

The Catholic Register.

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

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Image Worship and Catholic Theology

[By Rev. J. P. TRACY, D.D.]
THE REGISTER has been favored by Rev. Dr. Tracy with the following notes on image worship, the subject treated in his Cathedral sermon last Sunday and the previous Sunday:

Quite recently letters appeared in the columns of the daily press written over the signature of a certain clergyman of the Church of England in which Catholic teaching regarding the veneration of images was openly misrepresented, in a manner that was calculated to wound the religious susceptibilities of Catholic people.

The thinking people of this century were, we had thought, superior to their forerunners of the preceding ages by their liberality and breadth of view as well as by their charitableness of thought, language and general conduct towards those who happened to think differently from them on political as well as religious questions. Yet in reviewing these recent attacks on Catholic doctrine we have been sorely deceived.

Strange to say those very men who are so liberally disposed in religious opinion, from transcendental High Churchism down to abyssal latitudinarianism, cannot tolerate their own-erroneous doctrines and heart-meaning devotions of the Church of God.

The kindly sunshine of their religious liberality radiates as far as the walls of the Church of Rome, but goes no further; or if it does extend towards us it is as a sickly beam of pity for supposed superstition that resembles the wintry hue of a December evening.

Scarcely a day passes but some third rate writer in our monthly periodicals, or some pulpit orator who strives for notoriety at the expense of charity, justice and truth, will endeavor by means of base insinuations, covert, sly insinuations or open direct falsehoods to malign the Catholic Church, to garble or misrepresent her dogmatic teaching, and pauper to the undistinguished and cultured by maliciously caricaturing Catholic doctrine and practices.

We have no quarrel with the clergy or members of the Church of England. We admire the Anglican community as a time-honored institution of great value to the world. We respect its members. We admire its clergy and its laity. We do not quarrel with those amongst them with whom we have had the pleasure of personal acquaintance who entertain feelings of friendship akin to affection, but when the Catholic Church is attacked, and when her doctrines are openly and shamefully misrepresented in a manner that does little credit to the vilifier and throws doubt in the eyes of those who from personal feeling or religious conviction may have been inclined to regard her with respect and admiration, we should resent such attacks in a manner at once summary and emphatic.

In the letters the impression was conveyed that so far as the veneration of images goes we Catholics do not crawl before their pagan gods of wood or stone and then to add insult to injury, he proceeds in a manner worthy of a man who while he escapes lying by the mouth, is guilty of the same by the pen. There is no difficulty in overcoming such a man, we should regard with respect and admiration St. Thomas and the decrees of ecclesiastical councils to corroborate a statement that has no foundation either in theology or reason.

The best answer that can be made to these and all other accusations regarding the veneration of images is a clear and concise exposition of Catholic doctrine on the matter. An image is anything like or resembling in substance as it is nature, and which being denuded of its physical and material incongruities, is perfected and ennobled by art, which tends to idealize rather than to represent nature with all its physical attributes. But the primary object of an image qua talis is to represent or bring before the senses the original person or thing. According to the doctrine of St. Thomas in the Summa Theologiae there are two things to be considered in an image, that is, in a painting or statue. First, the material of which it is composed such as gold, marble, wood, canvas, &c. Secondly the image itself or representation of the person outlined upon that material. These two things are essentially distinct, so that we may consider the one and not attend to the other at all. Thus for example in the statue placed in front of the Parliament Building the material is bronze, but the image is that of Sir John A. Macdonald. The image will not alter if the material is injured, and the material will always remain the same no matter what impression it receives. It does not lose its quality or change its nature by being transformed into a statue, or by being transformed into a statue. These two distinctions must be borne well in mind both in order to answer

objections against Catholic doctrine and to understand the force of St. Thomas' reasoning. Since, therefore, there are two different objects in every statue or painting, the material of which it is composed and the image or figure represented on it, it follows as a logical consequence that our thoughts may be directed towards a statue or a painting in a two-fold manner.

We may consider the material, wood or stone of which the statue is made, or we may contemplate the image upon it. If we consider the material of which the statue is made it deserves neither honor, nor respect, nor appreciation of any kind.

But if we consider the image or figure imprinted or sculptured on that material our attention is immediately to the person represented by it. The image serves as a channel in which to convey our thoughts and sentiments towards the original. It is in itself of no substantial being, no absolute reality of itself. Its character is purely relative, being, as Aristotle says, in the category of relation. Its whole nature and reason *est* in refer to the person it represents. It is in itself of no substantial being, no absolute reality of itself. Its character is purely relative, being, as Aristotle says, in the category of relation. Its whole nature and reason *est* in refer to the person it represents.

The image for the time being takes the place of the person it represents, at least in the estimation of those who from personal acquaintance, or otherwise, can see a likeness in the original and the image according to right reason and popular sentiment which is the common exponent of reason in matters of ordinary morality, where honor or dishonor, respect or disrespect are attributed to the original they are likewise applied, though in a particular sense, to the image.

Not indeed by reason of the material of which it is composed, nor on account of the grace and dignity of attitude or posture, nor because of the exquisite refinement of taste which is manifested in the execution of the work—all these reasons may do enter largely into our artistic appreciation of the image, but I repeat these are not the reasons why we honor the image. The sole reason why we pay respect to the image is because of the original to whom it refers, whose personality is reflected through it, and who alone is really and absolutely worthy of respect or honor or adoration.

Honor is the appreciation and regard due to personal worth, and properly belongs to a rational personal nature. It is not due to the material of which it is composed, nor on account of the grace and dignity of attitude or posture, nor because of the exquisite refinement of taste which is manifested in the execution of the work—all these reasons may do enter largely into our artistic appreciation of the image, but I repeat these are not the reasons why we honor the image. The sole reason why we pay respect to the image is because of the original to whom it refers, whose personality is reflected through it, and who alone is really and absolutely worthy of respect or honor or adoration.

We honor the crown because of the wearer. We honor the scepter because it is the symbol of her sovereignty, and the members of the Imperial House of Commons are honored because of the members of the Imperial House of Commons. We honor the crown because of the wearer. We honor the scepter because it is the symbol of her sovereignty, and the members of the Imperial House of Commons are honored because of the members of the Imperial House of Commons.

And if the image stands before the brow or dash it some against its pedestal, thousands of loyal subjects, Protestants as well as Catholics, would cry out in horror and indignation at the outrage, thus proving that the honor or dishonor which we give to the image is according to popular opinion, not because of religious teaching, immediately referred to the person whom it represents. There is nothing unreasonable in this line of conduct. Everyone approves of it and it is sanctioned by the popular sentiment of the people.

What, then, is relative worship? It is the worship that is elicited by the image but which is referred to the original. It is the reverence that is shown to the image but which is referred to the original. It is the reverence that is shown to the image but which is referred to the original.

tion of the image, but which is borne upwards to the adorable Crucified.

This is the teaching of the Catholic Church as is evidenced from the dogmatic decrees of the Second Council of Nicaea, (787), where we read: "The honor given to the image passes over to the person whom it represents; and he who venerates the image venerates the person portrayed by it."

The worship, therefore, which is given to Christ Himself absolutely, and the worship which is paid to Him inasmuch as He is represented by the image (as contemplated solely by the mind) are really and fundamentally the same and differ only in the manner in which they are directed.

This is the only meaning that can honestly be attached to the words of St. Thomas when he says: "Accordingly we must say that no reverence is paid to the image of Christ inasmuch as it is a thing of no substantial being, or painted, because reverence is due only to a rational nature. It remains then, that reverence is shown to inasmuch as it is an image and thus it follows that the same reverence is given to the image of Christ as to Christ Himself."

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A PROMINENT IRISH-CANADIAN.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Q.C. Solicitor-General of Canada.

[FOR THE REGISTER.]

As a present and practical illustration of what can be achieved by ability, industry and integrity we may refer to the career and status of Canada's present Solicitor-General, and a review of his successful efforts may be applied as an inspiration and guide to the rising generation of Irish Catholic young men in this country.

Of course Ioung Mr. Fitzpatrick may have had some unique advantages to help him forward in his early start in public life. For instance, he was born of good, genuine Irish Catholic parents, who watched over his early childhood with a prudence and tenderness that begot nobility of heart and lay the foundations of solid, moral integrity in their manhood. Then he had the best schooling that the institutions of learning in Quebec could afford. Again, the moral and religious lessons imparted by sincere Catholic parents were strengthened by the best pastoral supervision and instruction.

While this virtuous base is essential to the upbuilding of a strong and sterling character, to make it fruitful it requires the co-operation of strong and well-directed will-power, unswerving industry and an unflinching determination to overcome all obstacles that may beset the path in the beginning.

It was noticed that the subject of this sketch possessed those necessary features at an unusually early age, and that they strengthened with his years. When he came into active competition with keen classmates it was soon that he always kept at the head or very near there. And this keenness of intellect and assiduity in studies marked his career in all the scholastic institutions through which he passed. His regular intellectual training began in St. Anne's College and was continued in Quebec Seminary, and when his rare powers had declared themselves, it was then decided that he should take up law as a profession, and for this purpose he entered Laval University, where he made a thorough study of law, improving his record for closeness of application and mastery of legal details.

In 1876 he won the Lorne Medal and was called to the bar that same year. It was then his mettle and capacity were sternly put to practical test. His splendid record as a legal student was well known in his native city, and this brought him early clients, but he had to plead among old experienced lawyers who had already attained a name at the bar. This did not however dampen the future Solicitor-General, for he handled his first case with prudence and skill, showing a familiarity with legal procedure that opened the eyes of many of the old practitioners.

His case made the door of preferment seem to open naturally to the young attorney, for briefs came in as fast as he could attend to them. From the day of his appearance in the Courts his professional labors increased, because those who entrusted their business to a keen pleader who had a clear knowledge of the law and a strong persuasive power to present the best side of his clients' case, and withal, a considerate regard for the best interests of those who entrusted their business to his hands, and it was not long before he secured Government recognition and patronage, becoming Crown Prosecutor for the District of Quebec, in Hon. Mr. Joly's administration. He had then attained a high position at the bar, and this was enlarged by his prominent connection with the famous Riot trial in 1885. The unfortunate rebel leaders' unique character and situation moved the sympathies of a large portion of the Canadian people, and despite his foolhardy attempt to disturb the peace of the country, it was decided that his friends should compass his acquittal if possible.

The charge was grave, and it was at once seen that a lawyer of sterner stuff was needed. Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick was selected, and he went to Regina where the trial was held. He had given intense study to the weighty case, not only for the sake of his own legal reputation, but for the saving of the poor culprit's neck. His powerful defence of the accused leader was admirable in every way, and it drew from the friends of the prisoner their warmest approval and conviction that no humane agency could have done more to save the life of a doomed fellow-creature. As is well known the unhappy Riel died on the scaffold, but his principal defender gained wider fame by his able handling of the delicate case, and honorably left his position at the bar was secured by Joly in 1886, he again became Crown Prosecutor for his own province, which post he held till he was disqualified by his election to the Legislature, for Quebec county. In June 1890 he was again returned by acclamation for the same constituency, having refused the offer of the Attorney-Generalship in 91.

ASTAB IN THE BACK

Mr. Laurier's "Settlement" of the School Question.

Practically its Result Would be to Reconstitute all Primary Schools, Although Technically Provision is Made for Religious Teaching—The Protestant System Upheld.

Ottawa, Nov. 20. The following official statement was given out by Mr. Laurier this morning. Memorandum to settlement of school question:—

(1) Legislation shall be introduced and passed at the next regular session of the Legislature of Manitoba embodying the provisions hereinafter set forth in amendment to the "Public Schools Act," for the purpose of settling the educational questions that have been in dispute in that Province.

(2) Religious teaching to be conducted as hereinafter provided:—(1) If authorized by a resolution passed by a majority of the School Trustees, or (2) If a petition be presented to the Board of School Trustees asking for religious teaching and signed by the parents or guardians of at least ten children attending the school in the case of a rural district, or by the parents or guardians of at least twenty-five children attending the school in a city, town or village.

(3) Such religious teaching to take place during the hours of 2.30 to 3 o'clock in the afternoon and to be conducted by a Christian clergyman whose charge includes any portion of the school district, or by any person duly authorized by such clergyman, or by a teacher when so authorized.

(4) Where so specified in such resolution of the Trustees, or where so required by the petition of the parents or guardians, religious teaching during the hours specified may take place only on specified days of the week instead of on every teaching day.

(5) In any school in towns and cities where the average attendance of Roman Catholic children is forty or upwards, in villages and rural districts where the average attendance of such children is twenty-five or upwards, the Trustees shall, if so required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such children, employ at least one duly certified non-Roman Catholic teacher.

(6) Where religious teaching is required to be carried on in any school in pursuance of the foregoing provisions and there are Roman Catholic children attending such school, the school-room accommodation does not permit of the pupils being placed in separate rooms for the purpose of religious teaching, the Trustees shall, if so required by the regulations of the Department of Education (which regulations the Board of School Trustees shall observe) whereby the religious teaching shall be carried on in such a way that the religious teaching of the Roman Catholic children may be carried on during the prescribed period on one half of the teaching days in each month.

(7) The Department of Education shall have the power to make regulations, not inconsistent with the principles of this act, for carrying into effect the provisions of this act.

Second Grand Concert.

This concert in aid of the Sisters of the Precious Blood under the direction of Miss Adelaide Lemstra which will be given next Friday evening in the hall of the Confederation Life Building promises to be one of the chief attractions of the week.

The artists who have kindly volunteered their services for this occasion is Madame Lucy Franklin, late principal contralto of the Royal Opera Company, London. She refers to Madame Franklin in the following enthusiastic terms: "A more accomplished vocalist, a richer contralto or a more charming singer we never remember to have seen in English opera. Toronto's favorite soprano Miss Maggie Haston has also generously consented to take part. The celebrated basso, Signor E. De Luca and the tenor, Mr. Merello, the vocal quartet will also contribute to make this one of the most enjoyable concerts of the season."

Dr. Conarty's Appointment Reported.

Rome, Nov. 20.—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Conarty, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., has been appointed by the Pope rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D.C., to succeed Bishop John J. Keane, who resigned September 29, 1896.

The Settlement Condemned.

A Catholic mass meeting was held at St. Boniface and a resolution passed condemning the school settlement.

The Tridium in Honor of St. Cecilia's.

Last week the Rev. Father Bergin, of St. Cecilia's parish, West Toronto Junction, inaugurated a Tridium in aid of preparation for the feast of the patron saint of the church, St. Cecilia, on the 22nd inst.

The death of the Bishop of Ross.

Deaths, Nov. 25.—Right Rev. William Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Ross, died suddenly this morning at his residence in Skibboreen.

Bishop Fitzpatrick had only recently returned from a visit to Rome. On getting back to his diocese he contributed £10 10 0 to the Irish Parliamentary Fund.

THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Mr. Parrell on the Irish Land Question: An Exposition Used to Mr. T. W. Russell—A Cuck and a Hill Story Circulated for Zestful Protestants

The chief Land Commission, sitting at Belfast, has raised some rents on the second judicial term.

Mr. Murphy, the Governor of Belfast, is retiring from office. During the detention of Messrs Dillon and O'Brien in Galway jail Mr. Murphy was the governor of that establishment, from which he was soon afterwards transferred to the important post in the capital of the North.

The ladies of Belfast have raised over £1000 in pennies to aid the Mater Infirmorum Hospital.

A shocking burning fatality is reported to have occurred in the townland of Carrickbrack, county Armagh, about one mile or one and a half miles from Poyntress. A very old woman named Ellen Reid lived alone in a little cottage. The old creature was found with her head behind the fire, and her features were burned beyond recognition. One of her arms was completely burned off the body.

Four persons were burned to death in a fire at Minane Bridge, 15 miles from Cork, on Nov. 8.

The meeting which Mr. John Dillon, M. P., Chairman of the Irish Party, addressed on Nov. 8 at Dandon was a remarkable success. It was not only notable for the large numbers that attended it, but also because of the spirit and earnestness shown by the people. The gathering was representative of two divisions of the great county of Cork—the South Eastern Division, in which it was held, and the Southern Division, which adjoins the parish of Dandon. The spirit of the meeting was thoroughly Nationalist, and there was a strong feeling indeed exhibited by the people against all dissension and disunion. Those present appear to take the greatest interest not only in the working of the new Land Act but in all references to the Financial Relations Committee and the Recesse Committee.

The gathering was an extremely large one, and contingents were present from all the surrounding districts. Mr. Dillon travelled down from Dublin on Saturday afternoon. At Malrow station he was welcomed by a large gathering of the townspeople, headed by the Rev. Fr. O'Callaghan, C.O., who presented an address, to which Mr. Dillon briefly responded. On arriving at Dandon next morning he was met by Canon Shinkwin, P.P., and a large number of the townspeople with the local band. At the meeting Canon Shinkwin and Mr. Dillon were enthusiastically received, and so were the county members who were present.

Mrs. Louisa Woodroffs of Fermoy has apologized for a case of tampering with the religion of a patient in the local workhouse. She says it was unintentional.

Rev. Daniel Corcoran, C.O., Incha. glis, is dead.

Party.

The tension in Unionist circles in Derry is rather increased than mitigated, and the independent candidates, that is the candidates who think the dominant clique in the Unionist Party have dealt unfairly with them, are prosecuting a vigorous canvass. These candidates issue, each on his own part, addresses distinct from the official document issued over the joint signatures of their former colleagues and now opponents. Interest chiefly centres on the attempt to oust the Conservative Mayor, Mr. Alderman Bell.

Brother Superior Vincent Caffrey, of the Irish Christian Brothers, who has for the past six years filled the position of Superior of the Christian Schools, Derry of the hill, Derry, to the great advantage of the people of the city, is about to depart for Australia. Brother Caffrey has been one of the most successful and efficient members of this admirable body of educationalists, and has already spent no fewer than 25 years in the service of education and of religion in various parts of Ireland. Nine of these were devoted to the work of his Order in Kilkenny, eight in Cork, and six in Derry, from all three of which places he will carry with him to his future sphere of duty in the southern hemisphere the warmest good wishes of a host of friends. It is very gratifying to learn that the establishments of the Irish Christian Brothers on the Australian continent are growing in number and importance, and that the pupils are amongst the most successful of those furnished by any Australian schools for public instruction. Brother Caffrey will leave London on the S. Oceanic, of the P. and O. line, on the 20th inst., proceeding in the first instance to Melbourne.

Mr. John McGinley, Falcarragh, is dead.

Mr. Fitzgerald, a western landlord, died suddenly in Rathfriland Catholic Church, on Nov. 8. Mr. J. W. Russell, the well known anti-Horne Rule M.P., lectured in Dub-

lin on Nov. 10th on Parnell and the Irish Land question. He said:—Up to 1870 the Irish tenant possessed no legal property in the soil. By the constitutional labours of men like Sharman Crawford, Dr. M. Knight, Richard Smith, Hugh Law and Isaac Butt (applause), aye—and shame hit said that it should have required it—by the unconstitutional work of the Land League, this horrid system has been all but brought to the ground. He remembered at the close of the session of 1878, just after the Irish Sunday Closing Bill had been passed, he stood in the lobby of the House of Commons conversing with the late Mr. Parrell. Mr. Parrell had voted all through in favour of the bill, and he (Mr. Russell) thanked him. "Now," Mr. Parrell said, "we are done with liquor for some time, we must see about land." "Ah!" he (Mr. Russell) replied, "that will live a tougher job; it will require an earthquake to upset the Irish land system." "Then," Mr. Parrell replied, "earthquake be it" (applause).

A Glifden correspondent writes:—In connection with the Technical School lately established here under the auspices of the Congregational District Board, an examination of the children in not making and mending was held by Mr. H. Welch, B. A., Inspector of National Schools, and all the children acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. A week ago a preliminary prize examination was conducted by the Very Rev. Canon Lynskey, assisted by Miss Mansfield, of Dublin—a prominent and popular lady philanthropist who has done a good deal for the poor fishermen on the Connemara coast, amongst whom she had resided for a number of years up to a short time ago. The examination was conducted in Mr. Vesey's school, Clifden, directly after his results examination had been concluded. A technical school of a similar sort has been started by Canon Lynskey in the village of Oleggan, eight miles from Clifden, and in a very short space of time all the children of this parish will be likely to require a knowledge of the art of net making as a means of a living will be carefully and skillfully instructed in this useful branch of industry. The Clifden children are now able to teach others, and are in fact doing so. The mackerel season throughout the year on this coast has been very successful.

An Italian gentleman, Signor Egido Vitali, who is concerned with wine growing in Northern Italy, having been recently through those portions of Southern Kerry and Cork, whose climate is so largely modified by the influence of the Gulf Stream striking the Southern Coast, has written to the Earl of Kenmare suggesting that a trial should be given to the culture of the wine in those districts. He has pointed out to his lordship that several trees and shrubs which grow in mild climates only thrive in Killarney and other places in the South, which in this respect have the advantage of Northern Italy, where the vine flourishes, and he has offered to provide hardy vines from those regions for experimental planting in the districts in Kerry to which reference has been made. It is worthy of note that the Marquis of Bute has tried a similar experiment in the neighbourhood of Cardiff, where, of course the climatic conditions are not as favourable to its success as those found in South Kerry.

The Limerick dockmen who are out of employment through the introduction of machinery in the stores of Banatsya & Co. are demanding from the Bishop of Limerick £500 which the firm have attempted to his lordship to distribute. The Bishop thinks the effect of giving the money to the dockmen would be to pauperise them.

The Freeman's Journal says: Men like Mr. Shirley, of Loughfa, Co. Wick, Carrickmacross, enable one to understand the bitterness of the land question. The tenants of this gentleman met recently, and passed two eminently fair and reasonable resolutions. The first requested a reduction of rent for the unevicted tenants in view of the unprecedented agricultural depression. The second requested that the landlord would take advantage of the clause of the Land Act of 1896, and accept the arbitration of the Land Commission with the view to the reinstatement of the evicted tenants as purchasers of their holdings. These two resolutions were conveyed to the landlord, whose residence is but a mile away, by the Very Rev. Dean Brimingham, who was the chairman of the meeting, and a dignified and courteous request that as this will be an exceptionally hard year on farmers, the landlord would give the petition of his tenants his kindest consideration. The sole reply was a mere curt acknowledgment of the receipt of letters and resolution by the agent by direction of the landlord. Clarendon at his worst could not have beaten this.

On Nov. 8 a great Nationalist meeting took place at Ballymore, for the purpose of supporting the appeal made by the Chairman of the Irish Party, and discussing the agrarian situation generally. The meeting was one of the largest that has been held in the county Bligo for many years, and the remarkable enthusiasm

evinced by the people should be hopeful augury for the success of the appeal which Mr. Dillon has sent forth. The people came long distances to attend the meeting, and listened attentively to the speeches delivered from the platform. A noteworthy feature of the demonstration was the presence of a very large number of young men in the crowd. Mr. Wm. O'Brien, who was the principal speaker at the meeting, drove over in the morning from Ballahaderin, and on the way at frequent intervals the people collected to cheer him.

A dispute about the religion of an inmate of the Olomel workhouse has come up. The Guardians are insisting, in opposition to a letter from the local government board, that the request of a pauper to see a clergyman shall be respected.

ENGLAND.

The Bishop of Marlborough Starts a Quest. We are indebted to the London correspondent of the Dublin Freeman for the following:

The Bishop of Marlborough made himself responsible for an extraordinary and incredible story at a Bible Society's meeting. He declared that a Catholic priest—a Frenchman apparently, although he did not say so—was in course of being "prepared" to enter the Anglican Church some time since in London, when he was kidnapped one evening by the Catholic authorities and deported to France. The Bishop also declared that he took the care of the more bigoted Protestants over here, and the Echo, which has always shared with the Globe the distinction of being the most anti-Catholic paper in London, tried to get further details from the Bishop. But he declined to see their representatives, and even the representative of the Star was equally unsuccessful. It is very remarkable, to say the least of it, that such an affair would have been kept dark by the Bishop until he casually mentioned it in the course of a speech seemingly many months after it is alleged to have occurred. But in view of the Bishop's reticence it is only fair to surmise that he has been victim of the same clever swindler who was never a priest at all, and who having got as much as he could out of the credulous Bishop and his friends, took his departure when he was about to make a formal acceptance of Protestant doctrine. A representative of the Westminster Gazette called at Archdeacon's House, Westminster, to ascertain what was the answer to the above story. He was informed that nothing whatever was known about the affair, and was an idle canard, in short "a cock and bull" story without any foundation of truth in it.

Catholic English Mayors.

Two important English towns have just elected Catholic Mayors. In Southend-on-Sea Mr. Councilor Tolhurst, a local solicitor, has been chosen. At Atherstone, where Mr. Arnold, also a local Catholic, has been selected. Mayor Tollhurst has appointed Father P. McKenna, of Southend, to be his chaplain during his Mayoralty.

The Ags, published in Jewett, Ohio, says: "We carry but one patent medicine 'ad' that of J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and would not do this were it not that the firm is as square in its dealings as any bank, and its preparations are the best of their kind. The editor of the Ather's half was not convinced by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after the physicians had failed to give her relief."

A negro, in a religious gathering, prayed earnestly that all his colour-brothers might be preserved from what he called their "upsetting sin." "Brother," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you are a white man, and you are 'it's beest'n', not 'upsett'n'." "Brother," replied the other, "if that's so, it's so, but I was a pray'n' Providence to save us from the sin of justification, as 'if dat ain't an uppsett'n' sin, I dunno w'at sin."

Money No Object. The amount of money sufferers from catarrh will spend in attempting to cure that foul and disagreeable disease is almost incalculable. A. H. Jones, of Glifford, Ont., says: "I spent over \$200 and \$300 consulting doctors; I tried all the 'treatments' without benefit. One box of Chase's Catarrh Cure did me more good than all the remedies. A 25c box cured me." Don't waste money. Chase's Cure, with improved blower, 25c. It cures.

It is vainly to attempt to please all by trying to do all. It is no pleasure to prove folly for real distress; give true friendship to true merit.

The Tailor'd Kidney. Railroad employes, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with pain across the small of the back. This indicates the "Tailor'd Kidney," which is a disease of serious illness. On the slightest symptoms of backache take one Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c. per box.

Learn to be pleased with everything; with wealth, so far as it makes us beneficial to others; with poverty, not not having much to care for and with obscurity, for being unenvied.

Why will you allow a cough to lace onto your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling your consumption? Buy the truly useful remedy of H. K. Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

MY STORY—A STUDY.

(FOR THE REGISTER.)

'Tis the quiet old city of Charleston. A bright singing morn in June—the month of heavenly favors.

In a convent garden, beneath a huge towering oak, a sweet-faced nun sits knitting: by her side are two of her favorite young pupils, one toying with a rosabud, the other reading a "Rosary Leaflet."

The one with the bud is Ita Wilton, the only child of a New York millionaire. She is tall and very dark, with a haughty brow. Her companion with the sad, pensive face is Madge Moore—the penniless orphan, niece of a near neighbor of Ita's. It is through the kindness of Mr. Wilton that the latter is receiving a convent education.

These two fair creatures, very different in disposition, have been friends since their earliest years. Wherever one is, you are always certain to find the other. They love their happy school-life; they adore kind Sister Maria; they are wont to sing in the fullness of joy those striking lines: O Time! suspend thy flight, and ye, propitious hours, Suspend your course; Suffer us to enjoy the swift delights Of these our fairest days.

For a long time the three sit there in the cool garden without uttering a word, the calm stillness surrounding them being only disturbed by the rustling of swaying trees and an occasional soft note from a stray bird.

At length, however, the silence is broken by Madge, who, with Least still in hand, exclaims: "Dear Sister Maria, do tell us something about the Bona Mors Association, I see the name mentioned here in my leaflet." The good sister readily gives the desired information, adding that it would be well for both of them to join this association, whose principal object was to prepare for and obtain the grace of a happy death. Ita, on hearing her teacher's suggestion, smiles, saying in her thoughtless way that only old people would think of joining such a society. But Madge, on the other hand, quickly said, "Indeed, sister, I would love to become a member."

Three days later the latter was admitted to the Bona Mors Association. Years have passed. In the bright recreation hall of old Charleston's Abbey merry laughter is still heard. But the voices of our three friends whom we saw that day so long ago in the convent orchard no longer mingle in the laugh. They have bade adieu to the convent's peaceful home years ago.

"Adieu, adieu, adieu! It is 'the cry of earth'." Kind Sister Marie now dwells in the lap of luxury of the South. Her young pupils pass life's speeding days in the city of their birth—New York. Ita, one of nature's peerless daughters, is the idol of her father's palatial home. Madge, who lives with a maiden aunt—Miss Cotter—daily wends her way to a large departmental store, where she has a position as French saleswoman. Do the girls ever meet? Oh, yes. Poverty, social standing, can never wreak their pure friendship. They often meet as in their school days.

"Strong affection contends with all things, and o'ercometh all things." One dark, chilly October evening Ita Wilton, little dreaming of sorrow near, sits reading in her charming boudoir. Presently her maid enters with a note summoning her to the bedside of her dear friend Madge, who, it appeared by the note, had been fatally injured an hour previous by a high fall. Without a moment's delay she repairs to Miss Cotter's cottage, where she finds Madge calmly awaiting death, her good old confessor standing by. It was not till the morning's first hour that gentle Madge bade farewell to earth.

Before the sun had risen Through the lark-loved morning air Her young soul left its prison Undefined by sin or care.

Her last words, "O God, I thank thee for this happy death, happy because thou hast come to me, to strengthen my faltering soul on this my last journey," sank deep into the heart of Ita, leaving there a lasting impression of life's most precious gift—a happy death.

From the day of Madge Moore's early death she became a changed being; her one desire was to become a religious, her one prayer:

"In thee, my Lord, and only thee, Henceforth my every joy shall be."

'Tis a sister's hospital in Cincinnati. A nun of quietly bearing, with familiar face bends o'er a dying soul, preparing a happy death for the sufferer. It is Ita Wilton, now Sister Maria. Pray on, sweet sister, and 'though the prize you may not win, still pray.' Amen.

They never fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parnollo's Pills I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parnollo's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Correspondence.

TORONTO Nov. 17th 1896.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register. DEAR SIR—As you are aware the St. Vincent de Paul society of this city recently opened up a Free Intelligence Office for female servants at St. Vincent's hall, 25 Shuter street, with Mr. Hynes as honorary agent. Office hours, 9 to 10 a.m., and 1 to 4 p.m., and I am in a position to state that the efforts of the Society have been fully appreciated by domestics, as they have been much imposed on by fraudulent "intelligence agents," and have reported to the Society office at a rate of 30 a month, but it is to be regretted that employers have not sent in applications for more than half that number, and therefore I write with a view to enlist more fully the assistance of the rev. clergy, yourself and the public in procuring employment for this most deserving class of the community. All applications by letter or person promptly attended to.

A FRIEND OF THE GIRLS.

The Army Chaplain.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—I hope that you will grant me a little space in your very valuable paper for the undermentioned little occurrence. I was traveling from Colombo, Ceylon, to Nijamba to see an old friend of mine, and on crossing the bridge of boats a little outside the city I was met by the Rev. Father Rodrigo, who was galloping into the city. He asked me where I was going. I told him to Nijamba. He said the cholera is very bad at the prison. I have been up there last 8 nights. We have lost about 30 of the prisoners, and I am running out of medicine and some comforts for the poor fellows, so I am going into the palace to get some from his Grace, and likewise I may be able to get a little help. So we parted, I for the prison and his Reverence for the city. It was fortunate for me I did meet his Reverence. I did not go far till I came to a Parneco's house. I got two bottles of the best brandy and some other little things which I thought I might need as I was going to stop over seven days. But when I got there to my great surprise there were two of the garrison taken ill with the cholera, that very evening. I met Lieut O'Connell a nephew of Dan O'Connell, who was in command there of a detachment. He told me how things were. I have seen some things with this coolie, who I told to come forward; and I can tell you it was a who's splendid performance on the race track stand amongst the best racers in trans-Atlantic turf history. All too soon his life has ended, and our sympathies go out sincerely to the bereaved widow and family who find themselves plunged in deepest sorrow mourning the loss of a devoted husband and father.

Church of England Clergyman.

A Philanthropist Makes Personal Investigation.

RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE HAS SAVED ME.

Was the Verdict in the 25 Cases He Investigated.

St. Peter's Mission House, Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 25, 1896. S. S. Ryckman, Esq., M. P., Hamilton, Ont.

DEAR SIR—Acting upon your suggestion, I made personal inquiries from 25 persons of different ages and various social conditions who have been suffering from Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney disease, etc., to the effect of your medicine upon them. From each and every one the testimony was the same: "Kootenay Cure" has saved me. Several very striking cases of Chronic Rheumatism, Paralysis, Loss of Sight, and Hoarseness, have come under my notice, and it is not here for the personal testimony of the patients themselves I could not have believed that such results were possible. From young and old came the same hearty and grateful testimony of pain removed, health restored, and a new lease of life gained. Wishing you continued success, I am yours faithfully, THOMAS GROGHAN, Rootor.

"The Beadle (to our minister)—"A dilla like the sermon for three rizins—'reck, you read it; secondly, yo dilla read it 'weel; thirdly, it wasna worth readin'."

SLEETHENNESS is due to nervous excitement. 'Tis delicately constituted, 'tis the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. It is the great restorer of a worn-out brain, it got sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parnollo's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Professor O'Brien.

The far famed and most successful Philologist and scientific linguist is now on his second year in Toronto, where his success has been unparalleled. Don't fail to consult him for your own interest. Patronized by the Elite. Photos read free to patrons. Hours 1 to 2 and 7 to 11. 114 Shuter St., Toronto.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

"THE GUILD THAT BORN THE NEEDLES FOR THE WORLD."

The Catholic Needlework Guild in England is doing splendid work. Starting seven or eight years ago with only a few members...

The object of the Guild is to make clothing for the various charitable institutions and the poor.

Each member pledges herself to contribute two articles of clothing per year, the contributions to take the form of anything useful, no restrictions being imposed as to the kind of things sent...

There is no entrance fee, but those who are asked to contribute towards defraying expenses, etc. This is not compulsory, however.

By the middle of November each member sends her two articles of clothing to her district secretary who, in turn forwards them to headquarters from whence they are distributed to the parishes and charities judged to be the most needy.

Think of the benefits accruing to many poor missions and convents engaged in looking after the wants of the aged, from participation in the distribution of seven or eight thousand articles of beautiful work clothing.

Will those of my readers who are interested in getting up concerts for charitable purposes or otherwise, kindly let me know of the same at the earliest possible moment?

As I am comparatively new to the city, I trust my readers will help me in order that I may be the better help them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received.

No questions replied to by post. Letters to members, No. 2, Toronto Street, Toronto, Money to Loan.

AN INTERESTED PARTY.—Thanks very much, last week's notice went to press long before I received your letter.

Other interested parties please take the above to heart, and act accordingly.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure.

All weighty things are done in solitude, that is, without society. The means of improvement consist not in projects, or in any violent designs, for these cool, and cool very soon; but in patient practicing for weeks long days, by which I make things clear to my highest reason.—Joan Paul Richer.

Hay Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 30 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages.

In the intercourse of social life, it is by little acts of watchful kindness recurring daily and hourly—and opportunities of doing kindnesses, if opportunity, are over starting up—it is by words, by tones, by gestures, by looks, that affection is won and preserved.

"I know the world is weary of my plain and I must stand apart." Such was the burden of Ireland's lament, at the recent entertainment at Loreto Abbey.

From the long silence of the centuries comes the reply, fraught with promise that can alone give strength to do and suffer.

From the long, O Lord, how long shall an innocent nation be trodden in the winnowing of Thy wrath?

From the long silence of the centuries comes the reply, fraught with promise that can alone give strength to do and suffer.

"What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

From the shadows in which the coming years are wrapped shines the true reason for Ireland's sufferings; the reason for which she is being tried in the furnace of affliction.

For Armenia hundreds of voices have been raised and hundreds of thousands of dollars sent out, but for Ireland, nothing!

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Sunlight Soap. There is no mystery about Sunlight Soap. It is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use.

Pure Gold Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure Baking Powder. Pure Gold Flavoring Extracts Improve Fuddings and Desserts.

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MULVEY & McBRADY, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Proctors in Admiralty, Room 76, Canada Life Building, 46 King Street West, Toronto.

J. T. LOETUS, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY, Conveyancer, Etc. Offices: Room 51, Canada Life Building, 40 to 46 King Street West, Toronto.

HEARN & LAMONT, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY, NOTARIES, ETC. Offices: Toronto and Tottenham, 47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. W., Toronto.

ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Offices: Land Security Chambers, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

TYTLER & McCADE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Offices: 9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto. Money to Loan.

WILLOUGHBY, CAMERON & LEE, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. Offices: Equitable Chambers, cor Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

TEACHER WANTED FOR ROMAN CATHOLIC SEPARATE School, No. 6, Toronto Gore, for the year 1897.

FOR SALE. A SECOND-HAND HORIZONTAL Engine, of six horse power. Also a seventeen-horse power horizontal tubular boiler.

MUSTARD - THAT'S - MUSTARD. A SECOND-HAND HORIZONTAL Engine, of six horse power. Also a seventeen-horse power horizontal tubular boiler.

Dunn's Mustard. MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM HIGH FLAVOURED ENGLISH BLEND.

BRASS AND IRON BEDSTEDS. TILES, GRATES, HEARTHES, MANTELS. RICE LEWIS & SON, (LIMITED), COR. KING & VICTORIA STREETS TORONTO.

PURE WATER. In addition to the many modern improvements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Brewery, the latest is a powerful water filter.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO OF TORONTO, (LTD.) D. MCINTOSH & SONS, 524 YONGE STREET.

MONUMENTS. D. MCINTOSH & SONS, 524 YONGE STREET. GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS.

BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS. Always Reliable and as Represented.

F. B. GULLETT & SONS. Monumental and Architectural Sculptors and Dealers of Monuments, Tombs, Memorials, Tablets, Altars, Busts, Fountains, Headstones and Scrolls.

EPPS'S COCOA. ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCOA. Possesses the following Distinguished Merits: DELICIOUS FLAVOR.

PACIFIC RESTAURANT. 180 Church St., Toronto. WEST TEN CENT MEAL IN THE CITY.

CHARLES J. MURPHY (UNWIN & CO., ESTAB. 1822) Ontario Land Surveyor, &c. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Properties.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D. Eye and Ear Surgeon. To St. Michael's Hospital.

DR. COOK. Throat, Nose and Lung. Inhalations a special feature in Consumption and Croup.

DR. JAS. LOFTUS, DENTIST. 222½ Post Office, Toronto.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., LTD. BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto.

SEE UNCONDITIONAL THE NEW ACCUMULATIVE POLICY ISSUED BY THE Confederation Life Association OF TORONTO. IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS.

Excelsior Life Insurance Company of Ontario Limited. HEAD OFFICE—Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO.

WESTERN Assurance Company INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Fire and Marine. Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, 10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephone 592 & 2073.

THE TEMPERANCE AND General Life Assurance Co OFFERS THE Best Plans and Rates And the Most Desirable Forms of Life Insurance Obtainable.

F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER, 140 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer, 359 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

Dr. Chase's Ointment Cures. Fergus, April 16, 1894. To the Hon. J. J. Killip, M.P. Sir, I beg to certify that I have used your ointment for a long time and find it to be a most valuable remedy for all kinds of skin diseases.

The Catholic Register.

Published every Thursday. Office 40 Lombard Street Toronto. Approved and recommended by the Archbishop, Bishops and Clergy generally throughout the Dominion. Subscription \$2.50 PER ANNUM.

Advertising rates made known on application. We edit and print for you. We do not charge for the use of our press. When notices of orders are received, we will be glad to do so. When postage stamps are sent in payment of subscriptions, we prefer orders to those. Receipts will be sent by return of mail. Always give the name of the post office to which your paper is sent. If you wish to change the place of residence, please immediately notify us—stating both the old and the new address. Advertisements should be addressed to The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Butter intended for the Editor should be so addressed, and must arrive not later than 10 o'clock of each week to insure publication. Correspondence. The Editor must be notified by letter when a notice is given, or when his paper stopped. Advertisements must be paid for in advance. Travelling Agents—Mr. P. McLaughlin, City Agent—Mr. L. O'Driscoll.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Nov. 26—St. Sylvester, Ab. 27—St. Elizabeth of Hungary. 28—St. Gregory III., P. 29—First Sunday of Advent. Dec. 1—St. Andrew, Ap. 2—St. Stephen, M. 3—St. Thomas, M. 4—St. John the Evangelist, M. 5—St. John the Baptist, M.

Mr. Laurier has sold Catholic interests. But can he deliver the goods?

A nameless Toronto priest approves the school "settlement." This priest must be fictitious as well as nameless.

Mr. Laurier is badly off for Catholic endorsement of his "settlement" when he is obliged to manufacture it. Welcome any addition to the infant industries of the country.

The anonymous priest who congratulates Mr. Laurier makes the remarkable mistake of ridiculing Catholic education. The words "redolent of religion" do not ring true.

The loss of the late Dr. Bergin will be all the more keenly felt in the House of Commons since the choice by the Liberal and Conservative conventions of candidates to fill his place has decided that there is to be no Catholic loss in the present parliament.

Harold Frederic, the London correspondent of The New York Times, reports that the priests of Ireland are subscribing to enable Mr. Healy oppose the Home Rule party. This would be interesting news if we could believe a word Harold Frederic makes him self responsible for.

The Ottawa College fifteen have shown Torontonians the best football ever seen west of the Ottawa river, although the game was played in a foot of snow. The Capital team deserves well of the capital city. Such football should entitle Ottawa to remain the premier city of the Dominion even though the seat of Government was moved over. Long may the Catholic University develop the college football champions of Canada. No institution could send out champions in a finer or more manly game.

A variety of absurd rumors concerning the Catholic church are being spread through the American press at present. The statements appear to be founded in malice of a personal nature. Archbishop Ireland is a shining object of attack and a few snots have been tried at Cardinal Gibbons. Both relatives are reported in disfavor at the Vatican, the newspapers professing to receive their information from Roman news correspondents. Not one particle of truth is contained in any of the statements, which have now grown so numerous as to leave in perfect bewilderment the object of the sensation mongers. The Baltimore cardinal and the great prelate of the west, regard the flying inventions with indifference.

The death is reported from Paris of Mgr. d'Hulst, rector of the Catholic Institute in the French capital. Mgr. d'Hulst was a remarkable figure in the public and religious life of France. An aristocrat and royalist by birth and instinct, he was, all in all, famous as a theological writer, a pulpiter orator, the founder of a Catholic university and a deputy in the French Chamber, representing Brost. He was distinctly an influence developed by the struggle for religious educational rights; and it is hardly remarkable that in such a cause a man of his intense sincerity should command the admiration of his most determined public antagonists. The panegyric of

Mgr. d'Hulst in the Chamber has been pronounced by M. Brisson, the anti-clerical President of that assembly. Among other things M. Brisson said that Brost had the credit of having chosen in succession two of the most remarkable dignitaries of the church to champion her interests—Mgr. Freppel and Mgr. d'Hulst.

About a year ago a citizen of Berlin passing in front of one of the military barracks (in a weak moment) with a grimace at the sentry. The soldier shot him dead on the spot without further provocation. The young Emperor called the murderer out in front of his regiment and publicly commended his conduct. The other day the Emperor, who does not appear to have acquired in the course of the year any increase of common sense, addressing his officers, told them that if ever they had occasion to defend the honor of their uniform against civilian insults to use their swords thoroughly. The Germans are a patient people, and patriotic. But all things have a limit.

"T. O. D.," the college journal, thus explains the position of Trinity College, Dublin, in connection with the question of university education for Catholics:

Although there is no restriction placed upon Roman Catholics who enter its walls, and fellowships and scholarships are open to them, Trinity College is distinctly Protestant in tone and in management. Its governing body is almost entirely Protestant. Protestant forms of worship are adhered to in its chapel. Its students, unless excused on the ground of conscientious scruples, are bound to attend catechetical lectures delivered by Protestant divines. The Divinity School, situated in the College itself, is in direct connection with the Irish Church; and lastly, the vast majority of the undergraduates are Protestants. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Roman Catholic bishops seek to prevent the young men of their church from entering this University.

The Manitoba Danger Signal.

Comment to us the words which Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, has spoken on what is satirically called the "school settlement." "I can scarcely bring myself to believe," he says "that any government in Canada could possibly be a party to such a transaction." There is something in looking at the matter in that way. To think for a moment that what is published from Ottawa is the finality of the transactions between the governments of Messrs. Laurier and Greenway would mean taking down every barrier before our impatience. After the fevers thrown out for weeks in the press, the forecasts and semi-official versions of the long looked for document, we had made up our minds to expect little or nothing from Mr. Laurier in the way of redress for the Catholic people of Manitoba. Catholic opinion, either in Manitoba or elsewhere, had not been consulted, and none were more in the dark about the issue of the inter-Liberal negotiations than the proper representatives of the people whose interests were at stake. But although we had abandoned all hope of seeing Mr. Laurier do justice to our co-religionists in the west, we must confess that the "settlement" has taken us completely by surprise.

What fresh graft does Mr. Laurier intend to impose upon the school legislation of Manitoba? Let us carefully examine the nature of the act proposed to be introduced at the next session of the Legislature. Let us see in what respect it differs from the intolerable Martin act. Does it ease the exclusion declared against Catholics by that infamous measure? or does it not clinch the policy of Martin and the bigots? We say Mr. Laurier's "settlement" would accomplish the latter not the former end; and we think a common-sense study of the Ottawa memorandum will make our contention plain to the average comprehension.

What was the Martin act? It was a law abolishing separate schools, and compelling Catholics to send their children to the public schools; or in lieu thereof to go without any share of the taxes which they themselves pay towards the cost of primary education in the province. It was a law that there must be only one kind of primary schools legally entitled to levy support on the taxpayers. It was a law sweeping away all rivalry to the Protestant system of common schools in which boys and girls, of all religions and of no religion, are taught together. It cut all public support away from

the Catholic idea of primary education in schools where, as far as possible, the teachers are selected with an equal view to religion and to efficiency. The destruction of the Catholic idea of education was the sum of the constitutional grievance declared by the judgment of the Imperial Privy Council. A remedy for that constitutional grievance, if offered to Catholics in good faith, must, of course, restore the central principle of Catholic schools. Mr. Laurier's "settlement" does not pretend to do anything of the kind; on the contrary it clinches the abolition of the Catholic idea, which is the one thing Archbishop Langevin and his people have been contending for during the past six years. All who have read the Ottawa memorandum have thus made most abundantly plain to them. Therefore, the preamble of the memorandum, when it says that the act to be introduced at the next session of the Legislature is "for the purpose of settling the educational questions that have been in dispute in that province" (Manitoba) flatly contradicts and mocks the plain meaning of the provisions of the document. The act will not and is not intended to settle the dispute; if passed it could only result in prolonging and embittering the contention of Catholics that their constitutional rights in Manitoba entitle them to the maintenance of the Catholic principle of education.

The first provisions stated in the memorandum are that any Christian clergyman (why not a rabbi?) may be authorized by a majority of school trustees, on the petition of the parents or guardians of ten children in rural districts, or twenty-five children in any city town or village, to give religious teaching for half an hour in the afternoon, either on specified days or every teaching day. There is no need to waste time in saying that this is not the idea of Catholic education. In the thinly settled school districts, therefore, Catholic schools would be rooted out; indeed all religious teaching would be rooted out, because it would be absurd to imagine that Christian clergymen in such districts, where missionary work is hard and distances are magnificent, could be on hand every afternoon of the week, or on specified afternoons between 3.30 and 4 o'clock sharp, to close the remote schools with religious instruction. Let us pass then the provision made for the poorest class of schools with one observation, that the Ottawa memorandum would absolutely secularize them, save for any favoring of Protestantism contained in the textbooks of Mr. Greenway's education department.

Next in order come the better class of schools in towns and cities where the average attendance of Catholic children is forty or upwards, and in villages and rural districts where the average attendance of Catholics is twenty five or upwards. In such schools the trustees may, if petitioned by the parents or guardians of the Catholic pupils, employ one duly certificated Roman Catholic teacher. Protestants may do the same. This is how the principle of common schools is insisted on. There is to be no separation of the pupils by religious denominations during the secular school work, and the Catholic teacher may be instructing the Protestants during the day, while the Protestant teacher may be placed over the Catholic pupils. This being so the only object of the provision that teachers in the larger schools shall be both Protestant and Catholic according to the denominational representation of the pupils, seems to be to ensure to Catholic young men and women in the teaching profession that their religion shall not debar a very limited number of them from finding employment for their talents. There is a provision for religious teaching in these larger mixed schools which the framers of the memorandum may profess to understand as a workable regulation; but which we confess ourselves unable to grasp in that way. Our readers may grapple with the provision (if for themselves, and see what they are able to make of it. As we read it, and we fancy we read it in the only way it is capable of being read, the Protestant pupils are to be sent home without religious teaching during one half the teaching days of the month, while the Catholic children are kept in, and during the other half of the teaching month the Catholic children will have an early day. As a compromise of the question of religious teaching in public

schools this is certainly a novelty; but as a "settlement" of the idea of Catholic teaching it is a farce. Under any circumstances it could not work, and if it could be carried out, it would only be a travesty of religious teaching. This then is the "settlement," along with a provision for bilingual teaching in French districts.

To sum up. Catholic schools and Catholic religious teaching are abolished root and branch in city, town, village and rural district. Read the memorandum in any way you please and nothing else can be made out of it.

Ontario Catholics have a doop and a grave concern in the federal policy of abandonment of Catholic education in Manitoba. To us the new phase upon which this question has entered means a danger brought nearer our doors. If a majority antagonistic to Catholic principles in education is returned to the Manitoba legislature, it is quite possible that a similarly disposed majority may be elected in Ontario. If a majority of the representatives of the Manitoba legislature pass a law that imposes upon the Catholic citizens of that province a constitutional grievance, it is not beyond the reach of political possibility that a similarly disposed majority in the Ontario legislature may undertake the same policy. If the Federal government is so spineless that it will not remedy the constitutional grievance of a minority in the province of Manitoba, it would be sanguine to expect that the federal power will stiffen its backbone when a minority in the province of Ontario is threatened. To be sure it will be said the constitution guarantees Catholic educational rights in Ontario. But Catholics in Manitoba up to the passage of the Martin Act rested upon the same comfortable sense of security. Let us not forget that during the campaign The Toronto Globe intimated to the Catholics of Ontario that they had better not talk too loudly for fear of awakening the Protestant giant in this neighborhood. A policy of timidity never yet gained or retained a right worth having. The abandonment of minority rights in Manitoba is a precedent which no independent citizen should close his eyes to. If a minority is abandoned there, a minority will be left to its own devices here. It is immaterial whether the Separate schools were abolished in Manitoba by Liberals or Conservatives; it is beside the question whether Conservatives in Ontario have threatened our Catholic schools or that Liberals have defended us. Political partisans will serve their ends by whatever means they may deem expedient, no matter whether they call themselves Liberals or Conservatives. We have no immediate desire to make a point in favor of Sir Charles Tupper's policy when we condemn and repudiate the conduct of Mr. Laurier. We are Catholics in this Dominion strong enough (eye, too strong, for our very strength is responsible for our want of united action) to make the federal power respect the rights of minorities either in Manitoba or Ontario. As Catholics we have a sufficiently strong representation in the present parliament of Canada to make those rights respected. The French Liberals who support Mr. Laurier are pledged to remedial legislation, Manitoba declining to do justice to the Catholics. These Liberals have either to make good their pledges next session or to answer to their constituents. There is not an English-speaking Catholic in the House who can stand up and say upon his word as an intelligent man that Mr. Laurier's treatment of the Manitoba Catholics is not outrageous. There are sufficient number of law-loving and peace respecting Protestants in the House of Commons to furnish an overwhelming majority in favor of a vote adverse to Mr. Laurier on his constitutional question, if brought up in the House next session. Mr. Laurier came into power on false pledges in the province of Quebec, and he has not it in his power to make a right about turn as soon as he fancies himself safe in office. He has not "settled" the school dispute; he has intensified it and made it an element of social and political danger that few could have apprehended before now.

The Pope Secures Peace.

Pope Leo has been successful in securing an honorable peace for Italy with Menelik, King of Abyssinia. The Italian people are overjoyed, and

King Umberto is grateful enough to feel grateful. The Osservatore Romano publishes the text of the following letter written to the Emperor Menelik by the Pope on June 11th, 1896, asking for the release of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia:

"A victory has left in your hands numerous prisoners still in the full enjoyment of youth and vigor, and worthy of respect, who have been severed from their families and from their native land. Their captivity does not increase the greatness of your power, neither does it entreat your prestige, but the grief of thousands of unoffending mothers and wives. Permeated by the Divine mission confided to Us by Jesus Christ, which extends to all Christian nations, We love these captives as sons. Great then the petition made to a father's heart in the name of the Divine Trinity, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, in the name of all that is dearest to you in the world, and restore these men to liberty without delay."

Italy begins to understand that she is fortunate in entertaining, even as a prisoner, the heart of the Catholic Church. Leo, the charitable, petitions for liberty for the captives of the nation which has made himself a captive.

A Petition Against Justice Robertson.

Last week we called attention to the insulting language used by Mr. Justice Robertson from the bench at the Guolphassizes towards Irish Catholics. The ROBINSON was the only paper in Canada to comment upon the matter; but we have every reason to hope that our single voice will not prove ineffectual in bringing the judicial calumniation into desirable notoriety. Our article has stirred up honest indignation wherever it has been read, and Irish Catholics are asking themselves where bigotry is likely to stop short, when from the bench, and in the discharge of his judicial duty, a member of Her Majesty's High Court of Justice may use language as contemptuous as bigotry could possibly dictate it? The Catholics of Guolph naturally felt shocked and outraged in their feelings when they read Justice Robertson's words in their city paper, unaccompanied by any comment and published as a matter of course. They asked themselves is there no court of trial before which a judge may be summoned to answer for language which would call down criticism upon a man occupying any other sort of public position? The Catholic people of Toronto, when they read the offensive language in THE ROBINSON, asked themselves the same question. But they were not content merely with asking. We are informed that a petition to the Minister of Justice has already been drawn up, and that the whole matter has been placed in legal hands, and that it will be pushed as far as the rights of citizens in such a matter entitle them to proceed. We hope that the Catholic people of Ontario generally will see that the petition is influentially signed. There is the strongest possible reason why the appeal to the Minister of Justice should not be proceeded with in any sort of a half-hearted way. Catholics, whether they be Irish, English or French, have tolerated too long the habit of public men of alluding to their religion and their social condition in terms of derision. They have said to themselves: "Oh, those fellows are practicing upon the prejudice of the crowd." But sooner or later patience must cease to be a virtue; and we think the line must really be drawn at the bench. Justice Robertson we candidly believe to be an exception to his confreres as far as the bitter spirit which he has displayed is concerned. The people who have been so grossly insulted by him cannot, however, consider his individuality. The character of the bench has been colored with bigotry by his language, and this is where the shoe pinches sorely. We are not aware that there is anywhere on record such another instance of wanton, flaunting insult of the particular nature in which Justice Robertson has indulged. The language was unprovoked and unseemly, aside altogether from the attack made upon Irish Catholics. These things should have rendered it a fit subject for comment in the public press, even though there may be no great love entertained by the press in Canada for Catholics, especially now when painful questions are vexing the public and political mind. Had the Judge spoken thus of any other class of citizens we have no doubt the press would have made no end of a row; or the people assailed

would have forced the press to speak out. Unless Catholics do the same they cannot expect to retain the right of equal title to respect at the hands of public servants.

The behavior of Justice Robertson at Guolph is a most flagrant breach of public courtesy to which all citizens are equally entitled, and it renders imperative to duty of Catholic public opinion to assert itself.

Indian Summer.

TO day I stote an hour From life, its rush and care, To call on Nature in her woods And hazy autumn air. And, standing on the threshold, How sad the change I found! Her garlands all faded lay, Her trappings strowed the ground.

Like fickle friends that follow When Fortune leads the way, The song-birds of the summer hours Could not be found to-day But sadder far than either "The loss of home friends— Her children fair lay sleeping there The sleep that never awakes.

The agents of the winter, Relentless, grim and cold, Had warned her that but few more days Her home she may behold. The tidings drove her spirit Awhile; then sob and moan Bespoke her grief and brought relief Tho' all her joys had flown.

So, when to-day on earth, She met me at the door, Her smile tho' sad was sweeter still "Than in the days of yore. In robe of faded purple— She seemed a queen dethroned, Who held her away o'er hearts-to-day, And love, not lands, now owned. ROSK FENOUSOS.

Resignation.

[FOR THE REGISTER.]

I take, Lord, what Thou sends't, and do not ask That which Thou wouldst withhold; for this I know, What's'er the lot, what's'er the appointed task, Thou knowest best, and all is better so, I take Thy work, and bend my mind thereon, Knowing that weak and helpless though I be, Thy wisdom sought and drew me from the throng, Saying, "Do thou, My child, do this for Me."

I go Thy way, and do not ask to see The path before, though all be dark and drear, Trusting I walk, Thy word enough for me, "Thou shalt not stumble, child, I will be near." O! dearest Lord, for ever hold my hand, And guide my steps from rise to set of sun, Where'er Thou leads't, where'er my feet may stand, Grant me the grace to say, "Thy will be done." THURZA.

The Death of the Mohawk Chief.

[FOR THE REGISTER.]

Stern and silent stood the captive, proudly glanced his piercing eye On each fierce and savage foeman, clamouring to see him die; Such a deathly aweful tortures, and no earthly power can save, Yet his heart is firm and steadfast, and his brow serenely brave. Came the haughty Huron chieftain, striding to his captive's side, Doodly hate and bitter vengeance mingled in his look of pride. Long each gazed upon the other, hatted in each breast awoke, Till the Huron broke the silence and in taunting accents spoke, While a snarl of gloating triumph o'er his dusky features passed:— "Have the dogs of Meng-wo-no-gua caught the Mohawk rat at last?" Paused the Mohawk for a moment, then he answered proud and slow:— "Forty of thy dogs, O Huron, hath the Mohawk rat laid low; Their scalps dyed within my wigwam, their bones whitened on the plain, At the heels of Mohawk warriors they will never yelp again!" As the Huron words were uttered on the instant there arose A fierce yell of savage anger from a hundred raging foes. "Silence!" cried the Huron madly, "Seize the boaster, bind him fast, He shall follow my dead warriors ere another sun hath passed!" He will tell them," spoke the Mohawk in his calm and cutting voice, "See, O Huron, see a spirit that should make thy hearts rejoice! See, O! I braved of Meng-wo-no-gua, what a great deed he hath done; Nobly have his forty warriors been avenged by slaying one! Seize him!" cried the raging Huron "Tortures shall his spirit break!"

...they fell upon him, dragged and bound him to the stake, ...

...I know I have heard them speak child, ...

...And I know that they spoke to me with my mother's arms around me, ...

...Then I was carried back to childhood, ...

...I had always loved the angels, ...

...For my loved one was taken from me, ...

...And I weeped knelt before Him, ...

...To show you how vain are life's pleasures, ...

...If the Baby is Cutting Teeth ...

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES. A. O. H. ...

Death of Mr. James O'Connor. The death of Mr. James O'Connor, which occurred in this city on the 17th inst., will be remembered with sorrow by all who know him.

Leagu of the Cross. A very interesting meeting of St. Paul's Parish Branch of the League of the Cross was held in their hall, Power street on Sunday, Nov. 15, 1896.

Death of Mr. Edward W. Kennedy. The many friends of Mr. Edward W. Kennedy will be sorry to hear of his death, which occurred at the residence of his father, Mr. John Kennedy, 144 Mutual street, in this city, on the 17th inst.

Deaths. O'Brien—On Wednesday, Nov. 15th, 1896 at 62 Charles street, Donald J. O'Brien, Principal of the Hamilton College, died.

League of the Cross. On Sunday afternoon Rev. Father Minahan was in the city on the League of the Cross in St. Peter's parish. Quite a number of the gentlemen of the parish came forward and took the pledge.

Teacher Wanted. For school section No. 9, Flats, holding Third Class Certificate, Duties to commence last of January, 1897.

The Canadian Almanac 1897. 50th Year of Publication. This well-known annual is a complete handbook of information of all kind relating to Canada.

THE COPP, CLARK CO., LTD., TORONTO. NOW READY. The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1897, illustrated.

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Freehold Loan and Savings Co. DIVIDEND NO. 74. Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of per cent on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year.

DEATHS. O'Brien—On Wednesday, Nov. 15th, 1896 at 62 Charles street, Donald J. O'Brien, Principal of the Hamilton College, died.

Curtains, Draperies, and Upholstering Goods. Two important considerations should influence shoppers in seeing our magnificent stock of Curtains and Draperies.

Nov. 23rd THE CHRISTMAS SALE Nov. 28th. The Sisters of the Precious Blood. Monday Evening, November 23. In the Assembly Rooms of the CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING.

JOS. E. SEAGRAM, DISTILLER and MILLER. WATERLOO, - - ONT. CELEBRATED BRANDS OF WHISKIES.

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TEACHER WANTED. FOR SCHOOL SECTION NO. 9, FLATS, holding Third Class Certificate, Duties to commence last of January, 1897.

DOMESTIC READING.

Are we not apt in these days to consider a life holy and well spent which, in the times of the Apostles and early Christians, would have been thought a very indifferent one?

There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

It is the united action of the brain and the eye that forms the action of close observation. We must think about what we see if it is to be a permanent impression. When the mind is vacant the eyes are robbed of all their value.

My idea is this—ever onward. If God had intended that man should go backward, He would have given him an eye in the back of his head. Let us look always towards the dawn, the blossom time, the hour of new birth.—Victor Hugo.

There is dew on one flower and not on another, because one opens its cup to take it in, while the other closes itself, and the dew rolls off. So God rains goodness and mercy as wide as the dew, and if we look them it is because we will not open our hearts to receive them.

A true delineation of the smallest man and his course of pilgrimage through life is capable of interesting the greatest man. All men are at an unapproachable degree brothers; each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; human portraits faithfully drawn are of all pictures the welcome on human walls.—Carlyle.

When you find "high life below stairs," it is a sure sign that the master is not at home. If animal appetites and worldly ambitions rule in the house of your nature is crying aloud for the awakening of the master. The man who is not reigning, in the name of wisdom and good order, over his earth-born inclinations, is degenerating and making progress towards chaos.

The working man's capital is health, not wealth. It does not consist in landed property but in sinew and muscle, and if he persists in the use of intoxicating liquors they will strike at the very root of his capital—a sound physical constitution. After this is lost he becomes unfit for the workshop, for no master will employ a man who wants capital. He has then to repair to the poorhouse or infirmary.—Hunter.

The hypocrite and the saint are like two men at sawing; the hypocrite, like him in the pit, looks high up wards, but mills downwards; the saint, like him above, looks low, humbly downward, but pulls upwards. The hypocrite is like a peach, which covers a ragged, craggy stone under a velvet coat; the saint, like the chestnut, hath a sweet kernel, though the cover be rough. The hypocrite, like Judas, kisses Christ, but betrays Him; and like ivy, he clings about Christ, but is not united to Him; he, again, like ivy, derives not sap and nourishment from Him, but from a root of his own: The hypocrite is like a window cushion, fairly wrought without, but stuffed with straw.

The family circle is the cell germ out of which society grows, but there can be no family life when drink introduces such poverty that decency and morality are impossible. Family life is marred, if not destroyed, by drink, but if drunkenness were removed the family life of the country would be unspeakably improved and the social life of the country purified, to a degree which is incalculable. The work of temperance will largely counteract the evils which undermine the family life, destroy many causes of disease, remove out of the way many of the obstacles which interpose between the education of the country and the expression of the national will, counteract immorality and crime, and kill most of the parasites that hang upon the industries of the land.

Madame Bonvini O'Brien.

Prima Donna Soprano, from Milan, Italy, and principal Theaters and Concerts in Europe. Has vacancy for 2 more pupils for voice production and artistic singing. Good voice only taken and will be tested free of charge. Studio 114 Sinter Street, Toronto.

SCOTT'S Emulsion The cream of purest Norwegian cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, adapted to the weakest digestion. —Almost as palatable as milk.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Our watch dog is bigger at night than by day because he is let out in the evening and taken in in the morning.

Counsel is making a long, dreary speech. Judge involuntarily shuts his eyes. Counsel notes the fact, and exclaims: "I shall stop talking if his lordship goes asleep." "And I never go to sleep except when you are talking," replied the judge.

Wife (dearly): "Ah mo, the days of chivalry are past!" Husband: "What's the matter now?" Wife: "Sir Walter Raleigh laid his cloak on the ground for Queen Elizabeth to walk over, but you get mad simply because poor, dear mother sat down on your hat."

A Buckinghamshire jobbing carpenter tendered to his employer an account in which this curious item appeared—and, all things considered, his charge was certainly a moderate one—"To hanging whittels and myself, seven hours, five shillings and sixpence."

Visitor: "Well, Charlie, I hear you went to school for the first time this morning. What did you learn?" Charlie: "Oh, nuffin at all." Visitor: "Nothing?" Charlie: "Yes, there was only an old woman there, and she kept asking me how to spell a lot of silly things—cat, and dog, and rat, and things like that—and I told her, I wasn't going to teach her any more."

An awkward compliment recently rather disturbed the harmony of a wedding-breakfast given by a substantial farmer blessed with five daughters, the eldest being the bride. A neighboring young farmer, who was honored with an invitation, thinking, no doubt, he ought to say something smart and complimentary upon the event, addressing the bridegroom, said: "Well you have got your pick of the batch." The countenances of the four unmarried ones may be imagined.

A miser who had an abnormally large appetite (an awkward thing for a miser to have) went into a restaurant where you can dine as long, for a fixed price, and the miser ate and drank heartily that he seemed to be a fixture in the establishment. When the restaurant proprietor saw the havoc that his gorging customer had made of the eatables, he ruefully exclaimed: "You've eaten an enormous dinner, sir!" "Yes," said the miser, blandly; "I suppose you make a reduction for taking a quantity, don't you?"

The stories that are told of Archbishop Ryan's wit would fill a small volume. A well known priest called upon him one day to ask for a vacation on the ground that his health required it. As he was noted for his frequent absences from his parish, the prelate could not let slip the opportunity. He granted the leave of absence promptly, with a recommendation: The physician says that you need a change of air, Father?" "They do, your Grace." "How would it do, then, to try the air of your parish for a month or two, as a change?" He remonstrated once with a priest whose silk hat had seen his best days before the war. "I would not give up that hat for twenty new ones," said the priest. "It belonged to my father, who fell in the rising of '48," and evidently fell on the hat," said the Archbishop.

Herr Szafanski, the German journalist, has published, under the title of "Humors of the Reichstag," a few utterances of German deputies. For instance, Herr von Ludwig remarked: "The people, the masses, know well enough that it is extremely difficult to become rich suddenly by honest toil, excepting always in the case of inheritance or marriage." Herr Liebknecht remarked at the end of a speech: "Yes, I should say the case is tragic if it were not so sad." Herr Rickett, taunting the Ministry: "Upon the Ministerial benches you bear nothing—noting but profound silence." Baron de Nordeck de Rabenau, speaking of the taxes on wine: "If I were to define bottled wines, I should say that all wines that are in bottles are bottled wines." Herr Westphal: "To squeeze the juice out of a lemon and then give it a kick—no, it is too much." While Dr. Grove, without intending to be funny, said: "Is there a more burning question than orama tion."

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.—South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents.

"I once knew a man," said the imaginative boarder, "who was so fat that he was actually taller lying down than standing up. What do you think of that?" "It strikes me," said the cheerful idiot, "as pretty tall lying."

Piles Cured in 3 to 5 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 5 nights. One application brings comfort. For Bleeding and Itching Piles is peculiar. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Herpes, Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cts.

We have eagle's eyes in worldly things, but mole's eyes in things spiritual.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Trouble. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure liver, Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a full 50 doses.

FARM AND GARDEN.

One of the American experimental stations issues a novel bulletin on household pests.

Palto society prohibits discussion of the Olney lectures, that winged pest better known as the bedbug. While Mr. Marlatt, who writes most interestingly about this repulsive insect, says that it is practically limited to the houses of the poorer sort, and that the careful housekeeper would feel disgraced by its appearance, he admits that its presence does not always indicate neglect or carelessness. It may come in the trunk or satchel of the traveller or may migrate from one house to another. It depends for existence a good deal upon human society, left in a house without other tenants will look elsewhere for companionship and nourishment. The old English called it a "wall-wool." Around Boston Mr. Marlatt says they are called "chintzes" and "cinches." In Baltimore the name is "mahogany flat," and in New York they are said to be styled "red-coats."

The bedbug is a true bug of the piercing sort. Like nearly all parasites, it is degraded structurally. Ages ago it had wings, but having slight necessity for extensive locomotion, the wings have become rudimentary, being barely recognizable pads. Mr. Marlatt says, simply but earnestly, that "the absence of wings is a most fortunate circumstance, since otherwise there would be no safety from it, even for the most careful and thorough of housekeepers." Its distinctive odor is characteristic of most plant bugs. "The presence of the odor," says Mr. Marlatt, "is, after all, a most fortunate circumstance, as it is of considerable assistance in detecting the presence of those vermin," but in the case of the bedbug it is the persistence of a characteristic longer of especial value to the possessor of it. It is nocturnal in its habits. Though normally feeding on human blood, it can subsist on the juices of wood or the moisture in accumulated dust.

The biting organ of the bedbug is exactly like that of other hemipterous insects. It consists of a rather heavy, fleshy under lip, within which lie four threadlike, hard filaments of setae, which glide over each other with an alternating motion and pierce the flesh. The blood is drawn up through the beak, which is closely applied to the point of puncture, and the alternating motion of these setae in the flesh causes the blood to flow more freely. In common with other insects which attack man, it is entirely possible for these pests to be transmitters of contagious diseases. They become mature in about eleven weeks after hatching, depending upon warmth and the food supply.

Ordinary insect powders are not considered of much avail as a remedy against bedbugs. Liberal applications of benzine or kerosene to afflicted beds is recommended, and corrosive sublimate and turpentine may be used. Hot water is an effectual destroyer of eggs and bugs, and sometimes of furniture. A vigorous daily campaign is urged, and fumigation with bromine is recommended by Dr. J. A. Linker, New York State Entomologist. The common house cockroach and the little red ant both need frequent inspection and treatment. In general they are liable to effect injuriously only articles which are put away and left undisturbed for some little time. Articles in daily or weekly use, and apartments frequently aired and swept, or used as living rooms, are not apt to be seriously affected. Carpets under these conditions are rarely attacked, except sometimes around the borders, where the insects are not so much disturbed by walking and sweeping. Agitation, such as beating, shaking, or brushing, and exposure to air and sunlight are old remedies, and still among the best at command.

Various repellents, such as tobacco, camphor, naphthalene cones or balls, and cedar chips or apples, have a certain value if the garments are already stocked with eggs or larvae. The odors of these repellents are so disagreeable to the parent moth that they are not apt to come to deposit their eggs as long as the odor is strong. As it weakens, the protection decreases, and if the eggs or larvae are already present these odors have no effect on their development, while if the moths are inclosed with the stored material to be protected by these repellents, so that they cannot escape, they will of necessity deposit their eggs, and the destructive work of the larvae will be little, if at all, restricted. After woollens have been given a vigorous and thorough treatment and aired and exposed to sunlight, however, it is of some advantage in packing them away to inclose with them any of the repellents mentioned. Cedar chests and wardrobes are of value in proportion to the freedom of the material from infestation when stored away; but as the odor of the wood is largely lost with age, in the course of a few years the protection greatly decreases. Furs and garments may also be stored in boxes or trunks which have been lined with the heavy paper used in buildings. Now papering should be given to such receptacles every year or two. Similarly, the tarred paper moth bags are of some value, always, however, first subjecting the materials to the treatment outlined above.

Chats With the Children.

Santa Claus'll come to-night, If you're good, And do what you know is right, As you should; Down the chimney he will creep, Bringing you a woolly sheep, And a doll that goes to sleep— If you're good.

Santa Claus will drive his sleigh Thro' the wood, But he'll come around this way If you're good, With a wind up bird that sings, And a puzzle made of rings— Jumping jacks and funny things— If you're good.

He will bring you cars that "go," If you're good, And a rocking horse—oh! If he would! And a doll, if you please, That says "Mammy" when you squeeze It—he'll bring you one of these, If you're good.

Santa gives what you are bad, As he should; But it makes him very glad When you're good. He is wise, and he's a fear; He do right and never fear; He'll remember you each year, If you're good.

—James Courtney Chalmers in December St. Nicholas.

Mr. Laurence Hutton has a fascinating article on boys in St. Nicholas. His reminiscences of his boyhood life in New York are most interesting. Of one boy he says: "He was not a very good boy, or a very bad boy, or a very bright boy, or an unusual boy in anyway. He was just a boy; and very often he forgot that he is not a boy now. Whatever there may be about 'The Boy' that is commendable he owes to his father and to his mother; and he feels that he should not be held responsible for it."

His mother was the most generous and the most unselfish of human beings. She was always thinking of somebody else; always doing for others. To her it was blessed to give, and it was not very pleasant to receive. When she bought anything 'The Boy's' stereotyped query was, "Who is to have it?" When anything was bought for her, her own invariable remark was—"What on earth shall I do with it?" When 'The Boy' came to her, one summer morning, she looked upon him as a gift from Heaven; when she was told that it was a boy, and not a bad-looking or a bad-conditioned boy, her first thoughts were—"What on earth shall I do with it?"

She found plenty "to do with it" before she got through with it, more than forty years afterwards; and 'The Boy' has every reason to believe that she never regretted the gift. Indeed, she once told him, late in her life, that he had never made her cry. What better benediction can a boy have than that?

'The Boy' was red-headed and long-nosed even from the beginning; a shy, dreaming, self-conscious little boy, made peculiarly familiar with his personal defects by the constant remarks to the effect that his hair was red, and that his nose was long. At school, for years he was known familiarly as "Rufus," "Red-Head," "Carrot-Top," or "Nosey."

His mother, married at nineteen, was the oldest of a family of nine children; and many of 'The Boy's' aunts and uncles were but a few years his senior and were his daily and familiar companions. He was the only member of his own generation for a long time, and there was a constant fear upon the part of the elders that he was likely to be spoiled; and consequently he was never praised, nor patted, nor cuddled. He was always falling down or dropping things, he was always getting into the way, and he could not learn to spell correctly or to cipher at all. He was never in his mother's way, however, and he was never made to feel so. But nobody except 'The Boy' knows of the agony which the rest of the family, unconsciously and with no thought of hurting his feelings, caused him, by the fun they poked at his nose, at his unhandiness. He fancied that passers-by pitied him as he walked or played in the streets; and he sincerely pitied himself as a youth destined to grow up into an awkward, tactless, stupid man at whom the world would laugh so long as his life lasted.

There was another boy who had a feminine weakness although he became foreman of a juvenile hook-and-ladder company before he was five, and would not play with girls at all. He had one peculiar feminine weakness. His grand passion was washing and ironing. And Aunt Hughes used to let him do all the laundry-work connected with the wash-rags and his own pocket handkerchiefs, into which regularly every Wednesday, he burned little brown holes with the toy flat iron which would not get hot. But Johnny Robertson and Joe Stuart and the other boys and even the uncles and aunts, never knew anything about this—unless Ann Hughes gave it away!

He tells how a boy succumbed to a temptation in his youth. The Boy was taught, from the earliest awaken-

HIS IS THE TIME of year... when men... and women... become weak... and run down generally... Soft Cure

PROF. D. J. O'BRIEN. A Hamilton Musician Passes Peacefully Away. The Hamilton Times of Wednesday says:—About 3.30 o'clock this morning, Prof. D. J. O'Brien, the Principal of the Hamilton College of Music, corner of Main and Charles streets, and organist and choir leader of St. Mary's Cathedral, passed peacefully away. He had been peacefully at his bedside for his wife, daughter and sister-in-law. His death was not unexpected, as his physician said last night that he was sinking fast and could not live till morning.

The deceased was one of the best known musical professors in Canada, and he will be greatly missed in musical circles. It was by his own persévérance and natural ability that he obtained the prominence that he did. He was born in Hamilton in 1836, and was thus only 43 years of age. At an early age he was sent to St. Michael's College, Toronto, and there he gained such proficiency that he was enabled to take a position in a college in Louisville, after spending a year there he decided to study medicine, and went to Paris, France, for that purpose. In a short time, however, his love of music predominated, and he returned to the study of it. His stay in Paris was out short by the Franco-German war, and he returned to Canada in 1871. On his arrival here he was installed as organist of St. Mary's Cathedral, and in 1880 he was appointed choirmaster also. Both positions he filled with honor to himself until sickness prevented him from attending to the duties. A few months ago when he took seriously ill he was granted leave of absence for one year.

He was a Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Arts, of London, Eng., and a Fellow of the College of Organists of Canada. He took a prominent part in the production of several important local musical and operatic performances. As Principal of the Music Institute, founded by himself, he had the honor of bringing out many musicians now prominent in different parts of Canada. He was indeed a successful instructor. He leaves a widow and one daughter, Miss Josephine, to mourn his death. His brother, Mr. John O'Brien, lives at Sault Ste. Marie, and his only sister is Mrs. Wm. Kavanagh, of this city. Mrs. W. J. Morrison, his sister-in-law, of Cedar Rapids, Mich., has been an attendant on him with her sister for a short time, and did much to make his last days on earth as pleasant as possible. He was a very patient sufferer.

St. Michael's College. (In Affiliation with Toronto University.) Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers. FULL CLASSICAL, SCIENTIFIC AND COMMERCIAL COURSES. Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For farther particulars, apply to 1-7 REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

BOOKKEEPING is seldom taught. Most schools teach only a smattering of it from outdated text books. It is taught precisely as the BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE Company, Ltd., CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING, TORONTO. EDW. TROUT, President. D. C. HOSKINS, Secretary.

Shorthand and Typewriting There are Good Reasons Why 127 STUDENTS 127 Are in Attendance at the Central Business College, TORONTO, ONT., when carefully more than half that number can be found in any other Canadian Business School. Fred G. Steinberger & Co. SCHOOL SUPPLIES 37 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont. MAPS AND CHARTS OF EVERY COUNTRY. Every School and Library should have one of our famous Library Globes. Real Slate Blackboards should only be used in schools. SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES AND QUOTATIONS TO BOOKS.

THROND.

There was a man, Ole by name, who held his fellow parishioners in some contempt, because he was superior to most of them both in knowledge and in skill. So when he was thirty, he went off to the mountains, and cleared himself a farm many miles away from everybody. Many people wondered at his staying in such a place all alone; and they were right, for he was a young girl in a few years had found a young girl in the valley willing to share the loneliness with him—especially as she was one who had been among the merriest at all the parties and dances. The pair got the name of the Forest-Folks; and Ole himself was known as "Ole of the Forest." People used to look long after him when he came out to church or to work, for they could not understand him, and he did not trouble himself, either, to make them understand. The wife had been out in the parish only twice; and once then was to have a baby christened. This baby was a son, and was named Thrond. When he grew a big child, his parents began often to say to each other that they must have some help in the house; and, as they could not see their way clear to have a grown-up person, they had a girl of fourteen, who took care of the boy while they were in the field. This girl—Ragnhild by name—was somewhat of a simpleton, and the child soon marked that while the things the mother told him were easy to understand, those Ragnhild said were hard. The father did not talk much to him; and the boy was some what afraid, because all had to be so still when he was at home. One Christmas Eve—when they had two candles on the table, and the father had a bottle of something to drink which looked white—he took up the boy, set him in his knee, stared him sternly in the eyes, and growled out: "Ugh! you boy!" Then he added, a little more gently, "You're not over frightened, after all, are you? Dare you listen to a tale?" The boy did not answer, but looked anxiously at the father. Then he told him a tale about a man from Vaago, Blossomon by name. He came once to Copenhagen—this man—upon some business connected with a lawsuit he had begun, and which went on so long that Christmas Eve found him still waiting there. This Blossomon did not like at all; and as he was sauntering in the streets, thinking of home, he saw a very big man in a white cloak going before him. "You're going at a pretty pace, you are!" said Blossomon. "I have a long way to go home this evening," answered the man. "Where is it you're going, then?" "To Vaago," replied the man, going on. "That's capital," said Blossomon, "for I should like to go with you." "Well, you can stand behind on the runners of my sledge," said the man, turning into a by-street, where his horse was standing. He got into his sledge, and then looked behind at Blossomon, who was standing upon the runners. "You had better hold fast," he said. Blossomon did so; and he had need, for they did not really go on dry land. "It seems to me you're driving upon the water," said Blossomon. "I am so," said the man; and the foam flouted around them. Soon, when they had gone a little further, it seem to Blossomon they were not going upon the water any longer. "I think we must be going upon the air," said he. "We are so," answered the man. "Bye-and-bye, when they had gone still further, Blossomon thought he recognized a place they were approaching. "I think this must be Vaago," said he. "Yes, we are there now," answered the man, and Blossomon thought they had got over their journey very quickly. "Best thanks for safe conveyance," said he. "Thank yourself!" cried the man, at the same moment seizing hold of him; "Now you must come with me." "No, no!" said Blossomon, to himself, and went off homeward over the hills. He heard a frightful crash behind him, as if the whole mountain were coming down, and lightning flashed round. He looked behind, and saw the man in the white right through roaring great clouds in the that opened for him. Blossomon felt very nervous, and he tried to turn his thoughts entirely away from the matter; but somehow, he could not get rid of it; and he was never again quite right in his head. The boy had never, in all the days of his life, heard anything to match this. He dared not ask the father any more about it; but early the next morning he asked the mother whether she did not know any tales. Well, yes, she did; but they were mostly about Princesses who had to be kept

in prison for several years till the rich Prince came. The boy believed that everything he heard and read about really existed around him, close by. He was in his eighth year when the first stranger man he had ever seen in the house came in at the door one winter evening. The man had black hair, and that, too, was a thing Thrond had never seen before. He said abruptly "Good evening," and stopped for a while. Thrond grew frightened, and sat down on a footstool by the hearth. The mother asked the man to sit down; and when he had done so, he looked at him more closely. "Why, surely, you're Knud, the tailor?" she said then. "Right you are. It's a good while since I played at your wedding." "You're that good while now. Are you going far?" "Well I have been playing this Christmas on the other side of the mountain; but as I was walking along, I came over so queer. I was obliged to turn here to rest a bit." The mother brought him some food, and he began to eat, but he did not say "In Jesus Christ's name," as the boy had always heard everybody else say. When he had finished eating, he rose. "Now I have fared so well," he said, "just let me rest a bit." And he went and lay down to rest on Thrond's bed. They made a nest on the floor for Thrond. As he lay there he became very cold on the side which lay turned from the fire. He soon found why this was: he was lying all uncovered in the cold night—he was lying in the forest! He raised himself, and looked around; there was the fire burning, far far, away. Yes, he was certainly lying all alone in the forest. He tried to go home to the fire, but he could not stir from that spot. Then he became in great terror; for dreadful wild beasts might come—trolls and goblins might come! Home, to the fire, he must go; but, again, he could not stir from that spot. Then his terror grew upon him; he made a mighty effort, and managed to cry out, "Mother!" and—no answer. "My dear, how you do dream!" said the mother, and lifted him up. He looked round. The stranger-man was gone; and he dared not ask about him. The mother came in again dressed in her black gown, and went out into the parish. When she returned, two other stranger-men came with her; and they, too, had black hair and flat caps; they, too, did not say "In Jesus Christ's name" when they ate; and they talked to the father in low tones. Afterward they went into the barn and came out with a long, large box, which they carried between them. They put it upon a little sledge; and said, "Good bye." "Wait a minute," said the mother, "and take the little box he brought with him." And she went in to fetch it. But one of the men said, "Nay; he can have that;" and he pointed to Thrond. And the other man added, "Make as good use of it as he did who now lies here." And he pointed to the long box. Then both the men laughed and went away. Thrond looked at the little box he had thus got. "What is there inside?" he asked. "Carry it in, and look afterward," answered the mother. He carried it in; but the mother had to help him to open it. Then a look of great joy flashed across his face, for he saw something very light and delicately-made lying there. "Take it," said the mother. He laid just one finger upon it and then drew his hand back in great fright. "It cries!" he exclaimed. "Don't be always so timid," said the mother; and she grasped it with her whole hand, and took it up. Then Thrond felt the weight of it, and turned it over and laughed and chattered. "Dear mother, what is it?" "That's a fiddle." Thus it happened that Thrond Oleason got his first violin. The father could play a little, and he showed the boy the first notes, the mother, too, could hum some of the tunes of her old dancing days, and these she taught him; but he soon taught himself new ones. He played almost incessantly, and left off all his reading. All that he had ever up to that time heard or read went into the violin. The soft-toned, fine string was the mother; and the one which was also beside, and always followed the mother was Ragnhild. The rougher-toned string, which he seldom went upon, was the father. When he made a false stroke on the first string he said it was the cat; and when he made one upon the father's string he said it was the ox. As for the bow, that was Blossomon who rode from Copenhagen to Vaago in one night. Each tune, too, was some distinct thing; that with the long, grave notes was the mother in her black gown; that which stammered and jorked was Moses, who stammered and knocked on the ground with his stick; and that with the soft, low notes, when the bow lay lightly upon the strings, was a spectro, who took sailors away in a mist, when no one could see.

His playing bore his thoughts far away over the mountains; and filled his mind with longing. So, when the father one day told them that at the fair a little boy had been playing, and had earned a good deal of money, he walled out in the kitchen for the mother, and asked her in a low tone whether he, too, could not go to the fair, and play for folks. "How can you think of such a thing?" said the mother; but she spoke of it directly afterward to the father. "There's time enough to talk about his going out," he answered; and he spoke in such a way that the mother said no more. Soon after, the father and mother were one day talking at the table about some folks who had lately come to live upon the mountain, and were going to be married. They had no fiddle for the wedding, the father said. "Couldn't I be fiddler, then?" whispered the boy to the mother, when she again was standing in the kitchen. "Such a little boy as you?" said the mother; but she went out into the barn, where the father stood, and told him what Thrond had said. "He has never been out in the parish," she added, "and he has never seen a church." "I don't see what it is you have to ask me," said Ole. He said no more; and so the mother supposed she might do as she chose about the boy's wish. Accordingly, she went across to the freshly-come neighbors, and took Thrond with her. "So as he plays," she said, "never has a little boy played before." Thrond was engaged as fiddler for the wedding. Now there was joy in the home. From morning till evening Thrond was playing, and practising new tunes, and at night he dreamed of them; and they bore him over the mountain-heights, far away to unknown lands. The mother began to get some new clothes ready for him; but the father would have thought to do with anything. The last night he had no sleep, but lay thinking of a new tune about the church he had never yet seen. Early in the morning he was up, and the mother also; but she might give him his breakfast; but he could not eat anything. He put on the new clothes, and took the violin in his hand; and then if ever things looked bright in the eyes of anybody, they did in his. The mother followed him out upon the doorstep, and stood looking after him as he went over the mountain-side; it was the first time he had ever been away from home. The father stepped softly out of bed, went to the window, and stood there, looking after the boy, just as the mother was looking after him outside upon the dooreste; then he got into bed again, and was lying there when she came into the room. She kept hovering round about him, as if there was something or other she wished to say; and, at last, she got it out: "I almost think I had better go down to the church, just to see a little how things turn out." He vouchsafed no answer; so she considered the matter as settled, dressed herself, and went. The morning was gloriously bright when the boy set out over the mountain-side; he listened to the singing of the sunlight among the leaves; but he passed quickly onward, with the violin under his arm. When he came to the bridal-house, he saw a number of things he had never in his mind—no other bridal-train nor fairy—and only asked whether they were all going to start, which they were. He went first with the violin, and played the whole morning long, making the music resound through the trees far away. "Shall we soon see the church?" he kept asking those behind. For a long while they answered "no"; but the last one said: "When we get just round that cliff, you'll see it." Thrond's bow leaped, and he struck up his newest tune, and looked for ward. There lay the whole parish before him. The first thing he saw was a thin light mist lying like smoke upon the white mountain-side. Then he drew back his eyes over green meadows, and large houses, with windows whereon the sunbeams burned, glittering almost as on glaciers in a winter-day. Now, the houses became constantly larger and the windows more numerous, and on one side lay a very long road house; and below, horses were standing tethered, and little children in their best clothes were playing upon a hill, while dogs sat looking on. Above all sounded forth a slow solemn tune, that thrilled all through him; and everything he saw seemed to keep time with that tune. Then all at once he saw a large, tall house, that seemed to be reaching up into heaven, with a high-uplifted, shining staff and below the sunbeams glowed upon a hundred windows, so that the house stood as if upon great shafts of gold flame. That must be the church thought the boy, and the tune must come from there. Round about stood a wonderfully great lot of folks; and yet they were all very much alike! In Thrond's mind they all became immediately connected with the church; and he accordingly acquired an enormous amount of reverence for

every one of them—down to the least hair. Now, I must play I thought Thrond, and took fresh hold. What could be the matter? The violin would not play any longer! There must be something amiss with the strings. He looked, but there was nothing. "Well, then, it must be because I am not pressing hard enough;" and he pressed harder; and the violin seemed as if broken. He changed the tune—that tune which was to express all about the church—for another; but he could not get on with that, either; no sound, save a miserable squeaking. He felt the beads of cold sweat dropping down over his face, as he thought of all the clever folks who were standing round, and, perhaps, were laughing him to scorn—he who, at home could play so beautifully, though here he could not manage a single tune! "Tha, a God, mother isn't here to see my disgrace?" said he to himself in a low tone, as he looked round among the people; but—see!—there she stood in her black gown; and as he looked she drew back further and further. At the same moment, sitting high above upon the church spire, he saw the black-haired man who had given him the violin. "Give me the bow!" shouted the man, laughing, and stretching out his hand; while the spire rocked up and down with him—up and down. The boy put the violin under his arm: "You shall not have it!" he cried. He turned and fled—out, from among the folks—out, between the houses—and far away over the fields and meadows; till he could go no further, and sank down. There, for a long while he lay, with his face toward the earth; and when, at last, he turned himself, he saw nought but the boundless Heaven of God, and heard nought but the eternal whisper of the wind. Then he leapt so awe-stricken, he turned his face again to the earth. When he next lifted his head, he saw the violin, which lay there by itself. "Your fault it is altogether," cried he. He took up the violin, to crush it to pieces, but then he paused, and looked at it. "We have had many a happy time together," he said to himself, and they were silent. In a little while, he said: "The strings shall go, at any rate, for they're good for nothing." He took out his knife, and began cutting. "Oh!" said the first string, in arieved tone. The boy went on cutting. "Oh!" said the next string; but the boy went on cutting. "Oh!" said the third string, in a deep tone. When he came to the fourth string, he paused. Great grief came over him; that fourth string—the one to which he never dared give a name—he did not cut, and now, too, he began to feel that, after all, it was not the strings' fault that he could not play. Then he saw the mother coming wearily up toward him, to take him home; and a still greater grief seized him. He held up the violin, with its severed strings, rose, and called out: "No, mother, I will not go home till I can play what I have to day seen!" BLOSSOMER BLOSSOMER.

AYER'S ARGUMENT. If there is any reason why you should use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take Sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease, you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's; it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

His Holiness Leo XIII. and the Papacy. (FOR THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.) It is impossible for one to think or to speak of our Holy Father Leo XIII. gloriously reigning without being more and more struck by his greatness and authority. Deprived of the temporal power, by the sole effect of his intelligence and superior enlightenment, altogether unconquered, he has elevated himself to the first rank in this world; and with him has elevated the Papacy to the acme of glory and grandeur, although stripped of every vestige of temporal authority. Furthermore, that illustrious old man naturally impresses one with awe and astonishment. His distinguished and noble mien, his serene, even his age, are of a nature to impose respect. But what astonishes the world most is a sort of immortality—his physical person seems to disappear in the eyes of those who approach him. If he listens to a discourse, he looks into the very soul of his interlocutor; if he answers, very soon he takes possession of all thought in others, transforms, widens and elevates his auditors by the habitual play of his mind. That intellectual power Leo XIII. has always possessed; but he seems that instead of being weakened by old age it increases in vivacity. All his encyclicals are stamped with a vast and general seal. That on the workmen's conditions, and that on the constitution of states, may be mentioned in this connection. However, it seems that in any of his works the vastness of his conceptions and of his views has never been so remarkable as it is in his recent encyclical on the unity of the Church. Some say in its second part see nothing but an accumulation of texts; others remain in presence of that document, admirers of the doctrinal solidity its author has imparted to it. The problem of the primacy of the bishop of Rome exists no more for Catholics. At different epochs, it has been resolved in the Church in a manner which could not have left it a doubtful question; but there are in human life difficult moments where it is useful that problems and their solutions should be re-considered. Such was the case when the Pone Gregory VII. occupied the Pontifical throne. Full of commiseration for man's weakness, animated of the strongest desire to destroy the causes of such woes, and possessed of an intelligence capable of executing such a course of actions, he followed in his reign, a policy which the learned Ludon has justly summed up in three propositions: Holiness and unity of the Church by the Pope and under his direction; liberty and independence of the Church and of all that concerns it in presence of all temporal powers; subordinations of all temporal powers, in all that concerns it, to the Church and her chief. What Gregory VII. conceived and undertook in his time, does it not seem that Leo XIII. conceives in our time? He has occupied himself with men's duties to one another; he has occupied himself with the relations of citizens with their governments; but in spite of the results obtained, he fears that his voice has not been impregnated with enough authority to have the desired effect. Then, what does he? He, Bishop of Rome, says to all: You are not permitted to doubt, there is but one Church of Christ, and the Pope, Bishop of Rome, presides solely over it. When it is question of the Papacy one must always see it as it has been for 1900 years: the pivot of the world's history. We must not only perceive that Rome, the ancient city, has been chosen for the centre of ecclesiastical affairs; but often, let us be permitted to say it, we remain as dreamers considering how in spite of the fall of the civil government in Italy, little by little modern activity betakes itself to the city of the Popes. How the mountains of Switzerland open themselves as if to give to the nations of the North better access to his pontifical throne. The Swiss tunnels have pierced the Alps. Are they not established in view of traffic

SPANISH NEWS.

A few days prior to the breaking up of the Spanish Court at the seaside Palace of Moramar, San Sebastian, the Very Rev. Father Konolan Vaughan was the recipient of a very kind letter from the Duke de Sotomayor, Mayor Domo of the Royal Palace, and a most generous donation, further intimating to him that His Majesty and his august mother, the noble Queen Regent, desired to be enrolled in the list of associated Founders of the Spanish Chapel, now so justly styled the Royal Spanish Chapel, in the new Cathedral of Westminster, and accompanied also by a magnificent chalice of gold with the arms and cipher of the Royal House of St. Ferdinand, and requesting that it be used at the first Mass in the Royal Spanish Chapel, where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of the King and the royal family and the Spanish nation. The lately consecrated youthful prelate of Menorca, Balaeric Isles, Dr. Castellote, has paid the visit of etiquette to His Majesty the youthful King and his august mother, the Queen Regent, by whom he was received with the greatest cordiality and we come on the 16th. He proceeds to his new diocese via Barcelona, where awaits him a triumphal procession and a royal and enthusiastic welcome in the cathedral, City of Mahon. In Spain after the consecration ceremony it is usual for the new prelate to select the case when the Pone Gregory VII. occupied the Pontifical throne. Full of commiseration for man's weakness, animated of the strongest desire to destroy the causes of such woes, and possessed of an intelligence capable of executing such a course of actions, he followed in his reign, a policy which the learned Ludon has justly summed up in three propositions: Holiness and unity of the Church by the Pope and under his direction; liberty and independence of the Church and of all that concerns it in presence of all temporal powers; subordinations of all temporal powers, in all that concerns it, to the Church and her chief. What Gregory VII. conceived and undertook in his time, does it not seem that Leo XIII. conceives in our time? He has occupied himself with men's duties to one another; he has occupied himself with the relations of citizens with their governments; but in spite of the results obtained, he fears that his voice has not been impregnated with enough authority to have the desired effect. Then, what does he? He, Bishop of Rome, says to all: You are not permitted to doubt, there is but one Church of Christ, and the Pope, Bishop of Rome, presides solely over it. When it is question of the Papacy one must always see it as it has been for 1900 years: the pivot of the world's history. We must not only perceive that Rome, the ancient city, has been chosen for the centre of ecclesiastical affairs; but often, let us be permitted to say it, we remain as dreamers considering how in spite of the fall of the civil government in Italy, little by little modern activity betakes itself to the city of the Popes. How the mountains of Switzerland open themselves as if to give to the nations of the North better access to his pontifical throne. The Swiss tunnels have pierced the Alps. Are they not established in view of traffic

ABOUT THE BLOOD IS YOURS PURE. If Pure, You are Safe—otherwise You Are in Peril. THE KIDNEYS ALONE. Partly the Blood—No other Organ Can—Do It's Duty—It's Help and Heal the Kidneys when Sick and Sore.

Is your blood pure? If it is, you are fit for all the duties and enjoyments of life, your eyes will be bright and your thoughts cheerful. If pure you will have good digestion, strong nerves, and your heart will beat as regular as a clock. If impure, your blood will carry its impurities along to every nerve, every sin and to every organ of the body; it will carry the seeds of disease, decay and death. And there is only one way, one means by which it can be purified, and that is by healthy kidneys; and by them alone. We are, indeed, fearfully and wondrously made, but we are unduly just if we do not know how to keep so. It does not matter how these impurities come, their effects are inevitable unless the kidneys are doing honest work twenty-four hours every day. You understand—there is no other organ that can do the work of the kidneys, and like the heart, they must keep right at it, tired or not. But they are too often overworked by our imprudence in eating and drinking; they are disordered by chills, colds, shocks and injuries; and they must be constantly looked to, and signs of distress promptly heeded. Then, whenever they need help, give them the sovereign aid of the scientific discovery embodied in the kidney treatment of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Relief in Six Hours.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves sensation of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and sure this is your remedy.

MAGAZINES.

North American Review. The Hon. Thos. C. Platt discusses the effect of the Republican victory in the November number of the North American Review, and confidently asserts that the election of McKinley and Hobart will constitute a verdict so emphatic that during the life-time of all those who are on earth to-day, no man or party will be found bold enough to go before the people advocating doctrines which mean repudiation. The November number contains a most scholarly essay on the "Influences of the College in American Life," by Charles F. Thwing, D.D., President of the Western Reserve University and Adelbert College, in which is eloquently demonstrated the service of the college at large to the community, and its unending endeavor to train men to distinguish in everything, not alone the good from the bad, but the better from the best.

The Atlantic Monthly in 1907. The Atlantic Monthly has for nearly forty years been pre-eminently for American literature and a very large part of the permanent contributions to American letters during that time has first appeared in its pages. It keeps true to its long and high literary tradition, but in addition to its purely literary features it makes announcements of the coming season of several large magazine enterprises of more than usual interest and timeliness. The Atlantic distinguishes itself by laying hold directly upon the life and problems of American people by methods of direct original investigation. For instance, it announces a series of direct studies of the people in the three distinctive great sections of the country. The West will be taken up by Mr. Frederic J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin, who is one of the most vigorous writers and well-equipped observers of the social sciences in the United States. Mr. Turner is preparing a group of articles on distinctive characteristics of the West. In a corresponding way, Mr. W. P. Trent, of Sevierville, Tennessee, is preparing a group of papers on the great problems of the South as they actually present themselves at present. Equally interesting is the practical study which Mr. A. F. Saurborn is making of life in typical rural New England communities. Mr. Saurborn is one of the most accurate and interesting observers of the thought and life tendencies of communities which he studies that the recent attention to sociological investigation has produced. The Atlantic will publish during the coming season a series of articles surveying the great activities of the 19th century, among which will be "A Century of Exploration—our knowledge of the earth to-day in contrast with what was known of it a hundred years ago, and the parts now settled contrasted with the parts settled then," "A Century of Social Betterment—science and how much the conditions of the mass of men, especially in the United States, is better than it was at the beginning of the century," "The Growth of Religious Liberty," "To what extent and by what means religious opinion has been made more liberal," "Science and the Faith of the United States," "The Development of American Nationality," "A review of the events and movements that have profoundly affected the national feeling; an historical answer to the inquiry, What is American Nationality?" "The United States Among the Nations," "A review of the growth of international relations as they have affected the United States, and the changes of the attitude to other nations."

Her as a Slave Auctioneer. Even people of mature years whose memory is clear about matters before and during the war have practically forgotten that Henry Ward Beecher used his pulpit in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, as an auction block for slaves. This most famous of his "slave sales" was that of the beautiful girl, Sarah, and it was upon this occasion that the most exciting scenes ever witnessed in Plymouth Church, or in any other church, were enacted for that matter, occurred. Mr. Beecher was unusually dramatic; he put a fire into his words, as he stood the slave girl on the platform beside him, which fairly burned into the hearts of his auditors. It was not long before the people became almost hysterical with excitement. Mr. Beecher kept on until he was ready to pass the collection baskets. Then the auditors gave vent to their feelings, and not only heaps of money was put into the baskets but men and women took of their rings, unfastened their watches and threw them into the baskets and the platform. It was a remarkable scene, and such a one as probably will never be equalled in America. Mrs. Beecher recalls the event with wonderful vividness in her article in the Christmas Ladies' Home Journal, which she tells the whole story of "When Mr. Beecher Sold Slaves in Plymouth Pulpit." The scene itself is remarkably well brought to the eye of the reader by a striking illustration furnished by Dr. Thulstrup from material furnished the artist by Mrs. Beecher.

BOOK REVIEWS. CATHOLIC CEREMONIES AND EVANGELIZATION of the Ecclesiastical year. With 96 illustrations of the various feasts, coronations and other ceremonies and their proper names. From the French of the Abbe Durand, New York, Benziger Bros., 25c. paper; 50c. cloth.

This is one of the useful "Library of popular instruction," series and will be found most instructive alike by the laymen and the devout. A proper knowledge of the meaning of coronations is absolutely necessary to a due appreciation of the grandeur and solemnity of Divine worship. Without such knowledge everything appears simply a form, devoid of the heart and spirit, or lacking, and instead of being a help to our faith by illustrating the symbolism by which the church keeps ever in our minds the great and wonderful truth of the Incarnation and Redemption, they become a weariness. Truly understood, however, they make the spiritual life a living reality.

The Divine Mysteries are explained to the minutest particular the altar, vestments and all accessories are described fully, together with every part

of the sacred offices of everything used in worship. The Vespers are explained as also the ceremonies of Holy Week &c. The surgical year is described exhaustively. This useful work should be in the hands of every Catholic, especially those engaged in the instruction of youth. It will most certainly inspire fervour in attendance at the Divine Office, by knowledge comes understanding and by understanding, Faith.

REV. FATHER O'REILLY.

The Pastor of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, on Catholic Societies. On Sunday last the members of the Catholic benefit societies of Hamilton held their annual church parade and attended divine service at St. Joseph's church. The members of the societies represented—the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, the Emerald Beneficial Association, the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, and the Ancient Order of Hibernians—met at the O. M. B. A. Hall, King street East, at 2:30, and marched in procession to the church. About 200 were in attendance. Before the service began the capable choir, under the direction of J. M. Boyes, sang "Praise Ye the Father," (Gounod).

Rev. Father Hinchey, the pastor, welcomed the members to the church and addressed them briefly upon divine worship. Rev. Father O'Reilly, of St. Patrick's church, was the preacher, and he took for his text St. Paul's first epistle to Timothy: "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith and is worse than a infidel." Father O'Reilly said that in unity there was strength, and the axiom was well shown in the work of societies such as those to which his hearers belonged. Men, when they combined in benefit societies, could do much more than by their individual efforts. It was the privilege of man to organize into societies for mutual benefit. The Catholic Church had its orders, each having its separate work, the spiritual side being paramount. The Church also encouraged the laity to form societies, for the improvement of their members morally and socially. But as in the human body, so in incorporated bodies; there must be no weak or diseased portions to impair their safety and permanency.

Father O'Reilly went on to point out that these societies, if their principles were fully carried out, helped to keep the members in accord with their religious duties. The fact that the members were away from home to attend the meetings of the societies was used as an argument against societies; but he did not believe any harm was done by this. He urged the fathers present to cultivate religion in the home, by making each family a nursery for the Church. Parents should avoid showing a bad example to their children; they should be guarded in both expression and action. In conclusion, Father O'Reilly said: "Be good fathers; and if you are members of that first society established on earth, you will be an ornament to any you may join."

THE PUBLIC should bear in mind that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and really efficacious in relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and rheumatism, and sore or burnt, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, Nov. 24, 1896. On the curb in Chicago at the opening today December wheat was quoted at 73 1/2; at the close December wheat was quoted at 76 1/2 and May at 80 1/2; puts on May wheat, 76 1/2; calls, 78 1/2; puts on May corn, 27 1/2 asked; calls, 27 1/2 bid.

FARMERS' MARKET. Oats are much weaker. Hogs are lower than on Saturday.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Wheat, Oats, Hogs, and various types of flour and grain.

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes items like Eggs, Butter, Milk, and various types of poultry and meat.

We have received from Warner's Safe Cure Co. of Rochester, N. Y., whose advertisement may be found in another column, their attractive pamphlet for 1897, of which five million copies, it is stated, are being distributed free by mail and through druggists. It contains, besides advertising matter, biographical sketches and portraits of all the presidents of the United States, including President-elect McKinley. The perusal of the pamphlet affords abundant proof that Warner's Safe Cure Co., which has twenty years of success back of it, is as active and enterprising as ever.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

THE CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG GIRLS IN CANADA. Pale Faces And Bloodless Lips - Give to Headaches - Extreme Weakness - Heart Palpitation and Other Distressing Symptoms - The Means of Cure readily at Hand.

The attention of the Post has lately been frequently called to a remarkable cure in the case of a young girl living within a few miles of this town, whose life was despaired of, but who was completely cured in a short space of time by the most wonderful of all remedies - Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since reading in almost every issue of the Post of the cures effected by the use of this medicine, we felt it to be a duty owed to investigate this case which has so urgently been brought to our notice, and we are sure the interview will be read with interest by the thousands of young girls all over Canada, as we are by the parents of such ailing patients. The young lady in question is not anxious for notoriety, but is willing to make her case known in order that others who are similarly afflicted may



have an opportunity of being equally benefited. The symptoms in her case differed in no way from those afflicting thousands of young girls about her age. She was suffering from extreme weakness, caused by an impoverished condition of the blood, and her chances of life seemed to grow less every day. The best and brightest faded away as well as others, but when we saw a young girl of sixteen years, who should be in the best of health, with cheeks aglow with the rosy flush of youth, and eyes bright and flashing, just the opposite, with sallow cheeks, bloodless lips, listless in every motion, despondent, despairing of life with no expectation or hope of regaining health, and with only one ray of light, which was her robust physical and mental, we think it one of the saddest of sights.

In the quiet little hamlet of Strangfield, in Essex County, just such a case was presented to the sorrowing eyes of loving friends a few months ago in the person of Miss Ella Beaman, who frequently said she had never been so ill as she did, as if she had no charms for her. To our reporter she declared that life had been a burden, but after suffering in this way for months, and after trying all sorts of remedies prescribed by physicians, she was comforted by friends from some cherishes, resting complete rest from their grandmother, but without being benefited in the least, so she was at last persuaded by a neighbor to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial; but she had tried so many remedies without getting relief that she still refused for some time to give up her cherished hopes. Her urgent prayers by her parents and friends she began the use of the pills. Before one box was taken she experienced some relief, and after the use of a few more boxes she felt restored to perfect health, and she is now enjoying life more than ever. She says she owes her life and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and is willing that the world shall know it. Her case attracted much attention and her perfect recovery has created much comment.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is, to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headache, shortness of breath on the slightest exertion, constant rest and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy will discover itself as readily as the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which has done the work of health to pale and sallow cheeks. They are a certain cure for all troubles peculiar to the female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of the grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scurvy, chronic erysipelas, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work or excesses of any nature.

Ottawa College Champions.

The great match for the championship of Canada, played on the field of the University of Toronto on Saturday afternoon, between Ottawa College and Toronto University, resulted in a triumph for the victors, the final score being, Ottawa College 12, University 8.

Table with 2 columns: Player Name and Score. Lists names like Morris, Boyd, Connell, etc., and their respective scores in the match.

"I escaped being a confirmed dyspeptic by taking Ayer's Pills in time." This is the experience of many. Ayer's Pills, whether as an after-dinner pill or as a remedy for liver complaint, indigestion, constipation, or other troubles, are invaluable.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Felt Like Flying. I couldn't sleep nights and was so nervous that I felt like flying...

FREE. A valuable blood purifier... Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill. 410 S. Franklin Street.

J. B. McLEOD, KINGSTON, ONT. RENFREW'S ..Furs.. Are Becoming More Popular Every Day.

Specials in Dress Goods. The Dress Goods section to the severest test so far as quality, style and newness of material is concerned...

Specials in Silks. It is today and newness in style and colorings is sought for you will find such here—many specials exclusive to our own trade...

G. R. RENFREW & CO. Seal Skin, Persian Lamb, Grey Krimer and other Furs. Fur-lined Garments we are showing special lines.

Store Closed all day Thursday. Genuine Frieze Ulsters, sizes 36 to 44, in all shades... 10.00

Whoever glances at our East Window will discover a surprise: Overalls, Suits and Ulsters, for all sizes, men, such variety, at... 5.00

Oak Hall One-Price Clothiers 115 to 121 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

McCLUSLAND & SON. EMERALD TORONTO OPTICALS. CHURCH WINDOWS A SPECIALTY.

Rev. Father Gearhart's Bazaar. Those holding tickets for Father Gearhart's Bazaar will have the kindness to send no duplicates as soon as possible, as the drawing takes place next month.

THE ALE AND PORTER

JOHN LABATT, LONDON, CAN. MEDAL and HIGHEST POINTS AWARDED ON THIS CONTEST AT THE WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, 1893. TORONTO MONTREAL; James Good & Co., 70 King Street. P. L. X. Beaudry, 127 No. Lorimer Ave. QUEBEC; N. Y. Montreuil, 277 St. Paul Street.

ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD. Specials in Dress Goods. The Dress Goods section to the severest test so far as quality, style and newness of material is concerned...

ROBT. SIMPSON CO. LTD. Tenders for Supplies. The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on MONDAY NOVEMBER 30TH, 1896.

The Celebrated Nelligan Family. Family home evening's entertainment, consisting of Recitations, Ballads and Comic Songs, 25c. per person.

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CHURCH WINDOWS A SPECIALTY. MEMORIALS A SPECIALTY. N.T. LYON & CO. TORONTO. 141 Church Street, Toronto.

HAVE YOU A Hobby? Ours is Making Planos. Have been doing this for well nigh 50 years. Make only high grade pianos. Never did anything else—only kept on improving year by year.

HEINTZMAN & CO., 117 King St. West, Toronto. Concert Grands Uprights Baby Grands Transposing

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ALEX. ANN BROWN STOUT Brewed from the finest malt and best Bavarian brand of hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strength.

UNEXCELLED! UNEQUALLED! UNAPPROACHED!! OUR HAND-MADE BEES WAX MOULDED BEES' WAX CANDLES, STEAMING WAX CANDLES.

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