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The Catholic Register.

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

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Register of the Week.

The election last week of Mr. Martin for the Dominion House has set politicians busily thinking and explaining this change in the popular vote of Winnipeg. The Grits, as is natural, regard it as the turn of the tide. Some look upon it as a victory of Protestantism over Catholicity. How this tallies with the comfort which the venerable Archbishop of St. Boniface takes in it is a question which awaits development.

It has little or no bearing on Provincial politics, which, during the past week, have been as lively as several good meetings could make them, closing with the nomination for East Lambton on Saturday last. The fight stands: Dr. McKinnon for the Liberals, and Mr. McCallum for the Conservatives, who have by this nomination thrown in their lot with the P. P. A.

A large meeting held at Forest was addressed by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education, in the spirit of true and manly fairness. Amongst other things, when reviewing the various attacks that had been made on the Mowat Government, Mr. Ross said:

In dealing with Catholics the Government took precisely the same line as in dealing with Protestants, the negro and every class of people. They would not say as citizens that because a man was a Catholic they would not vote for him. Some of the ablest men that the country had produced were Catholics. The Government that Conservatives swore by had at its head John Sandfield Macdonald, who was born a Catholic and died one. The strong right arm of Sir John Macdonald's Government for years was Sir Geo. Cartier, who lived and died a Catholic. "Who discovered America?" demanded Mr. Ross. "Why is it that we are here at all? Why, by Christopher Columbus, who was a Catholic, had not discovered America you would not be here now." (Applause and laughter.)

The perplexing time, Mr. Ross went on, when Spain dared to make an attack upon England Lord Howard, a Roman Catholic, was in command of the forces of Elizabeth. The bravest officer in the United States who had to do with quelling the rebellion in that country was Gen. Sheridan, a Roman Catholic. He was only mentioning these facts for the purpose of showing that we must be reasonable in regard to different creeds; that all Protestants were not good, that all Catholics were not bad; that there were good and bad in every faith; that if each one of us would only discharge our own responsibilities, accountable each for himself, we would be less concerned over the religious belief of our neighbors. One of the things which had been said was that there should not be a Catholic in the Government. Apply the same rule to Quebec. There were seven Catholics in Quebec to one Protestant. In Ontario there were six Protestants to one Catholic. The Catholics were proportionately stronger in Quebec than the Protestants in Ontario, yet in the Quebec Government there was one Protestant, Mr. Hall, the Treasurer. There were ten Roman Catholics in the Parliament of Ontario, and ten Protestants in the Parliament of Quebec, and the ten Protestants in Quebec represented about 190,000 persons, the ten Catholics in Ontario about 350,000: one Protestant for every 19,000 in Quebec and one Catholic for every 35,000 in Ontario. The cry was that the Catholics must be boycotted in Ontario, while in Quebec they had treated us most liberally. He protested against this sort of creed cry, by which no good purpose could be served.

Turning now to the school question of Quebec, Mr. Ross said that there they had

the dual system of Separate School from bottom to top and the cleavage was complete, yet that privilege had been given the Protestants of Quebec though the Catholics were in the majority 7 to 1. They had not done so much for the Catholics of Ontario, and they did not propose to do it. He did not think that they would ask it. He believed that it would be a great thing if the country could have one national system of education, but they were not discussing that at present. Our forefathers had settled that by the act of confederation, and, more it was settled in 1841 at the time of the union of Lower and Upper Canada. It was placed in the act of confederation, and, as Liberals, they could not shirk the solemnity of that compact. They could not repeal that act if they would. It could only be done by the Imperial Parliament, and the Imperial Parliament would never do it without being asked to do it by the whole of the Province. The Government did not treat Roman Catholics as such, but as Canadians. There never could be any national spirit in this country unless the people got above the intolerance of the past, unless they grew to have such national spirit that they would not ask a man at what altar he worshipped, what nationality he bore, or who his father or his grandfather was. That was not the way to build up a national sentiment.

Another and still bolder expression to the sentiments we might expect our educated fellow-citizens to hold came the other day from Mr. J. D. Edgar at the annual meeting of the Toronto Reformers. Dealing with the P. P. A. he said:

A new weapon is being forged to stab Sir Oliver Mowat with, and to stab him in the dark, and to stab him with a coward's blow. His long years of magnificent service to his country, his whole open and manly career are to be forgotten, and his perfect fairness to all creeds and classes is to be made a ground of insidious attack by the venomous emissaries of bigotry and intolerance working in secret, by day and by night, upon the worst passions of the community. This latest invention of his opponents is hidden under the apparently harmless name of the "Protestant Protective Association." I ask my fellow-Protestants: Has Protestantism come to such a pass in Ontario that it dare not openly and publicly protect itself from wrongs, real or imaginary? Must it hide itself, and shun the light of day, and work by secret, underground methods? Why, the Equal Rights agitation was open, and its supporters were ready to defend their views. The Orange Order is publicly incorporated, and on the 12th July shows its colors to the world most elaborately, while the P. P. A. do their work as secretly as a gang of burglars. They must be thoroughly ashamed of their objects or their means of accomplishing them—or both.

I understand that Liberals are appealed to to join this secret association on the promise that it will be used in due time as a weapon to stab Sir John Thompson with. I cannot believe that such a shallow argument will influence any Liberals. In the first place we do not require any assistance. We can drive Sir John Thompson from power to-morrow either on his financial policy or on the records of himself and his colleagues.

I want to say this as a Dominion Liberal public man, that, much as I believe the country would gain by a change of Government and a change of policy at Ottawa, I had rather remain in Opposition for the rest of my life than gain power for my party by pandering to the base and unchristian passions of ignorance and bigotry.

A third example, not Canadian but American, of what high minded people think of such associations we take from an address by Judge Ball at Zanesville, Ohio:

There have been two events in the past thirty years that would not have happened in any other country on the globe in any age. We suppressed a great rebellion and not a drop of blood was shed in punishment of that rebellion. This could have occurred in no other country, and nowhere in history or human nature can you find a parallel to it. The other event occurred in Chicago. They had a congress of religions. The Catholics and Protestants and Mohammedans and the

Buddhists, they were all there to conclave together. There was no A. P. A. in there. No such religious assembly ever met before and these two events hang the lights on the pathway of humanity higher than human hands ever hung them before, and when I look up and see the brilliancy of their rays reaching out and illuming the other side of the globe I feel a swelling pride that I am an American and a citizen of this republic.

And then I turn and look down into a deep, dark, cavernous valley. I see toads, lizards and scorpions and snakes and adders and alms and vermin shut out from the light of Christianity, shut out from the light of truth, shut out from the light of mercy, shut out from all that is good, down in that dark valley I see an assembly of A. P. A.

I trust that no one will complain of me for speaking of them in connection with this religious gathering in Chicago, for I present the one as the highest achievement of the humanity and I present the other as the most God-forsaken remnant of the human race.

On the feast of All-Saints the Holy Father received in audience the new Superior General of the Oblate Fathers. After presenting the homage of his Community the Superior made a report of the various works entrusted to his Congregation, dwelling on the fact that there are ten Bishops or Vicars-Apostolic laboring zealously in the missions of Northern Canada, Southern Africa and the Island of Ceylon. The Supreme Pontiff listened with deep interest, congratulated the Society upon its zeal in propagating the Gospel, and eulogized the University of Ottawa, which is directed by the Oblate Fathers, and likewise their House of Studies at Rome.

By the death of Cardinal Laurenti on All-Souls' Day the Holy Father has lost a friend who was associated with him in the See of Perugia. Here the late Cardinal was born in 1821, and ordained priest in 1843. The present Pontiff, when Bishop of Perugia, named him Pro-Vicar-General and Canon Arch-priest of the Cathedral Chapter, which offices he held until 1877, when Pius IX. made him auxiliary Bishop to the Cardinal Bishop of Perugia. The latter, when elected Pope, summoned his friend to Rome, and two years after (1880) conferred upon him the purple hat.

An absurd rumor was started that the Holy Father was a prisoner in the vaults of the Vatican, and had been replaced by a Calabrian very closely resembling Leo XIII. It seems that an unfrocked priest of the Diocese of Chartres in France, and a notary named Glenard were either duped by a visionary of Loigny, or were in league with her. The convent had been suppressed by the Congregation of the Holy Office, on due examination, as detrimental to piety. The so-called nuns refused to submit; and amongst other visions— all of which were more political than religious— was one regarding the Supreme Pontiff. The Liberal Press, with customary injustice and insolence, claims it as a Catholic fraud, while it is simply a case of two foolish or half

crazy men, enraptured by hallucinations, and by the wit of several clever scoundrels.

After a slight cold, from which the Supreme Pontiff was recently suffering, he is now enjoying his usual excellent health, and is frequently receiving large numbers of pilgrims, who come to look upon the Vicar of Christ and depart with his blessing.

It now appears from M. Piou, who writes in *Figaro*, that Franco has to thank the Pope for the *entente cordiale* with Russia. In proof he maintains that the Czar always looked upon the Republic with prejudice on account of its irreligious action until Leo XIII. accepted it. It is a *post hoc propter hoc* argument. The Pope was actuated by motives of religion, the Czar, though perhaps influenced by the Sovereign Pontiff's action, was actuated by motives of politics.

A very substantial interchange of courtesy is to take place between Russia and France. A bell bigger than any now in France is to be presented the Cardinal of Paris for the Church of Notre Dame, the cost of which is to be paid by a subscription among the Russians.

Friends of England's great Premier will read with fear the announcement made by the New York *World's* London correspondent that Mr. Gladstone's health has failed "more in the last ten weeks than in all the eight years before." He had wished to dissolve Parliament immediately after the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords, but was overruled, which caused him great disappointment. Then came the death of his faithful friend and physician, whose cure was unceasing. The bills now before the House have had more attention from the aged chief than his health warrants, while the harassing opposition which the Tories and Unionists continually maintain are telling more and more upon the overtaxed strength of even a wonderful constitution.

Who will succeed Gladstone? becomes the question of the hour. Up till lately probabilities pointed to Sir William Harcourt as the most likely on account of his services to the party and his positions in several of the Liberal Governments. Now, however, Lord Rosebery is the favorite. The splendid success which he achieved in the Coal Conference, and as Chairman of the London County Council, where he won the esteem of Tory and Unionist foes as well as Liberal friends, has rendered him the most popular Englishman of to-day.

Young—being only 35—eloquent, loyal to his leader when nearly every peer went over to the enemy, hospitable to the working interests, this nobleman is in every way capable of carrying out the great ideas of reform and social improvement which the Liberal party have planned, and the sister Isle has hoped for.

MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By Idris for THE REGISTER

For a change I shall leave the Art Palace for the time, and give account of a day spent in the Irish Village, beginning with Lady Aberdeen's.

In the distance the green flag of Erin, with its golden harp angel-fronted—by all comparison the most beautiful flag in the world—waved a welcome from the tower of Blarney Castle. The Irish piper at the gates served as a persuasive invitation.

Once in the Irish Village, and having turned into the replica cloisters of Mucross Abbey, Killarney, I broke down; I could not and would not have had it otherwise. Those tears were willing tribute to an Irish mother, who first saw the light at Killarney—"over fair Killarney." It is good to be there; and even the song enjoins "Still at Mucross you must pray; though the monks are now at rest." But as in everything Irish, smiles and tears, tears and smiles, follow rapidly. I next ascended the spiral staircase in the tower of Blarney Castle to see the Blarney Stone and the map of Ireland, the latter in a horizontal and reasonable position. On it are indicated mountains, lakes and rivers, and also location of cities.

But to return to the Blarney Stone, or rather the fragment of it which was detached from the famous original, brought to Chicago and cemented into the tower wall. The custodian unceasingly informs visitors that "now is the time to save a trip over the sea; besides, kissing the main body of the Blarney Stone is very inconvenient, especially for ladies." Approaching to examine the stone, I read beneath it the following lines:

"This is the stone that whoever kisses
He never misses to grow eloquent;
A clever spouter he'll turn out
Or, an outer-outer in parliament."

After perusing these encouraging lines I paid the small fee, and was given a little green card which certifies that I "kissed the Blarney Stone on Sept. 15th, 1898." Some quizzical people assert that the stone is not genuine; but in America we can have no choice, and all stones from Ireland are good.

A succession of cottages exhibit the Irish industries in course of production. The lace department was first reached. The lacemakers were comparatively busy, but always on the alert to sell their beautiful handwork, and to give polite attention to inquiring visitors. There were piles of lace articles—crocheted collars and borders; tambour lace scarfs, borderings and flounces; tambour and run-lace flounces; handkerchiefs in tambour lace, in raised needlepoint and in flat needlepoint; bridal veils in "silk tambour;" fan covers in flat needlepoint; dress panels in crochet, "Jesuit Point," tambour lace, "Alb Trim mings," borderings of raised needlepoint, "Innishmacsaint," and scarfs in Limerick blonde lace. Lady Aberdeen, in a photo sold here, wears a bodice with trimmings of Limerick lace.

In the carding, spinning and weaving cottages each room is fitted up as a typical apartment in a peasant's home in some one part of Ireland. There are dressers and cupboards on which were arranged delf and crockery; there were chairs, tables, pictures, and fireplace with hanging kettle over peat or turf just ready to light. A very pretty colleen carded red wool, then spun it at her little wheel. She drew my attention to an old loom in the same room which bore the label "262 years old." No weaver sits at it now. Other looms in other cottages have busy weavers. An old wheel, of black oak, set high and apart, attracted my attention. Upon inquiry I was told that it is Lady Aberdeen's own wheel, and that it has been three hundred years in her family. Another photo of Lady Aberdeen represents her

spinning at the old wheel, and dressed in the Ancient Irish costume. Looking at her sweet face recalls the old song, "Rich and rare wore the gems she wore," etc. Truly Lady Aberdeen's Celtic blood asserts itself. When at the village she spends more or less of her time spinning at a little wheel not so much of a veteran as her own.

In the dairy I found a very robust maid taking butter out of a barrel-shaped revolving churn, which she proceeded to wash, salt and make into tiny rolls, she then dealt out the delicious buttermilk by the glass to the crowding onlookers. The butter, made from the milk of the far-famed Kerry cows, was served in the refreshment room. As I ate it with real Irish stew I felt no hesitation in pronouncing it, what it is asserted to be, "the best in the world."

On the village green is a platform for the musicians and dancers; around this are seats always full. A young lad in corduroy knickerbockers and green stockings was dancing to the music of the pipes for the pure delight of it; he stepped down to invite some old lady to dance a jig with him. As one and then another declined, I felt myself wishing he would ask me; but he did not, and as my education in that department had been neglected perhaps it was all for the best. That boy's good humor was so infectious that here could not have been anything like ill-natured criticism; the spectators sat there like members of the same family.

Then followed vocal music—"The Harp of Tara" and "The Minstrel Boy"—and tears again. Irish melodies tell of the brave heart that hopes on through seasons of tears, and is always ready to forgive and forget, and to make and to give fresh start. Nothing scours the Irish temperament.

One store contains, among other exhibits, a fine assortment of gold, silver and bog oak ornaments; also very pretty "souvenir" silver spoons with Connemara marble setting in handle, and harp and shamrock tracery, and applied tracery in silver.

In the photograph gallery are pictures of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, and photographic views of Irish scenery, the latter handsomely framed; also statuettes of Daniel O'Connell and of Robert Emmet. How I wished that I could bring a couple of the statuettes home with me, but their weight ruled them out. Emmet is represented with scroll in hand bearing his answer to the judge upon being asked if he had anything to say as to why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. We have all been thrilled by that answer, sublime in its eloquence and pathos. Let me see if I can recall a few scattered phrases—"I shall not detain you, my Lord: you are thirsting for my blood. * * * If the spirits of the departed can behold what is transpiring in this mundane sphere, oh, soul of my beloved father, behold your son, who true to his inherited principles, now offers up his life for his country. * * * A few words more and I have done. The grave opens to receive me. As my motives are not understood. * * * Until my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, let no man write my epitaph."

Should Ireland gain Home Rule before 1898 surely we might expect an Emmet Centennial, and the erection of suitable monument with time-worthy epitaph. Angels and the spirit of Emmet would inspire the writer of that epitaph.

The museum contains, among numerous curiosities and valuables, old Irish weapons of war representing the different ages as to material and design. There is a missal of the fourteenth century in the ancient Irish language, written by a monk of course in an elegant hand, and beautifully illuminated. Gerald Griffin's note

book and pencil are there. The past is brought vividly before us in a painting from life of Owen Roe O'Neill, the hero of the battle of Benburb. History tells us that he was a brave soldier, and fought for his country under the Stuarts. The portrait is of a very handsome young man dressed in the style of Henry VIII., and not unlike that monarch in his younger days. The Irish, driven to rebellion by the oppressions of the English soldiers under the Puritan General Monroe, first having declared their allegiance to the reigning King, Charles I., proceeded to fight for the support of the Irish Constitution, and to gain toleration for the Catholic religion. Owen Roe O'Neill, nephew of Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, returned from the continent to take command. In the war that followed, his most striking success was a victory at Benburb, 1642, where Monroe the English General declared, "The Lord of Hosts has rubbed shame on our forces." Three thousand of his army lay dead upon the field, while O'Neill's loss was insignificant. Unfortunately for his beloved and persecuted country, Owen Roe O'Neill died shortly after Cromwell's arrival in Ireland.

I bade a reluctant adieu to the time-honored shadow of Owen Roe, and left Lady Aberdeen's village to visit Mrs. Hart's Irish Village, or Castle Donegal, formerly the stronghold of Red Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrconnell, and a kinsman of Owen Roe. This village is much the same as the other in essentials; in minor industries one village has what the other has not, and vice versa. I noticed here "the village blacksmith" at work; also the remarkable results of his labor in an altar service, of which the candlesticks are really elegant.

A *fac simile* of the great statue of Gladstone, by the Irish sculptor, Bruce Joy, is very imposing. Among other works of art and portraits of celebrated Irishmen are Bruce Joy's "Wellington's First Encounter With the French," and "Nelson's First Farewell."

There is a model of the O'Connell Memorial Church now in course of erection at Caheroiveen, Kerry, the birthplace of the great patriot and liberator. Immediately beside it is a chair chained about to render it exclusive, but with card attached stating that, "This chair was used by Daniel O'Connell; and upon the payment of ten cents, which is to be appropriated to the Memorial Church fund, anyone who wishes may have the privilege of sitting in it." The chair was lent by Daniel O'Connell, son of Maurice O'Connell, and grandson of the illustrious emancipator. It is a small arm-chair, of cherry colored wood, extremely plain in design, and upholstered in green damask. Its only ornamentations were two little moulded shamrocks glued on the front of the top crosspiece; one of them has gone the way of all things perishable. Upon sitting down I remarked to the young lady in attendance that the chair seemed much the worse for wear; she replied that coming to Chicago had not improved it. I took the hint and must admit that I got my 10c. worth of green damask. O'Connell would not have grudged it to me; moreover, his kindly and ample shade must have interposed to hide my vandalism from the bright eyes of that Irish girl.

There is a platform in that room, upon which are a piano and harp. Musicians came in and listening to Moore's melodies, and recalling all I know of O'Connell, I sat in his chair a full hour. That hallowed seat afforded sweetest rest to my aching limbs, so very weary from constant walking; but how often it had refused rest to the weary heart and brain of him who now asks no earthly solace.

As a parting paragraph to Erin, I must add that of all the exhibitors and

vendors I met at the Fair, those Irish girls of the Irish Villages had the most charming manners. Peculiar to them was a good natured reserve; they seemed to shrink from making themselves obtrusive, and they affected not to hear any remark to which politeness did not necessitate attention.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Grand Old Soldier.

Marshal Canrobert, who, since the death of Marshal MacMahon, is the only living Marshal of France, is in good health, and bears his eighty-five years as lightly as could be expected. His hair has grown snowy white, but his eyes are as blue and brilliant as ever, and but for a little rheumatism he would have nothing to complain of. "You have come," he added, "to learn my impressions on the past and the present. Alas! I have not much to tell you. All I desire now is repose—a repose closed against all the noise and brother from without, a repose in which I can remain alone with my remembrances of former times. I have withdrawn from the world since the death of my devoted and tender wife, and I live only in the past, which is particularly dear to me, for I feel that during my long career I have done my duty simply and honestly. You talk of my younger days. Alas! I never cease to think of them, and only wish they would come again to enable me to serve my country on the field of battle should war break out, which heaven forbid, for war is a terrible thing. But to hear the sound of cannon and not be able to take part in the fire, what an excruciating torture!" and the Marshal, overcome by his feelings, rose from his seat and paced the room.

After a few minutes the fiery veteran calmed down and resumed the conversation. "What, in reality, can I tell you?" he asked. "I am not a learned man, I am not a writer: I am only a man of war. I know of nothing but military expeditions, fields of battle, and the shock of arms. From my youth I was fond of the army. I have passed my life on horseback throughout Europe and Africa. I have fought everywhere and all for the greatness and glory of our dear Fatherland. To-day perhaps I am used up, but I think that if France needed my sword tomorrow I should have sufficient strength left to rush to her rescue. Ah! the life of a soldier is the finest of all. To become a soldier again, what a sweet dream! To recommence the campaigns of other days and follow one's career to the end without fear of reproach, like the valiant Blaise de Montluc, whose epitaph should be that of all warriors—'Here lies Montluc, who never reposed but in his grave'—to live all this over again, what a beautiful dream, what a sad illusion!"

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

We regret to announce the death of Mr. James Byrne, South street, New Ross, an old and respected inhabitant of the town, who died on November 1st. The deceased carried on a successful bakery business in South street, was about 64 years of age, and leaves a widow and a family to mourn his loss.

MEMINISCENCES OF A RELIGIOUS.

A priest called at the convent to beg the sisters to visit, as soon as possible, a man living in his parish whom, he feared, was very near death; but as he would not see the priest and did not even wish his condition to be made known to him, the latter was not at liberty to mention the person who had sought his assistance, and consequently the sisters must try to work the affair out themselves as well as they could. The case was a difficult one, inasmuch as the man, who was well off, was a miser and had either abandoned his wife and children or they had been obliged to leave him on account of ill treatment, I fail to remember which. He greatly feared death, yet he had no desire to become reconciled to his family and was suspicious of all who came near him or showed him any kindness, thinking it was for his money's sake. He was cared for by a woman who had lived with him in the capacity of house-keeper, but it was greatly to be feared she was not doing much for his soul.

The sisters called immediately upon him and the report they gave was anything but encouraging; the man did not care to see them and his manner was most bearish, and, worse still, he had requested them to leave the house and never come back again. Consequently when I was asked the following morning if I would undertake the case it may be well imagined that it required some practical reflections on the great truths inculcated during my early catechetical instructions, viz.: the certainty of death, the inevitability of judgment and its consequences, as also the infinite value of a soul, to cause me to consent to the proposal. However, a short time after found my companion and self at No. — Blank street, to "beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall."

No one answering our timid knock at the door of his room, the outer door being already open, we entered. The room was of good size, poorly furnished, and somewhat dark. Hearing the door open he turned his head to see who was coming, but at sight of the sisters an expression of intense disgust overspread his countenance. Turning his face again towards the wall he said, "Didn't I tell you not to come again? I wish you would go away," and resolutely closed the eye nearest the wall, the one towards us being sightless, and pulled the bed-clothes over his ear evidently quite determined to prevent our entrance through the avenue of his senses, even if he could not through the doorway of his house.

For a moment I felt dismayed. I had prepared myself for the worst possible encounter, but such a greeting from such an object quite staggered me for a moment, and it was but for a moment. I had come for an object and I was not going away without at least having made an attempt to gain it; and the poor soul rose above all its exterior. So collecting my dismayed and humbled forces I approached yet nearer the bedside, saying sufficiently loud to be heard even under the bed clothes, "I was never here before, but the Sisters who were here yesterday told me how very ill you were, and thinking perhaps that you did not have good care and that you might be in need of something I thought I would come to see you myself." They had told me that the mention of death seemed to irritate him so I thought it better to try different tactics. "Life, you know, is a great blessing—a very great blessing—in fact, the very greatest of all God's blessings." The word "life" I suppose had a pleasant sound to his ears; for the bed clothes moved a little as if he would hear more about it and as I had found my keynote I held on to it.

"We are obliged to do all in our power to prolong life to the last possi-

ble moment, for time is invaluable. With one moment of time we may purchase not alone eternity, but a greater degree of glory therein, and certainly I should be guilty if, thinking I might assist you in prolonging your life, I should let the opportunity slip, and it is for this reason partly that I have come to you. You seem very ill—I hope you have some one to take proper care of you, for much depends upon nursing, even more than upon the skill of the doctor. With proper care you may recover, or at least life may be prolonged. You must also keep up your courage—that is greatly conducive to restoration of health."

The bed clothes, which had been moving by degrees, left the ear quite uncovered by the time I had finished my homily; the eye, however, remained tightly closed.

"Now, I have some delicacies here for you and I will leave them on the table close by the bedside, that you may be able to help yourself without inconvenience. I think this jolly will be refreshing."

A partial turn in the bed. Just then the housekeeper entered and calling her to the bedside, as I wished him to hear what I was going to say, I gave her an exhortation of the great care that should be taken of the sick and the great importance of prolonging life, even in case there should be no hopes of a cure, and urged her to bear very patiently with him in case he should ever be cross as well. People little know the sufferings of the sick, etc., etc.; concluding by saying that I must go now, but that I might stop in some time as we had another call in the neighborhood.

Turning towards the patient, who had finally opened his eye and was taking a good look at us, and seeing nothing remarkable in our appearance one way or the other, had concluded to leave it open. I remarked that he appeared feverish and asked if his head ever ached. Upon receiving a growl for an answer I accepted it in the affirmative and promised to bring some bay rum when I came again. Possibly I might call in on the following day, if it would be any pleasure to him. A second growl I also interpreted affirmatively, and, bidding him good-bye, we took our leave.

The following morning found us again at his bedside, and my very hand bathing the lion's head whose growls seemed to assume sufficient form to convey some ideas; but I saved him all the trouble by carrying on the conversation myself. Finally taking some ice cream that we had brought with us—just a little at first on a spoon—I was on the point of handing it to him, when he suddenly opened his capacious mouth so widely that, recalling the legend of Red Ridinghood, I nearly jumped off the chair, which quite upset the gravity of my companion, and it was well for both of us that his eye was shut. He evidently expected to be fed baby-fashion, so I continued to feed him, until it was all gone, and we had become quite good friends.

Anxious to relieve his mind of any apprehensions, the sooner to begin in earnest upon the subject which brought us, I ventured to speak of his bearishness the day before and asked him what in the world caused him to act as he had done. But as his growl was not sufficiently intelligible to enlighten me I supplied the deficiency myself, telling him that I thought I knew the reason without his telling me; for a sensible man would never have acted so without a reason, and there was no reason certainly in ill-treating people whom he knew nothing about, unless it was that there was some danger to be apprehended from them. In fact, I supposed that he mistook us for the Little Sisters of the Poor in search of money, but as it was not according to our rules to go out to beg he need have no apprehen-

sions on that score, moreover, I added, "if you should offer us all you possess, we would not take it under the circumstances. We have come to you for your soul's sake alone."

He seemed more at home after this declaration and there seemed to be hopes of broaching the subject of religion which I had tried to smuggle in occasionally. A few days after, upon knocking, the door was opened by a well-dressed person, who said he was the invalid's brother, and that it was he who had spoken to the priest about him, but he thought it better for us not to speak to the sick man to-day, as he feared he would be uncivil on account of a stormy time they had just had when advising him to go to the Sisters' Hospital, as he was much opposed to the plan. We entered, however, and the doctor as well as himself looked much as if they never expected to see us again alive, but upon witnessing the (under the circumstances) civil greeting, took their leave.

I had intended in this visit to urge him to see the priest and set his affairs in order, but of course this was no time to do so, and it seemed most inopportune that they should make this proposition just at this precise time; but I tried to console myself with the thought that it entered into the designs of Almighty God, and I afterwards fear it indeed did.

Calling the next morning quite early, thinking to see him once again before he would leave, I found him already gone, and some time after when passing the hospital I called in to learn something of the poor man's fate, feeling sure that he had a good end, if he had already gone to his account. But what was my sorrow to learn from the Superior that he had died the evening of the very day that he had gone there. She told me of a similar case, but one in which the chaplain had almost extorted a confession from the moribund, hoping against hope that the absolutely necessary qualities might be therein—but when he raised his hand to pronounce the words of absolution, they faded completely from his memory. Vainly trying to recall them he was finally obliged to call in another priest, but by the time they reached the bedside the soul of the miserable man had taken flight. Although the chaplain had been many years in the priesthood such a thing had never happened to him before and he was at a loss to account for it except that, on account of the abuse of former graces, Almighty God had withdrawn that saving and final grace so necessary for the salvation of the sinner—a sad warning to those who hearken not to the still small voice pleading while there is yet time.

"To-day if ye shall hear his voice, harden not your hearts."—*Buffalo Union and Times*.

For Friends Away Over the Sea.

The Christmas number of the Montreal STAR is coming out in a few days. The bare announcement was sufficient to create widespread rejoicing, for it is safe to say there never was in any country a Christmas paper that was received with such applause as the Christmas number of the Montreal STAR in past years. To this day letters are received from Great Britain expressive of the admiration of the Christmas STAR, called forth throughout England, Scotland and Ireland. The Christmas STAR is a thing to be proud of, and in sending it away to friends one is conscious that it is sure to give immense pleasure to those who receive it. Lucky will they be who can secure a Christmas STAR when there is such a clamor for them.

Detective Constable Quin, William street station, and Constable Hooley, Thomondgate, having passed the competitive examination, have been promoted to the rank acting-sergeant. Constables Brennan, Boberbuoy, and Carrick, William street, have also been promoted.

"You may speak," said a fond mother, "about people having strength of mind; but when it comes to strength of don't mind, my son William surpasses any one I ever knew."

Advantages of a Cold Climate.

"Cold climates are always productive of a vigorous animal existence," said Professor Morton Bidwell to a *Globe-Democrat* man. "I know this to be a fact from recent studies that I have made of various climatic conditions and their effect. Now, I have found that the life of a people living in a tropical climate is comparatively short. Not only their physical life, but their life as a nation is affected by this curious law. In evidence of this latter assertion, I can point to all the short lived governments that have arisen and fallen in the heated zones of this new continent. Everybody is aware of the constant revolutions and uprisings in Mexico, Central America and the South American republics. Whereas, North America, throughout the temperate regions, has remained for a hundred years but little disturbed. Africa is a constant battle-ground for the blacks, and Southern Asia and Southern Europe have ever been the scene of internecine conflicts. On the other hand, Russia has remained undisturbed for centuries, the people being apparently calmed by the cool climatic conditions. So, too, with Sweden and Norway, Denmark and the North German provinces. These are not easily moved to resentment, except where the burdens imposed are of the most tyrannical nature. So it happens that the governments have lived on for centuries, their kings tracing their ancestry back through the ages, until they lose their record in the barbaric period of the Roman domination. The Scandinavians (which term comprises as a type-name most of the inhabitants of Northern Europe) are long-lived, many of them reaching the extreme old age of one hundred and fifteen years. The Scandinavian records are full of the names of men who lived to exceeding old age, while the remarkable names of the southern nations are always coupled with the statement of an early death."

Fraternity.

Fraternity has too long been the corner stone of every beneficiary society, yet how few of us, comparatively, fully understand the full scope of its meaning, or even put into everyday practice the little we do understand. Fraternity means friendship, and judged by their practice, we fear there are many who never had in reality any violent attack of this valuable doctrine. It is quite easy to make profession but quite a different thing to carry that profession into practice. It is true there are times and occasions when it will require much self denial or self abnegation to enable us to carry into active practice our profession in this regard, but this fact will not excuse us for shirking our responsibilities as a friend and brother. No grander recompense can anywhere be found than the consciousness of having rightly done our duty, and one of the most important of our duties, one most pleasing in the sight of the Most High, is to exercise perfect charity, in other words fraternity, one towards another. If we would fully and honestly carry into our every day life our obligation in this particular, what a vast amount of discord would be avoided, how much happiness would be diffused around us. Let us resolve, then, not only in name shall we be brothers, and friends but in practice also.

Constipation is the parent of innumerable diseases, and should, therefore, be promptly remedied by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. These pills do not gripe, are perfectly safe to take, and remove all tendency to liver and bowel complaints.

An inquest was held, recently, at Avalon House, Eastbourne, England, on the body of Mrs. Emily Rose Stonoy, of Boswick Castle, Westport, Mayo, who had committed suicide, by cutting her throat in a fit of jealousy against her husband, on October 30th. She had previously made other attempts on her life. The jury returned a verdict of suicide while temporarily insane.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

Sermon by the Archbishop of Toronto.

The dedication services in connection with the opening of the new St. Joseph's Catholic Church, Ottawa, were conducted on Sunday, Nov. 19th, with all the pomp and splendour of Catholic rites and ceremonies.

The service inside the church was continued by the chanting of the Litany of the Saints, followed by a dedication service somewhat similar to that which had taken place outside.

The dedication sermon was delivered by Archbishop Walsh of Toronto. The reverend gentleman presents a grand appearance and possesses a clear, manly voice that rang out through the vast auditorium in tones that indicated sincerity and an honest conviction of the righteousness of his cause.

result was dear to the Catholic heart. John, the revelator, beheld thousands and tens of thousands ascribing worship and glory to God in the heavenly temple; should not Catholics adore Him in temples below?

In conclusion the eloquent Archbishop said: "I am proud of this evidence of Catholic zeal in Ottawa. I congratulate the venerable Archbishop. I congratulate the priests and faculty of the Ottawa University; I congratulate the parishioners of St. Joseph's and the citizens of Ottawa who contributed to this great work.

The musical part of the service was superb. The choir, under the leadership of the Rev. N. Neill, O.M.I., assisted by Mrs. Kearns as organist, rendered invaluable assistance towards making the occasion a success.

Celebration at St. Paul's.

St. Paul's Catholic Church, corner Queen and Power streets, was en fete last Sunday evening on the occasion of the completion of the Sanctuary decorations. Everything that would tend to excite the devotion of a Catholic congregation, and impress the onlooker with the beauty of our services was called into requisition.

When the Rev. gentleman had concluded, his Grace, in those simple and earnest words which so well become his dignity, explained to the people the great object which Holy Church has in view in the embellishment of her temples.

The music, which was specially selected for the occasion, must receive our highest commendation. The "Magnificat" was what the name implies. The excellence of true harmony over mere melody was demonstrated most conclusively in the perfect execution of the soprano, tenor and bass parts of the "O Salutaris" and the "Tantum Ergo."

A word about the interior decorations of the Sanctuary and we have done. The "Last Supper" is a very good copy of Da Vinci's exquisite chef d'oeuvre. The colors may be somewhat sombre to catch at once our admiration, but as such preserve better the original tints, thus obviating any tendency to cause fading.

The "Joans in the Garden," the moral decoration on the left side of the Sanctuary, is a very happy reproduction of what we see in that beautiful little chapel, San Giovanni Paolo in Rome. We miss only the strong light of the Roman church to brighten a little the sombre recesses of the garden.

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—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores and hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Acknowledgment.

TORONTO, 24th Nov., 1893. W. H. Cahill, Esq., Recording Secretary Branch 200, C.M.B.A., Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to acknowledge the receipt of \$2,000, for which my son, the late James Brennan, was insured in your noble order; and I wish you to please convey to the Rev. Father Hand and members of Branch 200, my most sincere thanks for the kindness they have shown me during my son's last illness and death.

I am really unable to fully express my appreciation of the C.M.B.A., the admirable charity of its members, and the promptitude with which it meets its financial obligations. It was a happy thought to establish Branch 200 in St. Paul's parish: In deepest sorrow as I am, though humbly bowing to the will of Almighty God, I gratefully acknowledge its beneficent influence.

Very faithfully yours, ANN BRANNAN.

Condolence.

The following resolution of condolence was passed by Branch 13, C. M. B. A., Stratford, at their regular meeting, November 23rd.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death our aged and respected mother after a long and well spent life:

Resolved—That while bowing to the will of Divine Providence, we the members of Branch No. 13, C.M.B.A., Stratford, extend to Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D.D., our worthy Spiritual Advisor, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in his sad hour of bereavement.

Resolved—That these resolutions be entered upon the minutes of Branch 13 and that they be published in the Catholic Record and CATHOLIC REGISTER.

D. J. O'CONNOR, Ed. O'FLAHERTY, JAS. O'CONNOR, { Committee.

League of the Cross.

The regular weekly meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the above league was held in their hall on Power street on Sunday afternoon, Mr. R. J. Wallbridge presiding. The total abstinence pledge was administered to three new members by the Rev. Father Hand, who spoke a few words of encouragement to them and advised them to try and get some of their friends to join the Society.

After the regular temperance work had been gone through Mr. W. H. Cahill delivered an eloquent and very instructive address on "Art and Artists." The address was much appreciated by the large assembly.

A particularly good programme is being prepared for next meeting.

Charity Lecture in Barrie.

On Wednesday evening, 15th instant, a programme of sacred music was rendered and a lecture delivered in St. Mary's Church by the Very Rev. Father Teafy, B.A., President of St. Michael's College, Toronto, in aid of St. Vincent de Paul's Society. The lecture was eloquent, instructive and altogether in keeping with the reputation of the distinguished lecturer. The musical programme was rendered by St. Mary's Choir. The singing was of a high order, the members having sustained the different parts in excellent style.

Christmas Sale.

The annual Christmas Sale of the Sisters of the Precious Blood is in progress at the Confederation Life Building, corner of Richmond and Yonge streets. Anyone purchasing Christmas presents would do well to visit it. The different tables are all well supplied with beautiful decorated china, fancy and useful articles, sacred pictures, prayer books, statues and beads. Lunch is served daily.

Fashionable Wedding.

A happy event took place in St. Catharine's Catholic church last week, when Miss Annie Scott of that city and August A. Langenbahn of Buffalo were joined in holy wedlock. A large concourse of friends flocked to the church to witness the ceremony, which took place at 8 o'clock a. m. The bride was led to the altar by her brother, Frank Scott of Chicago. The groom was attended by his brother; and the bride by the groom's sister. Two little girls, beautifully attired and carrying bouquets of flowers, accompanied the happy couple.

The bride wore cream and lace, and the bridesmaids were dressed in the same material. After the nuptial Mass, which was celebrated by the Very Rev. Dean Harris, was over the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's mother, where a sumptuous repast was partaken of. The newly married couple left by train for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon.

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Wm. A. Lee & Son, GENERAL AGENTS, 10 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephones 592 & 2075.

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

Table with columns: Close, a.m., p.m., DUE, a.m., p.m. Rows include G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U.S. West'n States.

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for November: 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30.

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

COSGRAVE & CO. MALTSTERS, Brewers and Bottlers TORONTO.

Are supplying the Trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical Faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

Brewing Office, 295 Niagara St. TELEPHONE No. 264.

AGENTS WANTED.

COLUMBIAN JUBILEE or Four Centuries of Catholicity in America. Published by J. S. Hyland & Co., of Chicago, with the approbation of his Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop of Chicago, and approved by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons and many Archbishops and Bishops throughout the Continent.

Illustrated with colored frontispieces and many rare and beautiful engravings from paintings by Gregori and others. This work has had the largest sale of any Catholic work of recent years. See Editorial notice in CATHOLIC REGISTER of July 27.

Agents wanted in every town and city in the Province. Salary or commission and good reliable agents. Apply at once. Address: T. J. KELLY & Co., St. Thomas, Ont. Or call at 115 Wellington St. West, Corner York, Toronto.

CATHOLIC APPOINTMENTS,

And the Howat Government.

From the Globe.

Executive Council and Attorney-General's Department.

Officers and clerks in the Executive Council and Attorney-General's Department:—

11 Protestants with salaries aggregating\$12,860
2 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 2,250

J. It. Cartwright,
Deputy Attorney General.
Administration of Justice.

Officers and clerks at Osgoode Hall:—

53 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$68,088
7 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 6,600

J. R. Cartwright,
Deputy Attorney-General.
Department of Education.

Officers, clerks and employees in the Department of Education and Normal and Model Schools, examinations, School of Practical Science, library, etc., connected with the Department of Education:—

81 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$87,530
16 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 18,870

John Millar,
Deputy Minister.

Crown Lands Department.

Officers and clerks in the Crown Lands Department:—

Inside service—
28 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$87,800
5 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 5,450

Outside service—
20 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$18,250
5 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 2,860

(Seventeen Protestants and four Catholics in addition are paid for the number of days they work, but who are not constantly employed.)

Aubrey White,
Assistant Commissioner.

Public Works Department.

Officers and clerks in and connected with the Public Works Department:—

Departmental and outside services—
20 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$10,167
8 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 6,700

Wm. Edwards,
Secretary

Treasury Department.

Officers and clerks in the Treasury Department, including audit, license and administration of justice accounts, and Registrar-General's branches and Provincial Board of Health:—

28 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$81,554
6 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 8,510

D. E. Cameron,
Assistant Treasurer.

Secretary and Registrar's Department.

Officers and clerks in the Secretary and Registrar's Department, including asylums and prisons, insurance, Division Courts, Registry Office Inspector and game law enforcement branches:—

31 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$86,708
6 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 5,225

G. E. Lumsden,
Assistant Provincial Secretary.

Department of Agriculture.

Officers and clerks of the Department of Agriculture, and of the Ontario Agricultural College and Experimental Farm:—

82 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$84,550

8 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 5,000
(In addition to those there are 31 Protestants and six Catholic employees and servants in connection with the Agricultural College.)

O. J. James,
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.
Public Institutions.

Officers and clerks of the public institutions, not including attendants and servants, they being appointed by the Superintendents, without reference to the Government:—

Toronto Asylum for the Insane—
17 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$16,766
4 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 3,026

Hamilton Asylum for the Insane—
18 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$12,140
3 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 2,100

London Asylum for the Insane—
25 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$16,170
1 Catholic, with salary aggregating 740

Kingston Asylum for the Insane—
16 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$10,080
2 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 1,150

Orillia Asylum for Idiots—
15 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$ 8,150
3 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 1,300

Central Prison (including guards)—
41 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$28,175
7 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 4,600

Andrew Mercer Ontario Reformatory for Females and Refuge for Girls—
6 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$ 3,850
4 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 2,250

Ontario Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene—
12 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$ 7,700
5 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 8,950

Ontario Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville—
28 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$14,775
4 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 2,250

Ontario Institution for the Education of the Blind, Brantford—
21 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$12,000
8 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 975

Mimico Insane Asylum—
18 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$ 5,282
3 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 2,850

J. T. Mann,
Secretary Public Institutions Branch,
Legislative Assembly.

Officers and clerks connected with the Legislative Assembly:—
22 Protestants, with salaries aggregating\$18,410
8 Catholics, with salaries aggregating 4,450

Charles Clarke,
Clerk of House.

Sheriffs—41 Protestants, 3 Catholics.
Clarks of Peace and County Attorneys—
48 Protestants, 4 Catholics.

Local Masters in Chancery—38 Protestants, 1 Catholic.
Clerks of Court—41 Protestants, 3 Catholics.

Registrars Surrogate Court—39 Protestants, 8 Catholics.
Registrars of Deeds—54 Protestants, 9 Catholics.

Salaried Stipendiary and Police Magistrates—82 Protestants, 8 Catholics.
J. B. Cartwright,
Deputy Attorney General.

Division Court Clerks and Bailiffs.

According to the returns obtained in June, 1899 (the last returns obtained), the Division Court Clerks appointed by the Government were 130; of these 164 were Protestants and 12 were Catholics. Old Division Court Clerks appointed by Judges under the old law were 151: of these 144 were Protestants and 7 Catholics. The proportion remains about the same.

Of bailiffs, 101 were appointed by the Government, viz.: 104 Protestants and 27 Catholics, and 140 were appointed by Judges under the old law, viz.: 120 Protestants and 14 Catholics. The proportion also remains about the same.

J. B. McDonald,
For Inspector.

License Inspectors—89 Protestants, 16 Catholic.
Henry Totten,
Chief Clerk License Branch.

In the Quebec Legislature, with 78 members, there are 10 Protestants, or, in other words, one Protestant representative to each 10,000 of the Protestant population.

In the Ontario Legislature, with 91 members, there are 10 Catholics, or one Catholic representative to each 85,000 of the Catholic population.

According to the census of 1891 there is in Ontario one Catholic to every 5.00 of the Protestant population; in Quebec, one Protestant to every 7.08 of the Catholic population.

Catholics as Patriotic Americans.

During the recent elections in Arapahoe county, Col., of which the city of Denver is the capital, the A. P. A. sent circulars to the Protestant clergymen asking them to urge upon their flocks their duty to vote for only Protestant candidates whose "loyalty" was vouched for by the leaders of the secret society. One of these documents was received by Rev. Myron W. Reed, pastor of the chief Congregational church of the city. He read it from the pulpit and commented upon it freely and with a proper spirit of repugnance for the principles which it proclaimed.

Then he uttered those patriotic utterances, which we commend to all fair-minded men: "I do not propose that the Catholic church shall rule America, or that the Baptist shall, or the Methodist, or the Congregational churches, or the Salvation Army, no one of the many churches, nor all of them together shall rule America. I do not intend that imported Orangemen shall rule America. I desire and expect that things will go on as usual, and that members of all the churches who are citizens will go in orderly fashion to the polls and express themselves as they please. I am sorry to see that the circular implies that my Catholic fellow-citizens are not Americans. There is a new-made grave in Monroe, Mich., the grave of Captain John C. Whipple, captain of company F, Eighteenth Michigan volunteers. I was captain of company D, same regiment. He was my chum for more than three years. He was a soldier for the Union four years and four months; was wounded twice. He was the bravest of the brave. He was born a Catholic and died a Catholic. His boy was christened in a Catholic church and by a Catholic priest. His name is Myron Reed Johannes Whipple. There is an error in the circular. The most of my Catholic friends, and they are numerous, are certainly Americans."—The Republic.

It is strange that some people will suffer for years from rheumatism rather than try such an approved standard remedy as Ayer's Sarsaparilla; and that, too, in spite of the assurance that it has cured so many others who were similarly afflicted. Give it a trial.

The new President of the Royal Hibernian Academy (in succession to the late Sir Thos. Jones) will, it is stated, be Mr. Thos. Farrell, the distinguished Irish sculptor.

A Sluggish Liver

Produces superfluous quantities of lithic acid in the blood. This causes Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia and a train of minor irregularities.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER

Contains alkalies which neutralize this acid, restores the liver to its natural functions, act gently on the kidneys, regulate the bowels, and give tone and strength to the entire system.

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Head Office, King street West,
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CHRISTMAS SALE

IN AID OF THE
Sisters of the Precious Blood

WILL OPEN
Monday, Nov. 27th,

IN THE HALL OF
CONFEDERATION LIFE BUILDING,
Cor. Richmond and Yonge sts.

An attractive
CONCERT
Will be given the opening night, without extra charge.

MESSERS. HEINTEMAN & Co. have kindly consented to lend a Piano for the occasion.

LUNCHEON will be served DAILY.

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FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposits from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more.
Money to lend on mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks.
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By latest process and relaid by competent workmen.
Altering and Re-fitting a specialty.
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MEMORIAL WINDOW TORONTO ONT
OPHIDIANS, CHURCH & SECULAR
MONUMENTS AND STAINED GLASS

The Pain of Fire.

Alice Esmonds in Irish Monthly.

In the king's dungeon fire below,
Mother and child at length have met,
One white almost as untracked snow,
One darkened still with stain and fret.
There ever re an angel stands,
Lifting some soul with tender care,
A chalice in his outstretched hands:
Alma, Masses charily and prayer.

Each moment pays an awful price
In that baptismal font of fire—
Closed in around, and heated thrice,
Beneath above—a molten pyre!
From patient captives crushed with pain,
Low moans and prayers rise far and near;
Voices once loved, that now in vain
May plead to heedless heart and ear.

"O judged and saved, and safe from sin:
Through the long years I've wept and prayed
God's blessed saints to lead you in—
O saved and safe though long delayed.
Kind angel fan with your cool wing
The bed of pain on which he lies.
Sweet angel, bring your harp and sing,
If tears may soothe his aching eyes."

"Oh! the dread struggle at the last
The awful shades to bear, to see,
Their rabid rage to hold me fast
Till our sweet Lady prayed for me.
Oh! patient mercies of the Lord!
Come, blessed fires, search me to-night,
Find smallest stain of sin abhorred,
Come, search and cleanse, and burn me white"

"As pleasure went, so, child, will pain;
More than the need will be the grace;
Small will the price seem for such gain,
When you behold God face to face.
Friends left on earth, regret too soon,
Love should the changeless, tender, true—
You wept a twelvemonth and a moon;
Then on my grave the thistles grew."

"I loved you well, but love is frail,
Alas! and human hearts forget;
Mad dreams rush up life's pictured vale
And crowd out memory and regret.
Just like a steed with frightened pace,
That flies and flies before the wind,
The rush and roar of life's wild race
Left me no time to glance behind."

"You had spare gold for gems that shine,
Yet scant for me the alms or dole,
The Masses said at holy shrine,
Or rosaries for my tired soul."

"Have I not fed the orphan child?
(An angel read the written scroll
And turned off wrath with answer mild
And offered it for your dear soul?)

"There were white fields where sinless feet
Went down a thorny path to God
And fair vine-slopes and bending wheat,
Where all day long glad reapers trod."
Alas! I found but barren lands,
But salted marsh and tainted air,
Where grape nor grain grew for my hands,
And sheltered slope hid wild beast's lair.

"My soul was as a field where foes
Met sword to sword in fierce array;
I fell and fell, but always rose,
And conquered still at close of day.
Alas! like show of festal board
Spread for a king or queen to see,
Devoured, defiled by ravaging hordes—
Life's broken feast was yet to me."

"As snows at dawn your soul was white,
As pure as streams through hills that sing."
"Alas! how fares the snow ere night?
Where cattle drink, how fares the spring?
My clearest days had touch of stain,
My safest work had rent or flaw,
I was like field of unripe grain
Which birds devoured and left but straw."

"Or like the man who slothful stands,
Through the bright hours till set of sun,
Yet from a generous master's hands
Receives full wage for work not done."
"Sweet angel, touch his wounded palm,
And soothe his lips with oil divine;
On his scared brow drop down soft balm,
That he may make the holy sign."

"Oh! I have stood in that dread place,
And heard his voice so strange and sweet,
Oh! I have seen his human face—
Have seen the wounds in hands and feet,
And his sad eyes, that fain would hide
My sin, yet saw them in such light!
I saw my soul—and shrank aside
O God of Love, the foul, black sight!

"Now I must go where hot waves rise,
Find stronger fire and deeper pain,
To burn the stains that grieved his eyes,
That I may see His face again."
"Sweet angel, guard him through the night,
Nor leave him in that maze alone,
Keep far wild beasts and shades that fright
Till we shall meet before God's throne."

The A. P. A.-ists to be Arraigned.

We learn from the public press and from private correspondence that several prominent and active members of the A. P. A. in Buffalo, N. Y., will be brought before the grand jury of Erie

county at its next session. The charge to be preferred against them is conspiracy. No doubt the grand jury is packed, just as the jury lists of Newport, R. I., were packed, by members of the order. But it is worth while to try the experiment of obtaining a judicial review of the purposes and operations of this dark-lantern organization.

The laws of New York are very severe and strict in the matter of conspiracy. Here is a statutory provision which the members of the A. P. A. violate:

"If two or more persons conspire to prevent another from exercising a lawful trade or calling, or doing any other lawful act, by threats, intimidation, or by interfering or threatening to interfere with tools, implements or property, or anything whatever belonging to or used by another, such person is guilty of a misdemeanor."

The members of the association bind themselves by solemn oaths to prevent, as far as they are able, all Catholics from obtaining employment. They swear that they will not employ Catholics, and that they will not permit them to be nominated to office nor to hold office under the national, state or municipal government. As the right of all citizens to work for their livelihood and to hold office is a legal right, any combination of men to deprive them of this or to abridge it must be an unlawful conspiracy.

It may be that a charge of treason to the state will be preferred also. The law officers of the county have been studying the literature of the association very carefully. They find that it tends to incite to social disturbances and riot in violation of the law. Treason to the state is a felony, and is punishable by ten years' imprisonment.

But it is not punishment for the deluded and brutalized members of the society that is sought so much as a judicial ascertainment of the illegality of its methods and objects. Every honest lawyer knows that the purposes of the A. P. A. are in direct conflict with the spirit and letter of the constitution, which absolutely prohibits the setting up of any religious test for holding office. The men who lead in the movement have no respect for the American constitution. They are usually natives of Canada, England, Scotland or the province of Ulster. The man for instance, who organized the A. P. A. in Buffalo came to that city a short time since from Toronto, Ont. He was an Orangeman there. What does he care about the integrity of the American republic or the sanctity of its constitution? By this oath as an Orangeman he swore allegiance to Queen Victoria as the head of the Protestant church. That oath is as binding upon him as is his oath as a member of the Buffalo A. P. A.

We sincerely believe that if the question ever reaches the United States courts on its merits a decision will be rendered proclaiming the new Know-nothing society as an unlawful body, and its aims and purposes as hostile to the genius of the nation. For that reason we hail with joy the proposed test of the question in the local courts of Buffalo. Let us have a judicial decision upon it, and let the honest, earnest and liberty-loving Americans know just what manner of men the members of the A. P. A. are. The list of names to be brought before the grand jury includes one newspaper publisher, several attorneys, merchants and public officers and one clergyman.—*The Republic.*

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HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

Nov. 30—S. Andrew, Apostle.
Dec. 1—S. Didacus, Confessor.
2—S. Bibiana, Virgin and Martyr.
3—First Sunday of Advent.
4—S. Peter Chrysologus, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.
5—S. Stanislas Kostka, Confessor.
6—Fast Day, S. Nicholas, Bishop and Confessor.

Advent.

As Sunday is the first of the sacred season of Advent it is refreshing to turn aside from the vexed questions now agitating society, and devote our thoughts to the proper preparation of His coming Who brought peace and pardon to men of good will. The fire on the hearth is most pleasing when the storm outside is fiercest. Well is it, therefore, to enter into the spirit of the Church, who, as early as the fourth century, bade her children, by prayer and penance, make ready for the due celebration of Christmas. This was our Lord's first Advent when, in the depth of winter, in the middle of the night, a cry was heard: Lo, the Spouse. He came in infirmity and suffering unto His own, who received Him not; like unto us in all things, save sin. Wearing the livery of poverty, humble of heart and obedient unto death, He knew no self-complacency, and found His food and strength to be the fulfilling of His Father's blessed will. Lamb of God, Whose Blood was to take away the sins of the world, only Worshipper in spirit and in truth, Whose cry would be heard for His reverence, He would sacrifice Himself and would forever and forever lead that choir which, by Him and with Him and in Him, renders praise, adoration, glory, thanksgiving to Him who sitteth on the throne and to the Lamb. Wisdom of the Father he came to teach us the way of prudence; Orient springing from on high, Splendor of eternal light, He came to illumine those that sat in darkness and the shadow of death; Emmanuel, the Expected of the nations, their Saviour, He came to abide with us forever.

What preparation is sufficient to properly celebrate the anniversary of our Lord's birth into the world? Every year, during Advent, the Church repeats those plaintive cries and yearnings of the prophets, who longed to see this day and saw it not; and calls upon the clouds of heaven to rain down that dew whose refreshing waters would make the wilderness blossom like the rose. Every year is a new birth of Christ; for He would have come in vain if He did not return for each of us, and at every moment of our existence, in order to bring to us that life and light of grace of which

He is the unfailing source. "He cometh, therefore, to us in spirit and virtue—and this is His second coming. Gentle Lamb in His first coming. He is tender Friend in His second. How carefully, therefore, should we prepare for Him and make ready the upper room of our poor heart, where He may abide with us. With what hope and confidence, with what love and generosity should we enter into the sentiment of the Church. All through the season of Advent the Saviour stands knocking at the door, and asking if we have a place where He may be born in us. Shall we close the door to Him? Let us fear; for if we receive Him not at His second mystical coming, dreadful will His third Advent be when He cometh in power and majesty as judge of the living and the dead.

"Excite, we beseech Thee, O Lord, Thy power, and come, in order that, under Thy protection, we may be delivered from the dangers of our sins, and through Thy liberation be saved." Thus the Church prays during the first week. In the second she beseeches Almighty God. "Excite, O Lord, our hearts to prepare the ways of Thy only begotten Son, in order that by His coming we may deserve to serve Thee with pure souls, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee forever more." Be these our prayers, good reader, during the holy time of Advent, that we may receive Him to whom if we open, He will enter and sup with us.

The P. P. A.

The *Mail* of Friday last devotes a column and a half to the history, principles and demands of the Canadian P. P. A. It is, we are told, the outcome of the Equal Rights Association, and "has received its greatest support from the members of the Orange order, who, rightly or wrongly, believed that the Orangemen were being dragged at the heels of a party for the purpose of securing comfortable berths for the most successful wire-pullers."

Its principles, taken from an official document, are remarkable only for impudent insinuation and sinister design, as aggressive as they are foul, and as cowardly as they are aggressive:

1. Nationality is not a bar to membership. We ask no man where he was born.
2. We attack no man's religion, so long as he does not attempt to make his religion an element of political power.
3. We unite to protect our country and its free institutions against the secret, intolerant, and aggressive efforts that are being persistently set forth by a certain religio-political organization to control the Government of the Dominion of Canada, and destroy our blood-bought civil and religious liberty.
4. We are in favour of preserving constitutional liberty and maintaining the Government of the Dominion of Canada.
5. We regard all religio-political organizations as the enemies of civil and religious liberty.
6. It is in our opinion unwise and unsafe to appoint or elect to civil, political, or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate, or ecclesiastical power, and who are sworn to obey such power.
7. We are in favour of maintaining the principle of one general unsectarian free school organization, and will oppose all attempts to supplant it by any sectarian institution.
8. We are opposed to all attempts, local or national, to use the public funds for any sectarian purpose.
9. We are in favour of laws taxing all church property.
10. We are in favour of changing our immigration laws in such a manner that they will protect our citizens and labourers from the evil influences of cheap pauper and criminal labour, which, through the instrumentality of European propagandist socie-

ties and in this country by the aid of strikes and the subtle influences of priests, are rapidly supplanting our free and educated Canadian citizens in every line of industry.

11. We believe there should be an educational qualification to the elective franchise that will require every Canadian citizen to be Canadianized.

12. We are in favour of putting into office honest and true patriots who are best qualified to fill the position, regardless of political parties.

13. We are willing to be governed by these principles in our future political action.

14. Our mission is to awaken free Canada from their lethargy, indifference, and over-confidence. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, yet the Protestants of this Dominion have ceased to be vigilant, and in conscious strength are either intently chasing the almighty dollar, or quietly dozing while we swiftly drift toward a more tremendous and terrible crisis than this country has yet known.

Then follow a certain number of questions addressed to those who propose to take the field either for Legislative municipal or school honours. As this catechism is instructive not only to the candidates themselves, but deserves the attention of all classes, we also give it in full.

LEGISLATIVE CANDIDATES

1. Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish Separate schools?
2. Are you in favour of Separate school trustees being elected by ballot?
3. Are you in favour of placing every elector upon the roll as a Public school supporter, subject to his right to appeal therefrom?
4. Are you in favour of one qualification for all teachers of Public or private schools?
5. Will you insist that the same textbooks be used in all schools?

MUNICIPAL CANDIDATES.

6. Will you vote against granting public funds to any sectarian charitable institution?
7. Will you vote against any alterations in the assessment rolls of this city after they have been finally revised and sworn to?

SCHOOL TRUSTEES ONLY.

8. If elected will you promise that no Roman Catholic will be employed by the the Public School Board?

Question seven is directed against Toronto, where, it is alleged, the municipal council, has gone behind the assessment roll and voted money to Separate Schools, "and that this was done as part of a political bargain by certain parties for the purpose of securing the Roman Catholic vote." After the candidates have answered these questions, we would propose two or three:

1. What are your ideas of liberty, right, peace, and charity?
2. Have Roman Catholics any rights in this country or any other country that you know of?
3. Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish the eating of fish on Friday as interfering with the glorious rights of Protestants?

Concerning the voting strength of the organization the *Mail* gives no exact figures, it being difficult to ascertain them. In Toronto there are twenty-five lodges, with an average of one hundred and twenty in each, making a total of nearly three thousand. "The total number of lodges in Ontario a few weeks ago exceeded three hundred and thirty, but no idea of the membership could be obtained." Outside of Toronto, Hamilton, London and a few other cities the membership is small, and, according to the *Mail*, the total number does not exceed forty-five or fifty thousand. Comment is unnecessary. Organizations based upon such principles and governed by secret methods defeat their own ends.

Rev. Father Ryan of St. Michael's, Toronto, delivered a most eloquent and intellectual lecture last Thursday evening in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, Ont. The subject of his discourse was "Catholic Education." At this time when the Church is assailed on all sides by those who know very little concerning its teaching and practices, the lecture was of great value.

Mr. Walter Besant.

In the *Cosmopolitan* of this month we are treated to a literary dash from the pen of the versatile Walter Besant. "American Notes" were evidently written for the purpose of accumulating facts and incidents in proof of the brotherly feelings that ought to exist between the English-speaking populations of both continents, but more especially and imperatively between England proper and the United States. We have no objections—we could have none—to any steps or proceedings, literary or otherwise, that had for its object the fraternising of nationalities, especially of those that come from the same original stock and use the same language. We do not, however, think it right or fair on the part of Mr. Besant to exclude all others from any claim on American sympathy, not to speak of well-earned national gratitude.

I quote Mr. Besant: "It was the Englishman, not the Scot or the Irishman, who discovered America by means of John Cabot and his British merchants, not to speak of Eric or of Madoc the Welshman. It was an Englishman, not the Scot or the Irishman, who fought the Spaniards—who sent planters to Barbadoes—who settled colonists and convicts in Virginia: from England, not from Ireland or Scotland, went forth pilgrims and Puritans." Mr. Besant styles the vast continent of America the "Land of Romance." His poetic fancies, however romantic, do not lead him astray from the main object of his articles in the *Cosmopolitan*, viz.: to foster and strengthen the union that should exist between England and America.

John Cabot discovered Labrador and the icy regions along the coasts of Lapland. Americans have no reason to be grateful to his memory more than to hundreds of other adventurers of the same period, who were all landing on some unknown island or promontory of the continent, already discovered and partially mapped out for them. Besides, John Cabot was not an Englishman, or a Scot, or an Irishman. His true name was Johanne Caboto—an Italian by birth—who, with his son Sebastian, discovered the North American Continent on the 24th June, 1498.

If the pilgrims and Puritans did not sail from Ireland or Scotland, several good and true Irishmen accompanied Lord Baltimore in the *Ark* and the *Dore*, and established Christianity in its genuine simplicity and solidity on the banks of the Chesapeake and Potomac. Landing on the Island of St. Clement's in the latter river "on the 25th March, the day of Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, they offered for the first time on this Island in this region of the world the holy sacrifice of the Mass." Here indeed is material in abundance for romance and poetic effusions, which Mr. Besant overlooked. A large Cross hewn from a tree was then set up and the chronicler says: "They raised a trophy to Christ the Saviour, humbly chanting on bended knees and with deep emotion the Litany of the Cross."

The whole Romance of this interesting episode of American history is

dismissed by Mr. Besant in the following sentence: "I suppose also all Americans know of the *Ark* and the *Pope*, and of Lord Baltimore's Catholic, but tolerant, colony of Maryland." It is very clear that Mr. Besant, while acknowledging Catholic toleration, has little sympathy with Catholics. They seem to be of no account in his estimation. It was mere "child's play" to persecute Catholics; but he is not ashamed to maintain that: "In the whole history of Irish misgovernment there is nothing more stupid than the persecution of Irish Presbyterians." A feeling of astonishment, if not horror, must naturally seize on the reader when discovering unconcealed bigotry, in the writings of a most polished and brilliant writer at the close of this nineteenth century.

Mr. Walter Besant, with all his dash of liberal ideas and contempt for the stupidity of Elizabethan and Cromwellian ferocity, scarcely shows himself one whit better, when condemning the policy which drove out Presbyterians, and retained "the Roman Catholics, hereditary rebels, who were numerically too strong to be turned out."

Numerous are the other instances of neglect on the part of the brilliant essayist. He might have devoted whole pages to the romance of finding, by means of its roar and its mists, the Falls of Niagara by Jesuit Fathers, who first navigated in frail canoes the gulfs and inlets of our great inland lakes. Pero Marquette's discovery of the Mississippi, and his romantic sojourn and journeyings with the uncouth Aborigines while mapping out for civilization new provinces and vast regions teeming with undiscovered wealth, were surely worthy of passing mention. The Carrolls, the Montgomerys, the Barrys and Patrick Henrys are names dear to every American, that Mr. Walter Besant completely ignores. It may be safely predicted then that his dream can never come true nor his cherished hope that the United States and Great Britain may be ever allied in amity, to the exclusion or forgetfulness of other nationalities quite as deserving of remembrance, and far more of national exultation and gratitude.

The Christian Sacrifice.

In taking up the question of Christian Sacrifice, we ask: How are such arguments as appeared in our last issue met by the expounders of our "Modern Principles?" They say with Hooker: "No such word as sacrifice is ever mentioned by any one of the Apostolic Fathers"—and all that in face of such testimony. In the name of the most elementary common sense with what other signification is the word sacrifice used? Surely, Justin says so plainly enough; as Hooker and Lightfoot, does he not find it distinctly: "*Sacrificium de poculo Eucharistiae et pane similiter Eucharistica*"—a sacrifice of the bread and chalice of the Eucharist. Does not Cyprian repeat the self-same words in the same sacrificial sense, adding new and increased force to the argument of showing its prototype in the sacrifice of Melchisedech?

"The literal sense is hard to flesh and blood; but non-sense never will be understood."

Such a statement as that coming from the pen of the Protestant Theo-

logian, in the face of facts patent and clear to all, must, to speak charitably, be only ascribed to his *intrinsic* ignorance of Patristical Theology.

Bishop Lightfoot and the Archdeacon are much too prudent to deny texts which are only too clear. They explain them. "Cyprian indeed does mention an Eucharistic sacrifice and a Christian priesthood, but it is well known that he borrowed such notions from *Gentile feeling*." That is the answer, and would be found worthy of Shylock himself. "So can I give no reason, nor I will not more than a lodged hate and certain loathing I bear the sacrifice that I follow thus a losing suit against it." Cyprian must perforce talk "Pagan," because these gentlemen cannot tolerate the sacrificial claims of Christianity.

That the martyred Bishop of Carthage, the right arm of the Apostolic See and the spiritual guide of hundreds of Christian Bishops in Northern Africa, could wittingly introduce the leaven of idol-worship into his teaching is, to speak modestly, something more than abnormal; and that he could with impunity give utterance to such "pagan feelings," even when writing to Pope Cornelius (himself the Supremo Pastor of Orthodoxy) surpasses all belief. Or shall we say that Cornelius was, like his brother of Carthage, *dans le memo sac*—another borrower of "Gentile notions." If so, where then shall we look for true Christianity in the early ages? What could give rise to such a preposterous interpretation we know not, unless that Cyprian had been in his early manhood a pagan rhetorician, and so, even after his conversion, retained some of the old pagan leaven. Why, if that argument be pushed a little further, we are none of us to believe a whit in the doctrines of Christ and the Apostles. They were once strict followers of the Jewish Synagogue, and observers of the Law, and therefore their Christianity must be rejected because it partakes of the Tabernacle. Or yet was it because, the Temple having been destroyed and the Jews dispersed, none but pagans sacrificed in Cyprian's time? That is, we surmise, the real force of his Lordship's explanation, and here is the argument, stripped of its plumage. The Pagans then had sacrifices, Cyprian talks of sacrifices, therefore he is a pagan in his sacrificial notions. Because the pagan world had sacrifices and priests and ceremonies, is the Christian Church pagan because she also must have her priests and ceremonies and sacrifices? And must the charge of "Gentile feeling" be applied to Cyprian because he appropriates for his church sacrificial worship? As well might you say that, because the ancient Greeks talked and ate and laughed, and because we also eat and laugh and talk, we are all of us practically, and to all "intents and purposes," ancient Greeks. The ancient Greeks did not laugh, neither did the pagan Romans sacrifice, because they were Greeks or Pagan Romans, but because they were *men*, with the nature of man in them. Nor did the early Christians revindicate a sacrifice as we their children do today, because we are Christians, but because we are *men*, having all the exigencies and longings of man's heart

which goes out to the Creator in the natural channels of sacrifices, rites and ceremonies.

Sacrifice, then of itself is not pagan, any more than it is Christian or Jewish. It is first of all *natural*, flowing from man's nature; and then, *post hoc*, it will be Christian or Jewish or Pagan according to the determination of the laws, whether human or divine, which established the religion in which it is found. "The offering of Sacrifice," says the Angelic Doctor, "is from the natural law, but its determination appertains to human or divine institution." Sacrifice, then, is not Pagan; and when Cyprian appropriates sacrificial notions, he proves himself a man, not a Gentile. And when, further, he expressly holds and cherishes the doctrine of a Eucharistic oblation, he appears in the most perfect form of manhood—a true Christian.

It is useless to resist the early Christian teaching as expounded by the Fathers of the Church. The principles of the reformation are no principles at all as regards sacrificial worship, and at most are but illogical and childish conclusions from false interpretations. Such as they are, they dry up the fountains of man's religious nature—they take from us our altars, our sacrifices and our ceremonies, and leave us nought but a temple without its God, a priest without his victim. But the Catholic Church, the religion of Humanity, claims her Sacrifice—the Sacrifice of a God—and it is by forgetting that we are *men*, with the nature of humanity in us, that we cannot acknowledge her sacrificial claims.

Editor's Notes

Canadians of all classes, except the rabid P.P.A., will be pleased to learn that Sir John Thompson has been appointed member of the Imperial Privy Council for his services as arbitrator in connection with the Behring Sea dispute.

We extend to the distinguished Premier our congratulations upon his new honor. It is a special subject of gratification that at such a time as the present the highest power in the British Empire recognizes Sir John's talent and labors by bestowing upon him the title of Right Honorable, and calling him to a seat in the Imperial Council.

The late Very Rev. Father Bardou of Cayuga, Ont., left his library to St. Michael's College. Consisting as it does of a large number of excellent works on ecclesiastical and general subjects, it will be a valuable addition to the now steadily growing College library. The leaving of such gifts to institutions like the College is the most suitable way to part with them, for it keeps intact what would otherwise be scattered and thereby be rendered almost useless; and it places works in the hands of those who, by their very calling, are fitted to make the best use of them for the benefit of other generations.

In answer to a friendly correspondent, while we agree with him upon one point we differ from him in the advisability of discussing such subjects

in the columns of public print. We also differ from him upon his general views of the subject, and we think the remark which he quotes from a learned divine was not the wisest remark that divine made. The lawful, most successful and most prudent mode of correcting Church matters is by going to the ordinary of the diocese in which it is situated. To the bishop both priest and people may appeal with confidence that all interests will be protected as far as circumstances will allow and the good of religion demand.

We regret to learn that our respected confrere the *True Witness* is sailing in the shallows of financial difficulty. Not to speak of the fellow feeling which makes us wondrous kind, our sympathy with our Montreal contemporary is founded upon the respect won by the services which the *True Witness* has rendered the Church in Canada for over forty years. We are glad to see by its last issue that it is again in brighter waters. Do it over thus!

The attack which a number of Russian peasants made the other day on the Cossack convoy that was conducting twenty-two Catholic priests into exile and imprisonment at hard labor, on the trumped-up charge of having opposed the authorities, vividly illustrates the infamous character of the persecution to which the Catholic Church is subjected in the Czar's realm. And yet a writer in one of our leading American magazines declares that perfect religious freedom and tolerance prevail in Russia today!

A very successful bazaar was held in Winnipeg recently, by which the sum of \$4,000 was realized. Father Drummond, S.J., of St. Boniface College, gave an interesting lecture one evening, on "Some Thoughts on Education." Another evening the Catholic Order of Foresters dined seventy-five of their members and friends, and the closing night a farce was presented, entitled "Ici on Parle Francais," which was received with great delight. The Catholic ladies of Winnipeg deserve great credit for their energy in realizing such a large amount of money.

Among recent conversions in London to the Catholic Church is that of Mr. Scott Allen, a gentleman well-known in Irish circles in the metropolis, and a valued worker in the Liberal organization as secretary for Marylebone. His conversion is all the more noteworthy, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, because he once filled the post of deputy grand master of an Orange lodge in Belfast. Another recent conversion is that of a Russian lady engaged in journalistic work in London. She owes her conversion to the lectures to non-Catholics organized in the metropolis last year by the Cardinal-Archbishop.

Archbishop Corrigan, when questioned as to the truth of the report that at a conference of priests held at Hartford, Conn., the ban on secret societies of the country was removed with the exception of that on Freemasons, referred to Father Lavelle, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. Father Lavelle asserted positively that no circular removing the ban from any secret order had been received or sent out to the clergy. Father Lavelle added: "The Catholic Church has disapproved of secret orders, because the members bind themselves by oath to do whatever is commanded and decline to divulge the purposes of their society to the proper ecclesiastics."

Weekly Retrospect.

How often some little thing touches a wellspring in the memory, and thoughts gush forth as if by the magic of Aaron's rod. It may be only the sound of a chord of music heard years before, but it brings back the happy time, which is lived over again. The dim light of a Sanctuary lamp and the chanting of the Sisters at their office brought me back to an evening a few years ago when staying in London. A friend proposed our going to see St. Etheldreda's, the beautiful old church in Ely Place, which the English Catholics have been so fortunate as to get back into their hands, and the holy Sacrifice of the Mass is offered here again, after a silence of two hundred years.

Father Lockhart, in his description of this beautiful little church, says: "St. Etheldreda's was built at the end of the thirteenth and beginning of the fourteenth Century. It is said to have been founded about 1290, though not finished till a good many years later, when the best style of the early decorated period of Gothic had well advanced. William de Luda Bishop of Ely, built it as the domestic Chapel of his splendid palace, and it remained up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth in all its grandeur. The Queen required Bishop Cox (whose namesake has been distinguishing himself in Buffalo recently), one of the first Protestant Bishops of the See, to alienate the greater part of the property to her favorite, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. It was on this occasion that, in altercation with the Bishop, who pleaded his conscientious duty to preserve the rights of his See, the Queen exclaimed: 'Know, proud prelate, that I made you, and by God I will unmake you, if you do not obey my orders'—a hint that was not lost on the Bishop, who no longer pleaded his non possumus."

Ely Place became no longer the residence of bishops, but for some time it was let to the Spanish Ambassador and of course the Chapel was then used for Catholic worship. It is a beautiful little church, and well preserved; the crypt is fitted up as a chapel, in which the first Mass, after its restoration, was said by Cardinal Manning before the upper Church was ready for use. The eastern window is said to be one of the most beautiful in England, and larger than any in London. It was put in by the Duke of Norfolk in memory of his sister, the Lady Etheldreda Howard, who was a Sister of Charity. The principal figure in the centre of this window is Our Lord, crowned and robed as our high Priest and King, His right hand raised in the act of blessing, His left pointing to His opened side and the wound of His Sacred Heart. Underneath are the words: *Deus Homo Christus Jesus*. To the right hand of Our Lord stands the Blessed Virgin—her eyes fixed on her Divine Son, her hands extended in speechless intercession for souls on and in Purgatory. On the left stands St. Joseph, foster-father of Jesus, guardian and protector of the Holy Family and of the Universal Church, which is the Family of Jesus and Mary.

In our own St. Michael's Cathedral there are two very beautiful memorial Windows, which were put in quite recently. The first, in memory of the late Archbishop Lynch, was manufactured at Innsbruck in the Tyrol, and is a beautiful representation of the "Last Supper." The centre figure in the lower portion of the window is the Archbishop in full Canonicals, kneeling in the act of prayer, which will be familiar and still fresh in the memories of the congregation. The figure to his right is St. John, and to the left is St. Joseph, whose names he bore.

The other Memorial Window has only been in a few weeks, and is a fitting tribute of worthy sons to parents whose acts of charity will never be forgotten

by the poor, not only of St. Michael's parish, but of all Toronto. We speak of the beautiful window put in by the sons of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murray. The subject is the Ascension, and is a beautiful work of art. It was manufactured at Munich and is one of the finest in Toronto. The beautiful eastern window over the altar was by a celebrated French artist, Thevenot all are so familiar with this beautiful background to the main altar that we will not dwell on it.

The vagaries of fashion are really wonderful. Sleeves and skirts seem to rival each other in the amount of material used. A waist of velvet with a skirt of cloth of another color is in great favor this season. One of these combinations was a full gathered corsage and basque of green velvet, worn with a skirt and overskirt of tan colored wool. Among black dresses for afternoon wear few are all black; bits of color are introduced—turquoise, emerald green or cerise appearing somewhere in most of them. A gown of black wool with a round waist striped lengthwise with opened patterned braid, lined with a color and falling in four tabs in front, is so much liked that it is copied in black *peau de soie*, with silk braid or jet galloon over cerise or turquoise ribbons.

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Ave Maria.

Boston Pilot.

Ave Maria! by divine evangel
This salutation came,
And shall my lips be laughtier than the angel
And shrink to bless thy name?
No, mother! No; thine be the salutation,
And thine all blessings be!
No honor, Mary, short of adoration
Is aught too great for thee.

Ave Maria! behold my love for thee,
For God hath loved thee well.
The shadow of the Paraclete is o'er thee,
Thou pearl of Israel!
May I not bless those arms so often laden
With Jesus when a child?
Nor love that gentle face, O spotless maiden,
On which my Master smiled?

Ave! I know that now thou pray'st for me,
Nor will I yield the faith
Which seems to light the gloomy clouds spread o'er
me
And checks the dread of death,
No, mother! No; thus still will I address thee
Who were the Christ's shade
Oh, cause enough for me and all to bless thee
Is that thy child was God.

Selected Receipts.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Pour boiling brine over the small button onions; let them stand twenty-four hours, then drain and cover with hot vinegar spiced to taste.

MUTTON AND RICE.—Boil till tender one-fourth cupful of rice in hot liquor with pepper and salt. Cut boiled mutton in squares, add to rice, with one tablespoonful of braided flour and one cupful of cream or rich milk.

CURRENT CAKES.—One quart of flour, one pint sugar, one-half pint currants, piece of butter the size of an egg, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Mix with milk to make soft dough, roll one half inch thick, cut in cakes, bake in a quick oven.

PEACH TAPIOCA.—One cup of tapioca, one quart-can or a quarter of a peck of stewed peaches, sugar to taste. Wash the tapioca through several waters, then cover with cold water and soak over night. In the morning put it on the fire with one pint of boiling water, simmer slowly until the tapioca is perfectly clear. Put in the peaches and sweeten to taste. Serve very cold, with sugar and cream.

SAUCE PIQUANTE.—One tablespoonful of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, half teaspoonful of onion juice, half a teaspoonful of salt, an eighth of a teaspoonful of white or black pepper, half a pint of stock, stand it over boiling water to keep hot while you prepare the following: Put two tablespoonfuls of chopped onion, one gill of vinegar, one tablespoonful of capers, and (if you can get it) one tablespoonful of powdered tarragon leaves in a small porcelain-lined saucepan and simmer for five minutes; add to the above, stir continually until it boils and boil five minutes; strain and use.

POACHED EGGS.—Strictly fresh eggs only are fit to poach. The beauty of a poached egg is for the yolk to be seen blushing through the white, which should be just sufficiently hardened to form a veil for the yolk. Have some fresh boiling water in a stewpan, break the egg into a saucer, remove the pan from the fire and gently slip the egg into it. Now break another, and so on until the bottom of the pan is covered. Now put it over a moderate fire and as soon as the water boils the eggs are ready; take them up with a slice and neatly round off the ragged edges of the whites. Serve on buttered toast.

CHOW CHOW.—One-half pound of English mustard, one-half ounce of turmeric, two tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one quart of string beans, one quart of button onions, one-half gallon of vinegar, one cup of sugar, one gill of salad oil, one head of cauliflower, one quart of tiny cucumbers. Boil the cauliflower, beans and onions separately until tender. Cover the cucumbers with strong salt water and soak twenty-four hours. Then mix altogether. Put the vinegar in a porcelain-lined kettle.

Mix the mustard and turmeric together and moisten them with a little cold vinegar then stir them into the hot vinegar and stir continually until it begins to thicken, then add the sugar, mustard seed and oil, stir again and pour this while hot over the vegetables. Put away in glass or stone jars.

Taking in House Plants.

Whenever it is possible it is a good plan to leave potted plants in some sunny and exposed situation, free from frost, until it is necessary for their safety to take them indoors. During the Indian summer days they get a strong growth of hardy stock and foliage. They should not under any circumstances be permitted to bloom, but should be continually cut in if buds appear.

They may be kept reasonably dry, as this with many plants favors root growth, which is the important item at this time of year. When first taken it is well to put them into an entirely cold room and have the windows open at night. Exception is, of course, to be made in the case of very tender plants and those with tropical habits.

There are few more satisfactory house plants than the ordinary horse-shoe geranium, and the new varieties are exceedingly free bloomers and beautiful far beyond the old-time red and pink ones. The marbled and blotched double blooms are some of them almost as beautiful as tiny roses. They are very easy to keep, requiring only moderate warmth, sunlight and just enough water to keep them growing well. It is quite worth while for every one who has a window to spare to keep a few house plants, but it is not a good plan to shut out one's view of the street and cumber the house with an enormous number of them. There are differences of opinion about the propriety of keeping plants in sleeping rooms or where there are invalids; but the consensus of opinion seems to be that in modest quantity they are not at all objectionable. Of course, there may be idiosyncracies that must be observed, but it is thought that two or three handsome plants would give more pleasure to an invalid than their presence could give harm. Nothing is more consoling or entertaining, especially to a convalescent, than to watch the growth of some beautiful plant, or to look for the budding and and blooming and to study its many and interesting characteristics.

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The death is announced of Dr. John S. Drunman, of Belfast, son of the famous Dr. Drunman, the gifted poet of the "United Irishmen." The demise took place at his residence, Prospect Terrace, University road. The deceased was eighty-three years of age, and had written poems of some literary merit. He was what is called a "Liberal Unionist" in politics; but that he did not hold the patriotic sentiments of his father—the writer of the "Wake of William Orr," "The Emerald Isle," and other patriotic ballads of "98" was shown by his publication, some time ago, of a brochure in which he attempted to prove that his father, in 1817, had become reconciled to the union of Ireland and England. The deceased was simply the degenerate son of a worthy sire.

Clare.

On Nov. 9th, the election of a successor to the late Protestant Bishop Chester, of the united diocese of Killaloe and Killfenora, was ordered to take place at St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick. The Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, presided. The voting resulted in the Synod not being able to agree as to the election of any particular clergyman. Three names had to be sent to the Bench of Bishops in Dublin, viz.—Archdeacon Heade, D. D., of Armagh; Canon Wynne, D. D., of Dublin; and Canon Peacocke, D. D. It is believed that the Bench of Bishops will appoint Canon Wynne.

Cork.

Sad details are reported of the death of an evicted tenant, Mrs. Forest, at Grenagh, county Cork, whose only shelter for several weeks was the arch of a bridge.

Very Rev. Dean McSwiney, P. P., of Bandon, has been made parish priest of St. Patrick's, Cork, in succession to the late Rev. Monsignor Riordan. Rev. J. Canon Shinkwin, P. P., Owens, has been appointed parish priest of Bandon.

The death is announced of the Rev. Daniel O'Sullivan, Pastor of Tracton. The appointment of the reverend gentleman, scarcely a year ago, was a very popular one. Father O'Sullivan was apparently in robust health; yet his immediate friends were not unconscious that he was suffering from heart affection. He was born in Bandon in 1847, and resided in Cork as first chaplain to the Christian Brothers. He had been curate in Tracton some seventeen years ago, and returned last January as parish priest.

Down.

On the morning of October 28th the body of a woman was found on the east bank of the River Bann, in the townland of Crossnagh West, near the bar mouth, and was subsequently identified as that of Anne Crumley, who had for a brief period resided at Laurel Hill, Coleraine. The occurrence was reported to Dr. W. H. Caldwell, coroner for Coleraine district, who held an inquest, at which the jury found that the deceased was accidentally drowned.

Dublin.

A painful accident happened to Sir Charles Cameron, the Dublin official analyst, on Oct. 24th. He was uncorking a bottle of whiskey which had been sent him for analysis, when the bottle burst below the neck, inflicting a severe cut around the base of the thumb. In addition, the lower portion of the bottle, in falling, caused a deep cut on his leg. Dr. Louis Byrne was called in immediately, and dressed the wounds, which, though painful, are not of a serious character.

Fermanagh.

On November 2d a convention and public meeting in aid of the Evicted Tenants' Fund was held at Enniskillen. There was a very large attendance, and the proceedings were marked by great unanimity and enthusiasm. Mr. J. Jordan, M. P., presided at the convention. At the public meeting the venerable Archdeacon Smollen, P. P., V. G., presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Sheehy, M. P.; Mr. P. A. McHugh, M. P.; Mr. P. McGilligan, M. P., and Mr. Jordan, M. P. Resolutions pledging the meeting to support the evicted tenants and expressing confidence in the Irish Parliamentary Party were adopted.

Galway.

At the last meeting of the Portumna Board of Guardians, in pursuance of a notice of motion, Mr. Timothy Kirwan moved, Mr. James Gibbons seconded, and it was unanimously resolved—"That we again call on Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal Government to release the political prisoners confined in English dungeons, believing that the act of clemency, as foreshadowed by their declaration when out of office, would be hailed as a generous act on their part, in satisfying the National sentiment, and help to bring about between the English and the Irish people that union of hearts which is the desire of all to see accomplished. We furthermore add that the poor prisoners by their long confinement and cruel suffering have expiated any foolish act they may have done through love of country."

Kerry.

The death is announced of Charles O'Connell, son of the late Sir James O'Connell, brother to Maurice J. O'Connell, and nephew to "The Liberator," which took place at Lake View House, Killarney, October, 28th. The deceased gentleman had been ill for some

time past. The remains were placed in the parish church at Fossa, whence the funeral started for Killorglin, early on the morning of Oct. 30th. The remains were carried over the West Kerry new line of railway to Cahirciveen. The interment was in the family vault at Killnavaughan, a short distance from Cahirciveen.

Kildare.

On Sunday, Nov. 5, the solemn function of blessing the new church and chapels of St. Lozerian's Church, Leightlabbriago, took place, Most. Rev. Dr. Comerford, Bishop of the diocese, presiding. Rev. Father Bergin, P. P., Phillipstown, was celebrant of the High Mass. The preacher was the Rev. Father Foley, President of Carlow College.

Kilkenny.

The action of Smithwick against the Kilkenny Corporation, was concluded in the Nisi Prius Court, Dublin, on Nov. 3d, before Justice O'Brien. The action was one in which the plaintiff, Mr. J. F. Smithwick, J. P., Birchfield, Kilkenny, sought to recover damages from the Corporation for having broken into and entered upon certain lands of his, known as Archersgrove, and broken a lock on said lands and carried away same. The plaintiff sought for an injunction to restrain the defendants from a continuance of these acts. The Corporation, in their statement of defence, denied that the plaintiff was possessor of the lands in question, or that the lock and key of the gate belonged to him; and they further contended that the grounds on which the gate stood was their freehold. They also pleaded there was a public right of way through these lands, and that it was in assertion of this public right that they broke the lock of the gate. The jury after a few minutes' deliberation found on all points for the plaintiff, and a verdict of nominal damages with costs was awarded.

Leitrim.

On November 2d, at the Catholic Church, Dromore, county Tyrone, by the Very Rev. Canon McKenna, P. P., F. Rooney, National Teacher, Glencar Manorhamilton, was married to Lizzie, fourth daughter of the late Thomas Gorman, merchant, Dromore.

Limerick.

Mr. William McNamara, of the Shannon Foundry, has sued out a writ against the Limerick Corporation, for £17,000 in connection with his waterworks contract.

With deep regret we have to record the death of Mr. Thomas Shanahan, a young Limerick man, who had won for himself an honorable position in London. His remains were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery, London.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. E. Mackey, relict of the late Anthony Mackey, which took place at the residence of her son, Mr. Mackey, of Castleconnell, on Friday evening, October 27th. The deceased lady, who lived to the ripe old age of 90 years, was universally respected, and her death is very much regretted by her relatives and a large circle of friends. The funeral took place on the 29th, and the remains were followed to the Cemetery, Castleconnell, by a large concourse of mourners. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers to the graveyard, where it was laid in the family vault.

Mayo.

The preliminary steps have been taken for the erection of a convent at Kiltimagh, Mr. George Browne, D. L., having generously presented the site through his agent, Mr. P. J. Hughes. At a meeting of the parishioners to open a subscription list a sum of £300 was promised on the spot, including the generous donation of £100 from Father Denis O'Hara, parish priest.

Monaghan.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. Lucas D. Gray, of Ballinay, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Monaghan.

At the meeting of the Carrickmacross Town Commissioners, on Nov. 7, Mr. Phelan proposed and Mr. Lamb seconded the re-election of Mr. Daly as Chairman for the ensuing year, and the proposition was unanimously agreed to.

Roscommon.

An exciting contest took place in Boyle for the election of Town Commissioners. The voting for the successful candidates was:—Clarke (Nationalist), 67; Bridges (Tory), 48; Cunningham (Nationalist), 40.

Sligo.

It is with feelings of sincere regret we announce the death of Mr. Darby Kelly, Rathmoy House, Ballintopher, which took place on the 1st November, to the great sorrow of his friends and relations. A practical Catholic, Mr. Kelly was comforted in his last moments by the ministrations of religion. Solemn High Mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul on the day of his funeral, which was the largest seen for many years in the district, and testified to the respect in which he was held.

Tipperary.

Mr. John O'Shea, father of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, one of the oldest journalists in Ireland, met with a terrible accident in Nenagh, on October 30th. Mr. O'Shea was passing a street crossing, when he was knocked down by a horse attached to a covered car, one of the wheels of which went over his body. So violent was the

shock that the driver of the vehicle, a man named John Neill, was pitched from his seat to the roadway and badly injured about the head and face. Mr. O'Shea was carried into the Nenagh Lecture Hall, where he was treated by Dr. Morton, and in about an hour afterwards was conveyed in a carriage to his own residence, where he is receiving the most careful attention. Dr. Morton gave it as his opinion that there were none of the sufferer's bones broken; that beyond the shock to the system which, considering Mr. O'Shea's advanced years, cannot but be regarded with alarm—and some abrasions on the side of the head and face, there were no more dangerous injuries apparent.

Tyne.

Mr. Henry Owens, of Boragh, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for the county Tyrone.

On October 28th an accident, which resulted in two men being seriously injured, one, it is feared, fatally, occurred at Omagh. The men, whose names are John McDermott and James O'Donnell, carpenters by trade, were erecting a shed at the new building of the Omagh Gas Works, and were on a scaffold at considerable height, when the structure gave way in the centre, precipitating them downwards. In the fall O'Donnell's feet were caught in some timbers, breaking the fall. The other man fared worse, having fallen to the ground head foremost, and being seriously injured about the head. His shoulder blade was dislocated, besides other injuries. He was conveyed to the County Infirmary, where his injuries were attended to, and where he remains in a precarious condition, O'Donnell's injuries are not so serious.

Waterford.

Mr. George Nolan is building a commodious dwelling on Dunmore Road, immediately under Gaul's Rock.

Wexford.

Mr. John F. Hogan, St. Aidan's has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wexford.

On Oct. 30th, a very old inhabitant of Wexford passed away in the person of Miss Mary Fortune, of High street, formerly of Customhouse Quay. Miss Fortune, who was ninety years old, belonged to one of the oldest families in Wexford. She was niece of the Very Rev. Richard Wormington, O.S.F., Wexford, and cousin of the Very Wm. A. Doyle, O.S.F., Wexford, one of the most learned divines and pulpit orators of his day.

Wicklow.

On Sunday, November 5th Archbishop Walsh visited Arklow and was made the recipient of one of those demonstrations of welcome of which any ecclesiastic or public man, however exalted, might be proud. The occasion was opening of the new convent schools which, by the energy of the well-known parish priest of Arklow, Father Dunphy, aided by the generosity of his parishioners and friends, have been brought to completion. In reply to the numerous addresses presented to him, Archbishop Walsh delivered two important speeches on the working of the Compulsory Education Act, and on the contrast between the results of the Government Model Schools and of the Catholic Convent Schools.

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Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, K.C.M.G.,
Hon. S. C. Wood, Vice-Presidents.

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MALE OR FEMALE, 2nd or 3rd class, for R. O. S. S. No. 5, Normandy. Applications, stating salary and testimonials, received up to 1st of December. Address: JOHN MURPHY, Atton P. O., Ont.



Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and Weakness. 3

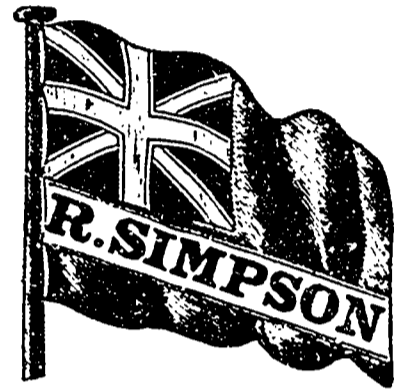
WEST BRONCHTON, QUEBEC, Oct. 1, 1901.
The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c. To-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good. P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL,
TOLEDO, Ohio, June 9, 1891.

We used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for epileptic fits in the case of a Mrs. Gorman, and it stopped the fits from the time she commenced taking it. Wishing you an extensive sale for this beneficent remedy.
SISTER BRADY, Secretary.

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

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5.
Largo Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$10.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

THE suggestion will be appreciated by the ladies that comfort in fall and winter days is enhanced immeasurably by a warm cloth or quilted skirt. Sale extraordinary is on now and prices of skirts are down accordingly.

Fancy Striped Skirts, 60c, 75c.
Cloth Skirts, trimmed flounces, in navy, brown, grey, garnet and black 90c.
Cloth, trimmed, embroidered flounce in all the leading shades, \$1.25.
Felt Skirts, in navy, cardinal, black, \$1.20.
Felt Skirts, trimmed, silk braid, in cardinal, navy, seal and garnet, \$2.
Black Quilted Sateen, \$4.75.
Black Sateen Quilted Skirts, 75c, \$1.
Black Sateen, quilted, fine quality \$1.75.
Black Sateen, quilted, embroidered in silk, \$2.65.
Black Alpaca, quilted, \$1.
Black Alpaca, quilted, extra quality, \$1.75.
Shot Silk, trimmed flounce, flannel lined, \$2.
Shot Silk, very handsome, flannel lined, with deep flounce, \$5.
Heavy Corded Silk, in fancy stripes, with flounce, flannel lined, \$7.75.

From out of a most complete list of gloves we've a few important lines to name.

Reliable Kid Gloves, selling at 35c, worth 75c.
7 hook Lacing Gloves for 75c.
Good French made Gloves, in 4 button, for 75c-4 button Kid at 60c.
Extra fine quality in Perrin's Eclair, with gusset between fingers, perfect fitting, \$1. Complete assortment of shades.

Do you reside out of town? Our mail order system secures goods for you with every promptness. Write.

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

Friendly Comparison

In comparing Hallam's Expectant with other cough mixtures on the market, the thought which first arises, is where are those which through extensive advertising gave promise of occupying a prominent place. Answer—gone out of existence, having failed to supply public requirement. Amongst those remaining none have stood an equal 35 years test with it or maintained their position without expensive advertising. It alone has increased in public favor solely on its merits. No quarter spent can secure greater value.

A Lake With a Roof of Salt.

A correspondent of the *Geographical Magazine* thus describes a visit to the great salt lake at Obdorsk, Siberia. Coming through a vast plain, yellow now as far as the eye could reach with the ripening wheat, the lake bursts on our view. It is nine miles wide and 17 miles long, yet except in a few places it is solidly roofed over with a deposit of salt, which is getting thicker and thicker every year. Our guide, who is an old man, said that he could remember when the salt crystals first began to gather upon the surface of the water. Year by year, owing to the evaporation of the water, the crystals became more numerous, and then caked together till this great roof formed. In 1878 the water beneath this salt crystal roof found an underground outlet into the river Obi. This lowered the lake's surface about three feet, leaving that distance between the water and the roof. Looking down through one of the openings made for the purpose in the roof, we saw a low-sided small boat. Our guide put us one at a time into the boat. We lay flat on our backs, and looked up at the beautiful salt ceiling overhead. We propelled the boat by bushing with our hands against the irregularities of the roof. The guide held a long rope attached to the boat to prevent our going too far and getting lost—a thing, he said, it was easy to do. It was like a palace of enchantment, with the sun shining down through the salt crystals, the colours were so rich and wonderful. Many springs surround this lake. Their waters flow over the roof and evaporate there, and thus continually add to its thickness. After many years the springs will probably become choked with their own deposits, and then the whole will gradually become covered with earth and so a great salt mine will be formed—a treasure for the Siberians hundreds of years to come.

Anecdote of Gounod.

In Paris, in 1841, on a cold, foggy Christmas eve, a street violinist, old and shabby, was making his way along the street. He stopped in front of a cafe and began to play. His strains were so melancholy that street urchins took to their heels and a dog began to howl. The player in despair sat down on a step, laid his violin across his knees and began to sob.

Three young men appeared, singing a merry song then popular among conservatory students, and not perceiving the violinist ran full against him. One nearly knocked him over and another kicked his hat along the sidewalk. As the old man arose with an air of mingled dignity and humility the young men begged his pardon and restored his hat to him. They asked him if they could help him. He said simply:

"Give me alms. I can no longer earn my living by playing, for my fingers have grown stiff. My daughter is dying of consumption and of hunger."

His hearers were deeply touched. They thrust their hands into their pockets and brought forth their whole contents, a total of 80 centimes and a piece of resin. It was very little. They looked at one another sadly.

"Friends," cried one, "something must be done. This man is our colleague, a brother musician. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I will take charge of the funds." The three men turned up their coat collars, drew their hair over their foreheads and pulled down their caps.

"Now altogether," cried the leader, "in honor of the Christ-child in His manger. Begin with your prize piece, Adolphe, so as to draw a crowd." Beneath the practised touch of the young virtuoso the poor old man's violin resounded joyously and the "Carnival of Venice," rang out. Windows were

thrown open, people crowded around the players and silver pieces were dropped into the old man's hat, conspicuously under a street lamp. After a minute's pause the violinist played a prelude. Charles, the leader, whispered: "It is your turn now, Gustave," and the tenor sang "Vions, Gentille Dame," in a strong clear voice.

The audience increased and the collection with it. Charmed at the success of his plan, Charles said: "We will finish with the trio from 'William Tell.'" The trio began. The old musician who had all this time stood motionless, suddenly drew himself to his full height, seized his stick and began beating time with such masterly precision that the young singers gathered fresh inspiration and fairly electrified their hearers. Charles was kept busy picking up the coins.

The crowd dispersed slowly when the concert was over, and the old man, in a voice that trembled, exclaimed: "Tell me your names, that my daughter may remember you in her prayers."

"My name is Faith," said the first artist. "And mine is Hope," said the second. "Then I am Charity," said the third bringing up the hat, which was overflowing with money. The old man told them he was Chapner, once a leader of the orchestra in Strasbourg, where "William Tell," was often given. He blessed the three young students and wound up his grateful speech with the words: "I predict that you will one day be famous."

"Amen," replied the three friends and they continued their way gaily down the street.

The tenor's name was Gustave Roger. The violinist was Adolphe Hermann. The collector was Charles Gounod.

Exit La Petite Eglise.

What was known in France as the Little Church has happily come to an end. When Pope Pius VII. and Napoleon, then first consul, entered into the settlement known as the Concordat to authorize the legal exercise of the Catholic religion in France the Pope was obliged for the general good to ask the bishops who had survived the Reign of Terror to resign their sees. These brave defenders of the faith with a few exceptions did not hesitate to make the generous sacrifice which the common father of the faithful asked of them. A small number of Catholics refused to recognize the right of the Pope to fill the sees of bishops still living, and held the Concordat as null and void. Such was the origin of the schism which became known as the Little Church. Soon deprived of pastors, the Little Church became reduced in numbers, but remained deaf to the paternal exhortations of Leo XII. and Pius IX. At last, a few months ago, the last survivors, who belonged to the Dioceses of Lyons and Poitiers, signified their intention to renounce the schism and submit to the Holy See. The present Pope has just written a letter to the Bishop of Poitiers giving instructions for the final settlement. *Catholic Citizen.*

Blessings which Good Temper Sheds.

One irritable member of a family can make the whole house a wasp's nest. One sharp speech begets another. Temper is as contagious as small-pox, and leaves as many scars. Little by little it lines the face, tightens the muscles of the lips and turns them to a downward curve; takes the love light out of the eyes. It seems very strange that it is so lightly regarded by many men and women who pride themselves on their excellent character, and who even go so far as to call themselves Christians, when there are no virtues more persistently counted in among the Christian graces by Jesus, the leader, and the apostles who copied

Him, than meekness, gentleness, patience, forbearance, love. Sir Arthur Helps, in one of his admirable books, says: "With respect to the blessings which good temper sheds around it, it is almost impossible to speak too highly. It may be a commonplace thing to say, but it has the charming truthfulness of commonplace thing to say that more than half the difficulties of the world would be allayed or removed by the exhibition of good temper. Temper is not only, as the good bishop said, 'nine-tenths of christianity,' but it constitutes nine-tenths of secular success, as well as of religious life."

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, November 29, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush	\$.60	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush	0 59	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush	0 57	0 58
Barley, per bush	0 35	0 45
Oats, per bush	0 32	0 34
Peas, per bush	0 55	0 56
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair	0 35	0 50
Geese, per lb	0 08	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.	0 09	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.	0 22	0 24
Eggs, new laid, per dozen	0 20	0 22
Potatoes, per bag	0 55	0 60
Beets, per bag	0 50	0 55
Parley, per doz.	0 15	0 01
Cabbage, new, per doz.	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz	0 30	0 35
Radishes, per doz	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.	0 20	0 25
Onions, per bag	0 90	1 00
Turnips, per bag	0 25	0 30
Carrots, per bag	0 30	0 40
Apples, per bbl.	1 75	3 00
Hay, timothy	8 01	9 00
Straw sheaf	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose	0 00	0 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Nov. 29. The market to day was practically unchanged. Good stall sold well, up to 3 75c per pound for choice, and here and there for a very few picked lots 40 was reported paid, but the range was from 3 1-2 to 3 3-4 for the best, and a good deal more would have sold had it been on hand.

There was a fair demand for stockers and feeders of good quality, especially for feeders. They were being purchased for the Waterloo and Walkerville distilleries at prices ranging all the way from 2 1-2 to 3 1 2c per pound.

Milkers were in light supply, light demand, and unchanged in price.

Lambs and sheep were plentiful, and few lambs to-day sold at more than \$4 each.

A few calves sold up to \$8 50 each to day, and more of the first-class kind were wanted. Rough were slow, and almost unsaleable.

Over nine hundred hogs were on sale, and prices for the best were maintained at from \$5 to \$6.25 per cwt.; but over grades were slow of sale and weaker.



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TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1893.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on

MONDAY, NOV. 27th, 1893, FOR THE SUPPLY OF

Butchers' Meat, Butter, Flour, Oatmeal, Potatoes, Cordwood, etc.,

For the following institutions during the year 1894, viz:—At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico and Orillia, the Central Prison and Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishen, the Institutions for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind at Brantford.

Two sufficient securities will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had on making application to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

H. CHRISTIE, JAMES NUNAN, T. F. CHAMBERLAIN, Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities. Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 15, 1893.

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

Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.

HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

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The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XXIII (CONTINUED)

"I" cried Felicitas, resolutely though her voice trembled with contending emotions—"I will try to defend the dead from these attacks so long as I have the power, Frau Hellwig. There never was a sounder, clearer intellect than she possessed. My statement will of course find no consideration; but even should you succeed in overthrowing every other proof of the unclouded brightness of her mind, the portfolios that contained the collection are still in existence—I saved them. Each one has on the inside a complete list of its former contents, and there is an exact account of the date and price of each manuscript, together with the name of the person from whom it was purchased."

"Indeed! So I have reared in my own house an admirable witness against me!" cried Frau Hellwig. "But now I will call you to account. So you have dared to deceive me all these years with this unparalleled insolence? You have eaten my bread, while you mocked at me behind my back? Had it not been for me, you would have been compelled to beg your bread from door to door! Begone from my sight, you shameful hypocrite!"

Felicitas did not move from the threshold. Her slender figure seemed to grow taller beneath the reproaches hurled at her, her face was deathly pale, but never had the girl's resolute, fearless nature revealed itself so clearly as at this moment.

"The reproach of having deceived you I deserve," she said, with admirable calmness. "I intentionally kept silence, and would have suffered death rather than have permitted even a hint of secret to cross my lips—that is true! Yet my resolve stood on no strong foundation one kind, loving word from your lips, one affectionate glance from your eyes, would have overthrown it, for nothing is more repugnant to me than any concealment of my acts. But there was no wickedness in my deception! Who would call the early Christians hypocrites because, in times of persecution, they assembled secretly and in violation of the laws? I too had my soul to save." She drew a long breath and fixed her brown eyes with an expression of the firmest determination on Frau Hellwig's face. "I should have plunged into the blackest night but for the shelter and protection of the rooms under the roof. In the everwrathful and avenging God to whom you pray, who permits the existence of a hell and leads His children into evil that He may try and then punish them—in this implacable Supreme Being I could never believe. My dead friend led me to God who is all love and pity, wisdom and omnipotence, and who alone reigns in heaven and on earth. The desire to study, the thirst for knowledge, was unquenchable in my soul; had you starved me, Frau Hellwig, it would have been less cruel than your tireless efforts to darken, nay, to kill my mind. I never mocked at you behind your back, for your name was never mentioned to me by my lips, but I have baffled all your intentions. I have been the pupil of the old mam'selle."

"Begone!" cried Frau Hellwig, no longer able to control herself, pointing to the door.

"Not yet, dear aunt!" pleaded the young widow, seizing the outstretched arm. "You will not let such a precious moment slip without availing yourself of it." Then, turning to the young lawyer, she added, "You have just performed your duty admirably as a passionate lover of music—I beg you to inquire with the same zeal for the missing silver and jewelry. If any one has had a hand in their disappearance it is yonder girl."

The lawyer approached Felicitas, whose left hand had clinched the frame

work of the door, and offering her his arm with a low bow, said with grave kindness:

"Will you allow me to take you to my mother?"

"Her place is here!" suddenly fell in loud, resolute tones from the lips of the professor, who had hitherto been so silent. He now stood beside Felicitas, holding her right hand firmly clasped in his own.

The young lawyer involuntarily started back—both men measured each other silently a moment. There was no trace of friendship in the strange look thus exchanged.

"Why, bravo! Two knights at once, a charming picture," cried the widow, laughing—a cup fell crashing on the floor; at any other time Frau Hellwig would have harshly reproved such carelessness, but now she stood speechless with rage and amazement.

"It seems that I am repeatedly compelled to appeal to the past to-day," said the young lawyer, in a tone of bitter irritation, interrupting the momentary silence. "Remember, John, that you fully authorized me to take my present step."

"I will not deny an iota of it," the professor answered. "If you desire an explanation of my inconsistency, I shall be at your service at any time—but not here."

He drew Felicitas across the threshold and went out into the garden with her.

"Go back to the town, Felicitas," he said, and the gray eyes, once so icy cold, rested on the young girl's face with inexpressible tenderness. "This shall be your last struggle, poor little Fay! You shall spend but one more night beneath my mother's roof—to-morrow a new life shall begin for you."

He pressed the hand he still held, as if unconsciously, closer to his heart, then dropped it and returned to the summer-house.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Felicitas left the garden with winged steps. The professor was mistaken—she would not spend the evening, far less the night, under the roof of the old mansion. This was the moment for her to go to Aunt Cordula's rooms. In the narrow street she met Frederica, carrying supper out to the garden, so there was no one left in the house except Heinrich. How the wind raged and howled through the gnarled old linden trees. It swept her restlessly on—here on the firm, level ground, under the shelter of the thick foliage. What a walk was before her over the steep roofs in that rushing blast!

Heinrich opened the street-door. Felicitas slipped breathlessly past him, entered the servants' room, and took the key of the attic from the wall.

"What are you going to do, Fay?" asked the old man, in astonishment.

"I am going to bring back honor to you and liberty for myself. Keep close watch below!" she called back, as she ran up the stairs.

"You won't do anything dangerous! Listen, Fay, don't be fool hardy," he shouted—but she did not hear. He was obliged to remain at his post below, and paced restlessly up and down the hall.

As Felicitas reached the long corridor under the roof, the wind swept over her head in long, moaning blasts, sometimes alternating with low, whistling notes. The rafters creaked, and the hot, sultry breath of the tempest blew in sudden gusts through openings in the sun scorched tiles of the gutters. Just at this moment a mottled gray hail cloud hung over the square formed by the four roofs, pale yellow lightning played over the flower-covered slope, glittered like a deceitful glance on the glass panes of the balcony door, over which tangled garlands of the ivy and scarlet creeper, loosened by the gale, swayed helplessly, and brightly illumined the tossing leaves of the wild vines.

As the young girl put her head out of the attic window, a violent gust of wind blew directly into her face—it fairly took away her breath and forced her to shrink back a moment. Letting it sweep by, she leaped out. Any one who had seen the beautiful pale face, with its firmly compressed lips and look of stern resolve, emerge from the dark garret window, must have perceived that the girl was perfectly aware of the terrible danger she was braving and was ready to meet death for the sake of her purpose. What a strange blending of qualities in her nature! An ardent heart, capable of such passionate hate, and so cool and clear a brain!

She ran lightly along the creaking gutters, her clear eyes were not dimmed by dizziness, a single second, but her raging foe did not give her much time to take breath—a shrill whistle, and he came down upon her with tremendous fury. The door of the balcony flew open, several large flower-pots fell crashing from the railing to the floor and the ancient rafters creaked and trembled under Felicitas's feet. She was still on the next roof, but clung with both hands to the railing of the gallery, which she had just reached.

The tempest loosened her hair and tossed the heavy tresses as if it longed to scatter them to the four winds, but she stood firm. After waiting patiently a moment, she swung herself over the railing and instantly entered the music-room. The storm roared and raved behind her, but she no longer heard it—she never thought of the danger threatening her life on her return. With her clasped hands hanging loosely before her, she stood in the cool, ivy-garlanded apartment—she was beholding it for the last time. The still, snow-white faces on the walls looked familiar, and yet strangely altered—once they had filled the room with life, for their living thoughts had been conjured forth to hover round their pallid brows, now they were only ornaments, mere wall decorations; they gazed down with equal indifference on the radiant face of the coquettish widow, and on the pale, girlish countenance uplifted to them, with streaming tears.

The room looked as cosy and comfortable as it had done in Aunt Cordula's life-time. Not a speck of dust lay on the polished mahogany lid of the piano, the ivy was sending forth countless green shoots in proof that it was carefully tended, and in a niche by one of the windows stood the magnificent caoutchouc and palm, two of the old mam'selle's favorites, which had evidently been the objects of special care. But the other recess was altered the dainty little work-table no longer stood there—the professor had fitted it up for his study.

A burning flash of shame crimsoned Felicitas's face. She was standing like a thief in his room. Who could tell what letters and papers that no stranger's eye should see might be lying on the writing-table! He had left them without anxiety, for he carried the key of the room in his pocket. The young girl darted to the cabinet.

On the side of the old piece of furniture, in the midst of an intricately carved arabesque, was a small metal knob, which could hardly have been discovered by an uninitiated eye. Felicitas pressed it firmly, and the door of the secret compartment flew open. There lay the missing valuables in their well-known order. The large silver coffee-pot and cream-jug, the heavy bundles of spoons tied with silk ribbons, the old-fashioned case containing the diamonds—all these things were in the same places where they had been concealed so many years. There in the corner was the case with the bracelet, and beside it—the little gray box, pushed a little awry, just as the old mam'selle had hastily thrust it

in a few weeks before—she had evidently not touched it again.

Felicitas drew it out with trembling fingers—it was not light—the contents must be destroyed—but in what way? What was it made of?

She cautiously raised the lid—a book somewhat roughly bound in leather lay inside—the stiff pages were gaping apart and the covers were curled and bent by age. A timid glance showed the young girl that the coarse leaves were filled with written, not printed words.

Aunt Cordula, two eyes are resting upon your secret—eyes in which you have countless times read faithful, child-like love and devotion, and a young heart which has never for an instant doubted you is throbbing violently in the presence of the mystery of your life! It is as immovably convinced of your innocence as it is of the existence of the shining sun, but it longs to know why you suffered; it seeks to know the full extent of your life long sacrifice. Your secret shall die, the pages shall crumble into ash, and the lips which even in childhood knew how to maintain inviolable silence will remain as closely shut as your own.

The young girl's trembling fingers opened the volume. "*Joseph von Hirschsprung, Studiosus Philosophæ*," was written in firm characters on the first page. It was the diary of the young student, the son of the nobly born shoemaker, for whose sake Aunt Cordula was said to have worried her father to death. The writer had used only one side of each page, leaving the other for comments. But these others were covered in close lines with the delicate handwriting of the old mam'selle.

Felicitas read the beginning. Profound, original thought, with rare vigor and brevity of expression, instantly fixed the eye and compelled attention. He must have been a remarkable man—the shoe-maker's young son—with an imagination teeming with super's visions, an incisive judgment, and a fiery heart glowing with passionate love! Therefore Cordula, the daughter of the stern merchant prince, had loved him till the day of her death. She wrote:

"Your eyes are closed forever, and you did not see how I knelt beside your bed and wrung my hands in prayer to God that he would save you for me. Amid the delirium of fever, you called my name in all the sweet, caressing tones of love, but you also used the angry accents of a deeply wounded heart, the cry of fierce revenge, and when I spoke to you, you stared at me with eyes that had no look of recognition and thrust my hand away."

"You have departed from this earth under the delusion that I have broken my vow to you—and when all was over and they had removed you from your couch of pain, I found this book under your pillow. It tells me how I have been loved, but also that you doubted me. I watched in mortal anguish for even one look of consciousness—it would have convinced you of my innocence, and my sad fate would have lost its sharpest sting. Vain! There is no greater torture than an eternal separation, without the power of reconciling the departing soul. Had I committed the worst crime, I could not be more cruelly punished than by this heart of mine, which cries out night and day, hunting me restlessly on like the fugitive Cain."

"Your lofty spirit is now treading wider paths, but I am still wandering on this little earth, and know not whether you can look back to me. I can speak to no one of my secret struggles, nor do I desire it—for where could I find any one that would understand my loss? No one knew you save myself. But I must once relate how it all happened. You have written your thoughts in this book;

old and forcible as they are, they send forth a sweet, refreshing breath of deep, undying love for me. They speak to me as if they possessed living lips and your own sympathetic voice. I will answer you here, on these very pages where your hand has rested, and meantime I will fancy you are standing beside me, that your deep eyes are watching my pen as it makes stroke after stroke till the riddle lies solved before you.

"Do you remember the day little Cordula Hellwig was searching for her pet white hen, which had been chased into the attic by the hunting-dog? It was dark there, but through a chink in the boards poured a stream of golden light, and millions of notes were dancing in the sunshine. The little girl peeped through the crack. Neighbor Hirschsprung had just stored there the grain gathered from his only field, and high on the golden sheaves sat his wild, dark-haired son.

"Look for me!" the child called, through the crack. The boy jumped down and gazed boldly and keenly around him. "Look for me!" she repeated. There was a crash, and one of the boards behind which little Cordula was hiding fell rattling on the floor of the aristocratic mansion. Ay, it was your deed, and I know you would have leveled many other worthless barriers, destroyed many a carefully erected false system. Just as you threw down the plank behind which the little girl was teasing you.

"I cried bitterly in my fright, and you instantly became kind and gentle, and led me through the opening downstairs into the smoky little room where your father pursued his trade. The board was replaced; but from that hour I crossed the street to see you every day. Oh, what pleasant winter afternoons those were! Outside the wind howled and roared; the rosemary on the window-sill trembled at every gust that raged against the round, leaden-cased panes, and the goldfinch, usually so cheery, retreated to the furthest corner of his cage. But inside the coffee was boiling on the huge stove, your mother sat spinning at her whirring wheel, while your father hammered steadily on his bench to earn his daily bread.

"I can still see his noble, sorrowful face, as he told us of olden days. Then the Hirschsprungs had been a powerful family—a race renowned for their gigantic stature and deeds of daring! What an endless series of heroic acts had been performed by their strong arms. But I trembled at the torrents of noble blood they had shed—I was far more fond of hearing the tale of the knight who had loved his young wife so faithfully and tenderly. He had had two bracelets made, and on each was engraved one half of an old love-song, he wore one, his beloved wife the other. When he fell mortally wounded on the battle field, one of his foes tried to seize the costly love token, but the dying man convulsively clatched the jewel with his left hand, letting it be hacked and cut till his esquire came to his aid and killed the assailant. The bracelets were treasured in the family as heirlooms, until—yes, until the Swedes came. How you used to hate those Swedes! They were the scourge of the ruin of the Hirschsprungs! It was a sorrowful tale, and did not like to hear it, because your father always ended with: 'Had it not been for that, my son, you might have been educated and become a great man; now there is nothing for you but the cobbler's bench.' Ah, the story had a very different side from what we supposed.

"The Hirschsprungs had always been Roman Catholics—they had remained true to the old faith, when the whole country was converted to the new doctrine of Lutheranism. From that time they lived in strict seclusion on account of their religion; but this was not enough to content old Adrian

von Hirschsprung, who preferred to give up his ancient mansion and his Thuringian house rather than to live among heretics. He sold his property, except the house on the market-place, for sixty thousand thalers in gold, and one day his two sons rode off to seek a new home in some Catholic country. Just at that time it happened that the Swedish king, Gustavus Adolphus, with twenty-one thousand men came marching through Thuringia. He spent one day in the little town of X—, on October 22, 1632, and his soldiers were quartered in the houses of the citizens. The knight's mansion on the market-place was also crowded with Swedish soldiers, who must have filled old Adrian with rage and loathing. A terrible dispute arose between him and the half-drunken troopers, who were carousing over their wine in the court-yard, and the dreadful deed was done, a soldier stabbed the poor old man to the heart. He fell back with outstretched arms upon the stone pavement of the court-yard, and died at once, without uttering a word. But the furious Swedes hooked to pieces and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, and when the sons returned old Adrian had long been lying under the stone slabs in the Church of the Holy Virgin, and they searched in vain for their property. The Swedes had carried off the sixty thousand thalers, chests and coffers stood empty, their scattered contents lay torn and trampled on the floors, the family papers were dispersed to the four winds of heaven—not a scrap remained. This was your father's tale! Then the house itself passed for a paltry sum into the hands of the Hellwig family. Adrian's two sons divided the amount between them. Lutz, the elder brother, left the town, and nothing more was ever heard of him; the other hung his knightly sword upon the wall, and the descendants of those who had fought in the Crusades, and been held in high esteem at royal courts for their courage and chivalrous courtesy, seized plane and awl.

"You did not follow their example. As the thick locks above your forehead curled and waved, defying any arrangement save their own, your lofty spirit turned from the narrow paths your father and grandfather had pursued. You sought your own career, though you well knew its course must be thorny and stony, that poverty and want would ever be at your side. You saw only the goal, the bright, glittering goal—and all your heroic courage ended on a death bed in an attic-room. The soul fled because the body starved. Omnipotent God! One of thy noble creatures died from lack of bread! Who could have dreamed of such an end to your existence, that had heard you explaining your fresh, bold, original ideas with such convincing power! Or when you sat at the piano, with such marvelous harmonies pouring forth under the touch of your fingers! It was a most miserable little spinnet that stood in a dark corner of your father's room, but your genius animated it till its dull, harsh tones reproduced the roar of the tempest or conjured up the picture of a radiant sky bending over a smiling world. Do you remember how your good father rewarded you, when he was pleased with you? He solemnly unlocked a little antique secretary, and laid a manuscript notebook on the rack of the old spinnet. It was the operetta by Johann Sebastian Bach—his grandfather had received it as a gift from the great master, and it had been treasured by the family like some holy relic. Not one penny in money, not even a mouthful of bread was found in your room after your death, yet the MS. of the Bach operetta—whose value you know well—lay on your table, addressed to me.

"On the other side of the page, exactly opposite to where I am now writing, are the words. My sweet,

golden-haired Cordula came in to-day in her white dress." It was the day of my confirmation. My stern mother had told me it must be my last visit, for I was now grown up, and it would not be proper for the rich merchant's daughter to associate with the shoemaker's family. Your parents were not in the room, and I told you of my mother's command. How pale your face grew under your black looks! 'Well, go, then!' you said, defiantly stamping your foot, but your voice failed and tears glittered in your wrathful eyes. I did not go—our trembling hands suddenly intertwined in a clasp that was never sundered—it was the beginning of our love.

"Could I have forgotten this and, after having for years resisted my parent's anger and entreaties, suddenly proved faithless to my vow of my own free will! They reproached you with your poverty, called you the worthless son of a shoemaker, who could never earn a living, threatened to curse and disinherit me, but I remained firm and it was easy, for you were near me. But when your parents died, and you went to Leipzig, terrible days came! One day, a tall, slender man arrived at my father's house, a man with pale cheeks, over which hung long, scanty locks of smoothly brushed dark hair, and around whose mouth lurked a disagreeable expression. I knew that with him evil crossed our threshold—the instinct of a pure heart told me so. My father judged this Paul Hellwig differently. He was a near relative, the son of a man who had made his fortune and now held an important office. So our young cousin's visit was an honor to our household, and how humbly he could bend his tall figure, how sweet and unctuous were the words that fell from his lips!

"You know that the scoundrel dared to ask my love, and you know how angrily I rejected him—he was base and dishonorable enough to ask the aid of my father, who greatly desired the marriage, and now frightful days began. No letters from you reached me, my father intercepted them. I found them, with my own, among his papers after his death. I was treated like a prisoner, but no one could force me to remain in the room after his hated figure entered it. Then I fled through the house like some hunted creature, and the shades of your ancestors protected me. I found plenty of hiding-places where I was safe from my persecutor.

Was it the invisible finger of one of these ancestresses that one day directed my eyes to a gold coin lying at my feet?

"A wall in the poultry-yard had fallen in, and workmen had been there during the afternoon, tearing away the unsound portion. I was sitting on the rains, thinking of the time when these stones had first been placed on each other—when I suddenly saw the gold coin lying in the grass. It was not the only one. There was a yellow glimmer among the crumbling masonry. Doubtless a large portion of the wall had fallen after the workmen had left the yard, for a pile of broken stones lay heaped together, and among the fragments appeared the sharp corner of a wooden chest—it had been split, and through the crack shimmered the shining gold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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At Comber, on October 26th, about four o'clock, at a local fair, while a young man named John Hare was riding a horse in the Square, the animal shied, and Hare was thrown, his head coming against the kerbstone. He sustained a fracture of the skull and concussion of the brain.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 50 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness we reply 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'" In 1868, my affianced wife was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarun, Bastrop, Tex.

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

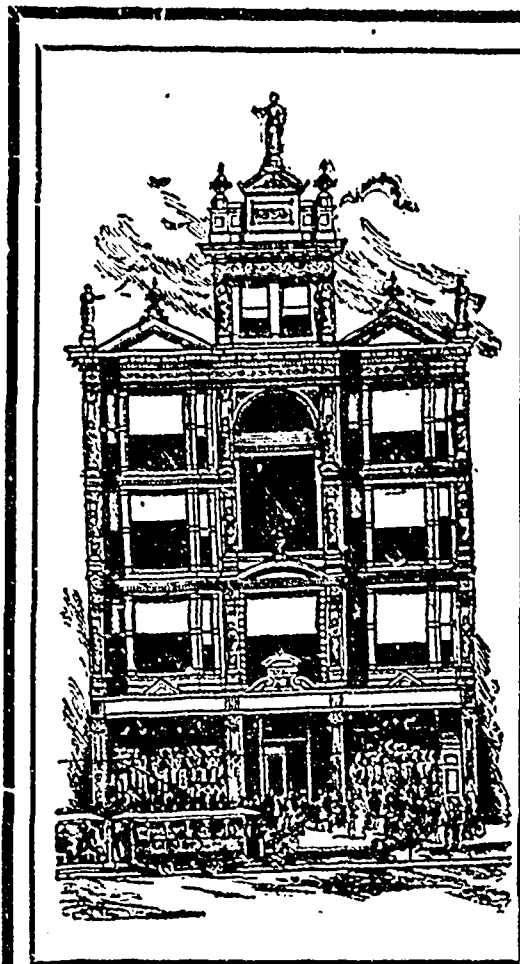
LONDON, Eng., Nov. 17th, 1893.

The pens of the descriptive writers would soon rust disused if Parliamentary debate sunk for any length of time to its present depths of dulness. During the whole of this week there has been, indeed, no speaking in the House, but rather conversations. Members scarcely rise to make their remarks, and the discussion has been technical to a degree. These are the days, however, when the lawyers are in their element, straw splitting and word chopping. The only very definite notion a casual observer is likely to carry away of these lawyer debates is that no two of the experts are precisely agreed on any one subject.

It is not surprising, then, that so many members are found to break away from all this dreary monotony and seek a scope for any latent statesmanship they may possess in debating a reform in the Ladies' Gallery. To any one who has visited it this is one of the queerest places under the sun, and the regulations affecting admission are also very peculiar. Situated at the back of the Press Gallery there is a kind of iron cage; and through the bars, when the House is sitting, glimpses of fair faces and comely forms are to be obtained by members on the benches below. Sometimes the Press men are startled by a ball of wool or a dainty kerchief fluttering down into their midst from the realm above, and occasionally a buzz of conversation is heard or a ripple of laughter, but beyond these signs there is nothing to indicate that ladies are within the precincts of the House of Commons. The gallery devoted to their accommodation is divided into two compartments, the one on the Ministerial side being reserved for those ladies armed with the Speaker's orders, and the other for those introduced by members. In the first-named Mrs. Gladstone is always to be found on special occasions ensconced in the corner seat, and from this point of vantage she has looked down upon many a stout battle in the arena below, in which her distinguished husband has generally borne the most prominent part. For admission to the second gallery members who desire orders ballot at stated intervals, and those who are fortunate enough at this season have the privilege of introducing two ladies on a certain day in the following week. Why two instead of one is an anachronism as difficult of explanation as the iron casing in front of the gallery. The room is badly lighted, the ventilation is execrable, and the range of vision, except to those in the front row, is much impaired by the bars and the pillars.

All the prophets of evil to the contrary notwithstanding it was not until last night that the Government received its first fall. No serious results are anticipated. The Liberals were ungallant enough to oppose a clause sought to be inserted in the Local Government Bill for the enfranchisement of women. In this Parliament there are many champions of women's rights, and the Government did a foolish thing, as subsequent events proved, in not adopting a conciliatory attitude. They would not entertain the proposal for a moment, and the result was that a division was challenged, and they were defeated by 147 to 126. Frantic cheers went up even from the Irish benches as the figures were announced, and not a few cries of "Resign" were heard above the din. Mr. Gladstone slept sweetly through the discussion, nor did he wake when Mr. McLaren rose on behalf of the ladies. The sight of the Prime Minister once, according to his confession, moved one of his supporters to tears. But on this occasion all eyes were dry.

Mr. Chamberlain, his wife and son have arrived home from their American tour after a tempestuous voyage, during which they were shut down below for three days. The Unionists are in high feather now that they have their redoubtable champion once more amongst them. His opponents may say what they will, but the name of Chamberlain is one to conjure with. His power and influence are certainly not on the wane. They have been slowly but steadily growing since the general election consequent upon the rejection of the first Home Rule Bill. In English politics he is more to be reckoned with to-day than at any previous period in his varied career. It was a sad day for the early attainment of Home Rule when the Irish Party saw fit to quarrel with "the Sultan of Birmingham." It is my firm belief that Ireland would have ere now reached the goal of so many years of struggle and heart-sick aspiration were it not for the opposition organized and brought to the successful issue by Chamberlain in 1888. The Irish are noted for their powers of vituperation, and they certainly emptied the full phial of their wrath upon the head of this their most determined foe—so much so that at one time he seriously contemplated retiring from political life. No doubt it was what he richly deserved, but it showed a fateful lack of that opportunism which plays so important a part in the game of politics at the present day. He has since had his revenge, and his one aim in life at the present moment seems to be to prevent the passing of any Home Rule Bill whatsoever. He is still the life and soul of all opposition to



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The granting of self government to Ireland and he returns to England fully determined to prevent, as far as in him lies, the accomplishment of the dearest wish of the Irish heart.

I hear that the room in which Tennyson wrote so much of his verse and smoked the pipe of peace each night at his beautiful residence, Faringford, Freshwater, is exactly as he left it a few weeks before his death. Not a book has been moved, or a piece of furniture. His favourite chair is one of the first objects in the room to attract the attention of the rare visitor who is fortunate enough to set foot on the almost sacred ground. He may look at the vacant chair, and, perhaps, recalling the beautiful lines from "In Memoriam," murmur "How good, how kind, and he is gone." It was in this room, by the way, that the Poet used to recite to a few favoured friends many of his noblest verses. "Maud" was a favourite recitation. After rolling out in a deep melodious voice some of the finest cantos he would pause, and say with perfect innocence and frankness to his hearers, "Isn't that good!"

To-day we have had our first taste of a regular November fog, not one of those dense and black fogs which look as though they could be cut with a knife, but still one which has given the metropolis a cold and cheerless aspect, and which has necessitated lamps and gas before the middle of the day in several districts. It often happens that the densest and most choking fogs prevail in London on days when the sun shines brilliantly a few miles outside the suburbs, and on the kind of nights when dwellers in the country watch the stars through a pure and cloudless atmosphere. But the fog to-day has been of a wet character, which not improbably means rather dismal weather outside as well as inside the metropolis.

At the Passionate Novitiate, Broadway, England, on October 23d, five novices (four clerics and one lay brother) received the holy habit. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Louis, C.P., assisted by Rev. Father Edmund, C.P., and Rev. Father Alexander, C.P. A touching sermon, appropriate to the occasion, was preached by the officiant. The names of those received into the Order are:—Confrater Finbarr (O'Mahony), Cork; Confrater Theodoro (McNally), Belfast; Confrater Leonard (O'Neill), Carlow; Confrater Charles (Pender), Dublin, and Brother Berchmans (Dooley), Dublin. The ceremony was brought to a close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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DIVIDEND No. 68.

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The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November inclusive
By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,
Managing Director.
Toronto, 25th October, 1893.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent. upon the capital stock of the Bank has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches on and after FRIDAY, THE 1ST DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, both days inclusive.
By Order of the Board.

D. WILKIE,
Cashier
Toronto, 26th October, 1893.