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The Catholic Register.

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

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Register of the Week.

The Manitoba School case came up again last week before the Supreme Court, when Mr. Ewart argued for the petitioners and Mr. Christopher Robinson contra.

Mr. Ewart contended that the statute having been held to be *intra vires* it came within the limits of appeal. This appeal is given in respect to rights and privileges which arose or accrued subsequent to the union. Another point was that immunity from taxes for sectarian schools has been granted by several statutes since the union. Throughout his various points, which were very ably put, he was brought face to face with the decision of the Privy Council.

Mr. Robinson prefaced his argument by the remark that he did not appear for Manitoba, and only in accordance with the directions of the Court. His principal point was that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council maintained the establishment of a national system of education upon a non-sectarian basis was not so inconsistent with the right to set up and maintain denominational schools that the two cannot co-exist together.

Railway travelling is, to say the least of it, as tragical as it is dangerous. The latest and most terrible accident—for accident we must call it for want of a word that will fix the blame and express the carelessness and the consequence—occurred at Battle Creek, Michigan, early on Friday morning. Two trains, one rushing westward at forty miles an hour with thirteen cars of human freight, meet with a crash. The dread iron monster throws its tremendous weight with a momentum due to its velocity, and it in turn telescopes one car, which is driven back until four of the coaches are heaped together in an indescribable mass. To add to the horror the wreck took fire, and the cracking of the flames was drowned by the heart-rending cries of the agonized victims calling for help. Twenty-six killed and half a hundred maimed and wounded was the sad heading of the evening's papers. What a fate! What anxiety for friends! And all because "some one had blundered." Worse—it was direct disobedience. The Chicago and Grand Trunk engineer and conductor had received orders at Lansing to be on the lookout for the west bound train, which was a special. The engineer of this latter train, instead of remaining on the double track as he had been directed to do, entered upon the single track.

Such accidents are a blot on civilization, and display more the horrors of war amongst barbarians than they show man's inability to protect life in times of peace. It is mockery to

moralize at such a moment, but our railways are terribly to blame. The cars are deficient in egress: like the English carriages they should have in the middle a door on each side. Single tracks have long ago been condemned. And lastly, our system of running trains is most careless and dangerous: the block system is the correct one.

The rule which majorities strive to extend nowadays over minorities is very far reaching, and leaves the individual little freedom of action. An example is given at Ottawa. By an act of the Ontario Legislature municipalities may pass by-laws, on the petition of a majority, compelling the owners of places of business to close at six o'clock every evening except Saturday. A by-law was passed by the Ottawa Council, and went into effect for millinery stores on the 9th instant. Protests are entered against it by a number of those more directly interested. One of these very truly says that having to pay heavy taxes and rent she is not going to let other people say how she is to manage her establishment; and she concludes very pluckily: "I am going to keep my store open even if I have to go to gaol for it."

Besides Marshal McMahon France has lost another great son, Charles Francis Gounod, the composer, whose name and works will live as long as a Catholic Church is left standing. On the evening of the 16th he was stricken with apoplexy at his house in St. Cloud, a suburb of Paris, and died late the following day. He was born at Paris on June 17, 1818. At the age of 26 he entered the Conservatory of Music in his native city and carried off a prize entitling him to a residence in Italy. Here he studied early Church music. On his return to France he devoted himself to lyrical compositions for the stage, but without the success which his genius had promised. His first successful work was the opera of Faust, which was more remarkable because Faust had been set to music many times before. "The Redemption," "Mors et Vita," and some Masses are the principal works which rank Gounod amongst the masters of Christian music.

As with McMahon so with Gounod, religious sentiment largely prevailed and was the dominant note of his life and works. Religion formed the dawn and close of his career; for he entered life by studying theology for two years with the intention of being admitted to the holy priesthood. It was on Sunday that the first intimation of death came. Choristers and organist were at his house for a rehearsal. Like Mozart whom he strove to imitate, and who died listening to his own requiem, Gounod was singing his own requiem when the dread destroyer touched him.

The Holy Father sent the following letter in reply to a request from one of the Italian Bishops: "In truth that was a wonderful event which came to pass but a few months ago in your diocese, at a time when, by reason of a long drought, the crops were threatened with ruin. Your people were to be seen by thousands running, full of faith, to implore from the Mother of Pity the favour of the so-much desired rain. They wished to offer up their prayers at the same altar before which their forefathers never prayed in vain. That gave us great consolation, and we were happy to see that the Blessed Virgin had heard the fervent supplications of the faithful by making to fall abundant rain at an opportune time on that arid country, and thus reviving the hopes which had been well-nigh lost. Our joy has been great at learning that this signal favour has born abundant fruits of grace in the faith and behaviour of the inhabitants, and we pray God to preserve these fruits and to make them increase."

While Italian politicians of every order are vainly striving to stir up feeling against the august head of the Church other nations are spontaneously expressing their love and admiration for him, and their adherence to his word and counsel.

The Belgian Democratic League, in its sessions, resolved to follow out and put into practice the principles laid down by the Holy Father in his Encyclical. Cardinal Vaughan exhorts English workmen to follow out the same line of action.

America sends two most gratifying tributes. "The American Catholic editors, officially assembled, consecrate all the loyalty of their hearts to the Supreme Pontiff, and their unalterable devotion to the person and mission of his apostolic delegate, as well as to the prelates and clergy of the Church."

Another expresses deep satisfaction with the clear manner in which the school question has been defined by His Holiness and his accredited delegate.

Spain has spoken through the Archbishop of Toledo, who has written a masterly letter on the temporal power. He demands its restoration for the splendour and independence of the Papacy, which for centuries was the peaceful arbiter of Europe.

The condition of Italy continues to grow worse from day to day. Germany has been a great cause of the unfortunate country's weakness, by forcing her to keep sea and land forces which her resources will not support. Now she humiliates Italy before the whole world by proposing to establish a German Council which will administer Italy's finances. Brigandage is rife

through the country, where also anarchy and socialism are making rapid strides.

One of the members of the English Church Congress held this fall at Bristol spoke on St. Francis of Assisi: "I cannot forget," he said, "that the 4th of October is the day set apart in a great part of Western Christendom for the commemoration of Francis Assisi, the great Friar preacher. And I would ask you to note that Francis of Assisi gained his great power by being a man of his age. He did not introduce simply primitive methods. He used the methods of his day; he clothed himself in the garment of the day; he spoke in the language of the day; and so he won their hearts; and the preaching Order in the nineteenth century which is to accomplish a similar work, must be distinctly a Preaching order of the nineteenth century."

An Organ of the Church, *The Guardian*, thinks that if they want preaching orders they also want teaching orders. It says: "That we want preachers we do not deny, but we want teachers more. No greater service could now be rendered to the Church than the foundation of an Order similar to the Christian Brothers in France, which should make teaching in Elementary schools the one object of its rule."

The English Church needs something more than either Preaching Order or Teaching Order—it needs authority to either preach or teach.

Another Church Organ, *The Church Times*, explains Catholicity in the Province of Quebec: "It is true that the Roman Catholic body in the Province of Quebec cannot be charged with intrusion, seeing that it possessed Bishops there long before Bishop Mountain was consecrated. But it must not be forgotten that Quebec became English by right of conquest, and the English, therefore, had a right to establish their own Church there, especially since the Roman Catholic Church imposes terms of communion which are un-Catholic and un-Scriptural, and anathematizes all who do not accept them, while the Anglican communion does not. The schism, therefore, is created by the former and not by the latter." Could perverse absurdity go to greater length? The Catholics of Quebec are not guilty of intrusion, but guilty of schism for staying. Conquest creates schism—a new theological proposition—*anathema sit*.

The Silver Question drags its slow length along in the United States Senate, its latest phase being a compromise, which is a surrender to the silver men. It is proposed: (1) That the purchasing clauses of the Sherman Act shall be repealed, to take effect, Jan. 1st, 1895. (2) That the seignorage in the Treasury, amounting to about \$55,000,000, shall be coined, and the product treated as cash in the Treasury. (3) That the provisions shall be enacted which, in an indirect manner, shall authorize, the Secretary of the Treasury to issue 8½ per cent bonds, not to be used as the basis for national bank circulation. This last condition was removed, as likely to affect the credit of the United States.

THE POPE AND THE INDIES.

The following is a full text of the letter of our Holy Father on the establishment of clerical Seminaries in the East Indies.

POPE LEO XIII.

To our Venerable Brethren the Patriarchs, Primate, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries, having peace and communion with the Apostolic See.

VENERABLE BRETHREN, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

The shores of the far East, explored by the good fortune and the gallant efforts of the Portuguese, where so many at this day seek riches in the paths of commerce, have occupied our own mind and thoughts even from the first days of our Pontificate, though with views and purposes very much more serious. We dwell with emotion on those wide regions of India, in which for so many ages the preachers of the Gospel have laboured. We recall first the Apostle St. Thomas, who is rightly considered the leader of those who brought thither the Gospel; and next St. Francis Xavier, who, many years later, gave himself to the same holy work, and who, with incredible perseverance and charity, succeeded in converting hundreds of thousands of the Indian people from the errors, the superstition, and the impurity of Brahminism to true religion and the Catholic faith. And after this most holy man came many others, both Seculars and Regulars, sent by the Apostolic See, and acting under its authority, who endeavoured, and do endeavour to this day, to keep up and to spread those Christian teachings and institutions which Thomas introduced and Xavier revived. But alas! what wide regions and what multitudes of souls are still far from the truth—still plunged in the darkness of pitiable superstition! What a vast field, more especially towards the North, is still utterly untouched by even a remote preparation for the reception of the seed of the Gospel!

As we reflect on these things, we do indeed place our utmost confidence in the kindness and mercy of God our Saviour, Who alone knows the times and seasons for making His light to shine, and whose way it is to urge the minds of men to seek the paths of salvation by impulses of grace which are secret and hidden. But as far as it depends upon ourselves, it is our desire and our duty to do all that is possible in order that so extensive a region of the world may share to some extent in our watchfulness. With this view, having earnestly considered by what means Christianity in the East Indies could be best organized and propagated, we have succeeded in making certain arrangements which will prove to be useful and advantageous to Catholicism. First, we have made a suitable treaty, binding on both sides, with the most faithful King of Portugal and Algarve, concerning the administration of the Portuguese "Padroado" in India. As a consequence of this, the grave dissensions which had so long distracted the minds of Christians have ceased to exist, the causes of dispute having been removed. Moreover, we have considered it to be opportune and salutary to form the various Christian communities, which before were subject to Vicars-Apostolic, into dioceses proper, which should each have its Bishop and should be administered by the ordinary law. Wherefore, by the Apostolic Letters *Humanae Salutis*, of September 1, 1886, there was constituted in those regions a new Hierarchy, made up of eight Ecclesiastical Provinces—namely, Goa (with the honorary title of Patriarch), Agra, Bombay, Verapoly, Calcutta, Madras, Pondicherry, and Colombo. And we constantly and earnestly endeavour, through our Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, to carry out whatever we

perceive to be useful to salvation or profitable to faith and piety in those countries.

But there is one other thing on which the spiritual welfare of India very importantly depends; and to this, Venerable Brethren, we desire that you, and all who love humanity and Christianity, should give greater attention. The Catholic faith among the races of India must always continue to be insecure and to make very uncertain progress, as long as there is no clergy formed of the natives themselves and duly prepared for the work of the Priesthood; a clergy who shall not only assist the foreign missionaries, but shall themselves be able to undertake the administration of Christianity among their own people. It is known from history that this was the opinion of St. Francis Xavier. He is related to have been accustomed to say that Christianity could never take firm root in India without the assistance of a pious and earnest native priesthood. How much reason he had for thinking so it is not difficult to understand. For the Apostolic work of the European missionaries is subject to many hindrances, the chief among which are their ignorance of the native language (which is difficult to acquire quickly), and the novelty of the manners and customs of the country, to which it takes a long time to become habituated; so that European priests must always live in India as in a foreign land. Wherefore, since it is not easy for foreigners to acquire the confidence of the population, it is evident that the labours of a native clergy would prove far more efficacious. Such a clergy would be acquainted with the ideas, the dispositions, and the customs of their countrymen; they would know when to speak and when to be silent; and being Indians themselves, they would dwell among their fellow-Indians without suspicion or aversion—a matter, as it need not be said, of the greatest importance, especially in times of danger.

In the next place, it must be observed that missionaries imported from abroad must always be too few in number to suffice for the necessities of the existing Christian communities. This is clearly evident from the statistics of the missions, and from the fact that the Indian Missions cease not to beg and implore, from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, more and more preachers of the Gospel. Now, if the priests from abroad are at this moment unequal to the task of the ministry, what will happen in the future when the Christians have increased in number? For there is no prospect that the supply sent from Europe will grow in proportion. If, therefore, we would consult for the salvation of India, and would establish in those far-stretching regions a Christianity that will last and flourish, men who, after careful preparation, may be invested with the character and the duties of the Priesthood must be provided from the native races themselves.

In the third place, it must be borne in mind that there is, not indeed a probability, but certainly a possibility, that circumstances may arise in Europe or Asia which will entirely put a stop to the supply of external priests for India. In that case, if there be no native clergy, how will Holy Religion continue to exist, without ministers of the Sacraments or teachers of doctrine? The answer to this may be gathered from the history of China, Japan, and Ethiopia. It has more than once happened in Japan and China, that, when hatred and violence have burst out against Christianity, the enemy have put to death or driven into exile the foreign priests, but spared those of native birth, and the latter, speaking the language and knowing the customs of the people, and helped by their friends and relations, have been able not only to

remain with impunity in the country, but to continue without hindrance the discharge of their sacred duties and the administration of their flocks throughout every province. In Ethiopia, on the other hand, although there were not less than 200,000 Christians, yet because there were no native priests, when a sudden storm of persecution arose and the European clergy were slain or expelled, the fruits of long years of labor were completely destroyed.

Finally, let us look back to the history of the Church, and religiously follow the salutary proscription of our fathers. It was the custom and the institution of the Apostles, in the discharge of their Apostolic office, first to instruct the multitude in the doctrines of Christ, and, next, to choose out from among the people certain persons to be ordained to the Priesthood, and to be promoted to the Episcopate itself. The Roman Pontiffs, following their example, have always been accustomed to charge and direct Apostolic missionaries that, wherever there was gathered together a Christian community sufficiently numerous, they should proceed to form a native clergy. In order, then, that due provision may be made for the safety and the propagation of Christianity in India, natives of the country must be prepared for the Priesthood, that so, whatever may come to pass, there may be at hand sacred ministers charged with the care of holy religion, and capable of directing their Christian countrymen.

For these reasons the Prefects of the Indian Missions, by the advice and encouragement of the Apostolic See, have established Colleges of clergy wherever it was possible to do so. Nay, farther it was decreed in the synods of Colombo, of Bangalore, and Allahabad, held at the beginning of the year 1887, that each diocese should have its seminary for the training of native clergy; and that if any of the suffragan Bishops were prevented by poverty from having his own, he should maintain his subjects at his own expense in the seminary of the Metropolitan See. These most useful decrees the Bishops are endeavouring, to the best of their power, to put into execution. But their excellent desires and intentions are hampered by the want of means and the deficiency of priests fitted to conduct a course of studies and to carry out discipline. Hence there hardly exists as yet a seminary in which the students can obtain a complete and finished training; and this at a time when civil governments and Protestants in large numbers are sparing neither expense nor labour in order to provide young men with an education of the higher class.

It is clear and evident, therefore, how useful to the public welfare it is to establish in the East Indies colleges wherein native young men, on whom the Church's future so much depends, may be trained in all liberal culture, and in those virtues without which the sacred ministry cannot be exercised either usefully or devoutly. Having had the happiness to see the causes of dissension removed by suitable treaties, and the administration of the dioceses regulated by an ecclesiastical hierarchy, could we but provide as we propose for the training of the clergy, we should esteem our work to be so far complete. For if once there were seminaries of Church students, there would be the strongest reason to hope for an ample supply thereafter of suitable priests, who would spread widely the light of piety and doctrine, and would devote themselves in large measure to the learned dissemination of the truths of the Gospel. To a work so worthy and so intimately bound up with the welfare of vast numbers of people it is right and fitting that Europeans should lend their assistance, the more so that we

ourselves must be quite unable to provide for the considerable expenditure required. It is the part of a Christian to consider all men, all the world over, in the light of brethren, and to exclude no one from the duty of charity; and this is more especially true of those matters which concern our neighbour's eternal salvation. Wherefore, we most earnestly beg of you, Venerable Brethren, to be so good as to help us in these our designs and attempts. Do what you can to make known everywhere the condition of Catholicism in these distant countries; impress upon the public that something must be done for India; and bring this home especially to those who consider that the greatest privilege of wealth is the power of doing good. We are firmly convinced that we do not appeal in vain to the charity and bounty of your people. If the contributions should prove to be larger in amount than is required for the colleges of which we speak, we will take care that whatever is over shall be expended on other works of piety and utility which have been begun.

As a pledge of the gifts of Heaven and an earnest of our affections, we most lovingly bestow upon you, Venerable Brethren, and upon your clergy and flocks, the Apostolic Blessing.

Given at St. Peter's, at Rome, on the twenty fourth day of June, 1888, the sixteenth year of our Pontificate.

POPE LEO XIII.

Coventry Patmore's Literary Work.

Coventry Patmore, the early friend of Dante G. Rossetti, says the London Literary World, is best known by that fine poem of wedded life, *The Angel in the House*, written in honor of his wife and thus dedicated: "To the memory of her by whom and for whom I became a Poet." The angel—a daughter, by the way, of the Rev. Dr. Andrews, of Beresford Chapel, Waltham, where young Ruskin occasionally attended—lies in the church-yard at Hendon, where one may read the simple and only inscription: "Emily, wife of Coventry Patmore."

Mr. Patmore is English on the father's side and Scotch on the mother's, while one of his great-great-grand-fathers was a Prussian. He was born at Woodford, Essex, in 1823, and published his first volume of verse when he was only twenty. For twenty-two years he was an assistant librarian at the British Museum, but he now lives quietly at Hastings, where the Catholic Church of St. Mary, was built mainly at his expense. *The Angel in the House* met with a good deal of hostile criticism when first published in 1864, and it was this that prompted Ruskin to write the memorable defense of the poet. Mr. Patmore's other works, such as *The Unknown Eros*, *A Garland of Poems*, and *Amolis*, are less well known, but hardly less deserving of recognition.

A Costly Present.

The steamship *La Bretagne* brought lately an ostensorium of solid silver. It was ordered two years ago from Lyons, France, by the League of the Sacred Heart for the use of St. Patrick's Cathedral, N. Y. It is of the finest quality of silver, heavily gilded. The ostensorium weighs eighty-five pounds and stands five feet high. It costs \$10,000, not including the jewels used on it. Its entire cost was contributed by members of the League of the Sacred Heart.

For Over Fifty Years

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

Some lyric genius should take the refrain, "Is it not enough for you?" and compose a tropical song.

The Renaissance of Irish Literature.

Side by side with the later struggle for Home Rule, and for the most part hidden from the gaze of the general public because of the more interesting movement for some measure of national freedom, another great, but silent agitation has been going on among the friends of Ireland. A number of able, zealous, patriotic Irish *litterateurs*, under the leadership of that veteran patriot and cultured man of letters, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, have formed themselves into an association for the purpose of publishing a series of works on the art, history and literature of Ireland, which shall be a faithful and nationalistic representation of Ireland in those respects. They contemplate not merely the re-edition of classics in Irish literature, but the composition of original works. A vast field is open for such labors. For while it is true that, despite war, proscription, bondage, and legally enforced ignorance, the warm, generous, imaginative and essentially intellectual character of the Celt has found expression in all the higher paths of literature, still there has not been up to this time (if we except the ill-fated labors of the "Young Ireland" party) a united effort at a thoroughly national literature which should not merely represent the aspirations of the Irish people, but direct those aspirations towards the best ideals.

We spoke above of the "Young Ireland" party. It is a mistake, commonly made by hasty readers, to confound the later development of that movement with the spirit which first actuated it. The name of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy links that earlier movement to this of the present day. To a great extent the plans of procedure of both are identical, although their ultimate purposes vary. Both of them agree in recognizing the necessity of educating the people to understand the meaning of liberty, and all its high possibilities. Without such education, liberty would be, to quote the words of an English statesman, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." The shadow of the thing might indeed be attainable, but the real substance must still be lacking. The question is no longer now, as it was then, of teaching "a people emerging from a long servitude to appreciate public rights at a just value, and to assert them, not with the fury and sickliness of slaves, but with moderation and firmness."

The history of the Home Rule agitation, both in and out of Parliament, has been a history of manliness and moderation, of argument and calm representation, and of a wonderful manifestation of intellectual acumen and patient forbearance. Evidently the labors of the *Young Irelanders*—a name first bestowed on them in contempt, but afterwards accepted with eager self-vindication—and of those who ever since their time have continued the systematic work so ably inaugurated in 1842-3, have borne good fruit. But still, if the highest levels are to be reached, much remains to be done. "The Irish people," says Sir Charles, in his recent inaugural address delivered before the *Irish Literary Society* in London, "have never ceased to love their country; they have never shrunk from any labor or sacrifice to serve her; but they do not understand Ireland as the Swiss understand Switzerland, as the Flemings understand the sand-bank which their industry has turned into a model farm, or as the Venetians understand the primitive quagmires which Italian genius has transformed into one of the powers and one of the wonders of the world. The poet's exhortation:

"Know thou thyself, and still thyself to know,
Make use of every friend and every foe!"

is not more fitly addressed to a man than to a nation; for the truth is eternal, that what we do not understand we do not possess, that ignorance

relaxes our grasp on our country, and that every advance we make in the knowledge of Ireland makes her more essentially our own."

Now that Home Rule seems to be within measurable distance, the utility of such a "campaign of education" is very evident, while it is true that the last decade of years has been a demonstration of the fitness of Irishmen to govern Ireland; while the old calumnies which have become crystallized in the "wild Irishman" of the novel, the play, the cartoon, and the thousand other agencies of vilification, have either been utterly silenced, or have become the unique stock in trade of the political *ligot*; while the sympathy and encouragement of the whole civilized world have given witness to the justice of Ireland's claim to self-government—still there is needed, besides this demonstrated faculty for self-government, that large-minded grasp of the meaning, the scope, the fruits, the glowing possibilities of national liberty, which only a knowledge of a national literature, "racy of the soil," can furnish. "If I were to express in one phrase the aim of this society and of kindred societies, and of the literary revival of which I have been speaking, it is to begin another deliberate attempt to make our Celtic people all they are fit to become, to increase knowledge among them, and lay its foundations deep and sure; to strengthen their convictions and enlarge their horizon; and to tend the flame of national pride, which, with sincerity of purpose and fervor of soul, constitutes the motive power of great enterprise." (Inaugural Address.)

But while thoroughly national, this literary movement does not lend itself to the perpetration of feuds, ancient or modern. "The memory of wrongs which are perpetrated and renewed cannot be forgotten; but, while no man knows better than I do how just are our complaints and how terrible the memories they evoke, I affirm that the best Irishmen are prepared *totocordis* to forget and forgive the past, if its policy and practices are never to reappear" (ib.).

It was the original design of the promoters of the scheme to have it under the control of a limited liability company, whose directors should be skilled men of business, and whose stockholders should be found in all the "greater Ireland" separated from the motherland by thousands of miles of ocean. But, plainly, the scheme would thus entail many business complications arising from the difficulty of ascertaining the will of the shareholders at certain times and for sudden contingencies. This arrangement was therefore abandoned. A respectable publisher, Mr. Fisher Unwin, was found, who would undertake the publication of the volumes, while it was thought that all the necessary capital would be at hand, and an arrangement could be entered into with an Irish bookseller for the publication as far as possible of the volumes in Ireland, and for the trade distribution there. The scheme has progressed favorably thus far. Several volumes have been printed already, and successive volumes of the series for more than a year are in preparation.

The zeal is a worthy one which prompts to such labors. Home Rule and Home Education should go hand in hand in the noble work of giving to a great people a great destiny; nay, in some respects, "it is better to have the teaching of a people than the governing of them."—*Catholic Standard*.

ALWAYSON HAYN—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. O., writes: "My son, 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

Dora's Friend.

He was only a little dog, but rather sturdily built.

When a little tiny puppy he was found, one bitterly cold morning, in the Champs Elysees, close to the Place de la Concorde, by the wife of the proprietor of the Grand Hotel, Winchester, Rue de Londres, Paris.

Madame took compassion on him, in her muff, and took him home. He was called Black owing to his having a very black muzzle, although his coat was brown.

Time went on and Monsieur Black became in every sense of the word one of the family.

It was a pretty sight to see him trot off after the children when they went to the Sister's school, holding the little basket that contained their midday meal firmly between his teeth, and with a look as much as to say, interfere with them and you have my teeth to encounter.

Time went on and Black increased in strength.

He was a funny dog, and had a strong dislike to any dog barking after dark in the Rue de Londres. Men riding on bicycles he used to chase, not, believe, from any vicious motive, but from seeing men going at a rapid rate on a vehicle that he, Black, was unaccustomed to.

Seated under the canopy in front of the hotel, should the pompiers rush wildly past on their engines, he would rush forward, barking loudly, as much as to say, I object to this noise after dark in the Rue de Londres, in which street I consider myself by virtue of my position among the Varroquo family, *le chien unique*.

It was somewhat singular that Monsieur Black from his position on the *fautouil*, from whence he could perceive any person who entered the *salle a manger*, was never known to bark at either Irish, English, or Scottish voyagers, but—and this is a very long but—at the sight of suspicious Spaniards or doubtful Italians, who were principally *artistes* at the different *cafes chantants*, he was wont to utter an ominous growl, for which act of rudeness he was relegated to his kennel at the back of the hotel, from whence he emanated a wise, if not a better, dog.

Time went on, but Black's crowning success was at hand. Madlle. Dora, the second daughter, a true Parisienne, dark, lithe figure, and flashing eyes, somewhat given to be dictatorial in a family argument, and a great and true friend of Monsieur Black, who used always to accompany her to the door of the *Eglise de la Trinite*, at the bottom of the Rue de Londres, and, after she had entered the church, wait patiently for her, conduct her home, and then resume his afternoon peregrination. Madlle. had occasion to visit a sick relative at Villejuif, accompanied by her faithful friend.

It was necessary, in order to catch the omnibus, to pass by the fortification that runs at a right angle to the boulevard from whence she came.

Two *voyous* (Anglice roughs) seeing a slight-looking girl, well dressed, and accompanied by only a little dog, came up from the *fosse* in which they were reclining, and rushed upon Madlle. Dora. She defended herself with her umbrella, but the other thief seized her from the rear. Black seized him by the leg, barking loudly, and, luckily, two soldiers of the line, who were close at hand, came to the rescue. The thieves were handed over to the *Sergents de Ville* and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment at the *Cour d'Assises*, and Dora, pale but brave, returned home with her protector, M. Black.

From that time Black may be, and is guilty of escapades: at the same time, he saved Dora's life, and consequently, is a privileged dog. Long may you course down the boulevard, across the *Jardin des Tuilleries*, and then to the other end of Paris—to the

Park Monceau, where your enemy, the *Sergent du Parc*, tries to entrap you, but signally fails. *Au revoir, Black*.—J. M. L.

The Catholic Nun.

A certain class of thoughtless Protestants, with feelings of religious passion and blind fanaticism in their hearts, listen with approval to tirades and libels uttered by renegades against Catholic nuns. The more outrageous and shameless are the charges and slanders uttered by these creatures the more popular and profitable are their discourses. To the men and women who applaud and pay for such abusive epithets the convents are nurseries of vice, crime and wickedness. It never occurs to them that if the inmates desired to live impure or corrupt lives they would not seek the opportunity inside of thick walls, away from the world; nor would they subject themselves to discipline of the severest kind and to privations and hardships. Some of them beg from door to door for food to keep some poor people from starving; others face the terrors of disease in infected cities, while others still hover between contending armies on the field of battle that they minister to the wounded and give consolations of religion to dying soldiers.

Thousands of cases have come to light showing the self-sacrifice, the purity, the sanctity and the devotion of their lives. We quote this tribute paid by an eminent physician to a heroic nun in Algeria who died in the service of humanity: "I saw her for the first time in 1867, when the cholera was raging. I noticed her sweetness and calm courage. I saw her tending the victims of the terrible typhus epidemic of 1868, and the feelings of esteem I had previously entertained for her ripened into those of a respectful and lifelong friendship. The administration knew her to be strong among the strong and brave among the brave. She paused with a smiling face through the most terrible scenes, and always with words of strength and comfort on her lips for the weak and the despairing. No wonder that such a woman received the cross of the Legion of Honor. This honor was conferred upon her by the republic in 1885. She had expressed a wish to die like a soldier at her post. This was not to be. She fell a victim to a cruel malady."

It is against such saintly women as these that the slanderous attacks of a lot of cranks and freaks are directed. But they hurt not. The armor of Christian piety protects them.—*The Republic, Boston*.

The Divine Example.

Are you alone, weary heart, laboring in the great city? Do you plead day and night for souls? So does Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Have you left your home and beautiful country to labor for souls in the gloom and the fog of the city? Jesus left heaven. Do your sacrifices seem of no avail, your labors fruitless; do your appeals fall on deaf ears and stony hearts? Since He shed his last drop of blood on Calvary, our Divine Lord has pleaded with and for souls, and yet he has refused to heed His voice, and souls are lost because they will not heed, but still He pleads and waits. Do friends pass by the church with never a thought that God is there; why, then should you complain? Courage! Take your crucifix in your hand, kneel before the Tabernacle and learn that you are not alone in your labors or your prayers, in your sufferings or your tears.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—do not, so far as known exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

THE SOCIAL SACRAMENT.

Sermon at St. Michael's Cathedral, Father Ryan on Christian Marriage.

The Sunday evening sermons at St. Michael's Cathedral are attracting universal attention and unusually large audiences. The public, Catholic and Protestant, seemed to be especially interested in Father Ryan's course of Lectures on the Sacrament of Matrimony. We subjoin a brief summary of the Rev. Father's last lecture, and we hope to be able to give a full stenographic report of his next, which will be on the very live subject of Divorce.

On Sunday evening (the 15th) the Rev. lecturer said in substance:

The Sacrament of Matrimony may be called a social sacrament—the sacrament of Christian society. This is the age of social questions, and we admit that marriage is one of the most important social questions of the day. At the late Parliament of Religions in Chicago a social economist from England discoursed on the marriage question. He admitted that the unity and stability of the conjugal and family relations lie at the very foundations of the social fabric; and having pointed out the dangers that threaten this unity and stability from unbridled human passion and over-indulgent human laws, he suggested as remedies and safeguards, "discretion" and "prudence" and "public opinion" and "more stringent legal enactments." Vain warning, idle advice and delusive hope! The power that will stem the torrent of human passion, control the fickleness of human affection, teach married people their rights and duties, and make them equal to their representatives, can come only from the Divine Economist, the Saviour of human society, the Incarnate Son of God. He came to save human society as well as human souls; and He would save society, create civilization, found a kingdom on earth that should be called Christendom, by sanctifying the bond of matrimony, and raising the married state to a supernatural sphere. He gave the matrimonial contract its original sacred character, and then raised that natural sacred contract to the supernatural and divine dignity of a sacrament. For from the beginning in the garden of paradise the matrimonial contract was a sacred thing. It was the conjugal, life-long union of one man with one woman, according to the divine intention of the Creator and Preserver of mankind.

In the words of Leo XIII, this natural marriage contract of the first wedded pair "had God for its author, and was from the beginning a certain foreshadowing of the Incarnation of the Son of God. It has ever been invested with a sacred and religious character which cannot be regarded as accidental but rather something intrinsically belonging to it and not as received from man, but as imprinted by nature." Such was the marriage contract and the married state before the time of Christ. Such is it now outside of Christianity. But for all baptized Christians every valid marriage contract is at the same time a sacrament. It matters not whether the baptized Christians be Catholic or Protestant, whether they believe in the sacraments or not; if they are validly baptized and validly contract marriage they receive the sacrament of matrimony.

The belief or unbelief, the admission or denial of man do not affect the truth of God nor a institution of Christ. For Catholics this truth is an article of faith defined by the Council of Trent. For those who listen to reason and revelation the truth is proved from the clear testimony of tradition and from the inspired word of God. St. Augustine will be a witness for the tradition of the West; St. Cyril of the East. St. Augustine says, "The safeguard of marriage in all nations and among all men is

the desire of offspring and inviolate fidelity; but among the people of God, also the sanctity of the sacrament." St. Cyril says: "Christ sanctified wedlock and gave grace to marriage."

The Rituals and Liturgies of all the early churches, even of those who separated from the Roman See, such as the Nestorians, Copts, Armenians and Greeks, bear ample and abundant testimony to the same tradition. Protestants were the first to deny this truth, and for them the testimony of St. Paul should suffice. In the fifth chapter of his Epistle to the Ephesians he distinctly says, speaking of matrimony: "This is a great sacrament. I speak in Christ and in His Church." And he gives the reason why it is a great sacrament. Because it is an outward sign of inward grace; and it is a sanctifying sign because it is an ineffable, supernatural union between Christ and His Church. And because, as such a sign, it signifies and sanctifies, gives supernatural, divine light and strength to married people to know their rights and do their duties. "Therefore," says St. Paul, "husbands should love their wives as Christ loves His Church; and wives should be obedient and loyal to their husbands, as the Church is to Christ." "Here is the sanctifying sign, the supernatural, divine power that can control human passion, purify and perfect marital affection, and make conjugal union loyal and obedient unto death.

It is said that our Saviour instituted the sacrament of matrimony at the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee; and as at that feast He changed water into wine, so in every Christian marriage His divine grace, coming down upon the contract and making it a sacrament, changes the pure, strong, natural affection of two young hearts into the supernatural love that, in sickness and health, in poverty and riches, in evil report and good report, shall be loyal and true unto death.

In every sacrament there is the matter, the form, and the minister of the sacrament. The matter of the sacrament of matrimony is the consent of the contracting parties mutually given, the form is the same consent mutually accepted; the minister or ministers of the sacrament of matrimony are the two contracting parties, who mutually confer the sacrament in each other. Hence, those who receive this great sacrament unworthily, that is, in a state of mortal sin, commit two sacrileges—the sacrilege of an unworthy recipient, and the sacrilege of an unworthy minister. The sacrament of matrimony is, "a sacrament of the living," and presupposes the state of grace. Therefore an exact and careful preparation should always precede the reception of this holy sacrament, scarcely less than that which precedes the reception of First Communion. Indeed, after the remote preparation of a pure and prayerful life, confession and holy Communion should be part of the immediate preparation.

From all this it will be clearly seen why the Catholic Church is so solicitous about her children contracting marriage only with those of their own faith, with those who believe in the sacrament of matrimony, and in the unity and individuality of the marriage bond, who can come before the altar to receive the Church's blessing, and who will be married with a nuptial Mass, as all Catholics should be; to receive the blessing of God.

When a doctor considers it necessary to prescribe sarsaparilla, he simply orders a bottle of Ayer's knowing full well that he will obtain thereby a surer and purer preparation than any other which the drug-store can furnish. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the Superior Medicine.

A man never discovers how hard his lot is until he tries to put a spade into it and make a garden.

Father-in-law: "I am ruined; all is lost!" Son-in-law: "Ahem! Then I married for love, after all!"

His Grace at Thorold.

Sunday, Oct. 10, was quite a day of festival with the Catholic people of Thorold, owing to the fact that our beloved Archbishop had arrived to spend a day among them, and also to administer the Sacrament of Confirmation to fifty-four of the children, boys and girls, and also to one adult convert of the parish. The Archbishop was accompanied by Vicar-General McCann, of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, and Very Rev. Dean Harris of St. Catharines.

After the High Mass, which was sung by Vicar-General McCann, and during which His Grace was assisted by Dean Harris and the pastor, Father Sullivan, His Grace stepped to the altar railing, before administering the sacrament of Confirmation and addressed the children and the large congregation present as to the nature of the sacrament and its obligations. His Grace preached an eloquent and instructive sermon, showing the goodness and mercy of God towards the human race, the plan of redemption, and the duty of a Christian to his Creator and Redeemer. After Confirmation he addressed the candidates in words of paternal advice and counsel, and gave to the boys the total abstinence pledge until they reach the age of twenty-one years, incidentally remarking that during his 25 years as a bishop he had administered the pledge to no less than 50,000 people. A beautiful illustration was his comparison of the mighty work being done by the Catholic Church in silence, as was also done the mighty work of the forces of nature in silence.

A word of well-deserved praise must be given to the esteemed pastor, Father Sullivan, and the good Sisters of St. Joseph for the pains taken in preparing the children so well. The girls were neatly attired in white, with veils and wreaths, and the boys wore white ribbons on the right arm.

In the evening at vespers the singing of the choir, under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Hillman, was exceptionally good, showing great preparation on the part of the singers. Vicar-General McCann delivered a most eloquent and forceful sermon, taking for his text: "There is no other name under Heaven, but the name of Jesus, by which men can be saved."

A notable feature of the evening's service was the singing of the sanctuary boys. His Grace, who was present, expressed his surprise and pleasure to Father Sullivan, at the beautiful way in which the boys had sung.

Large congregations, among whom were many Protestants, attended both services.—D. B.

Vicar General McCann at the Cathedral.

The Star of Monday says: St. Michael's Cathedral is crowded every Sunday evening at 7.30, when subjects of deepest interest to all Christians are ably expounded by Vicar-General McCann and Father Ryan. The learned and eloquent Vicar General treats dogmatic subjects. Father Ryan discusses social topics. Last evening Father McCann lectured on the "Rule of Faith; or, How we Know What we are to Believe." He said in substance: There are at present among professing Christians two distinct and different rules of faith. One is the Bible interpreted by each individual reader. The other is the divinely constituted Church, perpetually preserving and infallibly teaching the revealed word of God. The first is the Protestant rule of faith. The second is the Catholic, and this second, the reverend lecturer said, is the only reasonable, safe, possible guide in matters of revealed religion and divine faith. It is the rule and guide that God Himself has given, and that the Saviour sanctioned and confirmed in founding His Church. Living authority was always the divinely appointed method of teaching revealed and religious truth. From Adam to Moses religious teaching could only be by oral tradition, for no book of the Bible had yet been written, and from Moses to Christ the inspired Scriptures had to be expounded to the people by divinely appointed authority. Those who rejected this authority, or rebelled against it, were punished by God Himself. The old law was a type and a model for the new. The true teaching of the true Church of God began in Paradise, and is to continue to the end of time. Christ came not to destroy, but to fulfil. He began to do and to teach. He did not begin to write. He instructed and found His apostles, and established His Church without writing a word. He sent His apostles to continue His work—to teach all truth, and did not commission them to write. True Christians were numbered by thousands before a single book of the New Testament was written, and when those books were written they were to be preserved, interpreted and taught by the living infallible church. God wills all men to be saved, but all men were not and are not able to read, and therefore could not and cannot be saved by the Bible only. All men are not learned or inspired, and there are many things in the Bible hard to be understood that the unlearned and the unstable wrest to their own destruction. The religion of private interpretation has not been a success. There are now almost as many religions as there are private interpreters. Private judgment is destroying the inspired Word of God. Pri-

vate judgment can never tell with certainty what is inspired, and no Scripture can give evident proof of its own inspiration. The Catholic Church, the divinely appointed guardian of God's revealed word, knows with certainty what scripture is inspired, and infallibly interprets its teaching. She has always reverently guarded the Holy scriptures as a sacred deposit. Her monks transcribed these sacred books. Her monasteries preserved them from the barbarians. She commands her priests to read them daily in private, and to read them to the people on Sunday; and she has always encouraged her people to have and to read the Bible, which God, its divine author, has commissioned her to guard, to interpret, and teach.

Grand Musical Vespers and Sermon.

Last Sunday evening St. Joseph's Church, Leslie street, was filled on the occasion of Grand Musical Vespers, sung in truly artistic style. Miss Murphy presided at the organ. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. Peltay; Mr. Pope, bass; Mr. Dertram and Mr. Forbes, tenor. Two Courts of the Catholic Order of Foresters were present.

The Very Rev. Father Teefy, Superior of St. Michael's College, preached an eloquent, solid sermon on "Christ's Love for His Church," taking for his text St. John 11 c. 17 v.: "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me." The Very Rev. Father pictured, in words chaste and beautiful, the Saviour's great care for His infant Church; how, in the language of St. Paul, He delivered Himself up for it, cleansing it in the laver of water by the word of life, loving the Church as His own body, as indeed it is His mystical body. In this the speaker showed our dear Lord as the model and pattern of the Church in her work of the centuries, saving and civilizing, by the teaching received from Him, and His divine spirit came upon her, as her soul, the nations of the whole world. He pointed out her commission—the same as Christ Himself had from the Eternal Father. "As the Father sent me I send you" my church. That the work committed to her zeal was well and nobly done he, the speaker, emphasized as strong proof the spread of the Gospel in the remotest regions of the world in a very short time, as history attests, after our Lord's Ascension, when the moral atmosphere of the world, so darkened by heathendom, was changed to the clear vision of purer and nobler cult in adoration of the true God—purity and holiness becoming a distinctive and inseparable characteristic feature of Christian life and civilization. He showed the Church's work during the nine centuries of her existence to have been then the mistress of learning as exemplified in her great University foundations, not only in early ages, and during the middle ages, but also in our own time; to have been the nursing mother of charity, and the cultivator and model of architecture and the arts. He showed her, according to her divine mission to man, as the liberator of man, and the elevater of woman to her natural, God-given rank in this world. Concluding, he said this success of the Church's mission in the works of her life came from her Divine Founder. "I will be with you all days, even to the consummation of the world"; to her unity of faith—that living miracle of God's promise fulfilled in her behalf during her nineteen centuries of existence. Nor is this to forsake her. She is yet possessed of the same life. What has been her past will be her future, educating and saving man. One is reminded, said the speaker, of the celebrated saying of MacCauley in connection with her existence: "Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long duration is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon set foot on Britain—before the Frank crossed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca; nor do we see any sign of her decay. She still sends her missionaries to the heathen—still in the vigor of youth. When we reflect on the tremendous assaults she has survived we find it difficult to conceive in what way she is to perish." Yes, rather difficult. He who built and loved her, built her upon a rock, and pledged His solemn word that the gates of hell should not prevail against her. The Rev. preacher exhorted his hearers to stand staunch to the faith of the Church, to love the Church as Christ loved her. He urged the members of the Society to be pure in their lives, charitable to all, and true to their society; which, with God's blessing, would be a tower of strength to the Church.

At the close Father Bergin warmly thanked Father Teefy for his excellent address; also the members of the Society for their attendance, and the ladies and gentlemen who had come from a distance to assist the choir.

Guest: "Waiter, can I have a pancake?" Waiter: "Oh yes, my good sir." Guest: "Will it be long?" Waiter: "No, sir; it'll be round."

Letter from Muskoka.

BRACEBRIDGE, Oct. 17th, 1898.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR If you can find space in your valuable paper for the following I shall feel greatly obliged. The many letters I have received asking for further information regarding the prospects of future settlers in the district are very encouraging indeed. I have answered some, and as soon as the first opportunity offers I shall answer all. I say all, but I think I may be excused in not making one exception, for I have reason to think that the writer wrote under an assumed name, and that from the tone of his letter, though written in a flourishing hand, he is not seeking for honest information. As I presume he has read my other letters, I trust he will do me the favor of reading this one also, in which is implied sufficient reply to his (to say the least) uncalled for remarks.

In my last letter I said that years ago many of the old settlers left their farms and clearings here to seek their fortune elsewhere, and that several of them did not succeed as well as expected, and in proof of this, I also said that some came back glad to settle down again in their old homes. He seems to doubt it. I can give him the names of a dozen at least of the old settlers who have returned to the Muskoka district within the last twelve months, not to speak of the new settlers who have settled and are settling down here lately. He would also seem to impeach my motives and doubt my sincerity when, as he says, I speak of this district as "good for growing purposes." To say that the country here in general is "good for growing purposes" is not very definite—it might mean prolific in raising men or beasts. But if he hold me excused for saying that the soil here is good for yielding crops, he is making me responsible for what I did not say. I haven't as yet said a word about the good or bad qualities of the soil in the Muskoka district. So far I have been speaking about this northern country in general, and bringing under the notice of intending settlers the many vacant farms, unclaimed lots and free grant land waiting to be taken possession of by the first comer. I shall treat of the soil further on.

But supposing I did make that assertion, I think the following would bear me out: "In vegetable and field roots the display was magnificent. Strange to say the silver medal collection of potatoes comes from Muskoka. The exhibitor is William Nasmith, Falkenburg station, near Bracebridge. He swept everything in which he entered, taking fourteen first prizes in the fourteen potato sections he showed in. He took second for his collection of field roots with twenty varieties."—*Globe*.

This was at the last Toronto exhibition. "Unlike the *Globe*," says the *Bracebridge Gazette*, "we don't think it strange that the silver medal for potatoes came to Muskoka, for we know that this north country can beat the Dominion for potatoes and roots generally. We are well aware that immense crops of potatoes are grown in the North-West, where the yield may be larger than here, but the quality is not so good. * * * At the request of the Honorable the Minister of Agriculture Mr. Nasmith packed for shipment to Chicago fourteen samples of potatoes and one lot of carrots. Altogether Mr. Nasmith was awarded twenty first prizes, four second prizes, one third prize, and a silver medal."

"Some magnificent potatoes which took first prize in Toronto for Mr. Nasmith were beaten here in their own native province by those exhibited by Mr. Jarvis of Gravenhurst, showing that good as was the Muskoka exhibits abroad they can show still better at home."—*Gravenhurst Banner*.

I think this speaks volumes for the soil of Muskoka, so for the present I shall say no more about it. Evidently this gentleman could not have taken much interest in the different products exhibited, nor even read the reports, else, granting that I did therefore speak of the soil as "good for growing purposes," he should at least give me credit for speaking consistently with truth. I doubt that he has ever been in Muskoka, much less acquainted with this north country, though he ventures to make reckless statements about it as a farming country. I presume he is not a farmer nor an intending settler, consequently my letters are not intended for him. I wish to speak to our Irish and French Canadian people who intend to take up land, who are as yet without a permanent home, and whose object in life is to become good honest farmers. This is the class of people I have always taken an interest in and will continue to do so, and any information at my disposal regarding the future prospects of this country, as long as I remain here, they will always find me ready to give as fairly and impartially as I can—this unknown gentleman's high-toned opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.

Perhaps I should not have noticed this letter, but judging from its insinuating tone that the writer intended to give it publication, I'm sorry to say I felt it my duty to cut the ground from under his feet. And lastly, my correspondent is curious enough to ask what am I "getting for writing up Muskoka?" If he means what recompense I'm to receive for writing these letters to the value of dollars and cents it might satisfy his curiosity to know that I'm getting nothing at all. I am entirely responsible for them; and as long as I conscientiously feel that what I am doing may result in some good to my fellowman, that is all I crave; and if I succeed in any way in making this honest effort, I shall consider myself amply repaid without further earthly reward.

Epitomized, his letter I take to mean this: "We don't want you to take part in or encourage migration into the Muskoka or Parry Sound district." Far be it from me, in writing these letters, to mislead or deceive anybody. I have not said, nor shall I say anything that is not based on solid facts. I have written several letters to different parties regarding this portion of the country, and I cannot do better than finish in substance this letter, invariably as I have finished theirs—come and see for yourselves.

Hoping, dear sir, you will not consider this somewhat lengthy letter too long for insertion, I remain yours truly.
T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

The Our Father.

Our Father. To sum up, we must know that we have in the Lord's Prayer everything to be desired, and everything to be avoided. Among all things desirable, however, that is most desired which is most loved, and such is God. Therefore you first see glory for God when you say: "Hallowed be thy name."

Now, there are three things to be obtained from God which have an intimate relation to yourself. The first is for you to gain eternal life, and this you ask when you say: "Thy kingdom come." The second is for you to do the will of God and His justice, and this you ask when you say: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The third is for you to have the necessities of life, and this you ask when you say: "Give us this day our daily bread." With regard to these three things, Our Lord has said—of the first: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," (Matt. vi.) of the second: "and His justice;" of the third: "and all these things shall be added unto you."

The things to be avoided are those which are opposed to what is good.

Now as we have seen the good that is desirable for us is four fold, of which the first is the glory of God, to which there is no opposite evil. "If thou sin, what shalt thou hurt Him? And if thou do justly, what shalt thou give Him?" (Job xxxv. 6, 7.) For the glory of God is derived as well from evil by punishment as from good by reward.

The second good is eternal life, to which is opposed sin, because it is by sin that you are lost; and hence to remove sin you say: "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive others," etc. The third good is justification and good works, to which is opposed temptation, because temptation prevents us from doing good. To remove this evil we say: "And lead us not into temptation." The fourth good is the necessities of life, to which are opposed trials and misery. To be rid of them we say: "but deliver us from evil. Amen."—*St. Thomas Aquinas*.

How to Work.

Professor Roberts, of Cornell University, gave expression to some valuable thoughts in an address before the New York Dairy Conference, some of the principal of which we believe will be of value to our readers.

Do all work according to organic law. Study law—agricultural laws, the laws of agriculture are many and complicated. Study the laws of cultivation. Every crop has its period of growth, its time of blossoming and ripening, and cultivation has to do with these. Consult the soils and determine which farm crop is adapted to each different kind. If your farm will not grow potatoes, but will wheat, grow the wheat and let some man grow the potatoes that can do it successfully. Labor to farm for profit and not because you have the land and must do something with it.

Study the law of the dairy cow; the law governing milk and its composition. Food is the lever; study its laws. One might as well attempt to run an engine without fuel as a dairy without proper food.

Study the law of the markets and then follow it in the putting up and offering products.

Study agricultural chemistry; learn what the elements of plant food are and then feed each according to its demands. And cultivate, cultivate, CULTIVATE; but do all that you can by horse power and machinery. Life is too short and corn rows are too long to attempt entire cultivation with the hand-hoe. Lighten toil and give the boys and girls a chance to rest and go to school. Study the laws of fertility and then apply in an intelligent manner. Give more cultivation and less manure, less cost and better crops.

Study hydrostatic law. Water runs up hill as well as down. Cultivation will bring it up; one drop adheres to another and thus they climb to the surface.

Above all do not try to do too much muscular work, do more work by machinery and less by hands, the former costs less and is more easily and cheaply replaced. Take the proper time for all work and begin now the work of improvement in every thing on the farm.

Study fully and carefully all the laws that have been enumerated and follow their teaching and there will come the dawn of a new era on the farm.

The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of Cork Christian Schools took place on Sept. 29th. The Bishop presided, and in addressing the pupils, referred to the question of State aid, which was denied to the Christian Brothers, and while expressing no opinion on the Compulsory Education question, said that it would not succeed in Cork while the Brothers were denied State aid.

The epitaph illustrates a dominant trait in human nature—the willingness to be generous where it can do no good.

Aunt "Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Bobby (remembering private seance in the woodshed.)—"An orphan."

Miscellaneous.

A Thomas county (Ga.) farmer has just purchased 500 barrels to ship his cabbage grown on eighteen acres, which he says will net him \$7,500.

There is money in peaches in the Northern States to the man who plants judiciously, and follows the planting with proper care. But if he has only shiftless culture to give he might better use the money for something else.

To kill a sheep humanely it should first be stunned by a blow given with a broad mallet in the middle of the forehead, about two inches above the eyes. Then cut the throat at the upper end of the windpipe, using a sharp knife.

As a rule commercial fertilizers are not profitable when applied to potatoes. The cost is greater than the result justifies. If the potato field just treated should be sown in wheat and grass, however, after digging the crop, its influence is frequently very marked.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the League, as usual had a very largely attended meeting on Sunday afternoon, when four new members took the total abstinence pledge. The pledge was administered by Rev. Father Hand, who afterwards delivered his usual address to the members on the benefits of leading sober and religious lives.

The President, Mr. Duffy, and Secretary Cahill delivered short addresses. Arrangements were made for attending the quarterly religious duties in a body on the first Sunday of November; it is expected that there will be a very large attendance on that day.

A capital programme of readings, recitations and music was taken part in by Messrs. Wallbridge, Cullerton, Beld, and others. Judging from the increased attendance at every meeting of the League, it looks as if this Society would soon have to provide more commodious quarters, the hall being crowded to the doors at the last meeting.

Lecture at St. Paul's.

An address to the members of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association was delivered by Father Hand in St. Paul's church last Sunday evening. The spacious edifice was crowded to the doors, some 200 members of the Association, in addition to the congregation, being present. Will publish Father Hand's Lecture in full in our next week's issue.

"I speak not out of weak surmise, but from proof."

LARD MUST GO.

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MONTREAL.

TRAFFIC IN CALUMNY.

Rev. Thomas F. Maguire, of Toledo, contributes the following protest to the columns of the Bee, of that city.

Is it not time that the public press and the public at large should call a halt to the present wicked and insane persecution of Catholics, and insults to their faith, practices and ministers by an unholy, un-American association that has no standing in law, morals or reason.

"It is, indeed, saddening to the Catholic heart to meet with a so called 'converted priest,' a White, a Slattery, an O'Connor, or a McNamara.

Meanwhile, it is notorious that the enemies of the Catholic Church hail such scandal with delight. So blind is their hatred of Catholicity that they will applaud and welcome the most disgraceful recusants to the ministry.

The public should know that such "converted priests" have been dismissed, unfrocked, and expelled from the sanctuary on account of crime and unfaithfulness.

licity than the few perverted, fallen priests or so-called escaped nuns.

The really true convert never goes around hiring halls, giving lectures, now to men only, now to women only, abusing and maligning their former Church and associates.

The earliest history of America is the history of its Catholicity. Catholicity is indelibly stamped on the Western Hemisphere.

Catholic missionaries, Franciscans and Jesuits, for the converting of the savage and the glory of God, did not loiter on the shores of the Atlantic, but traversed the land lying along the northern lakes, followed the streams and rivers, exploring the great valley, and discovering the Mississippi, tracked its course from the falls of St. Anthony and were first to see the father of waters empty into the southern gulf.

After a lapse of a few days the remains were reinterred as before, only with extra precautions; and again rested, as the great artist wished, under the protecting care of Our Lady, to await the morning of the resurrection.

Blessed Mother, the first strains of song ever heard along the western wave was the hymn of the Blessed Virgin, the earliest worship of the true God was the holy sacrifice of the Mass, the first standard planted was the standard of the cross, the first, the only martyr that ever upon the soil of New York, rose from the fires of sacrifice to heaven, was a Catholic.

"Yours very respectfully, Rev. Thos. F. McGuire."

A Forgotten Event.

A remarkable episode in the history of the Roman Pantheon has been recalled by a paper in a recent number of the Atlantic Monthly.

"Raphael provided in his will for the restoration of one of the antique tabernacles in the Church of S. Maria Rotonda, and expressed the wish to be buried there, under the new altar, and under a marble statue of Our Lady."

The Crown Princess of Roumania, formerly Princess Marie of Edinburgh, on Oct. 15th gave birth to a son.

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- NOVEMBER. A Novena in Favor of the Souls in Purgatory. Paper. 0 05 Requesant in Purg. Short Meditations for the Month of November. Paper. 0 05 Pastoral Letter of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto on Purgatory. Paper. 0 10 Month of November. Cloth. 10c. 0 20 On Purgatory: to which is added the fourteen Stations. Cloth. 0 10 Little Month of the Souls in Purgatory. Cloth. 0 25 Help for the poor souls in Purgatory. Cloth. 0 50 Purgatory Opened. Cloth. 0 40 Devotions for the Souls in Purgatory. Cloth. 0 05 Treatise on Purgatory. By St. Catherine of Geneva. Cloth. 0 40 Any of the above books, mailed free of postage, on receipt of advertised price.

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The Bells of Notre Dame.

Eugene Kald in New York Sun.

What though the radiant thornthistle
Seems with a noisy throng;
What though the land, o'er which,
The ribald jest and song
Over the din of oaths and cries
Broodeth a wondrous calm,
And mid that solemn stillness 'tis
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,
"Thy weak and erring child,
And thou, O gentle mother, pray
That God be reconciled
And on mankind, O Christ, our King,
Pour out Thy precious balm,"
'Tis this they plead and thus they sing—
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God bending down
To ken the things of earth,
Heeds not the mockery of the town,
Or cries of ribald mirth.
For ever soundeth in His ears
A penitential psalm—
'Tis Thy angelic voice he hears,
O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice
May still for ever be
An intercession to rejoice
Benign divinity,
And that thy tuneful grace may fall
Like dew, a quick'ning halm
Upon the arid hearts of all—
O bells of Notre Dame!

Famed Hill of Tara.

Edith O Grady contributes the following interesting article on the famous hill of Tara to the *Dublin Express*.

In the dim twilight of the beginning of Irish history one of the first things that we see clearly is the green hill of Tara, crowned with many buildings of wicker-work or jointed timber, with brightly painted, gleaming walls under their thatch of straw or rushes, and one of the first things that we understand is the peculiar and great meaning of that classic hill beside the darkly flowing waters of the Boyne. From of old it was a sacred hill endeared to the wild and warlike nations of Ireland by very ancient and sacred associations, the key to which it is now difficult to find. Famous kings and warriors, bards and druids were buried there, although it was not one of the great cemeteries; famous women, too—among them Tea, wife of great Heremon, son of Meliasus.

Here, no doubt, were temples of the gods. Here on May day was kindled the sacred fire from which all hearts were lit. Here were great halls, as splendid with colored drapery, bright bronze and pillars of carved red yew as men could make them—halls in which the kings of Tara feasted their subkings. Thronged assemblies of all the notables were held here, rude parliaments of the kings and their free born kinsmen, and of bards, historians, harpers and druids. Every autumn as Halloween came round a vast fair was held here for many diverse purposes—for the making of new laws and the correction of old, the recitation of poems, for barter and exchange, too, and also for games, horse races, chariot races, foot races and many forms of contest, while the atmosphere of religion hallowed all the place. To draw a weapon in anger here was death. No fine or eric was accepted for that wrong.

By degrees the king of Tara came to be regarded as the high king of Ireland, the king over all others, and then the notion began to prevail that all other kings should not only respect but obey the lord of sacred hill. No one was regarded as high king who was not king of Tara, and whoever was king of Tara was regarded as high king of Ireland. The little wars became great wars, and the great wars revolved round Tara. In the reign of Conn of the Hundred Battles, of his son, Art the Solitary, and of his grandson, Cormac the Magnificent, these notions grew and prevailed in the minds of the people.

Tara made another great step forward when, in the reign of Cormac's son, the powerful and warlike fraternity

of the Fians were challenged, conquered and exterminated by the king of Tara. In the great battle of Gabra, Cormac's son, Cairbre of the Liffey, overthrew the Fians utterly. Not long afterward Tara gained again by the overbrow of the Red Branch and the consequent burning and desolation of its northern rival, Emain Macha. Finally, when Nial and Dathi and other kings of Tara were leading forth the warlike youth of Ireland for the conquest and plunder of the Roman empire, the fact that they held such high military commands, often for a long time, caused the kings of the sacred mount to become more and more powerful at home.

Finally, when the Christian revolution broke the power of the druids, the immediate effect was to release the kings of Ireland—that is to say, the kings of Tara—from a rival authority, which must have greatly shackled and hampered them as rulers of men. In Tara the Ard Ri ruled now without the Ard druid. So, not long after the Christian revolution, we perceive in Ireland a certain condition of things which proves that the high king had become very powerful indeed, and that Ireland was fast growing to be a nation.

In primitive countries, divided among many small nations and their kings, in which there was much war, all wrongs and crimes could be atoned for by payments. The injurer secured pardon and peace by paying to the injured person gold or slaves or rich garments, cattle or weapons, or, as in the days of Homer and his heroes, even brazen pots—tripods, as Homer poetically calls them. During the stormy time of the heptarchy, when the wise and valiant Saxons, little suspecting that that would be the issue of their fightings, were engaged in the creation of their own monarchy, but had not yet succeeded, the same laws or customs prevailed in Saxon land. It was not a foolish usage at all, but a very wise one. It prevented blood feuds, prevented families and tribes from exterminating each other by pursuing private vengeance to the bitter end. Now, a real king governing a whole people would not suffer such atonement to be made for crime. He would not consider a murder justly atoned for by the payment of cows or swords. As supreme king he would regard all crimes as an insult and wrong to himself and to the majesty of his office.

All over Europe, when the kings or the nations came up, ascending grandly in their strength and glory and power, out of the storms and tempests of the fratricidal wars, they put down the system of the eric, or wehr-geld, as the Saxons called it, and themselves sternly punished transgressors. But kings had to be very strong indeed before they could do this. Now, in Ireland, after the Christian revolution and before the Comarba of the monasteries became powerful, while they were yet true solitaries, we find crime, no matter where committed, punished by the king of Ireland, and those private atonements of crime by the payment of cattle and precious things put down. Crime, as offense against the king's peace and against the king's majesty, was punished by him and could not be atoned for otherwise without his distinct permission.

Life and Physical Strength.

Young women, who have overtaxed their too heavily on the resources of youth, pre-strength, men of mature years who have drawn sons whose occupations strain their mental powers, and of business men having a sedentary life, should use constantly Almoxia Wine, the only wine that contains natural salts of iron. See analysis Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Guard: "Fraulein, got in quick, please! The train is just going to start." Young lady: "But I want to give my sister a kiss." Guard: "Get in, get in! I'll see to that!"

Mrs. Brown: "George, have you seen that china I have been painting?" Mr. Brown: "Yes; I heard you say you wanted it fired, so I let it go out the window at a cat last night."

Mgr. Satolli on Suicide.

"Suicide is always a crime," was Mgr. Satolli's response to the question. "No possible conditions can make it otherwise. There are circumstances when a man may rightly sacrifice his life, but he can do so only for two causes—the good of his country and the upholding of his religious faith—his duty to God and his country being at all times paramount. We have instances of these cases, though they may not in a strict sense be called suicides, where a man does voluntary battle for his flag, or becomes a martyr to his principles of religion. Even when a man takes his own life in order to relieve his beloved family from the sufferings of poverty by endowing them with the money for which his life has been insured the criminality of the act is in no wise mitigated. His duty to God is higher than that to his family.

"Life is a God given gift, and He alone, except where the law declares it forfeited, has the right to take it. The Catholic church doctrine on this point is clear and unalterable, and will remain so until the Almighty rescinds the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill.' This the church interprets to mean the murder of another or of one's self.

"As many countries have no laws penalizing suicide, as did the old English laws, the church has adopted a policy which is believed to be an important deterrent to self destruction. It does not permit the burial of the suicide in consecrated ground, as it holds that by this act he has voluntarily excommunicated himself."

Heart Hunger.

Crowds do not always mean congeniality. There is a loneliness and heart hunger felt among the many that is sadder and keener than any sentiment to be experienced even when one is entirely removed from all society. Somehow the gaiety, the lights, the music all tend to emphasize rather than modify the feeling, and the onlooker would much rather flee to the heart of a great, quiet forest than to seemingly make one of a gay throng in which they have no interest.

What a strange thing life is in its different phases—sunshine then sorrow, a great joy followed by an equally overwhelming grief, a crowd to day, solitude to morrow. Life is one great panorama of contrasts, all light and shade, and we wonder why there is so little light and so much shadow, yet heart bowed down, does not the darkness only tend to emphasize the sunlight when the great rays burst through the clouds and pain and trouble are swallowed up in the hope of a glorious future which bears no trace of the years gone by, the memory of which is known only to the one who has received the baptism of fire.

If you are lonely, if you are depressed, look not into the sepulchre of the past, but rather resolutely turn your face to the life work the future has in store, and which when it does come may have in it such a burst of glory that all the petty minor difficulties of other years will be forgotten and buried deep along with the blasted hopes and disappointments that seemed at the time quite unbearable.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat lungs and chest.

Proverb and Comment—He: "Man proposes—" She: "Yes; but he needs encouragement."

"So you will take him for better or worse?" "Yes," replied the woman who had married several times, "but he can't be any worse than my last husband."

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	Close	Due
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
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O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.16 7.16
G. T. R. West	7.30 9.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 8.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	noon 9.00	9.00 2.00
	2.00	7.30
	6.16 4.00	10.30 8.20
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U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

Oct. 26—St. Evaristus, Pope and Martyr.
27—Vigil of Sts. Simon and Jude.
28—Sts. Simon and Jude, Apostles.
29—Twenty-third Sunday after Pen-
tecost.
30—Ferial Office.
31—St. Silvester, Pope and Confessor.
Vigil of All Saints.
Nov. 1—Feast of All Saints.

All Saints' Day.

Before our next number the month of November will have opened with the great feast of all the Saints, the feast of all those chosen servants of God who may have been unknown and unheeded upon the earth, but whose names are written in the Book of Life. They were of every land and tribe and nation, a crowd which no man can number—some bearing the crown of martyrdom, some others the robe of unspilled years, all bearing the palm branch of victory over self and the world and passion. The slave is there who bore his slavery in meekness, faith and humility; the sufferer also who bore his cross with his eyes and heart fixed upon his Crucified Lord; and the repentant sinner is there who, in sorrow of soul, grieved over the sins of an erring life and pleaded for mercy from Him "who is rich in mercy." We too, good reader, must be amongst that blessed throng; for cost what it may we must be found with the saints in heaven. But what is sanctification? It is God's blessed will concerning us, and that is a great deal more than half the battle. Then it is our happiness and that ought to be the rest of it. It does not mean that we are to leave our father and our father's people and go into a monastery or a convent, though that sacrifice may be asked. It does not mean that we are called upon to do great deeds which will be blazoned with splendour. Nor does it mean that we are to torture our body with penance. It is well for us it means none of these things, for these are not the days of many heroic sacrifices. Our sanctification consists in the proper fulfilment of the many little duties of life, the living in God's friendship and grace first of all, and the doing of our duties with purer intention, not the temporal intention, but with the intention of loving and serving God, of offering them in atonement for our sins, in union with the Sacred Heart Who in all things did His heavenly Father's will. It consists in deep, constant contentment with our state, and that calm resignation to God's will that bears with patience temporal loss, trials and suffering. Its motto always is, "Not my will but Thine be done." Then this sanctification instils gentle charity into all our thoughts, words and actions in regard to our neighbor. Kind towards all and especially towards the poor, patient with their failings, unobvious of their success, it treats all

with a respect derived from the supernatural dignity with which God wishes to crown us all.

Who amongst us cannot do these things, and thereby fix his heart more upon that calling wherunto we are called? What a power does each soul become who presents such an example, an example which gathers force by its silent fidelity and persevering constancy! What beacon lights are the powers of the simple and the holy, and the lives hidden with Christ in God. Dear reader, let us try—and by God's grace we will be saints.

The "Dying Out" Question Again.

The *Canadian Churchman*, in reply to our remarks on the "Dying out question," complains of our having omitted its quotation remarks in connection with the words "*soi disant* Catholic print," but is willing to overlook the omission, as it was probably not intended. Whether intended or not, we could hardly see the necessity of adding quotation marks to "*soi disant*." It would not be possible for any reader to apply the epithet to the word "print." The *Churchman* evidently wished to question our title to the cognomen, which the whole world admits as distinctive of the great body in whose interests THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, as the *Churchman* kindly says: "appears to be well written and well printed." Any attempt of our contemporary to rob the Catholic Church of its true title, or to misname its representatives, must only result in exposing itself to ridicule.

What we advanced in our previous article on the "dying out question" we still maintain, viz: that "the *Canadian Churchman* makes light of the subject, and ridicules and attempts at moralizing on facts and drawing inferences." To this charge the *Churchman* replies: "We expressly said, on the contrary, the 'facts are worth noting, very interesting as a study, and do supply inferences.'" Is this moralizing? Is this the method the *Churchman* employs of expressing its horror of the sin held up to scorn and public condemnation by Rev. Dr. Douglas in his eloquent address on social purity? "The facts are worth noting," writes the *Churchman*. What facts? The facts of certain populations decreasing in vast numbers year by year.—in fact "dying out," as the *Montreal Evangelist* puts it, "by reason of the crime that accepts marital relations, but rejects the responsibilities, through devices that I refuse to accept or name, a crime that strikes at the very heart of the church, as well as in the world, vicious and degraded."

These are the facts that the *Churchman* expressly said "are worth noting, very interesting as a study, and supply inferences."

The press is acknowledged to have more wide-spread influence than even the pulpit, on account of the numerous bodies it reaches who do not or can not attend church, and also owing to the truth of the old Latin aphorism: *Verba volant, scripta manent*. Heaven help the community in which the ministers of the Gospel would treat crime as cavalierly as the *Canadian Churchman*, or who, when speaking of facts,

or rather *deeds*, which threaten the very foundations of the social fabric, would content themselves with the remark that they are "worth noting, and very interesting as a study."

The inferences which the *Churchman* draws from the statistics of births in New England, as compared with those of Montreal, Ireland or Italy, are all of a gross material character. "The most productive race," it says, "is bound to win in the long run—as far as numbers are concerned. A generation or two at this rate will be sufficient to dispose of the race of New England or down East Yankees. The negroes are said to multiply, at least in some quarters, even faster than the French in Quebec; "but," it continues, "numbers are not everything. The few millions of sturdy Britons at present dominate the whole world."

The entire trend of the *Churchman's* article is of the earth, earthy. Far from moralizing on so momentous a subject, or drawing instructive and wholesome inferences from the facts as quoted, it seems rather to make a pleasant joke of the whole question. "Begetting and bearing and rearing children," it says, "is a very different work from conquering and controlling nations. It is not a question of race or religion," "whatever virtue there may be in having large families." "As a matter of fact local fashion has a great deal to do with this matter." It had already put forward the Darwinian or rather Voltarian innuendo that "it is quite another question whether the rapid increase of certain races or types of mankind is any more desirable than that of certain lower animals or birds." If it be scripturally certain that every human being is made unto the image and likeness of the Deity, and if every soul is stamped with immortality, redeemed in the blood of Christ and destined for eternal enjoyment of the Beatific Vision in the midst of Angelic Hierarchies, then indeed it makes a mighty difference whether the number of beings so destined increases or the number of animals that are allowed to exist for "man's use and benefit."

We rejoice, however, to see that the *Canadian Churchman* has taken, in its article of the 5th instant, a more Christian view of the subject—and that it is, as it declares, "one with us in the necessity of promoting social purity." The last sentence of said article, however, is not indicative of a complete and satisfactory conversion, since it relapses into the gross and material. "To the victor belongs the spoils," it says; "but something more than numerical increase will be necessary for either side to gain the upper hand." With Rev. Dr. Douglas, or with us, there has been from the beginning no question of dominating—or "gaining the upper hand." All we contend for is: obedience to God's law, and the salvation of society through moral principles and honourable lives of purity and holiness that would make us, what our Creator has made us, "little less than the angels."

It is reported that a committee of Archbishops has purchased the Bradley mansion in Washington, as a residence for Archbishop Satolli, and that the selection was made by the Apostolic Delegate himself.

Cardinal Gibbons' Jubilee.

On Oct. 18th the prince of the American Church celebrated his silver jubilee to the episcopate with all the honors a loving people could bestow. Few prelates, even in this continent, have risen to eminence so quickly or so deservedly as the Metropolitan of the United States; and if we could believe the reports of "newsmakers," even higher honors are yet before him. At any rate he shows himself fully worthy of those heaped upon him. His spirit of tolerance, gentle gravity of demeanor, and thorough acceptance of democratic principles have gained for him in the opinions of all classes a position not held by any other ecclesiastic of any religion in the United States. Statements coming from his lips bear, even with no-belief secular newspapers, a value and meaning which would pass unnoticed coming from a man of meaner rank or ability.

Protestants divest themselves of the tough episcopate of prejudice to listen to the words of a man who has never in all his public life willingly offended the religious sensibilities of any one. It is this happy combination of "sweetness and light" in his instructions and writings that gave rise to the numerous conversions attributed to his influence here and in the States. In his own See there are always large numbers of converts to be confirmed every time he administers that Sacrament. His two works—"Faith of Our Fathers" and "Our Christian Heritage"—are known and admired for their manly simplicity of style and directness of purpose.

The best-known acts of his Cardinalate have been connected with subjects which the Holy Father has always had at heart—removing the ban from the Knights of Labor, assisting the new University at Washington, extending Negro missions, and endeavoring to show that the Church is now, as always, the Church of the poor. His name has been connected with those of Cardinals Manning and Lavignerie, the "dauntless three" who in union with the Pope, have been adapting the outward machinery of the Church to the needs of the modern world. Two of his fellow-workers have departed, and the aged Pontiff must soon reap his reward, but the young Cardinal seems destined to be spared for many years to come to assist the Church in its work in the young Republic. The grand ceremony of last week was a fitting token of the respect which his public life has obtained for him. Every one in the old Catholic city, without distinction of creed or color, has joined in the movement to do honor to the noblest American of them all. The gain of the Church there is our gain; so we join with our brethren across the line in the wish to the Irish-American Cardinal—*ad multos annos*.

The Rev. Father Poitras, O. M. I., for many years pastor of Mattawa, arrived at St. Mary's, Winnipeg, on Sunday, the 8th inst., and is to take the place of the late lamented Father Maissonneuve, as the procurator of the Oblate Fathers of Manitoba. The reverend father will reside at St. Boniface.

Lord Salisbury Ailing.

No doubt whatever is longer possible as to the deplorable state of Lord Salisbury's equilibrium. His Lordship's aversion to the Irish Catholic element in the Empire amounts to a peculiar type of monomania, that might be aptly nomenclatured *Celtiphobia*. However distinguished his name in foreign diplomacy may be, or whatever statesmanship he may have displayed in scouring British interests in the East Indies or the Colonies, his domestic or home policy has never been crowned with success. Failure to grasp the situation through innate bigotry and hatred of the Celt has led him into the commission of blunders that betray a weakness of intellect denoting aberration: which, by repetition, has assumed the character of a chronic mental disease.

No statesman of ordinary foresight or possessed of common sense would pass a perpetual "Coercion Act" for the enslavement of a whole nation, as Lord Salisbury did a few years ago. No Prime Minister charged with the destinies of a great Empire would, if sane—repeatedly and on public platforms heap insults upon millions of the very best and worthiest citizens, who merely sued for equality and justice. Nor is it safe or prudent for any statesman vested with power to fan the flame of fanaticism and encourage resistance to law and order. Lord Salisbury's military harangues to Belfast Orangemen at the Easter Recess, resulting in riot and bloodshed, are proof positive of what public opinion must charge him with, viz.: innate ferocity of disposition, or woful aberration of the mind.

To the latter alternative we in charity incline, and are supported in our diagnosis by his latest display of unstatesmanlike oratory at Ormskirk, near Liverpool. "The recent terrible disasters," said the ex-prenuer, "showed that she (England) must be prepared for extra exertion against surprises which modern science might discover in the future." His Lordship declared that in the event of Home Rule being given to Ireland the navy would have to watch another coast, which, if England became embroiled with a foreign power, would be likelier to prove hostile than not. "Napoleon," he added, "used to say if he secured Antwerp it would be a pistol presented at the mouth of the Thames. The British people did not want pistols pointed at the mouth of the Clyde, the Mersey and the Avon rivers. This was one of the dangers towards which present misguided rulers of the country were impetuously rushing. Apart from this two-fifths of the populace of Ireland would have to be preserved from the rapacity of the other three-fifths, and the Ulsterites would have to be protected against the results of subjection to their inferior and bitterly hostile fellow-countrymen."

If Lord Salisbury were permitted by the English people to perpetuate "coercion" and periodical famines in Ireland, it is likely enough any foreign ships that brought freedom and bread would be heartily welcome to the Shannon, the Liffey and the Lee. But with Home Rule granted, and

Ireland treated as Canada is treated, it is far more likely that Ireland would be just as loyal as Canada, and just as anxious, because more interested, for British connection.

The sting in the last sentence above quoted is so unjust and of so insulting and truculent a nature that it must be admitted the Statesman who uttered it must have lost his balance or sunk into a torpidity of mind that is truly alarming. The three-fifths are only too anxious to join hands with the minority, if those who "divide in order to conquer" will but allow the connection, and give the three-fifths (who are in nothing superior) an opportunity of learning by experience lessons of forbearance, toleration and generous patriotism from their Catholic fellow-countrymen of the rest of Ireland.

Marshal McMahon.

The death of Marshal McMahon on the 17th instant removes from earthly scenes a man who, although not ranking among the first soldiers and statesmen of the century, nevertheless served his country in both capacities with distinction. By birth a Frenchman he was of Irish extraction; for his ancestors removed to France in 1691, the times of penal servitude. He was born at Sully on the River Loire July 18, 1808, and received in baptism the name of Patrick Maurice. At the age of seventeen he was sent to the military school of St. Cyr, and thenceforward selected the camp for his career. His advance was steady, if not rapid. Captain in 1838, and afterwards aide-de-camp, he was in 1842 nominated Major of the Chasseurs, Colonel in 1845, and General of a brigade in 1848. During the Crimean war he was in command of a division and led the attack on the Malakoff, for which he received the Grand Cross of the Legion of honor.

The conspicuous part he took in the Italian campaign gained for him the baton of a French Marshal and the title of Duc de Magenta. In 1864 he was made Governor-General of Algeria, where his administration did not produce contentment, and he was not nearly so successful as when, by his military activity, he had driven the Kabyles to their native hills. But the Emperor would not accept his resignation, and it was only the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war in 1870 that relieved the African colony from one whom they did not respect, and the Marshal himself from a post which had been always distasteful to him. At the beginning of the conflict he had command of the first army corps, with headquarters at Strasburg. It was under Marshal McMahon that the French army was defeated by the Crown Prince at the battle of Woerth. An overwhelming force of two to one compelled him to fall back, which he did with skill and success. But a few days later he again encountered the German forces, when he met a serious defeat. This time he withdrew his troops towards Sedan, where the Emperor had made a stand. He was chief in command when the battle opened, but early in the encounter, receiving a severe wound in the thigh, the army was placed in charge of

General Wimpffen, who signed the capitulation. McMahon was made prisoner of war and taken to Germany. After his recovery from his wound he returned to France, and successfully conducted the siege of Paris against the Commune.

In May, 1878, Marshal McMahon was elected to the Presidency of the Republic, which he held until June 30, 1879, when he resigned, owing to a dispute with the ministry of the day. Whatever may be the position of France to-day, and whatever may be the strength of its republican institutions, matters were very different during the conservative administration of the brave yet vacillating Marshal. His leanings towards Imperialism were too strong for him ever to hold the esteem of the republicans of France; and the lukewarmness and weakness of his conduct towards the Comte de Chambord alienated the royalists. It was a period of lost opportunities both for McMahon and for France. Whether it is for the ultimate welfare of the country that things have turned as they did is a chapter of history yet to be written. The republic now is an accepted thing, and France's greatness must be built upon that platform, or else it will never rise until the present order changeth. The opportunity occurred on the 16th of May, 1877, when McMahon reproached the President of the Council, Jules Simon, with incapacity, and the ministry resigned. Then if ever was the time for making France a monarchy; it needed promptness of action and decision of character. The President of France had not enough of either quality, and all was lost so far as the chances of royalists were concerned. The act which drove the Marshal out of politics was the demand of the republicans for the resignation of certain anti-republican Generals. Marshal McMahon refused to be a party to the measure, resigned and retired into private life.

France has produced many an able statesman and many a great general. History can hardly place Marshal McMahon amongst either class. He was brave, enthusiastic and dashing as a soldier, but he lacked the powers of organization which bespeak true generalship. As a statesman he was less of a success; not diplomatic enough for trying junctures, he neither gave satisfaction to friends nor silenced his enemies by fear. As a man he was religious and upright. When a boy at the military school he lost his rosary. The principal announced with a sneer that the beads had been found and called upon the owner to claim them. The future Marshal rose and taking them said: "These are mine; my mother gave them to me, and I say them every day." That boy was the father of the man who well deserved the praise Thiers passed upon him, though he was not always so complimentary to McMahon. He said that he was "the chevalier without fear and without reproach of our times."

One hundred and twenty-five Hebrew children attend the parochial school of St. Monica's church, New York. Their parents besought Father Dougherty to admit them, and he gave instructions to his assistants to do so. The school has a total attendance of 1,100 children.

Dr. Kane on the Rampage.

Rev. Dr. Kane, who, with Mr. J. H. Smith, made a tour of Canada some time ago in order to stir up a feeling of hostility against Home Rule, and to slander the motives and character of the "Men in the Gap," is still alive—and, it must be added, "kicking." As Orange Grand Master, he presided over the "National Protestant" congress on the 18th instant in Belfast—and made the announcement that: "Rome demanded that the State establish and endow an ultramontane university in Ireland, but he hoped that he would never see the disgusting spectacle of an English statesman conceding the impudent demands of the hierarchy, whose members had been the patrons and the strength of the leagues of hell that had successively started in Ireland in recent years."

It has happened more than once in the memory of the youngest that Rev. Dr. Kane's firebrand orations, caused pandemonium to reign for days in his native city. It can be easily surmised that if the blatant Dr. were invested with Papal authority, he would very soon create "a hell upon earth," and make Dublin and Cork as hot as Belfast.

Literary Notes.

The October number of the *Cosmopolitan* contains its usual standard of interesting and diversified reading. The first article, "Some Rejected Princesses," by Eleanor Lewis, gives an entertaining account of the attempted marriages of Marguerite d'Autriche and the Infanta Maria and Victoria. George Ebers has contributed an instructive history of the papyrus plant, with the necessary illustrations, while readers of lighter literature are looked after by a sketch by Sara J. Duncan,—fellow country women of ours; "Senator Stanley's Story," by T. C. Crawford; poems by Frank D. Sherman, John B. Tabb and Louise C. Moulton. It winds up with its usual much sought after notes on Art, Letters and Science, and is in fact an unequalled production for the small price of a York shilling (12½c).

The Owl. The following articles appear in the September number of this admirable college monthly, which starts out upon the scholastic year with continued and even increased interest. Rome Brought Home to Canadians, F. Marion Crawford, Pindar, About Behring Sea, The Briggs Controversy, The Silver Dollar and the ado about it, Education in Ontario.

The verses on The Crucifixion, by Frank Waters, are very good; and are all the better because the subject is most difficult, by reason of its infinite pathos and sublimity.

Personal.

His Grace the Archbishop was up West spending a few days amongst his old friends of London Diocese, where he is remembered with such deep affection by priests and people for his years of zeal and apostolic labors, and no less for his magnetic personal qualities. His Grace returned to the city last week in excellent health.

The Rt. Rev. Mgr. O'Bryen of Rome, Italy, was in the city on his way to the World's Fair, and was a guest of P. Hughes, Esq., Jarvis street.

Rev. Father Martin, O.S.B.; returned home this week, after spending a few months in France and Algeria.

The numerous friends of Mgr. Rooney will be very much pleased to learn that he is sufficiently recovered to sit up, and was able to take a short drive on Monday.

The Narrow Path.

A traveller from a distant country found himself at nightfall near the entrance to a vast forest, he could neither go back nor yet remain where he was; necessity compelled him to advance through the darkness. As he was about to bury himself in the dreadful obscurity, he perceived an old shepherd, of whom he inquired the way.

"Alas," said the shepherd, "it is not easy to point it out to you; the forest is cut up by a thousand pathways, which turn and cross in every direction, and all, except one, end in the abyss."

"What abyss?" asked the traveller. "The abyss that surrounds nearly the whole forest. But this is not all," continued the shepherd, "the forest is not safe; it is infested with robbers wild beasts. There is one enormous serpent, which makes frightful ravages; few days pass without our discovering the remains of unfortunate travellers who have become its prey. The climax of the evil is, that it is absolutely necessary to cross the forest in order to arrive at the place to which you are going. Moved with compassion, I have taken up my station at the entrance of this dangerous passage, to instruct and protect travellers; at intervals along the way are my sons, who, animated with the same benevolent sentiments as myself, discharge the same office. Allow me to offer you my services and theirs; if you choose, I will accompany you."

The candid air of the old man, and the tone of truth in which his words were uttered, gave the traveller confidence; he accepted the offer. With one hand the shepherd seized a lamp, and enclosed it in a strong lantern; with the other he took the traveller's arm. They set out.

Having journeyed on for some time, the traveller began to feel his strength decline.

"Lean upon me," said his faithful conductor to him.

The traveller thus supported, continued his journey. Soon the lamp began to shed only a feeble light.

"The oil is failing," said he to the shepherd; "our light will soon go out; what will become of us?"

"Have courage," replied the old man, "in a little while we shall find one of my sons, who will put fresh oil in our lamp."

He was not deceived. A light soon appeared at a short distance. It shone in a little cabin by the road side. At the well-known voice of the shepherd, the door was opened. A seat is offered to the weary traveller; some simple but substantial food repairs his strength. After a delay of three quarters of an hour, he continues his journey, accompanied by the old man's son.

From time to time the traveller meets with new cabins, renewed attentions, new guides, he walks thus the whole night. The first rays of dawn begins to illumine the eastern sky, when he arrives safe at the end of the dangerous forest. Now he understands, in its full extent, the service which has been rendered to him by his kind guides. Before his eyes, he beholds a frightful abyss, from whose hideous depths the dull roar as of a distant torrent, breaks upon his ear.

"See," said the guide, "this is the abyss of which my father told you; no one knows its depth; it is always covered with a multitude of brambles, which the eye cannot penetrate." Saying these words, he heaved a deep sigh and turning aside, wiped away the tears which began to roll down his cheeks.

"What is the matter?" said the traveller. "Why do you appear so afflicted?"

"Alas," replied the guide, "how should I be otherwise? Can I look upon this abyss without remembering the many unhappy victims who are every day lost in it? My father, my brothers and I, offer our services, but few accept them. The greater number

of those who walk a few hours under our guidance, accuse us of wishing to frighten them with vain alarms; they despise our advice, they leave us, but very soon they lose their way, and perish miserably. Some are destroyed by the great serpent, others are murdered by robbers, and others again are buried in this abyss. The only way across the abyss is this little bridge before us, and we are the only persons acquainted with this road which conducts to it. Pass over with confidence," said he, "turning, and tenderly embracing the traveller, "in a little while you will have the broad daylight; yonder is your city."

The traveller, filled with gratitude, thanked his kind guide, whom he promised never to forget, and advancing at a rapid pace, quickly crossed the little bridge; a few hours more, and he reposed tranquilly in the bosom of his beloved family.

Are not you, also, dear readers, travellers from a distant country? This forest is the world, or the present life, these robbers, are the enemies of your salvation; this dreadful serpent, the devil; this dark and fathomless abyss, hell; all these paths, which traverse the forest in so many different directions are the roads, alas! too numerous, which conduct to eternal misery; the only way, which terminates at the little bridge, is the narrow way to heaven.

As for the charitable shepherd who waits at the entrance of the forest, and who offers the assistance of his arm and his lantern to the traveller, you easily understand that he represents the Divine Pastor, who descended from heaven to succor and enlighten every man coming into the world; the sons who aid the generous old man in this charitable work are the ministers of the Lord, devoted to the care and guidance of the traveller, the lamp which is born by the shepherd and his sons, is the light of faith, which, according to the expression of St. Peter, shineth in darkness. It is unnecessary to explain to you what is meant by the persons who accept the advice of the old man and his sons, and by those who reject it.

Let us then, like the traveller, walk in the narrow path that leads to salvation, taking the counsels and the guidance of those ordained to give such, for it is written that "he that shall persevere unto the end, he shall be saved."

Some Magnificent Wedding Cakes.

Some very costly wedding cakes have been made in the royal kitchen of her majesty the queen. That provided for the Princess Beatrice's wedding was said to be worth £300. It weighed 800 pounds, was 9 feet in height and 5 feet in diameter. Six months were occupied in modeling the ornaments, among which were 1,800 sprays of sugared leaves of ivy, roses, honeysuckle and other plants. It was conveyed to Osborne in a special van and required 12 men to handle it.

The one provided for the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Duke of Fife was also made by the queen's confectioner and was a most magnificent and costly cake. The cake made for Count Munster's wedding was said to be of great cost. It stood on a handsome silver plateau. It weighed over a hundredweight, and was built in two tiers, overtopping everything else in the room where the breakfast was held.—*London Tit-Bits.*

A simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions. Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammonston, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonston Missions.

Don't sit in a draught. If you do, the doctor will in all probability be the one to cash it.

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The Convict's Dream.

Philadelphia Ledger.

The moon looked in on his lonely cell,
The barren floor and the untouched tart,
And its holy veil on his wan face fell
And covered the pain and sin marks there.
And a smile, the first for many a day,
The first for many a weary year,
Crept over his lips as he sleeping lay,
And banished the look of haunted fear.

He dreamed that, a boy again, he strayed
Afar in the glowing, dying wood;
The golden sunlight around him played,
And the ripe nuts fell with a pleasant thud
Again a squirrel in fearsome fright
Sought shelter up in a whispering tree,
And a rabbit, wild in its eager flight,
Dashed into the bushes tremblingly.

And again, grown weary of wand'ring play,
He turns his steps to his welcome home,
Where a face as sweet as a sweet June day
Is smiling a greeting to her son.
"My boy! My boy!" and the lips close meet,
And she listens with earnest, lovelit eyes,
While he tells of the day's work, sad and sweet
And his wonderful hope that in future lies.

But the moonlight fades—and he awakes,
For a moment a blank—and then a sob
From the white, drawn lips in anguish breaks
And tears his heart with a mighty throb,
His boyhood is past—the mother sleeps
Where his sob no answering love can wake,
And he thinks of his life and weeps and weeps
Till it seems if the bursting heart must break.

God pity him there! And pity the men
Who languish behind the prison wall,
Who look on the past through the eyes of sin,
And long for the love beyond recall.
Let Thy love, like the moonlight, sweet and still,
Steal over them—bid their anguish cease—
And speak that word with a holy thrill:
"Behold, I forgive thee, brother. Peace!"

Selected Receipts.

BRANDY PEARS.—Pare as thin as possible, and throw into cold water. When it boils, take the pears out. As soon as cold, put them in jars, a layer of pears and a layer of sugar, and fill the jars with white brandy. To half a bushel of fruit, five pounds of white sugar.

STEWED PEARS (1).—Peel the pears, boil till soft; add a quarter of a pound of loaf sugar to a pound of pears. Then let them boil again, and when a little pink, put them on embers instead of a hot fire, that they may be a clear pink. Do not make the syrup too thin and watery.

BOILED ICING.—Boil one cup of granulated sugar and four tablespoonfuls of cold water until the syrup strings. Beat the white of one egg to a froth; add one-half of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar to the egg, then pour the syrup on gradually, beating all the while, and beat until cold.

PEAR MARMALADE.—One pound of pears, pared and cut up; three quarters of a pound of white sugar, add water in the proportion of half a gallon of water to six pounds of pears, and boil quickly until the fruit is soft. Add the sugar, and mash until perfectly smooth. Take it off when it begins to bubble up. Don't let it burn.

BROILED STEAK WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE.—Broil a thick porterhouse steak. Melt and brown one tablespoonful of butter; stir until smooth and brown. Add one cup of stock; stir until it begins to thicken, then add one-half can of mushrooms. Stir until the sauce thickens and the mushrooms are heated through. Take from the fire. Season with one teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, salt and pepper and pour over the steak.

SWEET PEAR PICKLE.—Seven pounds of pears, three pounds of best brown sugar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, three pints of cider vinegar. Boil the vinegar and sugar together; skim it and add the spices. Then add the pears and let them boil a little, but not until done. Put into a tight jar. The next day, pour off the vinegar and let it boil, pouring it again over the pears. Repeat this process the next day.

CREAM PUDDING.—Ingredients: Two cupfuls of milk, two eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, a tiny pinch of salt, half a cupful of sugar, two or three tablespoonfuls of fruit juice. Mix the

flour with a little of the cold milk, adding the salt, put the remainder of the milk into the double boiler, and when it boils stir in the flour. Add the eggs, thoroughly beaten, and cook five minutes. Pour into a pudding dish for the table, sprinkle the sugar over the top, and pour upon this the fruit juice. Serve cold.

TASTY TOMATOES.—At the blossom end of six ripe tomatoes make a small hole of sufficient size to hold a dice-shaped piece of butter that has been dipped in pepper, salt and grated nutmeg mixed. Place them in a cup-shaped mushroom previously soured in heated butter and dusted with pepper. Arrange them in a well-oiled dish and set them in a hot oven to cook. Take the soft roes from six bladders, season them with oil and pepper, curl them round and grill quickly on buttered paper over a clear fire. When the tomatoes and mushrooms are cooked, remove them from the oven and place a roe on each one. Around the whole pour a gill of ham coulis.

PEACH SPONGE.—Put half a box of gelatine in a bowl and cover with cold water. Make a syrup of one pound of sugar and a cup of water, and when clear add a pound of fresh sliced peaches, or if not in market, a can of peaches may be used, in which case strain the juice on the sugar and bring to a boil, then add the peaches and boil for five minutes, rubbing all through a sieve, after the gelatine has been added. Stir in then the grated rind of one lemon and the juice of two, and when the mixture is cold and begins to stiffen, add the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth and stir till thick, then put in moulds and set on the ice. Make a sauce of three yolks by boiling one pint of milk with a pinch of salt and half a teaspoonful of sugar. Stir a teaspoonful of corn starch smooth in a little cold water, and add lastly the beaten yolks, taking at once from the fire. Flavor with a teaspoonful of rum. Put the sponge, when ready to serve, in a deep platter and pour the sauce around it. Vanilla can be used instead of rum if preferred.

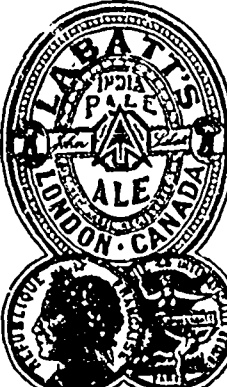
Farm Notes.

If possible, I would have every building on the place joined together and the whole connected with the house. Then every stroke of work tells. There is no need on a blustering winter day of going out to battle with snow drifts in fighting a passage to the barn or other buildings.

Any one can have all the grape vines he wants without cash outlay if he will only strike as many cuttings as he has room for vines from some grape vine in the neighborhood. These cuttings should be taken off before the sap starts and buried until the ground thaws out, when they should be planted by burying them so as to leave only one bud out of the ground. Nine out of ten will grow treated this way.

Don't kill the crows. They destroy more insects, bugs, mice, moles, etc., than anything else. They are famous thieves, it is true, but they pay for their mischief. Set up a pole in your field with a piece of tin attached to the top. Let the pole lean a little and there is no crow alive that can stand the flashing and banging that will result; and dead crows are honest and need no driving off.

M. de Mely, a French wine grower and something of a classical scholar, discovered that Strabo had described a method of treating diseased vines with petroleum. He determined to try it on his phylloxera-smitten vineyard. He met with a success that delighted him, and at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences he exhibited healthy shoots grown from stocks rendered barren by phylloxera, giving statistics of his experiments, that leave no doubt of the success of the method. It appears that the ancients knew a thing or two.



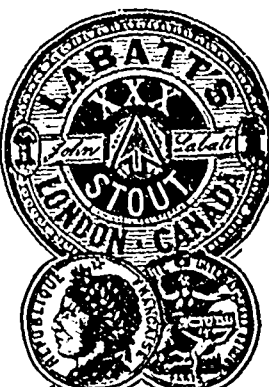
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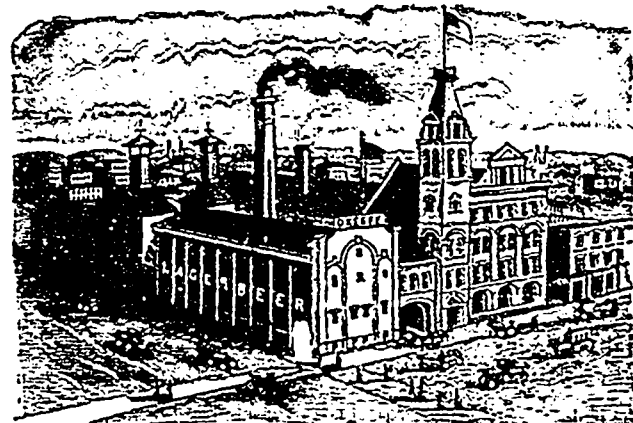
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

By the death of Mr. Bernard Hughes, J. P., Belfast loses one of the most prominent, wealthy, and respected of her Catholic citizens. Throughout his life Mr. Hughes gave a liberal and courageous support to every movement having for its object the safeguarding of the interests of religion and of country. A thoroughly earnest and practical Catholic, while a devoted and unostentatious patriot, Bernard Hughes leaves to those who now mourn him, the memory of a good life and the glory of an honored name. Mr. Hughes' funeral took place on October 6th, amongst those who were present being his Lordship the Bishop of Down and Connor.

Clare.

On Friday, October 6th, Major Cullinan, sub-sheriff of Clare County, carried out a number of evictions in West Clare. In the district adjoining Kilrush a number of seizures for rent were also made. The Sheriff and his party were protected by a strong force of Constabulary. The sub-sheriff's party left Kilrush early in the morning, on side-cars, and evicted Mr. Patrick Brew, of Ballykett, near Kilrush, on the Fitzgerald property. Two farmers, named Murphy and Pyne, in the parishes of Kilmacduane, were evicted, on the property of Mrs. Vandeleur. Pyne, however, made up the amount of his rent, which he paid over to the landlord's agent, Mr. Armstrong, who was present. It is feared that the campaign will be a bitter one, this winter, in West Clare. A great part of the business of the Quarter Sessions will be occupied by rent processes and ejectments, including some on the Vandeleur estate. The courthouses at Kilrush, Kilkce, and other parts of West Clare are being constantly kept decorated with ejectment mistakes.

Cork.

Mr. M. S. O'Callaghan, former Resident Secretary of the Colonial Mutual Life Association Society, at their Cork branch, has been promoted to the position of agency superintendent of all Ireland.

Early on the morning of October 4th, a man was drowned off the Charlotte Quay, Cork. An envelope with the name "Fitzgerald, Pope's Quay," was found on the body, which was recovered in a short time. No other clue as to the deceased's identity was obtained at the time.

Scanlan & Sons, auctioneers, Cork, sold by auction, on October 3d, at the Property Sales Room 22 South Mall, a chief rent of £9 4s. 6d., arising out of the grounds on the South Mall. There was a large attendance. Mr. Donovan was the purchaser at £140. Mr. Wm. Dorgan, solicitor, had carriage of the sale.

Donegal.

An interesting ceremony took place on October 15th, in the remote district of Anagry, county Donegal, when the Bishop of Raphoe blessed the foundation-stone of the new church which the Rev. B. Walker, the respected parish priest of the locality, is about undertaking the erection of. The sermon on the occasion was preached in Irish by the Very Rev. C. McGlynn in the parish church at Kilkaslagh. Anagry has long been in need of a local church, and it would be difficult to find any place where a house of worship is more needed. The district is very populous. It contains close on four hundred families, who are an average distance of six miles from the parish church of Kilkaslagh, from which, moreover, they are separated by a mile of sandbank, almost impassable in winter. The population, though poor, is most spirited, and every effort will be put forth locally to sustain Father Walker in his heavy undertaking.

Down.

On October 4th, Mr. Frank Hamilton, stationmaster at Craigavad, on the Belfast and County Down Railway, while crossing the line, was knocked down and so shockingly injured that he died soon after being removed to hospital.

Dublin.

On Saturday, September 30th, the remains of the Rev. Robert Curtis, S. J., were removed from St. Francis Xavier's Church Upper Gardiner street, Dublin, for interment in Glasnevin. Father Curtis died at the University College, Stephen's Green, on the 29th, and his body was removed to the Jesuit Church, Upper Gardiner street, where it lay until the 30th. Requiem Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Timothy Kenny, S. J., Provincial of the Order. Very Rev. Edward Kelly, Rector of St. Francis Xavier's Upper Gardiner street, presided at the Office. At ten o'clock the funeral cortege left St. Francis Xavier's for the cemetery. The chief mourners were Mr. Stephen Curtis, Q. C., father of the deceased; Mr. Thomas Curtis, brother, and Mr. Edward McGrath and his sons, nephews of the deceased. The Chaplain of the University officiated at the grave, and pronounced the last absolution.

Galway.

The great annual Fair of Ballinasloe was opened on October 3d, in Garbally Park. The business of the fair commenced at 6 o'clock. The anticipations as to the supply of sheep were not realized, for the fair was the smallest yet seen. The wether fair, however, maintained something of its old character for size. The largest prize of the fair was taken by Captain John Smyth, of

Masonbrook, who got 50s. each for his lot of 400 top wethers. The prices of cattle during the fair showed a further fall of 10s. to £1 on the Ballinasloe prices of last year, representing a fall in prices since 1891 of £12 and a fall of £10 since 1893. The average cattle of the fair, especially heifers, showed a considerable decline.

Kerry.

The Sisters of the Presentation Convent, Killarney, celebrated the centenary of their foundation with befitting ceremony on Monday, October 2d. The ceremonies commenced with High Mass, which was celebrated at half-ten o'clock, Rev. D. O'Leary, president St. Brendan's Seminary, Killarney, being celebrant; Rev. Father Scanlon, Killarney, deacon; Rev. J. Burke, C.C., Killarney, sub-deacon, and Rev. T. O'Sullivan, C.C., Killarney, master of ceremonies. There was a large attendance of the clergy, and the congregation included the elite of the people of Killarney and its vicinity.

Kilkenny.

On the evening of October 2d, James Hanrahan, a workman in the employment of Mr. Bennett, rate-collector, while helping a farmer, at Ba'salla, met with an accident of very serious nature. He was in the act of taking out corn from a threshing machine, when his hand got caught in the bearings, and his fingers were frightfully lacerated. Dr. J. J. Buggy temporarily dressed the wound, and later in the evening Hanrahan was conveyed to the County Infirmary. It is thought that amputation will be necessary.

Limerick.

The recent rains in Ireland have been so heavy as to flood the tributaries to the Shannon, which is reported to be considerably higher than it has been for many years at this season, throughout its entire extent.

Mr. E. A. O'Keefe, M. P., has announced his intention of resigning his seat in the Limerick Town Council, owing to the pressing character of his duties in the House of Commons necessitating his presence there, and his consequent inability to give that attention to municipal matters which he regards as incumbent on a municipal representative.

Louth.

At a meeting of evicted tenants at the Maasarene estate in Louth and Meath, it was proposed by Mr. John Mullen, seconded by Mr. John Commons, and unanimously adopted.—That the time has come when united action should be taken by the evicted tenants throughout the several estates in Ireland; and, in furtherance of the foregoing resolution, that a convention of delegates from the several estates be summoned to Dublin at the earliest possible date; and that copies of the foregoing resolution be sent to Dr. Ambrose, M. P.; Denis Kilbride, M. P., and the press generally.

Mayo.

Mr. John O'Connor Power, formerly M. P. for the county of Mayo, and Mrs. Hubert Foveaux Weiss, widow of the late Mr. Hubert Foveaux Weiss, Fellow of the Royal Society of England, were married on Thursday, the 25th of September, at St. Edward's Church, Palace street, London. Mr. Bernard C. Molloy, M. P., was "best man," and the bride was attended by Mrs. Harry Morrison and her sister, Miss Florence Hooke.

Queen's County.

We regret to learn of the illness of Dr. M. A. MacDonnell, M. P., for Leix Division of Queen's County, who has been laid up at his London residence with an attack of pleurisy, the strain of his constant attendance at the House of Commons having told heavily against him. However, it is satisfactory to learn from the latest reports received that he is showing signs of progress towards recovery.

Roscommon.

The official *Dublin Gazette*, of October 3d, contains a proclamation, intimating that "as it has sufficiently appeared to the Lords Justices of the Privy Council of Ireland that the baronies of Boyle, Castlereagh, and Frenchpark, in the county of Roscommon, have ceased to be in a state of disturbance," the additional constabulary force appointed for these baronies shall, after one month from that date, be discontinued and cease to be a charge on these baronies. A similar proclamation is published with regard to the baronies of Athlone, Ballintober North, Ballintober South, Ballymoe, Moycarn, and Roscommon, all in the county of Roscommon.

Tipperary.

The announcement of the death of Mr. John F. Meagher, of Carrick-on-Suir, will be heard with deep and unfeigned regret by those who knew him either personally or by reputation. By his death one more of the men who in a darker period of our history rose up in defence of their country, and were ready to make any sacrifice or endure any suffering in the furtherance of a movement which they believed would result in the liberation of their people, has been removed.

Waterford.

The death is recorded on Sept. 27th, at the age of 77 years, of Mr. Michael Farlong, father of the Rev. Thomas F. Farlong, C.C., an old, upright, and respectable citizen of Waterford, greatly and deservedly respected by a large circle of relatives and friends. Mr. Farlong was a devout Catholic and a true Christian, and bore his last illness with

great fortitude and resignation to the Divine will. May his soul rest in peace. On the 30th ult., after High Mass and Office, his remains were conveyed to the family burial place, Knockboy, followed by a large funeral cortege of all sects and classes of his fellow-citizens.

Wexford.

Mr. Richard D'Olier George, of Cahore, Gorey, has been appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county Wexford.

Sergeant James Doyle, of Newtownbarry, after a service of 25 years in the police force, has been discharged on a pension of £48 per annum.

The Bishop of Ferns has made the following clerical changes:—Rev. James Doyle, C.C., Wexford, to Kilrane; Rev. John Druhan, C.C., Kilrane, to Ballaghkeeno, vice the late Rev. John Corish, C.C.

With much regret we record the death of Mr. John Redmond of Market Square, Emscorthy, which took place on October 2nd. Mr. John Redmond, although apparently robust, had not a strong constitution, and consequently his last illness, which was only of a fortnight's duration, found him an easy victim. The deceased had resided in Emscorthy for about 22 years, and for the last three or four years had been managing business on his own behalf, and was generally regarded as an upright, unobtrusive man. He had attained the comparatively young age of 40 years.

Wicklow.

On October 4th Mr. Joseph Grennan, Chief Clerk of the Permanent Way Department of the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, died, after a very brief illness, at his residence, 5 Alexandra Terrace, Bray, to the regret of all who knew him. For forty years the deceased had held the important office to which he was attached to the last, and his death severs one of the few remaining links between the railway system of to-day and Irish railroad making of half a century ago. An intimate and confidential friend of the late Wm. Dargan, John and Thomas Edwards, and other Irish railway kings of that period, Mr. Grennan lived to see all his employers and most of his managing compeers pass away. Few men in Ireland had a greater or more varied experience of Irish railway life.

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CATHOLIC NEWS.

Forty Italian Bishops are now denied their exequators by the Italian Government.

Nearly half a century ago the Apostleship of Prayer was established among the young Jesuits of Vals. The golden Jubilee of that founding of the League of the Sacred Heart will be celebrated all over the world next year.

Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington, New Zealand, who attended the Catholic convention in Chicago, is a near friend to Archbishop Ireland, at whose invitation he was present; they were school-fellows, and studied at the same bench together in the south of France. Archbishop Redwood is a gifted orator in both English and French.

Marshal Marie Patrick McMahon, for whose death France is mourning, was proud of the Irish blood that ran in his veins. He was a soldier and a statesman, but he was a man and a Christian first of all. It has been said his wife was unpopular when in the Presidential palace of the Elysee; that she was too pious, that is, too practical a Catholic for the men who rejoiced at the blood of the Commune.

A notable American visitor to Rome, recently, was Bishop Andrade, the Ecuadorian prelate, who administered the last sacraments to the martyred President of his land, Garcia Moreno, when that official was assassinated by the hirelings of the Freemasons. Monsignor Andrade's predecessor in the See met his death in the same manner, and one of his first acts on acceding to power was to place the diocese under interdict because of that crime, and in the hope of sooner bringing the guilty to repentance.

Following very soon after the death of Marshal McMahon was that of Charles Gounod, the great French Composer. He was stricken by paralysis a short time after returning from Mass on Monday, Oct. 16th, and while conducting a rehearsal in his own house, of a Requiem Mass, to which he had devoted the matured and most pious months of his life. Gounod was always a pious and practical Catholic. His Mass "Stabat Mater," and his Oratorio, the Redemption, prove him to have been a deeply religious man.

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

Monday, the 9th inst., was a gala day at Assumption College, Sandwich. It was the feast of St. Denis, the patron saint of His Lordship the Bishop, who is now making the tour of the parishes in the south and west of the diocese for the purpose of administering confirmation in those parishes in which classes of candidates have been prepared for the reception of this holy sacrament. His Lordship visited the college on his feast day, and was received by the pupils with great joy and acclamation. A holiday was granted the pupils in honor of the occasion, and was thoroughly enjoyed by them.—*Catholic Record*.

The Rev. Dr. Richard Lalor Bartsell, of Rondout, N. Y., former pastor of the Church of the Epiphany; sailed for Europe on the North German Lloyd steamer, Werra, Saturday afternoon. Dr. Bartsell was accompanied to the vessel by a delegation of his friends. Before his departure he said: "I am going to Rome to present myself to the Pope. Until I do that, and have had a conference with him, I can

form no plans. My going to Rome is entirely voluntary. I have not been solicited to go by anybody. I was there when a boy, and now I am anxious to see the Eternal City again. I cannot say more than this."

Useful Hints.

That next to sleep there is nothing more restful than a bath when the body and mind are fatigued.

That spirits of camphor applied with flannel cloth will remove unsightly white spots from furniture.

That soot, applied to a fresh cut or wound will stop the flow of blood and abate the pain at the same time.

That the odor of onions left on the hands after peeling may be removed by rubbing the hands with colery or mustard.

Plenty of shade and fresh water are needed during the hot spells. Keep the water in the shade and renew frequently.

That if oilcloth is laid down where the sun will shine on it much, it will stick fast to the floor, unless paper is laid under it.

That if grease or oil is spilled on a carpet, flour or meal should be sprinkled over it as soon as possible, and let remain for several hours, and it will absorb the grease.

That a sponge large enough to expand and fill the chimney after having been squeezed in, tied to a slender stick, is the best thing with which to clean a lamp chimney.

That when molasses is to be used in cooking, it is a very great improvement to boil it and skim it first. It takes out the unpleasant taste and gives it more the flavor of sugar.

That mahogany furniture should be washed with warm water and soap, then given an application of beeswax and sweet oil, with a soft cloth, and polished with chamcois to a rich finish.

That their black silk petticoats will wear much longer if, instead of ruffles of the silk, they make them of ribbon. It is a great deal more durable and they may be employed for narrow ruffles and plaitings to great advantage.

Oregon expects to clip 17,000,000 pounds of wool this, her increase in sheep over last year being estimated at 90 per cent.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, October 25th, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 60	\$0 61
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 53	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 46
Oats, per bush.....	0 34	0 35
Peas, per bush.....	0 56	0 57
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	7 50	7 75
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 65	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 25	0 00
Eggs, now laid, per dozen.....	0 20	0 00
Parley, per doz.....	0 15	0 03
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Colery, per doz.....	0 40	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Peas, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Apples, per bbl.....	1 25	2 25
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Oct. 24.—The demand for butchers' cattle was easy, the warm weather and poor quality combined to check trade. The best cattle ranged from 3½ to 3½ per pound, but very little fetched the latter figure. A small lot of picked cattle was sold at \$3.50 per cwt.

Only 260 lambs and sheep came in. A bunch of 104, averaging 82 lbs., sold at \$2.90 each; a bunch of 100, averaging 75 lbs., sold at \$2.50 each; and a bunch of 15, averaging 80 lbs., sold at \$3 each.

Butchers' sheep are quoted at from \$3.25 to \$3.75, and occasionally \$4 each.

Calves unchanged; about 29 were in.

Prices for hogs weakened: \$6 was about the best price.

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with the Markets latest and best productions.

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The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

"What do you want here, you insolent creature!" she asked, in loud, harsh tones, raising her large hand and pointing imperiously toward the door.

Felicitas made no reply, but the pause in the monotonous reading seemed to produce some impression on the dying woman. She tried to fix her wandering eyes—they rested on Felicitas. A ray of joyful recognition flashed into them; her lips moved at first vainly, there was an evident effort to speak, and the strong soul conquered, forcing the half-dead mechanism of the body to obey its will. "Bring a lawyer!" fell in faltering but distinct accents from her lips.

The girl instantly left the room, there was not a moment to lose. She darted along the corridor, but just as she was passing the door of the bird-room it was thrown wider open, and she felt herself seized from behind by strong hands and hurled violently into the middle of the room, while the door was closed and locked. A terrible uproar followed, the frightened birds flew hither and thither with a din of cries fairly bewildering to the senses. Felicitas had fallen forward, dragging down with her one of the fir trees that stood in the middle of the apartment. What had happened? She rose and pushed back the hair that had fallen over her face. She had seen no one, heard no sound, yet some one had evidently stood near and seized her with demoniac power, just at the moment she was hurrying to fulfil the last wish of a dying woman, and when every minute's delay burdened her soul with a terrible weight of responsibility.

She rushed to the door, but it was firmly locked; her knocking and shaking was drowned by the frightful clamor of the birds. The excited little creatures flew over her head, dashed frantically against the walls, and hardly grew quiet when the young girl in despair at last let her arms fall by her sides. Who would open the door? Surely not the hands which had just thrust her in. She knew her iron grip only too well; they were the same hands that had just held the hymn-book, which had been flung aside to execute this deed of violence and now the terrible woman was again seated beside the death-bed, reading on in those same monotonous, unmoved tones. She would pitilessly permit the dying woman, with superhuman strength, to prolong her death agony, in the belief that she was still needed to perform some last deed of charity. Poor Aunt Cordula! She must leave the world where she had been so lonely with a bitter disappointment; the last impressions that her departing soul would bear away would be of religious fanaticism in the person of the woman she had loathed, and the proverbial ingratitude of mankind of which Felicitas was made to seem guilty. The thought drove the young girl wild. Fairly frantic with excitement, she rushed up and down the room, and shook the door still more violently—in vain. Why had she been locked in? Aunt Cordula had told her to bring a lawyer; had she a last confession to make? No, no, the old mam'selle had nothing to confess! If she had been obliged to bear through life any burden of guilt, it was the guilt of others, a burden which she might cast aside in the other world. Felicitas had gradually perceived that the old mam'selle might have been the innocent sharer, but never the guilty accomplice of any disgraceful secret. Perhaps she had wished to make some deposition of her property, and this desire had been baffled by Frau Hellwig's act of violence. If Aunt Cordula should die without a will her whole estate would fall to the Hellwig family. Who knows how many poor, unfortunate human beings, whom she

would have made comfortable for life, would be robbed of their support by this delay, while the great lady's coming into the fortune would add fresh treasures to the chest and coffers of a family whose wealth was already reputed vast.

Felicitas went to the window and looked down at the neighboring houses, anxiously watching for some human being whom she might summon to her assistance, but they were all so far below that she was neither heard nor seen. How her pulses throbbled with anguish and feverish excitement! She threw herself into the only chair in the room, and burst into tears of hopeless despair. It would be too late now, even if she were released that very moment. Perhaps the beloved eyes were already closed, the heart that had anxiously watched for her return was already still in death. The universal consolation, that the transfigured soul was now aware of the reason its last earthly wish had been baffled, brought no comfort to the young girl's keen, logical mind. It is difficult to believe that the human soul, which like everything God has created, must pass gradually through countless phases to attain the highest perfection, can instantly exchange its limited earthly vision for the divine gift of omniscience, and from the other world read, as if in an open book, all the acts, impulses, and most secret motives of the dwellers on this earth.

Felicitas had probably spent nearly two hours in this imprisonment, alternating between gloomy despair and frantic efforts to obtain release. The place had become actually horrible to her. The senseless creatures, formerly her pets, but which now at any hasty movement renewed their shrill cries and wild flutterings, seemed to her excited imagination like spectral forms; she trembled at her own movements. Night was closing in, the shadows of twilight already darkened the uncanny room, her heart was aching with her first wild anguish of grief for the friend she had lost—she was on the very verge of madness! Again she rushed to the door, and stood as if paralyzed with amazement—it yielded without the least resistance to her hands. The passage was still as death. Felicitas might have fancied herself the victim of some terrible dream, had not the sitting room been firmly locked. She looked through the key-hole; a strong draught was blowing through the apartment, rustling the ivy trained along the walls—they had opened the window; yes, all was over, over forever!

Down in the front mansion below the old cook sat knitting at the open street-door, as was her habit on pleasant summer afternoons. From the kitchen came a strong odor of newly-baked bread. Frederica had just taken out of the oven a pan filled with the cracknels Frau Hellwig liked with her coffee. Everything here had gone on in its usual course, while upstairs one of the family had departed from the world.

Felicitas entered the servants' room. Directly after Heinrich came in, and, after hanging his cap on a nail, went silently up to Felicitas and held out his hand. The sorrowful expression of his old, weather-beaten face, and eyes reddened by weeping, brought relief to the young girl's aching heart. Springing up, she threw both arms around his neck and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Didn't you see her again, Fay?" he asked gently, after a pause. "Frederica told me that Frau Hellwig closed her eyes—alas, that her hands should have done it! Of course you would not be there; the mistress would have been furious if she had seen you. Where have you been all this while?"

Felicitas's tears instantly ceased to flow. With flashing eyes she told him what had happened. Heinrich walked

up and down the room like one possessed.

"Is it possible?" he cried again and again, running his fingers through his bushy gray hair. "Can God permit such wickedness! By the cross of Christ— Yet, if you should go and accuse her before a magistrate you would be sent home because you have no witnesses, and not a soul in the whole town would believe you, because she is the upright, pious Frau Hellwig, and you— And how slyly she did it!" he interrupted himself, with a grim laugh. "Just when the birds were screaming loudest, she gently unfastened the door again. Yes, yes, I've always said so—she's one of the worst. And Fay, you poor child, she has robbed you! I was sent this very morning to old mam'selle's lawyer—to-morrow afternoon at two o'clock she intended to make her will—in your favor. Yes, yes, 'who knows how soon my end may come'—she was so wonderfully clever, and might have awed many a man by the display of so much wisdom in a woman's head, but she could not have known that beautiful hymn, or she wouldn't have waited so long."

CHAPTER XIX.

It was very early the next morning when Frau Hellwig appeared in the court-yard. Instead of the familiar white cap, whose shape had remained unchanged for so many years, a black one now framed the pale, flabby features. The wicked woman who had so often profaned the Sabbath by her "unholy songs and merry tunes" was dead; even the last trace of her despised existence was already banished from the house—the body had been removed to the undertaker's the evening before. But, nevertheless, the dead woman had borne the name of Hellwig, so the mistress of the mansion wore the black cap and strip of crape, which to-day took the place of the stiff linen collar around her neck.

She opened the door through which Felicitas had once seen the old mam'selle disappear. Besides the well-known staircase behind the painted door, another narrow, winding flight went straight from the steep, narrow street to the old mam'selle's abode. This was the way Heinrich and her maid had taken, and the door in the court-yard also opened upon it.

The busts still looked down unaltered from their lofty pedestals, but the genius of the place had fled from the apartment. Frau Hellwig now entered with the assured confidence of the possessor. A cold, scornful smile hovered around her lips as she passed through the suite of rooms, each one revealing in its tasteful arrangement the poetic nature and sensitive spirit of its former mistress, but she frowned with an expression of hate as her eyes rested on the rows of books in handsome morocco bindings, visible through the glass doors of a book-case—books which bore the names of famous poets and authors.

Seizing a large bunch of keys that lay on the table, she opened a desk, evidently the most interesting piece of furniture in the room to her. The drawers were in the most perfect order; one after another was pulled out, revealing packages of yellow letters tied with faded ribbons, and piles of closely written books. The plump, white hands thrust them in again impatiently—what interest could she take in all that stuff, the great lady was not inquisitive. But a little box filled with documents was treated far more kindly. With great care, and an expression of much satisfaction, Frau Hellwig unfolded paper after paper. She was a good accountant; in a very short time she had found the sum-total of the various sums invested—the property was larger than she had expected.

But this by no means ended the search. The various bureaus and trunks were examined in turn, and the

longer she remained the greater became her haste and impatience. Her face gradually flushed, her clumsy figure hurried with unwonted speed from room to room, her hands rummaged among the dainty underclothing, tossed about the dead woman's caps and collars, and pushed the glass and china so rudely to and fro that it rattled loudly—what she sought was nowhere to be found. At last, greatly vexed, she went out upon the balcony. Her clumsy movements upset several flower-pots, scattering the blossoms and leaves in all directions, but she paid no heed—she did not even bestow her stereotyped smile of contempt upon the "rubbish." Frederica was feeding the chickens in the court-yard. Frau Hellwig called to her to send Heinrich up at once, and, stepping back, began her search afresh.

"Don't you know where the old lady kept her silver?" she cried, as soon as Heinrich entered. "There must be a great deal of it; my mother-in-law told me so. She had at least two dozen heavy table-spoons, the same number of gilt tea-spoons, besides silver candlesticks, a coffee-pot, and a milk-pitcher." The last, which she had remembered with wonderful accuracy, rolled from her lips as though she was reading aloud. "I can find none of these pieces—where are they?"

"I do not know," replied Heinrich, quietly. He went to a table, pulled out a drawer, and took from it two silver dishes. "This is all the silver I have ever seen," he said. "I often had to clean it because the maid did not make it bright enough."

Frau Hellwig walked up and down the room, biting her lips angrily. The strict reserve she usually maintained in her servant's presence deserted her for a moment.

"It would be a pretty nice piece of business—an outrageous thing—if the old woman had sold these valuable family heir-looms, or even—given them away. It would be just like her!" she added, as if to herself. "It must be found, I won't rest till I know. She had diamonds, too—very beautiful jewels; everything of the kind that belonged to the Hellwig family was divided between her and my mother-in-law." She stopped suddenly, for at that instant her eyes rested upon the cabinet with glass doors containing the portfolios of music; she had not yet searched that.

The lower part of this cabinet had very beautifully carved wooden doors, which she tore open. Piles of neatly arranged periodicals filled the two shelves. The cruel, malicious smile appeared on her angry face, her upper lip curled, revealing the whole row of her strong sound teeth. Dragging out one pile after another, she flung them so violently on the floor that the scattered sheets flew all around the room. The old servant was furious. He clinched his fists and glared savagely at the Vandal. He had brought all those papers from the post-office to the old mam'selle; they had afforded genuine refreshment and recreation in her lonely life; he could still see her kind eyes sparkle as he laid a new pamphlet on the table.

"These are all the foes of our Church!" she muttered. "These disgraceful papers, this abominable devil-try! Yes, yes; this wicked old maid led an evil life—and I have been compelled to tolerate this impious creature beneath my roof so many long years."

She stood up and looked through the glass doors. A short, harsh laugh escaped her lips at the sight of the music. She unlocked the doors, and ordered Heinrich so bring a clothes-basket, in which he was told to put all the books and portfolios of notes on the shelves. The old man racked his brain to guess the fate of the beautiful books which had so often lain on the piano and from which the old mam'selle had played such exquisite music. The great lady stood beside him,

watching him carefully to see that not a page was left; she did not touch them herself, it almost seemed as though she thought they might burn her fingers. At last she told Heinrich to carry the basket down to the front mansion, and, after carefully locking all the doors upstairs, followed him. To the annoyance of Frederica, to whom her visits were an abomination, she went into the kitchen, where Heinrich set down his load and was then sent to the sitting-room for a paper knife. The cook had just made up a hot fire.

"You can save your wood to-day, Frederica!" said Frau Hellwig, throwing one of the loose sheets into the blaze. The handsome portfolio containing the old mam'selle's valuable autograph collection lay on the top of the basket. The silk ribbons that tied it were loosed one after another by Frau Hellwig's determined fingers. Oh, how the flames shot up and consumed them! The name of "Gluck" glowed forth in fiery characters, the notes of a brilliant cadenza by Cimarosa shone like flaming pearls; Italians, Germans, and French shared the same fate.

Heinrich had at first stood by helplessly—speechless with rage. Poor, lonely mam'selle's body was not yet buried, and this shameless woman was already rummaging and destroying her property more savagely than the rudest soldier would do in a hostile country.

"But," he said at last, "suppose there should be a will!"

Frau Hellwig raised her face, flushed by the heat of the fire. It wore a look of anger, mingled with contempt. "How long have I allowed you to make your wise remarks in my presence?" she asked, sharply. She had just taken up the manuscript opera by Bach, which the old mam'selle had once said was the only copy in existence, and would some day be worth its weight in gold. With still greater energy, and a strange expression upon her face, she cut and tore the sheets into atoms, and stuffed them under the oven.

At this moment the door bell rang loudly. Heinrich went to answer it. A lawyer, accompanied by a constable, entered, bowed to the mistress of the house, who came out of the kitchen, with a very astonished face, and introduced himself as the commissary charged with the duty of sealing the effects of the late Cordula Hellwig, spinster.

Perhaps for the first time in her life Frau Hellwig lost her iron composure and coolness.

"Seal up?" she faltered.

"There is a will at her lawyer's."

"That must be a mistake!" cried Frau Hellwig. "I am positively certain that, by her father's will, she had no power to make one—the whole property reverts to the Hellwig family."

"I am sorry," said the magistrate, shrugging his shoulders. "The will exists, and much as I regret being compelled to trouble you, my duty requires me to affix the seals at once."

Frau Hellwig bit her lips, took the keys of the old mam'selle's rooms, and led the way. But Heinrich ran triumphantly upstairs to Felicitas, who was fulfilling her duties as nurse, though to Anna's astonishment she sat as stiff and silent as a statue beside the prattling little girl. Heinrich told her everything that had occurred. At this account of the *auto da fe* the young girl started up.

"Were they single sheets that she burned?" she asked, in a stifled voice.

"Yes, single sheets. They were in red portfolios, tied with handsome ribbons."

Felicitas did not stop to hear anything more, but rushed down to the kitchen. There stood the basket, which still contained a few exercises for the piano and some music-books, but the open portfolios lay scattered over the floor, not a sheet remained in

them. The draught blew a torn scrap of paper out upon the hearth. Felicitas picked it up.

"Paritur of Johann Sebastian Bach, written by his own hand and received from him as a remembrance in the year 1707. Gottlieb von Hirschsprung," she read, with tears streaming from her eyes.

It was the last fragment of the mysterious manuscript—the melodies were silenced forever.

Frau Hellwig had apparently not intended to interrupt her son's pleasure-trip by the tidings of the old mam'selle's death, but, after the business of sealing was over, from which she returned in a very angry mood, with a most sour and irritated expression on her face, she wrote a few hasty lines recalling him. According to the dead woman's directions, the will was to be read on the very day after the funeral. Frau Hellwig needed some support for this ordeal; never had she felt so unnerved. The possible loss of a considerable fortune, which she had always believed to be inalienable, produced a marked impression even upon her iron nature.

The party had started without fixing any definite end to their journey. "A trip at random, pitching our tents wherever we choose," had been the programme; so Frau Hellwig was somewhat uncertain where to address her letter. The search commenced in the old mam'selle's rooms she now continued in her dead husband's study.

Doubtless, among the family papers she could find proofs that the old mam'selle had no right to dispose of her property according to her own will. Perhaps she had accumulated something from her savings. Frau Hellwig had suspected something of the sort the evening of the day before—but the lock of the bird room door had done its duty and preserved this sum also to the Hellwig family. But, no matter how she pondered and reflected, she could not tell where she obtained the firm assurance on which she had so long relied. Either she had read it herself in the will of Cordula Hellwig's father, or else she had been told it verbally by some trustworthy person—but no matter whence came the conviction, she felt sure of the fact, and the papers proving it must be found. She searched and read till drops of perspiration stood on her pale forehead—but it was an unlucky day—her exertions were as profitless as those of the morning. Fortune seems to prefer to fling her roses at the feet of cold-hearted calculating, unimaginative people—it almost seems as though she fancied her treasures would be less secure with richly endowed natures than in the hands of those whose souls are closed with iron bars as well as their coffers. The great lady had hitherto been one of these spoiled children of fortune—therefore she was greatly surprised by this day of ill luck.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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It is a strange fact, and still one generally admitted nowadays, that our good St. Swithin (who, by the way, is no saint at all) is singularly unpropitious when the occasion most demands his interference in the regulation of the weather. This, however, has not been the case during the visit of our illustrious Archbishop on last Sunday. Our parochial calendar will ever record the event as a *diei funeta*, not only for the material, but still more for the moral atmosphere of our "City by the Sea." His Grace, who was accompanied by an attendant priest from Toronto, came at the request of Rev. Father McIntosh to bless the beautiful new statues of the Sacred Heart and Madonna and dedicate the stained glass windows which have been recently erected. This was but the mere beginning of more extensive church decorations which ere long will have placed St. Patrick's among our foremost rural temples.

I have always remarked that the presence of the chief pastor in the midst of his flock is accompanied by manifold graces from Almighty God. The people wish to partake of the spiritual consolations which such visits entail, and the earnest confession and the devout communion show their appreciation of such providential advents. The numerous communicants who received the Bread of Life from the hands of the Archbishop testify to the truly Catholic piety which is in the hearts of our people.

At 11 a.m., High Mass was commenced, and after the Gospel His Grace addressed the crowded congregation, many of whom were non-Catholic brethren. He spoke of the great end which Holy Church has in view in this decoration and architecture of our churches, and in forcible and eloquent language appealed to the history of the Jewish people and the early Christian ages to show what great religious importance a religious people attached to the minutest details in the architectural and ornamental work of the house of God. Look at the temple which Solomon erected. All that human wisdom could devise was employed. The most costly wood, inlaid with gold and silver, was used, and the land was scoured for the greatest artists. Yet that temple contained nought but the ark of the covenant, the loaves of proposition, etc., mere material signs of the divine presence. That temple was destroyed and a new one erected, which, though inferior in architectural beauty, was yet infinitely superior to the former. "I will fill this house with glory, and the desired of nations shall come herein, and great shall be the glory of the last house over that of the first." It was superior because Christ, the Son of God, was one day to hallow its portals by His sacred feet, and its walls should resound one day with the voice of the God man, teaching the Jewish synagogue. And yet, compared with the humblest of our Catholic churches, what was the sanctity of that temple? It contained but for a short time the presence of Jesus—a mere transient visit; no more—yet in our temple the God of Heaven and earth is ever present, ever abiding in our lonely tabernacle, to be worshipped by His children and sacrificed on their altars.

His Grace then spoke of the temple of our souls, in which is enshrined the Holy Ghost. What great reverence we should have for our souls, and never pollute such temples by the stain of mortal sin. His Grace was afterwards made the recipient of the following address, to which he replied in his usually happy style:

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

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—With the most agreeable sensations of pleasure and of honorable pride, we the undersigned members of the congregation of St. Patrick's respectfully approach your Grace to tender you a cordial and respectful welcome on this your first official visit to Port Colborne.

Gladly do we take advantage of the opportunity to offer your Grace our heartfelt congratulations on the exalted dignity which it has pleased our august and venerable Pontiff to confer upon you since the occasion of your last visit to this parish. Long may your Grace live to support the new dignity, and long may we rejoice in your paternal care. Allow us also to congratulate you not only on the powerful and eloquent sermons delivered in your Cathedral church and throughout the diocese in your pastoral visitations, but also on your learned and scholarly pastorals, which are not only a source of instruction to us but really literary gems.

Permit us to express our gratitude for the wisdom of a selection that has given us a worthy and zealous pastor, whose labors and energy are indefatigable, and to whom we are most deeply indebted for the vast progress made during the last four years. The balance of debt has been almost defrayed, improvements made on church and presbytery, and the school has also received a large share of attention.

We take advantage also of the present opportunity to inform your Grace of the kindly feeling that exists between us and our non-Catholic fellow citizens. It is indeed a pleasing duty for us to publicly thank such friends for their repeated acts of kindness and generosity, from the starting of the

church to the present moment, and assure them that they will always have a warm place in our hearts.

Most humbly do we thank your Grace for the favour of your distinguished presence at this very pleasing ceremony of unveiling and dedicating the stained glass windows, those grand Adoring Angels and this beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart of Mary. These will be not only our pride and pleasure but more particularly inspiring and edifying subjects of devotion and piety, as we kneel in adoration before the tabernacle of our dear Lord.

We promise you, whom we look upon as truly one of the successors of the Apostles, our unfeigned loyalty and obedience.

Praying that health and length of days may bestow upon you to discharge the great and highly important trust confided to your care we beg the favour of your Grace's blessing, and remain your most devoted obedient and affectionate people of the parish of St. Patrick.

Signed on behalf of the parishioners.
EDWARD BROWN,
JAMES TWOHY,
AUGUSTUS BARTH.

A GREAT MANY CHILDREN

—have been cured of scrofula and other skin diseases—as well as thousands of grown people, by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Every disorder that can be reached through the blood, yields to its purifying qualities. Besides, it builds up *wholesome flesh* and strength; not merely fat like Cod liver oils. A scrofulous condition of the blood invites Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption. We're all exposed to the germs of consumption, grip, or malaria—yet only the weak ones suffer. When you're weak, tired out, and debilitated, or when pimples and blotches appear—heed the warning in time. The "Discovery" sets all the organs into healthy action—especially the liver, for that's the point of entrance for these germs, then if the blood is pure, they'll be thrown off. There's no risk. If it fails to benefit or cure in all cases of impure blood or inactive liver, your money is returned.

The key to the situation—if you suffer from Catarrh, you'll find in Dr. Sage's Remedy. No matter how bad your case may be, the proprietors of the medicine promise to pay \$500 if they can't cure you. You're cured, or you're paid.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Old Post Office Property, at Hamilton," will be received at this office until Wednesday, the 15th day of November, 1893 for the purchase of the old Post Office property, on James Street, Hamilton, Ont.
The property can be viewed on application to Mr. Hornby, caretaker of the new Post Office.
The reserved price is \$14,000.00; no offer less than this will be considered.
An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works for \$1,000.00, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of good faith. The department does not bind itself to accept any tender.

By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.
Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 17th October, 1893. } 45a

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And Other Rubber Goods Repaired

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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. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully. I guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, don't fail to write today.
Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.



Used With Satisfactory Results.

JOLIET, ILL., March 10, 1891. 2
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has been used for the past 12 years with satisfactory results by our Sisters troubled with nervousness.
SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 5, '90.
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the very best I have ever found. I certainly deem it a great blessing to all persons afflicted. May the blessing of God be upon it. Yours most respectfully,
SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS, O. S. F.

DELHI, Ohio, Feb., 1890.
A young man 28 years old who is subject to a rush of blood to the head, especially at the time of the full moon, and he at such times raves and is out of his mind. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic helps him every time. So says
REV. FATHER WM. SCHOLL.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address free. Four patients also get the medicine free.
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878 and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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OF ONTARIO
And Safe Deposit Vaults.
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Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.
Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.
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Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money Invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.

N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.
A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.



Are you troubled with bad taste, belching, burning in throat? Take K. D. C.—the King of Dyspepsia Cures. All druggists. Free sample mail.

ed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

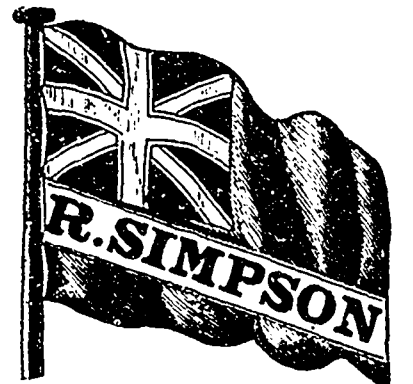
The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book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

P. MUNGOVEN.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

TEMPTATIONS to buy dress goods are not wanting with this house. The range of stocks makes it possible for us to meet any desire of the shopping public. We know that desire is very wide, and, possibly, it is whimsical. Makes no difference, we've got the stocks, the kind, the prices, to suit.

Navy and Black Serges, double width goods, as low as 25c.
Navy and Black Serges, double width goods, as high as \$1.25.

But relating to quality of material, the prices are as marvellously low as the character of the goods are gratifying.

A beautiful line Henriettas, in more than 50 shades, the very newest, 48-in., marked 50c, where they would be a surprise at 75c.

The story could be extended with the tale of Broadcloaths, Hop Sackings, Princess Cloths, Epengalines, Ombras, Goffas and many things new and pretty, for dress goods this season are rich in novelties—with this house.

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Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." *Civil Service Gazette*
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:
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