard.

"I do not think she likes me," he said. "I cannot tell why; but I do not think she likes any one in the world. She is not like any one I ever saw, Senorita."

"No," replied Ramona, thoughtfully. "She is not. I am, oh, so afraid of her, Alessandro! I have always been, ever since I was a little girl. I used to think she hated me; but now I think she does not care one way or the other if I keep out of her way."

While Ramona spoke these words her eyes were fixed on the running water at her feet. If she had looked up, and seen the expression in Alessandro's eyes as he listened, the thing which was drawing near would have drawn near faster, would have arrived at that moment; but she did not look up. She went on, little dreaming how hard she was making it for Alessandro.

"Many's the time I've come down here, at night, to this brook, and looked at it, and wished it was a big river, so I could throw myself in, and be carried away to the sea, dead. But it is a fearful sin, Father Salvierderra says, to take one's own life; and always the next morning, when the sun came out, and the birds sang, I've been glad enough I had not done it. Were you ever so unhappy as that, Alessandro?"

"No, Senorita, never," replied Alessandro; "and it is thought a great disgrace among us to kill one's self. I think I could never do it. But, oh, Senorita, it is a grief to think of your being unhappy. Will you always be so? Must you always stay here?"

"Oh, but I am not always unhappy!" said Ramona, with her sunny little laugh. "Indeed, I am generally very happy. Father Salvierderra says that if one does no sin one will be always happy, and that it is a sin not to rejoice every hour of the day in the sun and the sky and the work there is to do; and there is always plenty of that." Then her face clouding, she continued: "I suppose I shall always stay here. I have no other home; you know I was the Senora's sister's adopted child. She died when I was little, and the Senora kindly took me. Father Salvierderra says I must never forget to be grateful to her for all she has done for me, and I try not to."

Alessandro eyed her closely. The whole story, as Juan Can had told it to him, of the girl's birth, was burning in his thoughts. How he longed to cry out, "O my loved one, they have made you homeless in your home.

They despise you. The blood of my race is in your veins; come to me; come to me! be surrounded with love!" But he dared not. How could he dare?

Some strange spell seemed to have unloosed Ramona's tongue to-night. She had never before spoken to Alessandro of her own personal history or burdens; but she went on: "The worst thing is, Alessandro, that she will not tell me who my mother was; and I do not know if she is alive or not, or anything about her. Once I asked the Senora, but she forbade me ever to ask her again. She said she herself would tell me when it was proper for me to know. But she never has."

How the secret trembled on Alessandro's lips now. Ramona had never seemed so near, so intimate, so trusting. What would happen if he were to tell her the truth! Would the sudden knowledge draw her closer to him, to repel her?

"Have you never asked her again?" he said.

Ramona looked up astonished. "No one ever disobeyed the Senora," she said, quickly.

"I would!" exclaimed Alessandro.

"You may think so," said Ramona, "but you couldn't. I did ask Father Salvierderra once."

"What did he say?" asked Alessandro, breathless.

"The same thing. He said I must not ask; I was not old enough. When the time came I would be told," answered Ramona, sadly. "I don't see what they can mean by the time's coming. What do you suppose they meant?"

"I do not know the ways of any people but my own, Senorita, replied Alessandro. "Many things that your people do, and still more that these Americans do, are to me so strange, I know nothing what they mean. Perhaps they do not know who was your mother."

"I am sure they do," answered Ramona, in a low tone, as if the words were wrung from her. "But let us talk about something else, Alessandro; not about sad things, about pleasant things. Let us talk about your staying here."

"Would it be truly a pleasure to the Senorita Ramona, if I stayed?" said Alessandro.

"You know it would," answered Ramona, frankly, yet with a tremor in her voice, which Alessandro felt. "I do not see what we could any of us do without you. Felipe says he shall not let you go."

Alessandro's face glowed. "It must be as my father says, Senorita," he said. "A messenger came from him yesterday, and I sent him back with a letter telling him what the Senor Felipe had proposed to me, and asking him what I should do. My father is very old, Senorita, and I do not see how he can well spare me. I am his only child, and my mother died years ago. We live alone together in our house, and when I am away he is very lonely. But he would like to have me earn the wages, I know, and I hope he will think it best for me to stay. There are many things we want to do for the village; most of our people are poor, and can do little more than get what they need to eat day by day, and my father wishes to see them better off before he dies. Now that the Americans are coming in all around us he is afraid and anxious all the time. He wants to get a big fence built around our land, so as to show where it is; but the people cannot take much time to work on the fence; they need all their time to work for themselves and their familia. Indians have a hard time to live now, Senorita. Were you ever in Temecula?"

"No," said Ramona. "Is it a large town?"

Alessandro sighed. "Dear Senorita, it is not a town; it is only a little village not more than twenty houses in

all, and some of those are built only of tula. There is a chapel and a graveyard. We built an adobe wall around the graveyard last year. That my father said we would do before we built the fence around the village."

"How many people are there in the village?" asked Ramona.

"Nearly two hundred, when they are all there; but many of them are away most of the time. They must go where they can get work; they are hired by the farmers, or do work on the great ditches, or to go as shepherds; and some of them take their wives and children with them. I do not believe the Senorita has ever seen any very poor people."

"Oh yes, I have, Alessandro, at Santa Barbara. There were many poor people there, and the Sisters used to give them food every week."

"Indians!" said Alessandro.

Ramona coloured. "Yes," she said, "some of them were, but not like your men, Alessandro. They were very different; miserable looking; they could not read nor write, and they seemed to have no ambition."

"That is the trouble," said Alessandro, "with so many of them; it is with my father's people too. They say, 'What is the use?' My father gets in despair with them because they will not learn better. He gives them a great deal, but they do not seem to be any better off for it. There is only one other man in our village who can read and write besides my father and me, Senorita; and yet my father is all the time begging them to come to his house and learn of him. But they say they have no time; and, indeed, there is much truth in that, Senorita. You see everybody has troubles, Senorita."

Ramona had been listening with sorrowful face. All this was new to her. Until to-night neither she nor Alessandro had spoken of private and personal matters.

"Ah, but these are real troubles," she said. "I do not think mine were real troubles at all. I wish I could do something for your people, Alessandro. If the village were only near by, I could teach them, could I not? I could teach them to read. The Sisters always said that to teach the ignorant and the poor was the noblest work one could do. I wish I could teach your people. Have you any relatives there besides your father? Is there any one in the village that you—love, Alessandro?"

Alessandro was too much absorbed in thoughts of his people to observe the hesitating emphasis with which Ramona asked this question.

"Yes, Senorita, I love them all. They are like my brothers and sisters, all of my father's people," he said: "and I am unhappy about them all the time."

During the whole of this conversation Ramona had an undercurrent of thought going on, which was making her uneasy. The more Alessandro said about his father and his people the more she realized that he was held to Temecula by bonds that would be hard to break, the more she feared his father would not let him remain away from home any length of time. At the thought of his going away her very heart sickened. Taking a sudden step towards him, he said, abruptly, "Alessandro, I am afraid your father will not give his consent to your staying here."

"So am I, Senorita," he replied, sadly.

"And you would not stay if he did not approve of it, of course," she said.

"How could I, Senorita!"

"No," she said, "it would not be right;" but as she said these words the tears filled her eyes.

Alessandro saw them. The world changed in that second. "Senorita! Senorita Ramona!" he cried, "tears have come in your eyes! O Senorita, then you will not be angry if I say

that I love you!" and Alessandro trembled with the terror and delight of having said the words.

Hardly did he trust his palpitating senses to be telling him true the words that followed, quick, firm, though only in a whisper—"I know that you love me, Alessandro, and I am glad of it!" Yes, this was what the Senorita Ramona was saying! And when he stammered, "But you, Senorita, you do not—you could not—" "Yes, Alessandro, I do—I love you!" in the same clear, firm whisper; and the next minute Alessandro's arms were around Ramona, and he had kissed her, sobbing rather than saying, "O Senorita, do you mean that you will go with me? that you are mine? Oh no, beloved Senorita, you cannot mean that!" But he was kissing her. He knew she did mean it; and Ramona, whispering, "Yes, Alessandro, I do mean it; I will go with you," clung to him with her hands, and kissed him, and repeated it, "I will go with you, I love you." And then, just then, came the Senora's step, and her sharp cry of amazement, and there she stood, no more than an arm's length away, looking at them with her indignant, terrible eyes.

What an hour this for Alessandro to be living over and over, as he crouched in the darkness, watching! But the bewilderment of his emotions did not dull his senses. As if stalking deer in a forest, he listened for sounds from the house. It seemed strangely still. As the darkness deepened, it seemed still stranger that no lamps were lit. Darkness in the Senora's room, in the Senorita's; a faint light in the dining-room, soon put out—evidently no supper going on there. Only from under Felipe's door streamed a faint radiance; and, creeping close to the veranda, Alessandro heard voices fitfully talking—the Senora's and Felipe's; no word from Ramona. Piteously he fixed his eyes on her window; it was open, but the curtains tight drawn; no stir, no sound. Where was she? What had been done to his love? Only the tireless caution and infinite patience of his Indian blood kept Alessandro from going to her window. But he would imperil nothing by acting on his own responsibility. He would wait, if it were till daylight, till his love made a sign. Certainly before long Senor Felipe would come to his veranda bed, and then he could venture to speak to him. But it was near midnight when the door of Felipe's room opened, and he and his mother came out, still speaking in low tones. Felipe lay down on his couch; his mother, bending over, kissed him, bade him good night, and went into her own room.

It had been some time now since Alessandro had left off sleeping on the veranda floor by Felipe's side. Felipe was so well it was not needful. But Felipe felt sure he would come to-night, and was not surprised when, a few minutes after the Senora's door closed, he heard a low voice through the vines, "Senor Felipe?"

"Hush, Alessandro," whispered Felipe. "Do not make a sound. Tomorrow morning early I will see you, behind the little sheepfold. It is not safe to talk here."

"Where is the Senorita?" Alessandro breathed rather than said.

"In her room," answered Felipe.

"Well?" said Alessandro.

"Yes," said Felipe, hoping he was not lying; and this was all Alessandro had to comfort himself with through his long night of watching. No, not all; one other thing comforted him—the notes of two wood-doves, that at intervals he heard, cooing to each other; just the two notes, the call and the answer, "Love?" "Here." "Love?" "Here."—and long intervals of silence between. Plain as if written on a page was the thing they told.

"That is what my Ramona is like," thought he, "the gentle wood-dove.

If she is my wife my people will call her Majel, the Wood-Dove."

CHAPTER XI.

When the Senora bade Felipe good-night she did not go to bed. After closing her door she sat down to think what should be done about Ramona. It had been a hard task she had set herself, talking all the evening with Felipe without alluding to the topic uppermost in her mind. But Felipe was still nervous and irritable. She would not spoil his night's rest, she thought, by talking of disagreeable things. Moreover, she was not clear in her own mind what she wished to have done about Alessandro. If Ramona were to be sent away to the nuns, which was the only thing the Senora could think of as yet, there would be no reason for discharging Alessandro. And with him the Senora was by no means ready to part, though in her first anger she had been ready to dismiss him on the spot. As she pursued her reflections the whole situation cleared itself in her mind; so easily do affairs fall into line in the plottings and plannings of an arbitrary person, who makes in his formula no allowance for a human element which he cannot control.

Ramona should be sent in disgrace to the Sisters' School, to be a servant there for the rest of her life. The Senora would wash her hands of her for ever. Even Father Salvierderra himself could not expect her any longer to keep such a shameless creature under her roof. Her sister's written instructions had provided for the possibility of just such a contingency. Going to a secret closet in the wall, behind a life-size statue of Saint Catharine, the Senora took out an iron box, battered and rusty with age, and set it on the bed. The key turned with difficulty in the lock. It was many years since the Senora had opened this box. No one but herself knew of its existence. There had been many times in the history of the Moreno house when the price of the contents of that box would have averted loss and misfortune; but the Senora no more thought of touching the treasure than if it had been guarded by angels with fiery swords. There they lay, brilliant and shining even in the dim light of the one candle—rubies, emeralds, pearls, and yellow diamonds. The Senora's lip curled as she looked at them. "Fine dowry, truly, for a creature like this!" she said. "Well I knew in the beginning no good would come of it; base begotten, base born, she has but carried out the instincts of her nature. I suppose I may be grateful that my own son was too pure to be her prey!" "To be given to my adopted daughter, Ramona Ortega, on her wedding day,"—so the instructions ran—"if she weds worthily and with your approval. Should such a misfortune occur, which I do not anticipate, as that she should prove unworthy, then these jewels, and all I have left to her of value, shall be the property of the Church."

"No mention as to what I am to do with the girl herself if she proves unworthy," thought the Senora, bitterly; "but the Church is the place for her; no other keeping will save her from the lowest depths of disgrace. I recollect my sister said that Angus had at first intended to give the infant to the Church. Would to God he had done so, or left it with its Indian mother!" and the Senora rose and paced the floor. The paper of her dead sister's handwriting fell at her feet. As she walked, her long skirt swept it rustling to and fro. She stooped, picked it up, read it again, with increasing bitterness. No softness at the memory of her sister's love for the little child; no relenting. "Unworthy!" Yes, that was a mild word to apply to Ramona, now. It was all settled; and when the girl was once out of the house the Senora would breathe easier. She and Felipe would lead their lives together,

and Felipe would wed some day. Was there a woman fair enough, good enough, for Felipe to wed? But he must wed; and the place would be gay with children's voices, and Ramona would be forgotten.

The Senora did not know how late it was. "I will tell her to night," she said. "I will lose no time; and now she shall hear who her mother was!"

It was a strange freak of just impulse in the Senora's angry soul, which made her suddenly remember that Ramona had had no supper, and led her to go to the kitchen, get a jug of milk and some bread, and take them to the room. Turning the key cautiously, that Felipe might not hear, she opened the door and glided in. No voice greeted her; she held her candle high up; no Ramona in sight; the bed was empty. She glanced at the window. It was open. A terror seized the Senora; fresh anger also. "She has run off with Alessandro," she thought. "What horrible disgrace!" Standing motionless, she heard a faint, regular breathing from the other side of the bed. Hastily crossing the room, she saw a sight which had melted a heart that was only ice; but the Senora's was stone towards Ramona. There lay Ramona on the floor, her head on a pillow at the feet of the big Madonna which stood in the corner. Her left hand was under her cheek, her right arm flung tight around the base of the statue. She was sound asleep. Her face was wet with tears. Her whole attitude was full of significance. Even helpless in sleep, she was one who had taken refuge in sanctuary. This thought had been distinct in the girl's mind when she found herself, spite of all her woe and terror, growing sleepy. "She won't dare to hurt me at the Virgin's feet," she had said; "and the window is open. Felipe would hear if I called; and Alessandro will watch." And with a prayer on her lips she fell asleep.

It was Felipe's nearness more than the Madonna's which saved her from being roused to hear her doom. The Senora stood for some moments looking at her, and at the open window. With a hot rush of disgraceful suspicions, she noted what she had never before thought of, that Alessandro, through all his watching with Felipe, had had close access to Ramona's window. "Shameful creature!" she repeated to herself. "And she can sleep! It is well she prayed, if the Virgin will hear such?" and she turned away, first setting down the jug of milk and the bread on the table. Then, with a sudden and still more curious mingling of justness in her wrath, she returned, and lifting the coverlet from the bed, spread it over Ramona, covering her carefully from head to foot. Then she went out and again locked the door. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

It is a fact of curious interest, says an exchange, that irreligious France sent the Pope more "Peter a pence"—\$450,000—than any other nation.

The grand master of the Knights of Malta personally conferred the insignia of the order upon His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan during the latter's stay in Rome.

Rev. William Mabor, D. D., formerly chancellor of the Hartford diocese, who has been ill in New Haven for several weeks, has recovered sufficiently to resume his duties as pastor of the church in Milford, Ct.

A portrait of St. Bridget of Sweden, copied from a famous fresco painting, and a beautiful glass window representing the same saint, both the work of Swedish women, will occupy places of prominence in the Woman's Building.

Rev. L. B. Palladino, S. J., of Helena, Mont., has about completed a history of the Catholic Church in that state. It will be divided into two parts. The first will treat of the Indian era, before the arrival of the pale faces; and the second will show the growth of the state and the Church since the white immigration.

The hereditary Prince of Luxemburg, the son of the reigning Grand Duke, is to marry a Catholic princess, Maria Anna of Braganza, a daughter of the royal house of Portugal. It has been promised that all children of the marriage shall be brought up Catholics, and a dispensation has been granted for the marriage. If there is issue of the marriage the reigning family of Luxemburg, a branch of the house of Nassau, will thus become Catholic.

Jubilee presents still continue to arrive at the Vatican, and will probably be received there until the close of the present year. The Holy Father still receives visits and congratulations on his 50th episcopal anniversary from many distinguished personages; and last week representatives of England's royal family called at the Vatican to personally felicitate the aged Pontiff on his Jubilee and to wish him years of life and usefulness.

Monsignor Capet, who has been dwelling in seclusion for some years back out on the Pacific slope, appeared in public print last week, his communication having reference to the absurd claims of the Ritualists that mass is celebrated in their churches. The monsignor does not seem to have accepted that invitation which was said to have been extended to him by Cardinal Vaughan to return to London, and it is an open question if such invitation was ever sent.

The anthems of the Church represent the Blessed Mary seated upon a pure white throne, more dazzling than the snow. We there behold her arrayed in splendor, as a mystical rose, or as the morning star harbinging of the sun of grace; the brightest angels wait upon her, while celestial harps and voices form a ravishing concert around her. In that daughter of humanity we behold the refuge of sinners, the comforter of the afflicted, who, all good, all compassionate, all indulgent, averts from us the anger of the Lord.—*Chateaubriand.*

Most people, when setting about their reformation or conversion, are much more anxious to spend their lives in doing difficult or unusual things than to purify their intentions and to renounce self-will in the ordinary duties of their position; but this is a great mistake. Far better make less outward alterations as to actions and more inward change in the heart which prompts them. Those who are leading a decent, well-ordered life need much more interior than exterior change when they seek to become more earnest Christians.—*Fendon.*

The Church of the Holy Cross, Harrison, N. J., was filled to its utmost capacity last Sunday night. Two statues, one of St. Patrick, life size, and the other of the Sacred Heart, were unveiled. It had been arranged for Bishop Wigger to bless the statues. He was unable to be present, and Rev. Father O'Connor, rector of the church, performed that ceremony. The statues were placed on brass brackets, inside of the chancel, and were unveiled by Rev. Father Brogan, assistant rector. The sermon was preached by Rev. James A. McFaul, Vicar General of the Diocese of Trenton.

A sweet little story of Mozart shows his transcendent musical genius when he was a mere child. When only 14 years old he heard in Rome the Miserere of Allegri. Knowing that it was forbidden to take a copy of this famous composition, he listened to such good purpose that when he got home he immediately noted down the whole work from memory. A few days afterwards he was enabled to check the copy, when to his own great surprise he found that he had not made a single mistake. The next day—so the story goes—he produced such a sensation in Rome by singing the Miserere at a concert, that Pope Clement XIV., requested that the boy should be presented at the Vatican.

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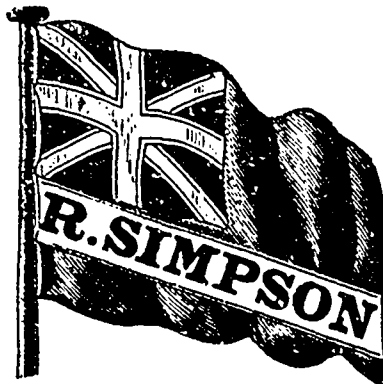
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Pure Linen Towels, \$1.20 doz.

Of course trade is lively in Dress Goods and Silks. See here:

All-Wool Estamino Serge, new, 25c.
French Cheviots, new, grey and fawn, 40c, were 60c.
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Burke and the Maniac.

When Edmund Burke, the famous Irish orator, was preparing his indictment of Warren Hastings, there were some links in the chain of evidence which he sought in vain. At last some one told him that an inmate of Badlam, the well-known lunatic asylum, could give him the information he was in need of. Accordingly he betook himself to that retreat, and asked to see the person referred to. His request was at once granted; and the man proved to be the repository of valuable knowledge, having lived for many years in India in a position to become thoroughly conversant with the acts of Mr. Hastings.

Burke and the maniac had a long conversation; and the orator left not only with the facts he desired, but with a firm conviction that the man who furnished them was perfectly sane. He went to the keeper and told him that it was outrageous to confine a rational man in that awful place. The keeper, having heard the same remonstrance before, could only smile, and assure his distinguished visitor that he would some day find out his mistake. But Burke would not listen.

"It is infamous!" he cried. "I will have this man's story ringing through the United Kingdom. If necessary I will make it known in Parliament."

The keeper kept his temper. "Mr. Burke," he said, "I have told you the truth; but, in order to be convinced, will you have the kindness to step back and ask the poor fellow what he had for breakfast?"

"I will," answered Burke; "and I believe his answer will be as sane as my question."

He returned to the cell, where his Indian informant gladly welcomed him.

"May I ask," inquired Burke, "what you had for breakfast to-day?"

Instantly the peaceful look left the man's face, and his eyes glared with excitement.

"We had hobnails for breakfast. We never have anything else. We breakfast, dine, and sup on hobnails. And everything here is equally horrible."

And so he went on with a fantastic account of the cookery at the asylum, which convinced Mr. Burke at once that he had been wrong and the keeper right. He left in great haste, glad to get away, and thankful for the information, which, although it was furnished by an inmate of Bethlehem Hospital, proved to be of great value.—*Am Maria.*

Condolence.

The following resolutions of condolence were passed by No. 4 Division, A.O.H., at their regular meeting, held on March 26:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by death the father of our Brother, R. Cahill; also the mother of our Brother, Joseph Byrne;

Be it resolved that the members of this Division tender their heartfelt sympathy to the above named Brothers and their families in the loss they have sustained.

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

JOHN FOLEY, Rec. Sec. No. 4, A.O.H.

At the regular meeting of Branch 77, C. M. B. A., Lindsay, held on the 21st ult., the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to his eternal abode Mr. Wm. White, father of our worthy brother, Wm. L. White, be it

Resolved that, while bowing in humble submission to the will of our all-wise Providence, we the members of Branch 77, C. M. B. A., tender our sincere sympathy to Brother White in his bereavement; and be it further resolved that copies of this resolution be forwarded to Brother White, the *Catholic Record* and *CATHOLIC REGISTER*, and that the same shall be entered on the minutes of this meeting. M. W. KENNEDY,
Sec. Branch 77.

De La Salle Institute.

TESTIMONIALS FOR MARCH.

Form III—Excellent: J. Flynn, J. Kormann, H. O'Connor, J. Huntley, F. Boylan, J. Varley, W. Malone, Good: W. Miville, L. Murphy, J. Ryan, A. Conlin, J. Jordan, E. English, E. McDonald.

Form II—Excellent: J. Harnett, A. McCandlish, J. Fraser, J. Hennessy, M. O'Donnell. Good—C. Haaranan, J. Moriarty, B. Moran, J. Milne, H. Trimble, V. McGuire, W. Burns.

Form I—Excellent: W. O'Connor, J. Cashman, J. Thompson, J. Dea. J. Shea, L. Giroux, J. Colgan, A. Leithonsen, L. Doherty, P. Wheeler, J. Lysaght, F. McDonald, C. Girvin, G. Boland, D. Simons. Good—M. Boland, M. McDonnell, W. Read, F. Wallace, H. McKenna, F. Enright, M. Nealon, J. Quinn, F. Larkin, T. O'Connor, F. Finucan, J. Murphy.

Messrs. John Ball, of Boherard, Clonmellon, Hugh J. Cullen, Laurence Ward, Christopher McCormick, Mark Dalaney, Owen Murtagh, Thomas Smith, and Edmund Morris, have been appointed Justices of the Peace for the county Meath.