

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/  
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 16.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The political event of the week is the financial statement of Ontario by the Provincial Treasurer, the Hon. Mr. Harcourt, who deserves congratulation for the able speech he delivered and the satisfactory surplus he presented.

The most important source of revenue is from Crown lands, which last year gave the largest receipts for any one year, viz: \$2,286,821. The greatest part of this derived its unprecedented proportions from the sale of timber lands last October. The mileage sold was 668, the total price realized, \$2,815,000; the average price per mile, \$3,657, and the highest price, \$17,500. "The demand for lumber at the time was unusually brisk; the export duty had been taken off, the import duty was small, and large sums of money at low interest were readily available for any promising investment."

Mr. Harcourt answered the objection to parting with our timber by stating that the sales did not seriously affect them, that the growth of the country required it, and that a single forest fire in a few days would ruin more than our timber camps in a whole season.

The receipts from liquor licenses have, owing to a decrease in the number, fallen somewhat below the estimate. Instead of \$900,000, which was expected, \$294,758 has been actually received. This last year there was a reduction of 99 licenses, there being 121 granted, as against 3,523 the year previous.

The receipts in the Educational Department arising from the fees of teachers' examinations and those of pupils at the Normal, Model and Kindergarten schools of Toronto and Ottawa amount \$48,000.

Other public institutions give a revenue of \$136,406—of which nearly \$77,000 came from the asylums, \$56,000 from the Central Prison and \$8,000 from the two reformatories.

From casual revenue, such as insurance assessment and succession duty, the Province has this year received \$70,257. And this was the first year when any return was derived from a tax upon legacies the amount \$758 from this source, as might be expected, is not large. But the Treasurer, entering into a comparative analysis of the workings of such acts in England and several of the neighbouring States, concluded that we might receive this next year some \$20,000. And he hoped that in a few years enough would return from this source to maintain the grants to hospitals and charities, which, during the last five years, have averaged \$129,998.

"We received as the proceeds of a sale of annuities \$160,000. Altogether we have had six of these sales. This last one re-

sulted more favorably for the province than any previous one, the purchaser realizing less than 4 per cent. on his investment. Hon. members will notice with satisfaction that whereas on each previous occasion we sold annuities to the amount of from \$240,000 to \$270,000, the amount sold last year was only \$160,000. This is due of course to the fact that our railway aid certificates, which mature from year to year, are rapidly decreasing in amount. The annuities I am speaking of replace these maturing railway aid certificates, so that in selling annuities we do not add one dollar to our liabilities, nor do we decrease our surplus to the extent of a dollar. We postpone the payment of the railway aid certificates, and replace them with these annuities."

Speaking of expenditure Mr. Harcourt showed that in the department of Civil Government, the Provincial Board of Health, the Publishing Department, and the Administration of Justice, efficiency as well as economy was secured. The Administration of Justice took \$891,689, while Education received \$658,161:

"For public institutions, maintenance we spent last year \$818,435. Of all our ordinary expenditure for the year, nearly one dollar out of every four dollars went for this purpose. We have, sir, I think, just reason to be proud of our numerous public institutions, meeting, as they do, our every need; of their excellent equipment, of their careful supervision and efficient management. I have on a previous occasion pointed out that this large expenditure is growing from year to year, and that it must continue to increase from time to time, so long as the number of our insane continues to increase."

"Our estimated receipts for the year were \$3,366,572. Our actual receipts were \$4,457,478. We therefore on the one hand received \$1,190,906 more than we expected, and on the other spent \$188,785 less than we voted. Further, our total ordinary and special expenditures for 1892 were less than those of 1891 by \$94,502. When we take into account our abnormally large capital expenditures for public buildings, and our other exceptional expenditures, this statement will, I know, be received with great satisfaction. In the last five years we have spent on public buildings alone \$2,059,237. During the preceding period of five years we spent \$983,772. We spent more than twice as much in this way during the last five years as we did during the preceding period. Nor has anyone said, nor will anyone now say, that a dollar of this vast expenditure was useless or uncalled for. On these new buildings alone we spent last year \$323,203, or more than \$1,000 a day for each working day of the year. Up to the end of 1892 we have spent upon them \$1,107,600. As to their cost, their excellence of design, their structural conveniences, their solidity of finish, their adaptability to our needs generally, we freely invite, nay, we challenge, inspection, criticism and comparison. They are an ornament to this city, a credit to the province and a lasting monument to the ability and integrity of the commissioner of public works. To the commissioner himself, and to this the most important of the several large public buildings erected during his long and honorable term of office, I may apply the words spoken of another on a similar occasion, and say that the whole of the money placed in his hands has been administered with a single eye to the promotion of the objects for which it was given. It has paid no toll on the way, undergone no diminution, but has been wholly applied to public purposes, nor has there been any sign of carelessness in its administration."

The Treasurer closed with a brief remark on the anticipations of the present year:

"As hon. members will notice, our estimated expenditure for the year is \$3,559,185. I can promise that our actual expenditure will, as in former years, be kept well within this estimate. For agriculture, education and hospitals and charities we ask larger grants than heretofore. Increases in those services seem to be automatic and necessary.

We estimate, on the other hand, that we will receive during this year \$4,030,572,

an amount largely in excess of last year's estimate, as well as of the estimate of 1891. I am confident that actual results will prove it to be a careful and moderate estimate. We expect therefore to be able to provide, out of the ordinary receipts of the year, for all our ordinary expenditures, and in addition thereto retire the maturing railway certificates and annuities and still have a comfortable surplus on the year's transactions."

The idea of a representative of the British Government at the Holy See, always a favorite idea at the Vatican, has lately been gaining ground. England appreciates the power of the Papacy, and seeks it from time to time. But this is not sufficient; for, in order to enjoy the full benefit that would follow, the British Empire should enter into a closer relation with Rome and the Church. Every help is needed to assure the proper development of the British cosmopolitan destiny.

That is food for Orangemen. What with the prospect of Home Rule and an Embassy to the Holy Father, the modern Orangeman has fallen upon evil days.

The Pope, in reply to an address from the Roman nobility, amongst other things said: "In difficult times, when the Popes had a greater need of human assistance, the Roman aristocracy never failed to offer for the imitation of the world examples of unalterable devotion and active fidelity, examples which we have seen imitated in fact not twenty-five years ago, when this pacific metropolis of the Christian world was besieged by the violence of arms. Undoubtedly there are amongst your number more than one who in that extremity offered the strength of his arm in defence of the rights of the Holy See. Such are the recollections, dear to our heart, recalled by your presence, and, Sir Prince, the words in which you have addressed us. . . . We recommend to you, above all, charity in its different forms. charity which gives, charity which assists, charity which places one on the right way, charity which illumines, which propagates good by word, by writing, by meetings, sodalities, mutual help. If this sovereign virtue were practised according to the rules of the Gospel, it would be so much the better for civil society. This terrible hatred would cease; the multitude would be more gentle, and it would be easier to solve this difficult social question which wearies people and renders governments anxious."

The feast of St. Patrick was duly celebrated by the Irish Franciscans at Rome in their Church of St. Isidor, where pontifical high Mass was sung by Mgr. Passerini, titular Archbishop of Ptolemais. The interest in the celebration for us centres in the fact that his Lordship Bishop Dowling of

Hamilton delivered the panegyric upon the Apostle of Ireland.

Amongst the principal speakers on the second reading of the Home Bill during the past week was Mr. Chamberlain, who thought the people of England would accept the Bill if it would really rid them of the Irish question. This it would not do, because the most influential element in Ireland, viz; the property holders, were opposed to it, and furthermore the Bill itself was not a finality. The Irish leaders would not accept the veto of the Crown on the advice of the British ministry; and the financial clauses dealing with taxation for war and other purposes were so objectionable that they would not be received as final. The so-called safeguards were worth nothing; and the only really safeguard the Government had was the good feeling and generosity of the Irish leaders and people. True, Mr. Gladstone professed boundless faith in them now; but it was of too recent growth for the House to be asked "to stake the honour and dignity and the life of the nation on the assurance that a miracle would be wrought changing the hearts of men and altering the springs of human action."

Mr. Justin McCarthy, who followed, ridiculed Mr. Chamberlain as a prophet of evil. He could not say that the Irish party were quite satisfied with the financial clauses; nevertheless, they accepted the Bill generally as an honest settlement of the question, and if it were carried the Prime Minister would win the undying gratitude of millions.

The following day the Secretary for Scotland, Sir George Trevelyan, taunted Mr. Chamberlain, with frankness for admitting the necessity for a settlement of the question, and with inconsistency in one time demanding the retention of the Irish members at Westminster, and at another time condemning such provision. He strongly denounced the Ulster programme and accused the Conservative leaders of indulging a prospective justification of civil war in Ireland. It had been said that the present majority of forty was too small to pass such a bill, but it might well be asked how large a majority would be required to induce Ireland's acquiescence in its refusal. Every year that passed before the settlement of this question would be a year lost in a vain attempt to avert a measure which would surely be passed by one government or another.

Archbishop Elder, the venerable metropolitan of Cincinnati, completed his 74th year last week, but is still hale, hearty and active, and attends to all the calls of his extensive archdiocese. Dr. Elder has had a varied experience since he was first invested with the purple, and at one time it was thought he would fall a victim to yellow fever, which disease he caught in the discharge of his duties down in Mississippi, where he was Bishop of Natchez up to the time of his transfer to Cincinnati thirteen years ago.

## CARDINAL LOQUE IN DUNDALK.

## The Pope and Ireland.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Armagh was the recipient of a most enthusiastic ovation on Thursday, March 28, in Dundalk, which was *en fete* for the occasion, every house being decorated and triumphal arches spanning the streets.

On rising to reply to an address which had been presented his Eminence was received with loud and prolonged cheering. Having thanked the people for the magnificent welcome they had given him, a public display which has seldom, if ever, been equalled since the days of St. Patrick, he said—It was simply a manifestation on the part of the good people of Dundalk of their attachment to the Church, and their reverence and respect for the Head of the Church, and their gratitude for any favour it may please him to show them (cheers). I was delighted with what your good Administrator tells me, that this display was participated in not merely by the Catholics of the town, but that others also showed their sympathy, and were prepared to join in our rejoicing (applause). That is a feeling for which I am deeply grateful. It is a feeling that I would wish to see extended and propagated in Ireland (applause). It is a feeling which I, according to my humble means of action, have always endeavoured to encourage, and I can say truly that I do not remember in my whole public life a single occasion on which I wilfully said a word offensive to those who differed from me in matters of religion or matters of political opinion. Of course I was prepared to hold my own views, and hold them very strongly, but I was prepared at the same time to make allowance for others. I never could see any reason why all the children of Ireland, no matter how they may differ in opinion on religious or secular subjects, should not be all inspired with one feeling of patriotism, prepared to unite together to act to the best of their abilities for the welfare of their common country (loud applause). And if I had the power, if I could gratify my own desires and my own wishes, I would band together every Irishman, and also every Irishwoman (cheers), and every Irish boy and girl, from Cork to Malin Head, into one united phalanx, having but one desire and one view, and that the welfare of their common country (applause). Though I stand here to-day wearing those robes which I have lately received from the sacred hands of the Pontiff, that does not arise from any wish on the part of the Holy Father to bestow a mere personal compliment on me or indeed on any member of the Irish hierarchy. It arises from the ardent desire the Pope had to manifest in some striking way and to bring prominently to the minds of the Irish people the depth and the sincerity of that love which he has for them—to make them feel as it were that he, the common Father of all, having the whole Catholic world to care for, nevertheless, finds in the people of Ireland reasons which induce him to have a special care over them, and when the opportunity arises to give them, as he has given them in my humble person, a clear proof and pledge of this great affection. Take my word for it, my dear brethren, that whoever else may be against you, either in your struggle to secure that which should be our chief object in this life—sanctification, or in your struggle to attain to national prosperity, that there is not one man in the whole world more thoroughly with you than Christ's Vicar on earth (cheers). There is one thing that struck me on the few occasions that I had an opportunity of speaking to the Holy Father lately, and it is this—that I believe that apart from the Irish colony in Rome, there is not one man, ecclesiastic or lay, in Rome

understands the Irish question thoroughly except the Pope himself (cheers). He understands it and appreciates all our difficulties and sympathizes with us in all our aspirations, of course keeping still in reserve that which, as Christ's Vicar and Head of the Church, he must keep in reserve always making the reservation that our aspirations be pursued and our efforts be directed within the bounds laid down by the law of God, which is given us to direct all our actions. I feel perfectly certain that there is not one of you, no matter how deeply you are attached to our country, and no matter how ardently you may desire our welfare, would seek to elevate the country by means not in accordance with God's law and the teaching of the Church. Hence the Holy Father is prepared to go with you as far as you wish to go; he only wants to know what is for the spiritual and temporal prosperity of Ireland and he is prepared by words and acts, and every proof of sympathy, to join with the people—as, indeed, he has joined with the people in various parts of the world at present—in enabling them to better their condition. I think it is due to the Holy Father, of whom you have all spoken so frequently in your beautiful addresses to-day, to say this much in his behalf; and remember, my dear friends, I am not doing so of my own mere motion, because one of the commissions he gave me, when deputed me as it were to carry a message of affection and love to the Irish people, was to let the Irish people know that he has the greatest affection for them, to make the Irish people feel that he sympathizes with them, and to impress upon them that as long as they go on quietly within the bounds of God's law there is no temporal welfare or temporal prosperity they can aim at that he does not wish them with all his heart (cheers). Now, my dear friends, having said so much on behalf of the Holy Father, whose representative I am among you, I have very little to say on my own behalf. I feel that in promoting me to the dignity which he has been pleased to confer upon me the Pope selected a very poor and a very weak and unworthy instrument (cries of "No, no"), for representing his views, and giving a pledge of his affection to the people of Ireland. I can assure you that if my own objections had been consulted, and if I had—short of disobedience which I could not think of—any opportunity of escaping from this present position and all the excitement and display that have been connected with it for some weeks past, I would rather far have got into some quiet corner and escaped the whole thing. I have had only one object in life since I became a priest—and the same object continued after I became a bishop, and then archbishop—and that object was, and is, to do all I could for the people entrusted to me by Almighty God, and, so far as I could, to keep out of the way of honours and distinctions. But I contend, my dear friends, that there is nothing in the position and its obligations, great as they are, which will in the least prevent me from going among the people, having the same sympathy with them, endeavouring to stand on the same footing with them as I have stood in the past (cheers). There is nothing certainly which will rob me of that desire which I have felt from my youth upwards of promoting, as far as I could by my poor individual efforts, two great causes, in the first place, the cause of religion, and in the second place the cause of fatherland (cheers). I would not think that I was doing my duty even as a Bishop, or even as some of you in your addresses have been kind enough to style me—a Prince of the Church—a name I do not like, though it appears I have some right to it—I don't think I would be doing my duty in either capacity if, according to the

measure of my opportunities and my abilities, I did not only unite with the people in promoting the interests of religion, but also unite with them in promoting the temporal prosperity of the country (cheers). If you point out to me clearly what are the real interests of Ireland, no matter whether it may be thought Home Rule or any other rule, I am prepared to stand side by side with the people and to use every effort and to make any sacrifice consistent with conscience and duty which may be necessary to promote the temporal welfare of our common country (loud cheers). That is my political creed, my dear friends,

## The Home Rule Speech.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor thus describes the great leader entering on his task of unfolding the details of the Irish Home Rule Bill:

"I looked on Mr. Gladstone. There was that in his face to suggest sleepless vigils, hard-fought fights—perhaps small and irritating worries. There was a deadlier pallor than usual even on that face, which always has all the beautiful pallor, as well as fine texture of smooth ivory. There was a drawn, wearied look about the usually large, open, brilliant eyes; there was that rapt and far-off look which is always Mr. Gladstone's expression when his mind and heart are full.

"Pallid, heavy-eyed, in a far-off dream—with all the world gazing upon him with painful concentration of attention and fixed stare—the great old man sat, keeper still of the greatest and momentous secret of his time, and about to make an appearance more historic, far reaching, immortal than any yet in his career. So, doubtless, he would have liked to remain for a long time still, but, with a start; he woke up, put his hand to his ear, as is his wont in these latter days, when his hearing is not what it used to be, looked to the Speaker, and then to Mr. John Morley, and found that all at once, without one moment's preparation, he had been called upon by the Speaker to enter on his great and perilous task.

"The first notes of the old man suggested he was in excellent form. It is always easy for those who are well acquainted with him to know when he is going to make a great and when he will deliver only a moderately good speech. If he is going to do splendidly the tone at the start is very calm, the delivery is measured, the sentences are long and break on the ear with something of the long drawn out slowness of the Alexandrine. So it was on Monday. Sentence followed sentence in measured and perfect cadence; there was absolute self-possession; and the voice was not unduly pitched. And yet there were those traces of fatigue to which I have alluded, and since I wrote the opening of this description I have heard that one of the few occasions in his life when Mr. Gladstone had a sleepless night was on the night before he introduced his second great home rule bill."

## Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Price 25c. and 50c. at all druggists.

Magistrate. "I am told that you have already been convicted fourteen times on this charge. Aren't you ashamed to have to acknowledge that?" Prisoner: "No, yer worship. I don't think no man oughter be ashamed of 'is convictions." Magistrate: "Two months without option of a fine."

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

## How Gladstone Lives.

Mr. Gladstone is in the best of health, sleeps remarkably well, and, so far from having shown signs of decreasing vitality through an inability to maintain an appetite for food, the right honorable gentleman enjoys his meals with the zest of a young man. When he rises he invariably takes a tepid bath, and every morning before breakfast while at Biarritz he attended church, and since his return to London has frequently taken a little walk in the grounds of Downing street. His first meal usually consists of a hard-boiled egg, a slice of tongue, with tea and toast. After breakfast he devotes himself to his correspondence, and for several hours is busy with his private secretary and receiving such political callers as may arrive.

For luncheon Mr. Gladstone takes cold meat, milk pudding and cheese. He drinks a couple of glasses of light wine and sometimes finishes with a glass of port. At 5 o'clock, if disengaged, he has afternoon tea. His dinners are selected to his taste. He takes soup, fish (if it is to his fancy), but usually dines off one dish, which he selects and does not depart from. He is very fond of rice pudding and prunes and rice, and upon either of these, but more especially the former, he would, if the etiquette of the dinner table permitted it, make an entire meal. He drinks claret and to his cheese has a liberal glass of port wine. Half of this he takes with his cheese, and sips the remainder in conversation over dessert. When dining out Mr. Gladstone takes two or three glasses of champagne, concluding, as usual, with port. He does not drink coffee because it is seldom made to his liking, and, being astringent, keeps him awake.

While at Biarritz a rule was made that Mr. Gladstone should be left alone at 10 o'clock every night. This rule is likely to be adhered to still, and the other evening, while the guest of a friend, he left at a quarter past 10 and was in bed fifteen minutes later. Mr. Gladstone has, with very rare exceptions, always slept well, and for some time was in the habit of remaining in bed until noon. This was when he felt fatigued or desired to think out some matter which specially engaged him. But at Biarritz he never lay in bed but once, and that was two days before the time fixed for his departure, when he was attacked by a cold in the head, and reverted to his old rule, kept his bed for twenty-four hours and thus regained his usual health. Since the right honorable gentleman returned to London he has arisen early, and is as vigorous and hearty as his friends could wish. Mr. Gladstone lives very plainly, his regimen being guided by authority, but his appetite in London is good. On one occasion at Biarritz he was asked how he slept, to which he replied gaily: "Well, I have done my nine hours."

His memory is as keen as ever and at the Biarritz dinner table, as when he dines at home or with friends at London, he was the life of the party. On one occasion, when Mr. Tolle-mache was present, there was a discussion about classics, and Mr. Gladstone quoted, not single lines of Greek, but whole passages. On the voyage from Calais the channel was very stormy and Mr. Gladstone lay down, but did not suffer from seasickness. The reports of his ill health and lessened vitality have caused the Downing street post bag to be unusually heavy, and a great deal of ill-afforded time has, consequently, been expended in refuting these idle inventions.—*St. James Gazette.*

## The Best Remedy.

DEAR SIRS—I was greatly troubled with weakness, loss of appetite, restlessness and sleeplessness, and found B. B. B. the most strengthening and beneficial medicine I have taken.

MISS HEASLIP.

24 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.

**A Grave in Erin.**

*Chicago Citizen.*

Here, grandma, here are shamrocks,  
Let me clasp them, on your breast,  
They came from holy Ireland,  
The land we love the best;  
They're fresh and green and lovely,  
Plucked by an Irish hand,  
And their little tiny petals  
Were by Irish breezes fanned.

"They came from far off Ireland,  
Och, mavourneen, its true!  
Acushla, let me feel them—  
And you say 'twas there they grow?"

Ah! mavourneen, Erin's lovely  
When the sunbeams kiss her hills,  
And the morning mists are rising  
From her valleys and her hills;  
Or when evening dons her mantle  
And the daylight dies away,  
When the moon her pale light shimmers  
O'er her towers old and gray.

And the fairest spot in Erin  
Is my own dear 'dark Tyrone'—  
There the Shamrocks bloom the greenest,  
And the roses first are blown,  
Through the mists of years I see it,  
And my tears begin to flow—  
There I spent my happy girlhood  
Round the Old Cross of Ardboe.

"There my father's bones are resting  
In the consecrated mould,  
And the shamrocks green wave o'er them—  
O'er the tombstone gray and old.  
Through the graveyard trees at twilight  
Bats and hoot owls wearily cry,  
And Lough Neagh's dark waters sadly  
For the dead a requiem sigh.

"Ah, mavourneen, with God's blessing,  
To our father's land we'll go;  
For I wish a grave in Erin  
Neath the Old Cross of Ardboe,  
Where the lark is singing gaily  
In the azure morning sky,  
Where the linnets sweetly piping;  
I will shortly go to die.

"And, mavourneen, you'll be happy  
In that home you'll call your own,  
There your friends will gather round you  
In the valleys of Tyrone;  
And, my darling, when I leave you,  
When my weary heart finds rest,  
In Ardboe you'll leave me sleeping  
With the shamrocks o'er my breast."

**SUNDAY OPENING AT CHICAGO.**

Monsignor Capel contributes the following remarks to a Catholic paper in California:

To the Columbian Fair the whole world has been invited to send specimens of its products of nature and of man's industry. It will be readily admitted that the Christian nations will be to the front in this colossal exhibition. What their tenets and practices are concerning the Lord's Day ought to be taken into consideration in solving the much-vexed Sunday Question. The Roman Catholic numbers, by its own latest statistics, some 218,000,000; the lowest estimate given by outsiders is 152,000,000. They are the largest organized body of Christians and are found in all nations. Their teaching concerning the Gospel Sabbath is identical with that held by the 88,000,000 who compose the varied sects of the Greek Communion professing the religion of Christ. An outline of this Catholic teaching may serve as a factor to a rational solution of a difficulty that ought never to have arisen.

The service of our God is binding at all times and is to be continuous throughout life. Under the old law there was daily sacrifice, morning and evening, in the Temple. The Hebrews were ordered to "Teach your children that they meditate on My words when thou sittest in thy house, and when thou walkest on the way, and when thou liest down and risest up." "From the morning watch even until night, let Israel hope in the Lord," says the Psalmist, and to each individual the Son of Sirach proclaims: "Let nothing hinder thee from praying always." This constant remembrance of God and walking in His presence are found throughout the Old Testament.

But the Sabbath Day had, in addition to all this, its extra worship. Two lambs of the first year, as a special burnt-offering, together with the corresponding meat and drink

offering, as well as the renewal of the show bread, were added to celebrate the day. It was a day of "holy convocation;" and in due time every town and village had its synagogues wherein the law and the prophets were expounded, accompanied by prayers and thanksgiving.

The Gospel law confirmed and extended the daily service of our God. "And Jesus spake also a parable to them, that we ought always to pray and not to faint." "Watch ye, therefore, praying at all times." "Take ye heed, watch and pray, for you know not when the time is." These repeated injunctions of the Divine Master are insisted on again and again by his Apostles. St. Paul says to the Hebrews: "Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually;" to the Thessalonians: "Pray without ceasing, in all things give thanks;" to the Colossians: "Be instant in prayer, watching in it with thanksgiving." And to these latter does he give the key to the continuous service of God: "All whatsoever you do in word or work, all things do ye in 'ae name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father." But the highest act of worship in the Christian religion is not prayer nor the word of thanksgiving. "We have an altar, whereof they have no right to eat who serve the Tabernacle." We have "a clean oblation," a sacrifice offered according to the order of Melchisedec, wherein Jesus Christ, the Divine Mediator, is both priest and victim, who offered it for the first time at the Last Supper, and continues to offer it each day by the hands of His ordained priests. His death is thus shown till He come. Thus can we acknowledge the sovereign dominion of God, propitiate Him for our sins, make a thank-offering of infinite value, and supplicate through our spotless High Priest. This doctrine was never questioned for the first ten centuries; it is, and always has been, firmly held and believed by the Catholic Church as well as by all the Oriental sects of Christians. They recognize this doctrine in the Disciples coming together on the first day of the week to "break bread."

Regarding this as the highest act of Christian worship, the Catholic Church insists, under pain of deadly sin, that as far as possible all her children, above a certain age, shall on the Sunday assist at this holy sacrifice. To facilitate this, in Catholic countries where there are sufficient priests, every half-hour, from just before the sun rises till noon, Holy Mass, as this sacrifice is called, is offered. At one at least of these Masses the word of God is expounded. Other devotional exercises, and religious instructions, to which the faithful are earnestly invited, take place after midday.

As in the ancient dispensation, so in the new, is the day appointed for the special service of God one of rest. But with this essential difference, the abstention from work is the primary idea of the Jewish Sabbath, there being no law of Sabbatical worship imposed outside the doubling of the sacrifices. The Christian Sunday, on the other hand, is primarily a day of prayer, the law of rest being a protection to the law of worship. Our Blessed Lord lays down the fundamental principle concerning this rest: "The Sabbath is made for man, not man for the Sabbath," clearly showing that its enforcement is for man's good. Man, on the other hand, is bound to fulfil the law of love. Hence, then, for God's honour and glory, he may break the law of the Sabbath, as did the ministers in the Temple, and be held blameless. The good of our neighbour does by the same law of love justify us in caring for the sick and the poor in their great wants. Necessity again makes the law of the Sabbath give way before the needs of man and beasts. To

protect the law of worship, bodily works, such as those done by servants, day labourers, and tradesmen, as well as law proceedings, are prohibited. Not so works which depend more on the activity of the mind than of the body. Nor again, is it forbidden to do such work as our ordinary wants and cares demand.

To the few the Sabbath commemorated the work of creation, and was a testimony of faith in the Creator. It was also a national day of record of deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. Of necessity, then, the day of rest must have been a day of joy and of tenderness, extending not only to kith and kin, but also to strangers, slaves, and even to animals. To the Christian, the Lord's Day is one of exceeding great joy. It is kept in memory of the completion of our redemption by the Resurrection. It reminds us, by the descent of the Holy Ghost, of that new creation, Christ's kingdom on earth, His Church. It carries our thoughts to that everlasting home of joy where "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes and death shall be no more; nor murmuring nor sorrow shall be no more, for the former things are passed away."

No wonder the character of cheerfulness, of joyous communion with friends, of recreation, should have prevailed among the Jews at all times with regard to their Sabbath day. Our Lord, Who during His earthly life did not abrogate it, not only condemned its pharisaical observance and did works of mercy on it, but also condescended on the Sabbath day to eat bread in the house of one of the chief Pharisees. All this shows that the Puritan idea of the Lord's Day is singularly distinct from the Jewish idea of the Sabbath. Not one word is said in the Scriptures against recreation on that day; nor did the Pharisees prohibit pleasure in itself, but only when it would tend to what they were pleased to regard as work. The Catholic Church allows her children, having fulfilled their duty of worship on the Lord's Day, to enjoy innocent recreation and amusements which do not make it a day of revelry and public scandal.

With these principles in mind, a solution of the much vexed question may be arrived at. Till mid-day let the Fair be closed; this will allow all who wish to render their worship to God. Open it for the rest of the day; those who object need not come. This is the plan pursued in the museums and picture galleries of Catholic countries. A better conducted crowd could not be seen than the thousands of hard toilers who avail themselves of this civilizing recreation. It must, indeed, be a jaundiced eye that can see a breach of the Sabbath in the happy enjoyments of father, mother, and children looking at, or passing simple, and oftentimes intelligent, criticism on, the exhibited works of art and industry. Doubtless they would prefer this type of heaven to that which Puritanism demands. The experiment on a small scale in England has been tried, with the happiest results, to open some of the museums and to give popular concerts on the Sunday.

Were a vote of the whole population of the United States taken on the question, or were a vote of the people of the invited nations taken, there can be no doubt of the issue—Muslimans keeping Friday, Jews and Seventh-Day Baptists keeping Saturday, world, of course, side with the mass of Christians. Why, then, should a small number, professing to believe in the Gospel, whose Sabbatarian ideas are not yet four hundred years old, be allowed to deprive the hard workers and toilers during the week of a most valuable source of enjoyment and instruction on the Lord's Day? It is the Christian Sunday we need to uphold. It is simply absurd to talk of an American Sunday. The whole

postal, telegraph, telephone, railway and steamboat services, as well as smelting furnaces, etc., are "run" on the Lord's Day; and we hear but little opposition to this enormous amount of work. Instead of squandering their energies and influence on a will-o'-the-wisp, why not use their undeniable earnestness and good faith to close the gambling-houses, to restrict the hours for selling liquors, to keep within its putrid haunts the social evil, to guard purity in the different exhibits and advertisements, to prevent exorbitant prices during the Fair? These and the like will do far more to convince visitors of the Christian character of the nation.

**"A Word To the Wives Is Sufficient."**

For Rendering Pastry Short or Friable.

**COTTOLENE**

Is Better than Lard

Because It has none of its disagreeable and indigestible features.

Endorsed by leading food and cooking experts.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

**A. T. HERNON,**

The well-known Church street

**BUTCHER.**

HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS

To larger and more commodious premises, where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

**256 CHURCH STREET**

Three doors South of Wilton Ave.

**NASAL BALM**

It is a certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.

NEVER FAILS.

SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as head-ache, neuralgic pains, itching nose of small, cool breath, hoarseness and epistaxis, nose-bleeds, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be warned in time, neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death.

NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists. It will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (10 cents and 50c) by addressing FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

**CURES GOLD IN HEAD AND CATARRH**

## CONGRESSMAN BOURKE COCKRAN.

When the unexpected and melancholy news was flashed over this continent in August last, and the sad intelligence conveyed that Daniel W. Dougherty was no more, it was admitted universally that literature suffered and that a bright star had gone out in the heavens of oratory. The silver-tongued orator had shed a bright lustre on the epoch and stirring scenes in which his brilliant but all too short span of life was run. Irishmen were proud to be able to point to him as a speaker of superior excellence, upholding as he did the national prestige for eloquence, and Catholics rejoiced that an exponent of their claims was so universally popular, so eagerly welcomed in every circle, and so earnest in his advocacy of their just and inalienable rights as American citizens. Many hearts were grieved at the gloomy tidings of his almost sudden departure from this life, and to many lips came the words of Shakespeare—"his like we ne'er shall look upon again."

These sad thoughts were suggested to us during Easter week by the very great pleasure we experienced in the perusal of two magnificent efforts of oratorical power delivered lately in New York and Baltimore by Congressman Bourke Cockran. No doubt the name of Mr. Cockran was familiar to the people who elected him to Congress, but his fame as an orator had not, so far, penetrated our lakeside towns and forest cities here in Ontario and we venture to say that our Catholic people in this Province are not yet familiar with the name of Hon. Bourke Cockran. But a few more speeches of that honourable Irish Catholic representative, such as he gave to delighted audiences two weeks ago in New York and Baltimore, must necessarily secure him a world-wide reputation in every manner equal to the glory so justly accorded to the late lamented Daniel W. Dougherty.

Hon. Mr. Cockran was the chief orator at an assemblage of 4,000 Irish men, who met a short time ago in the New York Academy of Music for the purpose of raising contributions in aid of the men now struggling against wealthy and unscrupulous enemies of the freedom of Ireland. Mr. Cockran proved that England has much interest in granting Home Rule to Ireland. Besides the untold and unappreciable boon of Ireland's attachment and gratitude, England's pecuniary gain will be enormous. He said:

"Under the operations of this measure an independent Government will go into existence in College Green. In the success of that government England will have the deepest interest. The contributions which will be paid by the Irish people into the English exchequer, whatever they may be, will become an important feature of England's financial system. Ireland will exchange in English markets the product of her soil for the fruits of English industry. Crude, ill-considered, restrictive laws may embarrass the march of progress for a while. They can never permanently restrict it. Against this solid bond of mutual interest the clamors of Orangemen and the hostility of the House of Lords will spend themselves in vain. The hostility of Ireland's foes will serve to discover the obstacles in the pathway of Irish independence and by discovering, cure them."

In reply to the croakers who predict financial ruin for Ireland if Home Rule is granted Mr. Cockran said:

"But it has been said that if the Irish people regain control of their own affairs the security of property will be endangered and the position of Ulster is held up by her enemies to show that the intelligence, the industry, and the property of Ireland are opposed to the granting of Irish independence. We call history to witness that this statement is untrue, and that these prophecies of disaster are unfounded. We point back to the period between 1782 and 1800, when Ireland, under an independent government, achieved a material prosperity so marvellous that the greatest of our statesmen were able to say with truth to her English critics, 'We have accomplished in eighteen years that which it cost you three hundred years to achieve.' (Applause.) Never in the history of the world have free institutions been

followed by such beneficent results. Never did the sun of liberty bring such prosperity to life. As the brown grass in yonder square will turn to verdant green, as the bare trees will become covered with foliage at the first breath of spring, so will the stagnant, decaying, moribund institutions of Ireland leap into life and vigor at the first recognition of her independence. (Applause.) The liberty which she won was never abused. The proceedings of her Government were not disfigured by barbaric vengeance. Her Parliament was ever controlled by moderation. No eloquence ever charmed the ears of men to a greater degree, nor reared more stately monuments to the beauty of the language than that which flows through the speeches of her orators. (Applause.) No country was more prosperous, no people more peaceful, until the imaginations of English statesmen fomented abuse and rebellion and made confusion and disaster accomplish the overthrow of the Government that had shed such blessings upon the people. And as those lights in this hall would become extinguished at the turn of the switchboard that controls the electric wires, and plunge the room in darkness, as a blow upon the brain would strike a man unconscious, so was the glory of Irish prosperity extinguished in an instant in the gloom of depression and poverty. The activity of her industries sank into torpidity and stagnation when, in 1800, the Act of Union was accomplished and Irish independence was smothered beneath the hand of perjury."

The following eloquent peroration is equal to the best efforts of Gladstone and Blake in their most happy moments:

"The wrongs which we have borne were not inflicted by the masses of the English people. (Applause.) The aristocrats who profited by our injuries no longer control the destinies of England. The injustice of the classes has been repaired by the justice of the masses. (Applause.) The resentment which has been provoked by the oppressions of her enemies is forgotten in the gratitude which we freely bestow upon her deliverer. Standing to-night upon the threshold of independence, Ireland has no vengeance to be avenged in blood. She looks forward to a future radiant with glorious promise, a future of peace, of prosperity, of intellectual and commercial development, a future wherein decaying cities will spring into new life, wherein deserted harbors will become crowded with the argosies of a prosperous commerce, wherein the rivers by whose waters the shamrock spread its verdant leaves (applause) will sweep by prosperous fields and thriving villages, wherein the smoke rising from happy and contented homes will be incense borne to the throne of a beneficent God, whose justice will never be invoked by the shedding of innocent blood. Let us turn our backs upon the unhappy past as we turn our faces to the smiling future. Irishmen and the sons of Irishmen will ever cherish in their bosoms the memory of the illustrious statesman who stands to-day before the eyes of the world crowned with imperishable glory, under whose heel we see the extinguished torch, the broken fetters of coercion, in whose hand we see the charter of liberty, on whose head descend the blessings of two nations. His enduring memory will be in the hearts of the people who have learned to forget that England was the home of Cromwell because England is the home of Gladstone."

In our next issue, we shall invite the attention of our readers to Mr. Bourke Cockran's beautiful address in Baltimore on the "Influence of the Catholic Church upon the Progress of the World."

## Book Notice.

THE MARRIAGE PROCESS IN THE UNITED STATES.—The Rev. Dr. Smith, from whose pen several excellent works touching upon Ecclesiastical law have issued of late years, has just published, through Benziger Brothers, a large 8vo. volume of 460 pages upon "the great Sacrament." The word "process" in the title is taken in its technical meaning, and signifies trial. Thus the book is a treatise on Matrimonial trials—nor must it be understood as touching upon the spiritual trials to which marriage life in general is exposed, but to "the legitimate hearing and decision by a competent judge of a controverted matter or fact concerning a marriage, according to the formalities prescribed by the law of the Church." The book is divided into three parts—the first treating of the nature and essential characteristics of marriage, and of the competent judge in marriage contentions; the second dealing with the diriment or invalidating impediments, and the third is a description of the various

formalities in which the proceedings of a trial of this kind are conducted. It is a learned work from a learned author, and will deservedly hold a high place amongst the standard treatises upon the subject.

## "Catholic Conservative Papers."

16th April, 1893.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—I beg to call your attention to an editorial in *United Canada* of the 8th instant, entitled "Catholic Conservative Papers." I regret that the REGISTER has laid itself open to the charge made therein. Catholics in the West hailed the advent of the REGISTER as a true Catholic paper, that would defend our rights and give credit to our prominent Catholic men who stand up for those rights, irrespective of their political creed. *United Canada* selects the occasion of the Clarke Wallace resolution in the House of Commons to do credit to a great Irishman who, for many years, has fought nobly in defence of faith and fatherland—a man who, when questions affecting the interests of his co-religionists arise, throws politics to the winds and stands up for truth and right—the Hon. J. Costigan. There is no necessity for me to point out what Mr. Costigan has done in the past—the noble fight he made and the sacrifices he willingly endured while contending for the educational rights of Catholics in New Brunswick. His advocacy of Home Rule, which he alone had the courage to introduce, for the first time, into a Canadian Parliament, should recommend him to the undying gratitude of all Irish Catholics in Canada.

The manliness with which he opposed Mr. Foster's dictum in the House and risked his position as a member of the Government by denouncing Clarke Wallace is a strong additional claim to the gratitude of his co-religionists throughout Canada.

*United Canada* gives Mr. Costigan the high prominence he so richly deserves, while the *Catholic Record* holds up, for reasons best known to itself, Mr. Curran, a young man occupying a minor place in the Government and who has done nothing special and made no sacrifices outside of a local nature to prove that he merits the entire confidence and gratitude of our people.

While on this subject I may add that the political predilections and tendencies of the organ in London, beyond the case already mentioned, are no secret to the great body of its readers.

Mr. Devlin, another prominent Catholic representative in the House of Commons, very properly received credit for his stand on Catholic questions; but his good taste and motives are questionable when he arrails without cause a fellow Catholic member who happens to differ with him in politics. He is young, however, and advancing years and experience must teach him the necessity of respecting the person and motives of others who, though differing politically, are just as sincere as he may be in their attachment and loyalty to religion and country.

Now sir we want an independent Catholic paper which will do full justice at all times and give proper credit to our Irish Catholic representatives. For this reason we here in the West hailed with delight the creation of the REGISTER, hoping that it would fulfill this mission. *United Canada* has drawn our attention to the fact that the REGISTER is not doing its whole duty in this matter, and, although very reluctantly, we feel bound to agree with it.

We want your paper in this part of Western Canada, for there is a wide field for its circulation here; and with such distinguished men on the editorial staff as the Rev. Father Teefy, Father Ryan, and the genial and accomplished Rev. Dr. Flannery of St. Thomas, there is no reason why your paper should not be a messenger of light and gladness and be a welcome guest in every Catholic family in the whole Province.

Respectfully yours, LONDONENSIS

League of the Cross.

A largely attended meeting of the League of the Cross was held in St. Ann's Hall, Power street, on Sunday, the 16th. After the regular business of the Society was disposed of an able address was delivered by Mr. Jas. O'Brien on the influence of the Irish Poets on the national movement in Ireland. Mr. O'Brien handled his subject in a masterly manner, and was listened to with rapt attention by the members. We strongly recommend all young men to become members of this Society, not only as a safeguard against the evils of intemperance, but as affording the means of intellectual improvement by listening to the instructive addresses and essays that are delivered at each meeting.

Three little virtues: gentleness of heart, firmness of mind, and simplicity of life.

On March 25th, the body of a man named Quigley, aged about 50 years, was discovered floating in the Liffey, near the North Wall, Dublin. The deceased was identified as a small farmer from near Maryborough. The body appeared to have been some time in the water.



## A Missionary Recommends It.

St. PAUL'S MISSION, CHICAGO, ILL. Dec 12 '92.  
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in checking asthma or any other diseases caused by nervous debility or over exertion. Three children of my school had fallen ill because the use of the tonic stopped the progress at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. REV. FATHER ED. BOWEN.

Sister M. Reine of Castroville Texas writes I used two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous debility, which was so intense that the least cause would cause me to scream, and palpitation of the heart would follow for about fifteen minutes. The remedy cured me entirely, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address from patients also get the medicine free.  
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. since 1870 and is now under his direction by the

Koenig Med. Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

## - Church Pews -

## SCHOOL FURNITURE

The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brautford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEay; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hospiter R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Kenos Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. B. Murdock. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustine, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guolph, Rev. J. C. Heman, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Roman, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

BENNETT FURNISHING CO  
London Ont., Canada

## BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

## BLOOD

→ CURES ←  
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS. CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE. SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA. HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH. DIZZINESS. DROPSY. RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES.

## BITTERS

GO TO  
DILL & O'HEARN,  
FOR YOUR  
House, Sign or Ornamental Painting, Plain or Decorative Paper Hanging.  
212 QUEEN STREET WEST.  
TELEPHONE 1870. 11-7

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1.50. Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2418, New York City.

**THE FORTY HOURS' ADORATION.**

**At Our Lady of Lourdes.**

This devotion opened on Sunday last at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. High Mass was sung by the pastor, Father Walsh, with Father Tooley as deacon and Father Rohleder as sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop assisted at the Mass in cope and mitre, and preached a most appropriate sermon on the occasion. He was in splendid form, and his rich voice rose and fell in rounded periods and touching thoughts for about forty minutes. Taking for his text the promise of the Blessed Eucharist as described in the 6th chapter of St. John, and its institution as given by St. Matthew, his Grace treated the holy Sacrament as God's greatest gift. God has given many things to man, but His greatest gift was His only beloved Son, because He was the infinite eternal God Himself. St. Paul, in explaining the Incarnation, says that the Son of God emptied Himself, annihilated Himself, by stripping Himself of the infinite perfections and majesty as God, and walking amongst us as man. This same Son of God still gives Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, which is the centre, the sun of our religious system. The Catholic Church, receiving the words of Christ, bows down and says: "To whom shall we go: Thou alone hast the words of eternal life." Others may say: It is hard; who can believe it—and may turn aside and walk no more with Jesus. But the Church, with Peter at its head, receives in faith and love the ineffable gift, even though its mystery cannot be explained. It is God's greatest gift on account of its universality. In the order of nature God's most essential gifts are the most accessible—air, light, water. What is more necessary for us than air, and yet what is freer? The same may be said of light and water. And this Blessed Sacrament is universal throughout the whole domain of the Church. It is here in this chapel—it is in the churches of Rome, and in the wilds of Australia. I myself, said the eloquent prelate, have offered the holy sacrifice at the tomb of the Apostles in the grandest temple the mind of man ever planned or the hand of man ever executed, and I have also offered it in the log huts of the early settlers of this country. It is meant for every one, old and young, rich and poor, priest and layman—all can come and eat of this Bread and Drink of this fountain. The suffering and sorrowful can come hither and lay down the burden of their soul; the fervent may come and kindle still more the fire of her love, and the sinful may come and receive the kiss of pardon, and feel the healing touch of the Saviour. During these few days you will, my dear brethren, come and offer your adoration, your gifts of soul at the altar. Visit, therefore, our Divine Master; receive Him in Holy Communion, be present at the holy sacrifice that you may pray for yourselves and your families.

After the Mass the usual hymn and litanies were chanted. The choir, under the able leadership of Miss Sullivan, rendered Mozart's first Mass, with orchestral accompaniment, in such manner as quite sustained the high reputation enjoyed by the musicians of this church. The congregation thronged the building to the door, so that many were obliged to stand. A still larger congregation attended at Vespers, when Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral preached an eloquent sermon.

**Society of St. Vincent de Paul.**

A general meeting of this Society, was held on Sunday (2nd Sunday after Easter) in St. John's Chapel, Church street; his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto presiding. There were present Very Rev. Vicar General McCann and Dean Cassidy, Fathers Murray and Rohleder, and the following officers and members of the Society: J. J. Murphy, A. Macdonell, Hugh Kelly, J. J. Mallon, Wm. Burns, M. Burns, J. F. Kirk, P. V. Fayle, M. Kieley, J. Gorman, P. Jobin, Hynes, Commander Law, Landy, Higgins, Rodgers, Wilson, Long, Lefrancals, French, Dixon, Cullerton, Major Gray, B. B. Hughes, D. Miller, Kelly, Pape, &c.

The Vice-President reported upon some changes which had taken place in the officers of the Conferences, and read a statement of the work done by the Society in the city during the year 1892.

The total number of members was 239, which was a slight falling off from the previous year. The number of families relieved was 354, and \$2,976.69 were collected during the year. Of this \$519.92 were contributed by the members themselves at their weekly meetings. The total amount expended in relief was \$3,050.21—the largest item being fuel, \$1,373.81.

The Vice-President explained that, on account of the long and severe winter, and the scarcity of employment in the city, the resources of the Conferences had been greatly taxed during the last five months, and some of them had completely exhausted their funds. The whole amount received during this period was \$2,282.27, and the amount expended \$2,020.39.

He also read a report on the night school which had been opened for the Italians. It was carried on for five months, had about

70 young men and boys on the roll, and an average attendance of about 33. Two teachers who had some knowledge of Italian were employed, and the whole expense of the school was \$204. The results were most satisfactory.

He then referred to the death of the President of the Society—the late Chevalier Wm. J. Macdonell—and gave a short sketch of his career and connection with the Society in Toronto, of which he was one of the first founders, 42 years ago. He was a devoted and distinguished member of the Society, and his death has been universally regretted. The following has been received from the President-General of the Society in Paris:

10th April, 1893.

My most affectionate condolences and sincere regrets to the conferees of Toronto for the loss of Mr. Macdonell.

A. SAURES, Pres.-Genl.

It was then moved by Mr. Alexander Macdonell, seconded by J. J. Mallon, and resolved that: "Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from among us by death our late venerable and revered President, the Chevalier W. J. Macdonell; we, the Society of St. Vincent de Paul of Toronto, at this the first general meeting of the Society held since his decease, on the second Sunday after Easter (10 April, 1893), desire to place on record the grief and sorrow felt by us for the loss the Society suffers by the death of so worthy an officer, and to briefly refer to his long and intimate association with us and some of the many ways he contributed to the advancement of our works of charity.

"The record of our late confere is well worthy of remembrance. He was one of the seven who, nearly 43 years ago, organized in Toronto the first Conference of charity under the title of the 'Conference of Our Lady.' During the intervening period, until within a short time before his death, he always took a prominent and active part in promoting and carrying out the objects of the Society in the different positions held by him. He was at first Secretary and then President of the Conference; and subsequently, when the Particular Council was organized, he became and continued for over 40 years President of that body, until the time of his death. In this last capacity he always proved himself possessed in an eminent degree of all the qualifications of a wise and prudent President, a judicious counselor in difficulties, an economic manager of our resources, with a sincere and ardent affection for the principles of the Society—all of which entitle him to our affectionate remembrance. But while we mourn his loss we are not without consolation in the firm hope and belief that his good works have effectively pleaded his cause before that tribunal where earthly eloquence is of no avail, and that they have secured for him the benediction promised to him who understandeth concerning the needy and the poor, deliverance on the last day."

His Grace then addressed the meeting; and while he regretted to learn that the Society was not making much progress numerically, he was pleased to hear of all the good work which had been done during the past season. He was particularly gratified at the result of the night school for the Italians, and suggested that the Society should not cease to take an interest in this good work, now that the night school was closed. An effort should be made to organize a Sunday school in some suitable place convenient to the quarter of the city where these people reside, and thus continue the good influence which had been working on them during the winter. We had a striking example of zeal and perseverance in the actions of several parties, not of our faith, who were making constant and persistent efforts in the same direction. He also informed the members that since our last meeting he had encumbered himself with a heavy debt and undertaken a great responsibility in order to establish an Industrial school to receive the children of our faith who would be picked up off the streets and committed to such a refuge. He had purchased a property for \$25,000, and intended having it put in condition to receive these children at once. He had no doubt that Providence would inspire some of our people of means to relieve him of this heavy burden. In conclusion his Grace blessed the members and the works they were engaged in.

**Congratulation.**

Our attention is called to the examinations of Trinity Medical School, in which one of our Catholic young men figures very prominently. Mr. P. J. Maloney of Ennismore in the final examination stands second in the first class of honors. We offer Mr. Maloney our sincere congratulations, and we wish continued and increased success in his profession. He does credit to his old teacher, Mr. Quinn of Quinn & Henry, Barristers in this city.

**Relief and Cure.**

SIRS—I have used Hagar's Pectoral Balsam for coughs and colds, and it gave relief in a few hours and always results in a cure. I would not be without it.  
MRS. ALFRED VICE, Berlin, Ont.

**Whither Are We Drifting?**

The following letter appears in the St. Catharines Journal:

SIR—The above is my text, which it may be impossible for you to solve. Others may give a more diffused elucidation. We are here in Canada doing what we can to eradicate Pops and Popery. From the pulpit we have the harangues of Fulton, Wild, Cameron and Co.; from the rostrum we have Bros. McCarthy, Wallace and Hughes; and in lectures we have the Nun of Kenmare, Wiggins, Pere Hyacintho, Chiniquy and others; but it all ends in smoke. The old Pope is still alive and happy, and now, at his jubilee, all the crowned heads of Europe, from even the Sultan of Turkey to the Queen of England, are congratulating him and sending him presents in honor of the auspicious occasion; and, above and before all. Oh! shades of King William of Orange, and the siddler that first struck up the "Boyne Water," the heir apparent to the throne, his mother and sisters paying him a special visit at his jubilee. The last words of our glorious King William were, "Boys, keep your powder dry, and never allow one of the royal family infected with the slightest taint of popery to sit on the English throne."

Well, we made the attempt to deprive the present queen of her legal rights by setting up the Duke of Cumberland in her stead, but did not that old fellow Daniel O'Connell, ferret us out and blast our expectations? Did he not argue that her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was a Catholic, and her chaplain in her palace, where she often brought the young Princess Victoria to Mass, and no doubt often sprinkled her with holy water. Now, when our poor suffering brethren in Ulster are trying to procure arms to defend themselves from the encroachments of Home Rulers, they are forbidden to do so. I am sorry to say that here in Canada and everywhere else we have always been tools in the hands of our leaders. We do the fighting and they pocket the spoils. What thanks did we get when we burned the parliament buildings and rotten-egged Lord Elgin in Montreal, or latterly when we made an attack on Archbishop Walsh and his retinue on his arrival in Toronto. In fact, every effort we have made to uphold the glorious constitution has been a failure. When old Gladstone introduced his bill for church disestablishment, did we not fight it to the bitter end, and now are fighting against Home Rule and Church disestablishment in Wales, and afraid, like all the rest of our undertakings, it will end in smoke?

Well, in former times did not Cromwell send all the Papists to Connaught or h—ll, and sure when he arrived there the place was so crowded with his own retinue that he only found a few turncoats.

When King George II. heard of the defeat of his troops at Fontenoy he exclaimed, "Cursed be the laws that deprive me of such soldiers"—the very laws our Orange ancestors fought, bled, and died for. I wish I could find a remedy to alleviate our sufferings. The only resort, in my opinion, is to emigrate to some land where Popery is unknown, but the question is, where can such a place be found, and I fear that echoes answers  
NO WHERE.

**Obituary.**

Died, at the residence of her nephew, Mr. Mark Kelly, Toronto, on the 7th instant of heart failure, Mrs. Ellen Hughes, relict of E. E. Hughes, merchant of New York, aged 67 years. The funeral took place on Monday morning to St. Michael's Cathedral, when a solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Ryan—Vicar-General McCann, Rector of the Cathedral, Father Hand of St. Paul's, and Father Lamarche being in the sanctuary.

This pious lady was daily visited during her illness by Rev. Father Ryan, who administered the Holy Sacrament to her frequently. The deceased has been a resident of Toronto for many years, and by her amiability and kind heartedness made hosts of friends. The Sisters of St. Joseph were in constant attendance. She left considerable property and money, which she equally divided between her niece, Mrs. Josephine Macgillis, Sault Ste. Marie, and her nephew, Herbert D'Alton Kelly, a student attending the Ottawa University. Two bequests were also left to Rev. Father Neault, S. J., Sault Ste. Marie, and Father Nadeau, S. J., Webbwood. May her soul rest in peace.

**Mr. Blake's Second Speech.**

The Globe has the following despatch concerning Mr. Blake's speech in reply to T. W. Russell on Friday night last:

"The Hon. Edward Blake's second speech in the house of commons on the home rule bill was delivered last night just before adjournment, in a fairly full house. Mr. Blake specially dealt with the recent speech, in which Mr. T. W. Russell argued against the bill on the strength of his late visit to Canada. Mr. Blake said Mr. Russell when in Canada had fallen among Orangemen, who did not beat, wound, rob or despoitfully use him, but received him hospitably, and crammed him full of things he was only too anxious to swallow, but Quebec experiences showed

that the fears of the Protestants of Ulster were illusive. The Protestant minority of Quebec always had a fair share, and generally more, in the government of their country. He paid an eloquent tribute to the tolerance and the recognition of the rights of the minority shown by Catholics in the province. The whole essence of the controversy was whether to adopt a policy of trust and belief or a policy of incredulity and despair. The speech was well listened to by the whole house, Mr. Gladstone following it with the closest attention. Mr. Blake was much more at ease than on the first occasion, and though, owing to the lateness of the hour, the press comment is slight, the general verdict is highly favorable. The Chronicle says, "It was a really remarkable piece of reasoning." The Daily News says: "Mr. Blake showed himself again the inferior of no man in the house in vigor of mind, power of expression or knowledge of constitutional statesmanship."

**Miscellaneous.**

On Friday evening, March 24th, a man named Patrick Gyles, who was engaged feeding a chaff cutting machine, at Captain Palliser's farm, at Annetstown, had his hand caught in the machine, and the forearm completely taken off at the elbow. He died from the effects the same day.

It is our sad duty to chronicle the death of Mr. Kavaney, of Kinnagrolly, at the ripe age of 92. After a brief illness he passed away on March 25th. During life he was esteemed and respected by all who knew him. He was father of the Rev. James Kavaney, C.C., of Swinford, and the Rev. Michael Kavaney, the present Administrator of Ballaghadereen.

It is considered not unlikely that Mr. J. F. Hogan, the Member for Mid-Tipperary, will be appointed to the vacant office of Agent-General for the Colony of Victoria, in London. Mr. Hogan has spent most of his life in Victoria, established a reputation there as an author and journalist, and possesses an intimate acquaintance with the affairs and requirements of the colony.

On March 29th, a man named Jack Caulfield died suddenly at the house 23 Upper Tyrone street, Dublin. The deceased, who was a sailor, came ashore some time ago and had been ailing for a considerable period. The proprietress of the house in which Caulfield lived, a Mrs. Malone stated that she found him on the stairs in an unconscious state. She sent for Dr. Russell, who pronounced life extinct.

The Rev. J. Roche, M. S. S. has taken his departure from Ennisceorthy. Father Roche's connection with the Missionary Community has been severed, as he has been appointed C. C. of Duncannon, in place of Rev. J. Browne, who has been changed to Bartown. Father Roche was twelve years a Missionary Father, during which time he labored zealously in the discharge of his sacred duties, and was highly esteemed by all with whom his office brought him in contact.

It is stated that Lord Templemore's answer to the last resolution of the New Ross tenants was to the effect that the agent is to send round the estate bailiff to formally warn the people that if the rents are not paid, less the 15 per cent reduction, proceedings will be taken. A meeting of the tenants thereupon unanimously resolved to fight, as they contended that even at a reduction of 25 per cent, which they demanded, many of their number, owing to the severe agricultural depression and fall in prices, will not be able to pay.

It is our painful duty to chronicle the demise of Martin T. Laven, of Elphin, son of Mr. John Laven, merchant, which took place at his father's residence on the 24th of March. When the sad event was made known the business houses were all closed as a mark of respect for deceased and his relatives. The deceased, who was a student in Maynooth, was within a very short time of his ordination. The interment took place on Sunday, March 6th, and the funeral cortege to the family burying place at Shankill showed the respect in which deceased and his family were held, as it was fully a mile long.

Rev. Father Hanly, formerly of Sligo, and now P. P. of Castlereagh, is about to come to America to seek for funds in aid of the erection of a new church in Castlereagh, the site of which, after considerable trouble and delay, has been secured. In no town in the West of Ireland is the Catholic body so badly in need of a place of worship, as the present structure is not alone unsuitable as regards space, but is positively dangerous. It is estimated that the erection of the church will cost a sum of £10,000. Mr. Clarence, Ballisodare, is contractor for the building. Through the kind intervention of the Rev. Denis Tigue, of Chicago, Father Hanly has, we learn, received permission from Archbishop Feehan to collect through his diocese.

**What is Almoxia Wine?**

Almoxia wine is physical strength, mental serenity, and life itself. Salts of Iron is the principal and surest means for recomposing the nutritive and digestive ferments, and is found in Almoxia Wine. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

## WOMEN OF NOTE.

The Countess Tolstoy and Mrs. Marlon Crawford.

In 1860 Count Lyoff Nikolaevitch Tolstoy, then thirty-two years of age, resolved never to marry, and as an earnest of his resolution, sold the manor-house of his estate. Its purchaser removed the body of the house, leaving what had formerly been its wings standing as detached buildings, and in one of these the hermit Count took up his abode. To this place, two years later, he brought his bride, Sophia, the young daughter of a German physician resident in Moscow, and within its bare walls for seventeen years they made their home. No one who has not experienced the loneliness and retirement which such a residence entails can appreciate how absolutely within herself and her home the wife's interest must have been. And yet, in spite of this, the Countess Tolstoy (this is the spelling of the name used by the family upon their French visiting cards, and in writing in English) has a breadth of character and an aptitude for the larger interests of life, which has certainly not been developed from her environment.

Their summer home—and indeed, the place where the greater part of the year is spent—is called Yasnaya Polyana (Clearfield), and is in the province of Tula. The grounds are extensive and beautiful, more from their rugged and wild picturesqueness than from cultivation or care. The house stands at a distance of about a mile from the highway, from which it is barely visible through the trees. Without and within everything is of the simplest. The park, with its stately avenue of trees, the lawns, forests and ponds of the estate are most beautiful, despite the neglect of later years. A grove and thicket occupy the site of the former manor, separating the wings. One of the wings is occupied by a sister of the Countess and her children, and the other has been enlarged to meet the requirements of the novelist and his family.

The daily routine of life at this Russian "Clearfield" is a simple one. In the morning, tea and coffee, with bread and butter, are served in the large hall, after which a stroll is taken through the woods to the small river, a mile distant, where a bath is indulged in. At twelve o'clock breakfast is served under the trees, at which meal informality reigns, and where for the first time in the day, the entire family assembles. After breakfast there is riding and driving, when the weather will permit, until late in the afternoon. Dinner is served out-of-doors.

The Countess is an extremely clever woman intellectually, and one who is more than a match for her husband in his arguments. She transcribes his books as they are written, as frequently as they are altered and revised, and in the case of the "Kreutzer Sonata," copied it four times before the book was finally completed.

The Countess, who is of necessity the financial manager of the family, has taken possession of the estate which she administers for the good of her husband and children. She it was who issued a few years ago, a cheap edition of Count Tolstoy's novels, on the royalties of which the household has been supported. To her firmness and determination the credit of the home in which the family reside, as well as the blame—if such it be called—for her husband's failure to practice the doctrine of a community of goods, which he so earnestly advocates, must be given; and her realization that a home must be provided for the nine children who have lived of the sixteen born to them, must be her excuse.

The wife of the clever novelist and "citizen of the world," as Mr. Craw-

ford has been styled, is in every respect what her husband's most enthusiastic admirers would desire, a beautiful, talented and charming woman, who, in her cleverness as in her personality, is well fitted to be the helpmate of a man of Mr. Crawford's ability. Mrs. Crawford, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Christopherus Berdan, is the daughter of General Berdan, of the famous Sharpshooters. She was born at the Kimball home-stead, West Lebanon, New Hampshire, and there she spent the first years of her life. In her early girlhood she went abroad with her father when he went to St. Petersburg to introduce the Berdan rifle. His home was first in St. Petersburg and later in Berlin, in which cities his daughter was educated. She returned to the United States in 1860, and remained here till 1882, during which time she met Mr. Crawford. Returning to Europe and then to Constantinople the acquaintance was renewed on Turkish soil, and their engagement followed soon afterwards. They were married on the eleventh of October, 1884, at Buyukdere, on the Bosphorus.

At this time Mr. Crawford had been living about the world, first in one country, then in another, having no settled place of abode. Some time after his marriage, however, he bought a residence at Sorrento in Italy. The house, which is situated upon a bluff two hundred feet high overlooking the Bay of Naples, was rebuilt for his lovely young wife by Mr. Crawford, and here a great part of their married life has been spent, varied occasionally by journeys, which have extended as far as the Crimea and Caucasus.

Mrs. Crawford is the mother of four children, Eleanor, aged seven, Harold, aged five, and Berdan and Clare, twin son and daughter, who will be three years of age this month.

In appearance, Mrs. Crawford is beautiful. She is tall, very fair of complexion, with large, lustrous black eyes, and a great quantity of magnificent golden hair. Mr. Crawford's excellent judgment and keen critical faculty are of the greatest assistance to her husband in his work, and he reads his compositions to her, day by day, as he writes.

A lover and talented student of music, Mrs. Crawford has devoted much time and study to the piano. She plays unusually well for an amateur. She is also an accomplished linguist, speaking four languages with fluency.

In spite of her long residence abroad Mrs. Crawford's affection for her native land is very strong, and both she and her husband look forward to taking up their permanent residence in this country. To this end Mr. Crawford has purchased land near his wife's birthplace in New Hampshire.

The daily routine at Sorrento is a simple one. Both Mr. and Mrs. Crawford are good sailors, and spend as much time as possible on the sea. Moreover Mrs. Crawford is an admirable housekeeper, and in Italy house-keeping is not a sinecure. Mrs. Crawford was formerly an enthusiastic and accomplished horse-woman, but has of late ridden little, the country near Sorrento being mountainous, meadows cannot be said to exist at all; and this, to one fond of the saddle, is the only drawback to what might well be described as an ideal existence.—*The Monitor.*

## Have you Headache?

Headache, which is usually a symptom of stomach trouble, constipation or liver complaint can be entirely cured by B. B. B. (Burdock Blood Bitters) because this medicine acts upon and regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

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



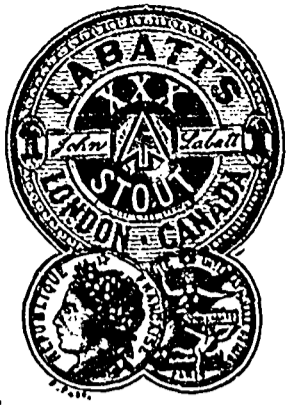
LABATT'S  
LONDON  
ALE & STOUT.

For Dietetic and Medicinal use the most wholesome Tonics and Beverages available.

Eight Medals, Ten Diplomas, at the World's Great Exhibitions.

JOHN LABATT,  
LONDON, CANADA.

JAMES GOOD & Co.,  
Cor. Yonge and Albert sts.,  
AGENT, - - TORONTO.



INSIST UPON A  
**Heintzman Co. Piano**

WHEN you are ready to purchase a Piano for a lifetime, not the makeshift instruments for a few years' use, but the Piano whose sterling qualities will leave absolutely nothing to be desired, then insist upon having a

**HEINTZMAN & CO. PIANO.**

Its pure singing tone is not an artificial quality soon to wear away, leaving harshness in place of brilliancy, dullness in place of sweetness, but an inherent right of the Heintzman. Forty-five years of patient endeavor upon this point, non-deterioration with age, has made the Heintzman what it is—the acknowledged standard of durability.

Catalogue Free on Application.

Heintzman & Co. 117 King st. West.



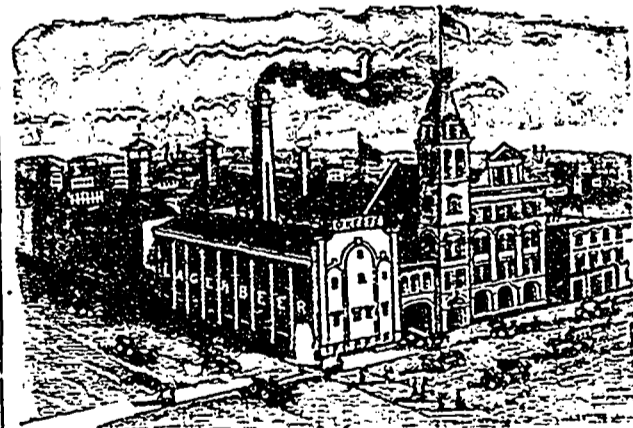
**A. McARTEUR, Jr.**  
**COAL AND WOOD.**

**BEST HARD AND SOFT COAL**

At Lowest Prices.

Wood Cut and Split by Steam Machinery delivered to all parts of the city.

Head Office and Yard: 161-3 Farley Ave. Telephone 910.  
Branch Office and Yard: 580-4 College St.



**THE O'KEEFE  
BREWERY Co.**

OF TORONTO  
LIMITED

**EUGENE O'KEEFE,**  
Pres. and Manager

**WIDMER HAWKE**  
Vice-Pres. and  
Asst. Mgr

**CHAS. HEATH,**  
Sec. Treasurer.

**SPECIALTIES**—English and Bavarian Ales, in wood and bottle.  
XXXX Porter, Gold Label, in Bottle.  
Pilsener Lager, equal to the imported.

**LISTEN!**  
**M. J. CROTTIE,**

888 and 844 YONGE STREET,

Can sell you

Staple and Fancy DRY GOODS,  
Men's Furnishings, Hats and  
Caps, Ties, Shirts,  
and Cuffs,

As cheap as any other store in the city.  
Call and be convinced. Our stock is  
always well assorted.

**M. J. CROTTIE,**  
839 and 844 Yonge st.,  
(The Beaver.) North Toronto.  
TELEPHONE 3362.

**Toronto Savings & Loan Co.**  
10 KING ST. WEST.

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 Mark-able Stocks.  
**ROBERT JAFFRAY,** A. E. AMES,  
24-7 President. Manager.



**\$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.

**THE FEAST OF SOULS AT ATHENS.**

In the Eastern Schismatic Church the Feast of All Souls is celebrated, not as with us in November, but on the first Saturday of Lent, when services for the dead, and especially for those who have no relatives or friends to pray for them, are performed in all the churches. On last Saturday forenoon (February 25th) I happened to be strolling along one of the boulevards of Athens, when, seeing great numbers of people all hurrying along in the same direction, I suddenly remembered that this was the first Saturday of the Greek Lent—the Feast of the souls, as it is called; so I too turned my steps in the direction of the cemetery, which lies on the far side of the Oepheissus, and is seen from all directions as a great dark patch of cypress trees, conspicuous in the otherwise almost treeless plain. All Athens seemed to be flocking to it to day, and a continuous stream of men, women, and children poured across the bare patch of ground which surrounds the gigantic remains of Hadrian's great temple of Zeus, over the little marble bridge and up the cypress-bordered road which leads to the cemetery. All along the way was beset with beggars, and on the bridge was a veritable assembly of the blind, the lame, and the maimed, crying aloud in piteous tones, "*eleemosyne, kurioi kai kuriai*" [an alms, gentlemen and ladies], and rewarding the charitable for his donation by the prayer, "May the Lord have mercy on all your dead." Besides these, there were flower-sellers, some having bunches of violets, wild hyacinths or wild narcissus, which the poor bought for a halfpenny or a penny each, whilst others offered more ambitious bouquets or crosses, and wreaths; cakes of incense were also to be had and little yellow wax candles to be lighted on the tombs. Moreover, for the benefit of the crowds of children who accompanied their parents, fruit-stalls had been established in various places and seemed to be doing a lively trade in Turkish delight, figs, raisins, dates, and small twisted cakes called *koulouris*.

When we reached the cemetery, the service in the church and the sermon, or rather discourse, which followed it were already over, so nothing remained for us to do but to wander about amongst the tombs.

The situation of the cemetery is singularly beautiful. On one side Hymettus, most lovely of mountains, whether the sun bathes it at mid-day with golden light, or dyes it in the evening with shades of the richest purple, seems almost to overhang it. On the other it commands a view of the sapphire sea, bounded by the shores of famous Salamis, whilst on the third and fourth one sees from it the rock of the Acropolis, rising sheer out of the plain, and the white roofs of modern Athens nestling in the valley below.

Usually this "God's Acre" is deserted enough, I have often wandered over the whole of its wide extent without meeting any one but an occasional grave-digger or caretaker. But to-day there was scarcely room to pass, on even the broader paths. The majority of the graves were decorated to some extent; comparatively few remained without at least a bunch of flowers. The Greeks, with all their faults—faults which no one who has lived amongst them can deny—have at least a strong sense of family ties; and as long as a tenth cousin of the dead remains his tomb will not be totally neglected on the Feast of Souls.

The small yellow candles, of which I have before spoken, are lighted and stuck in the earth, or else are fastened to each side of the tombstone, or to the arms of the little wooden crosses which mark the graves of the poor. The cakes of incense are generally lighted and left to smoulder on the

top of a broken earthenware jar, so that the whole air is fragrant, and one is irresistably reminded of a church. Broken earthenware jars are often placed on graves in Greek cemeteries, and when a funeral procession starts from a house a jar or basin is thrown out of the window or door, so that it is broken to pieces on the ground. Have we not here the remains of some old heathen custom, symbolic perhaps of the destruction of the body, the vessel of the spirit?

Another very curious custom and probably of ancient origin is the distribution of food by the relatives of the dead. On Saturday we saw several persons performing this rite. They stood beside the grave and distributed to the passers-by handfuls of a kind of half-boiled maize, mixed with raisins; and the recipients, as they took this, said: "May the Lord pardon him his sins." The use of prayers for the dead is universal amongst the Greek people, and even to lay a green leaf on the tomb is regarded as a pious act, in some undefined manner useful or consoling to the deceased.

The sun was shining brightly in the blue cloudless sky as we left the cemetery, joining the returning crowds who thronged the dusty road. Most of them were chatting and laughing gaily as if returning from some festival. Already, with the usual lightness and changeableness of the southern temperament, they seemed to have forgotten the parents and children and friends whom they had left behind, sleeping under the shade of the cypress trees, and not to be remembered again perhaps till next year. The living had paid their annual visit to the dead, and now they were returning to the toils and pleasures of their every-day existence.

**The Polloy of Bluster.**

Is it not time for the Conservative party to bethink them that they are doing irreparable damage to their reputation as politicians by stimulating a polloy of bluster which for the purpose in view is utterly vain. It is now well understood that there is not an Orange braggart in the North of Ireland who would of his own volition risk his life to save the empire much less to free Ulster from the so-called domination of an Irish Parliament. Men who are preparing for war are not wont to proclaim their intentions from the house-tops. The million of money which is said to have been collected to procure the munitions of war, will go to supply the thirsty "rebels" of the North with whiskey of a quality well calculated to bring about rioting. We have no desire to see the Government act precipitately. They are necessarily in the possession of information which must enable them to estimate the danger rightly. Still we think it would be well if the Mayor of Belfast and others who act with him in instigating the evil passions of a portion of his countrymen were told plainly that the game has gone far enough. If the case were reversed and the Catholics of Munster, Leinster, or Connaught were to avow that unless Home Rule were granted, they would raise their standards of rebellion on the hill sides of Tipperary or Mayo, how would the threat be met? We know how it was met before. The jail and the gibbet were the meed which was meted out to men straggling to be free from the cruellest oppression.

Many rise in the morning with a headache and no inclination for breakfast. This is due to torpidity of the liver and a deranged condition of the stomach. To restore healthy action to these organs, nothing is so efficacious as an occasional dose of Ayer's Pills.

We do not have to be great in any thing except faith to obtain great favour with God. The only dark moments the Christian can have are those when he forgets that God is good.

**TAKE**

AYER'S Sarsaparilla at all seasons. In the *Spring*, it removes that tired feeling, cleanses and vitalizes the circulation, and prepares one to successfully contend with the debilitating effects of the heated term. In the *Summer*, it quickens the appetite, regulates the liver, and makes the weak strong. In the *Autumn*, it tones up the nerves and protects the system from malarial influences. In the *Winter*, it enriches the blood, and invigorates every organ and tissue of the body.

**AYER'S**

Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

**SARSAPARILLA**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists Everywhere. **Has cured others, will cure you**

**Professional Cards.**

**C. J. McCABE,**  
BARRISTER and SOLICITOR.

Office: 69 Adelaide St. East,  
TELEPHONE 1434. TORONTO.  
Money to Loan. Conveyancing.  
20-17 C. J. McCABE, B.A.

**O'DONOHUE, MACDONALD & CO.**

Barristers-at-Law, Solicitors,  
NOTARIES, &c.

OFFICE—DUFFERIN CHAMBERS,  
100 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.

Special attention to Quietng and Invest-  
gating Titles.

Money to Loan. Money Invested.  
100-17 O'DONOHUE, Q.C. 100-17 MACDONALD

**ANGLIN & MINTY,**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS,  
NOTARIES, &c.

OFFICES: MEDICAL COUNCIL BUILDING,  
Corner of Bay and Richmond Streets,  
(Next door to the City Registry Office),  
TORONTO, CANADA.

FRANK A. ANGLIN. Geo. D. MINTY.  
MONEY TO LOAN. MONEY INVESTED

**FOY & KELLY,**  
Barristers, Solicitors, &c.

OFFICES  
Home Savings and Loan Co.'s Build-  
ings, 74 Church Street, Toronto.  
J. J. FOY, Q.C. H. T. KELLY

**MULVEY & McBRADY,**  
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.

PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY,  
Room 67, Canada Life Building,  
48 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Telephone 706  
THOMAS MULVEY. 17-6m L. S. McBRADY.

**QUINN & HENRY,**  
Barristers, - Solicitors, - &c.

OFFICES—No. 6, MILLICAMP'S BUILDINGS,  
85 ADELAIDE ST. EAST. Telephone 1139.  
J. M. QUINN F. P. HENRY.

**Macdonell, McCarthy & Boland,**  
Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, &c.

Offices—Quebec Bank Chambers,  
No 2 Toronto street  
Toronto.  
MONEY TO LOAN.  
A. C. Macdonell B. C. L. W. C. McCarthy  
W. J. Boland.

**C. P. LENNOX L.D.S.**

C. W. Lennox, D.D.S., Philadelphia  
: : L. D. S., Toronto : :  
O. P. LENNOX & SON.  
: : Dentists : :  
ROOMS A AND B, YONGE ST. ARCADE,  
TELEPHONE 184 6 :—: TORONTO

**DR. MCKENNA,**

204 SPADINA AVE.  
TELEPHONE 1993. 0-6m

**J. J. CASSIDY, M.D.**  
TORONTO.

Residence, 69 BLOOR ST. EAST,  
Office, 70 Queen St. East.  
OFFICE HOURS: 9 to 11 A.M., 2 to 6 P.M.  
TELEPHONE 3544.

**POST & HOLMES,**  
ARCHITECTS.

OFFICES:  
Rooms 28 and 29 Manning Arcade,  
A. A. POST. Toronto. A. W. HOLMES  
TELEPHONE 481.

**A. J. McDONACH,**  
**DENTIST,**

Office and Residence  
274 SPADINA AVE.,  
Three doors south of St. Patrick st.  
Telephone 2492.

**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 recom-  
mended by the Medical Faculty for  
their purity and strengthen-  
ing 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. 234.

**FLEXIBLE BRIDLED**

**BOECKH**  **TRY THEM**  
MADE IN EVERY SIZE READY FOR USE  
**PAINT BRUSHES.**

**AGENTS WANTED**

To canvass for the

**CATHOLIC REGISTER**

Write for particulars,  
Or apply at office,  
40 Lombard St., Toronto.



# The Catholic Register,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY,

AT THE

OFFICE, 40 LOMBARD STREET, TORONTO

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1893.

## Calendar for the Week.

April 20—Final office.  
21—S. Anselm, Bishop and Doctor.  
22—SS. Soter and Calue, Popes and Martyrs.  
23—Third Sunday after Easter.  
Patronage of S. Joseph.  
24—S. Fidolis a Sigmaringa, Martyr.  
25—S. Mark, Evangelist.  
26—SS. Clotus and Marcellinus, Popes Martyrs.

## Philosophical Talks.

### THE KINGDOM OF CONSCIENCE.

We have been considered rash and almost irreverent for having attempted to question and contradict Tennyson's principle of love; though we gave divine authority for doing so. At the risk of being condemned as heretical we are now going to improve on Shakespeare! He makes his hero Hamlet say:

"Conscience does make cowards of us all."

We say, conscience does make Kings of many, and conscience should make heroes of us all. The ethical principles of poets are not always the soundest moral proverbs. The words of Shakespeare's hero are too often made the lame and impotent excuse for moral cowardice. Conscience is King in the realm of Ethics, and we are going to say a word of this King's realm and rule.

Horace said that, in trying to be brief, he became obscure. We fear we are sometimes like Horace. In trying to talk little and say much, we have to be occasionally technical, and may not be always clear. This time we shall be somewhat discursive. We will take our hearers on a philosophical walk to the Kingdom of Conscience to see the King in his home. Conscience is always at home, as its home is the head and heart of man. It may seem from this that Conscience has two homes, but we shall find that these two are one. First, then, let us call on Conscience at its home in the head. Here it will receive us kindly, calmly, correctly, dispassionately, for here it holds its court as judge of its lawful subjects.

The conscience of the head considers general principles and universal laws. It has not to go far to look for these laws, it has only to take down its own books, to turn over its own tablets. The writing may be old, it may be somewhat obscured by time; and, like an old palimpsest, it may be buried in other writing that circumstances and surroundings, and prejudice, and early education or life-long action have written upon it—but there it is, written in indelible ink, and written by the hand of God. The first act of conscience is *consciousness*; it reads the record of itself, and of its Maker, and of the relations between both. It sees and knows from this record that man is a

creature, that a creature essentially depends on his Creator; that an intelligent creature who knows this dependence is bound to acknowledge it according to his nature, and that a creature composed of body and soul is bound to submit both to God.

Here comes in the beginning and essence of all *obligation*. The conscience of the head knows not *may*; its word is *ought* or *must*; and the reason is this: The conscience of the head is the intellect, the intelligence: the intellect seeing and knowing the principles and first causes of things. The first causes in the mental and moral order are the efficient and final—the whence and the whither. The intellect can know its origin and its end: it is bound to act according to its nature, and its nature is to know. Knowing its last end it is bound to turn its natural tendency towards that end: its natural tendency is towards truth, for universal truth is its natural object: its nature is immortal; its adequate object must be eternal, and so the conscience of the head naturally and necessarily turn towards universal, external truth and good, and says: I must attain that end; therefore I must use the necessary means to attain it—avoid evil and do good.

But here the conscience of the head must leave its judgment seat and come down to its home in the heart. The conscience of the head sees and knows; the conscience of the heart acts. The conscience of the head gives general principles and universal laws; the conscience of the heart draws conclusions and applies them to practical conduct. The conscience of the head is in itself, and in its own realm, always certain, correct, imperative; the conscience of the heart may be uncertain, erroneous, doubtful, wrong. The conscience of the head is necessitated in its action; the conscience of the heart is free.

We shall understand all these apparent contradictions if we just follow the conscience from its home in the head to its home in the heart. The two homes are one; the two consciences are, of course, also one; but because there is a twofold act we speak of a twofold agent. Well, when the conscience leaves its home in the head, it leaves mere general principles and universal laws that it can easily see, that it must see by simply reading the writing written on itself. But on its way to its home in the heart it has to encounter prejudices and passions; and when it gets to its home in the heart, the first thing it has to do is to come to particular and practical conclusions. There can be no conclusion without a council, so the conscience of the head holds council with the conscience of the heart. The conscience of the head rises and reads from its roll of general principles. It says, for instance: we must attain our end; we must observe order; we must do unto others as we wish others to do unto us. All very well, says the conscience of the heart, jumping to its feet; but the question is: Where is this end; what is this order; and who is this other, and what good has he ever done me? Here begins the warfare that makes

man's life and merit and glory upon earth—the conflict between principle and practice; duty and pleasure, temporal and eternal. The victory is gained only when and where the conscience of the head is King and commander of the heart.

The conscience of the head must be especially careful of those it encounters on its way to the heart; they are, for the most part, enemies. Prejudice is an enemy, passion is an enemy; doubt is not always a friend, and even probability is to be treated cautiously. If conscience would be King, prejudice must be cast out, passion must be conquered, doubt must be brought to terms, and probability is to be taken into council only when it is such as a wise and prudent King would practically accept as a pledge for his crown. When the conscience is thus enthroned in the palace of the heart, we may salute it as King in its lawful Kingdom, and resolve, as we retire, that such shall our conscience be.

One thing more we may do when we get home; we may propose a toast, and our toast shall be what Cardinal Newman suggests—to the King of the head and heart—our conscience. But let us remember, even when drinking this toast, that conscience is King of head and heart only while God, the searcher of hearts, is King of conscience.

## Our Politics.

In another column will be found a letter from an esteemed correspondent who thinks that we deserve the stricture passed upon us by *United Canada* in its issue of the 8th instant which we also publish.

That our silence should be interpreted to mean conservatism, cowardice, or liberalism is due to the anxiety of those who would wish us to be more political. That the late episode was not sufficient to move us either to one side or the other need not disappoint our friends or fill our adversaries with surprise. Our articles expressed quite clearly all that we felt upon the subject. When we condemned the speech our condemnation carried with it the condemnation of any party or set of men who, by their vote or otherwise, might condone such language. The men in the whole business that we have most respect for are the men who broke from the Conservative party and condemned, by their vote, the speech of Mr. Wallace. But what political capital is going to be made out of it? We think that both our contemporary and our correspondent had better drop the subject. So far as Catholics are concerned, it ill becomes us to attack one another. Our strength lies not in critical disunion but charitable union—a state of affairs which Catholic journals cannot bring about so well as others.

As to *United Canada*, we decline with thanks the badge it offers; for it was woven in bad temper and presented with bad grace. There is a time to speak and a time to be silent; and our silence as to those who voted with Mr. Foster arises neither from approval of the Conservatives nor from admiration of the Grits.

## Mr. McCarthy.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy, the leader of the party of two, the would be saviour of Canada, has spoken at last, and the two million Catholics who comprise nearly half the population of this country have been given to understand that the oracle of Simcoe has decided henceforth their influence in Canadian politics must cease. It was a strange spectacle. A man whom shallow fanaticism has unfitted for a place in either of the great historical parties of his country, strives to sail into a position of prominence on a tidal wave of bigotry. As faithful and peaceful citizens of Canada, we must deplore the fact that a man with the intellectual gifts of Mr. McCarthy should become a brand of dissension in this mixed community, but still we feel that there is nothing for Catholics to fear.

Fear! Wherefore should the Catholic Church in Canada or elsewhere fear the attacks of such men? The Ship of Peter has weathered the storms of the centuries, and in Canada the puny wavelets which such men as McCarthy can conjure up cannot displace a nail in the old bark. We are no strangers here in Canada, as these men strive to show. This country was discovered and settled, yes and maintained as British soil by Catholics, when the Protestants of the continent were throwing off English dominion in the country to the south. In Manitoba and the North west, Catholics were 'ho pioneers. They were living there, good citizens, educating their children according to conscience, when Protestant settlers came to take up land. Did these Catholics attempt to force upon their neighbours a system which their consciences would not allow them to accept? No! that achievement was reserved for those advocates of "British fair play" and "Equal Rights," of which Messrs. McCarthy and O'Brien are the present apostles.

At present we Catholics comprise nearly one half the population of this country. In every station of life, in the councils and ranks of both political parties, Catholics are found working with their fellow-citizens for the advancement of the country. We are told that we possess undue influence; this, too, when statistics show that on account of the liberality of Catholics and the prejudice of many Protestant constituencies we have not by any means our proper proportion of members in the Dominion Parliament. But the example of tolerance set by Montreal and other places has not been lost. Even in Ontario "Third Parties" have not been very successful, and Mr. McCarthy would do well to make a pilgrimage to the quiet grave up "Salt Creek," where lie the bones of the party of "Equal Rights," buried there five years ago. Galvanize these old bones if you will, Mr. McCarthy; dress them up in the flaunting colors of bigotry, and manipulate them before your audiences; some will be amused and others duped for a while, but the public will soon perceive the odor of the grave and bury the old skeleton once more as a public nuisance.

Padre Dezza, the well-known astronomer and chief of the Vatican observatory, has been elected president of the Roman academy known as the Novi di Linea.

### The Central New York Affair.

We have received from the Rev. R. W. Rayson, an English clergyman, a communication stating that "we brand as having no foundation in truth a statement by Archdeacon Bedford-Jones in the *Empire* of Feb. 25th concerning the transference of an entire congregation from the communion of Rome to that of the P. E. Church in the States. Will you permit me to point out that the story, as told by the Archdeacon, is absolutely true? It took place in Rome, Oneida County, N. Y. (not Oneida village as the English paper stated) in the year 1876 on St. John's Day."

"Under these circumstances," continues our correspondent, "I hope you will see your way to withdraw your imputations upon the *Living Church*, which gave the facts correctly, and the venerable Archdeacon of Kingston, whose only fault lay in the absence of dates and other particulars, which might have prevented your mistake between Oneida and Rome, Oneida Co."

Far from imputing motives or misstatements to any person we are always ready to trust our neighbors, especially when they show such care about the narration of events as the *Living Church* and an Archdeacon might be expected to show. Time and place are accidents which do not affect the substance; but they are of such a nature that carelessness in regard to them is apt to produce misunderstanding and pervert history. However, we cheerfully accept our correspondent's word that the *Living Church* and the Archdeacon meant Rome and not Oneida—so that the statement made and vouched for is, that on St. John's Day, 1876, there took place the transference of an entire congregation from the communion of Rome to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the States. In regard to this event we received, through the kindness of a friend, the following statement from a Priest who was stationed at Rome at the time:

"In the year 1871 a faction of discontented members of St. Mary's Church of this city (Rome) proceeded to erect an opposition church against the rules and discipline of the Church. At the same time another church edifice was erected under the sanction of the Church authorities for the regular congregation. The factional church designated as St. Joseph's, passing through various phases of a precarious existence through gradual defection, came to a state of dissolution, until it was entirely closed up in 1876. It was in that year that the said church property was sold under the sheriff's hammer, and finally those members who had bonded themselves for the debt sought the assistance of Bishop Huntington of the P. E. Church in order to be relieved of this burden. The latter purchased the property after the foreclosure of the first and second mortgages, while the floating indebtedness remained; and, after a long litigation, judgments were executed against those who had become sureties, thereby not finding the expected relief. A vast majority had in the mean time abandoned the factional organization and rejoined the regularly established mother Church. When the said judgments were satisfied, but a few years ago, about two-thirds of the bondsmen were no longer members of St. Joseph's church. The leaders of the opposition had either left the city in disgrace or had died, so that of the original members not more than two dozen families remained to join in a body the newly organized establishment. A majority of those who were thus converted were not known as faithful Catholics before. Since this change was effected accessions came from the disaffected elements of other Protestant denominations, and the Episcopal Church had to draw from the home mission fund to keep up the so-called St. Joseph's church. In the year of the transfer (1876) the *Gospel Messenger* had heralded the would be conversion *en gros*, soon doomed to such insignificant proportions and now our Archdeacon delights in giving almost the identical episode of that affect-

ing ceremony reporting to have taken place on St. John's Day—an event which evoked no interest or comment in this community. No doubt on the occasion of B. Huntington's visitation the large gathering was composed of the regular Episcopal parish, and not a single genuine convert from Romanism is proven.

"From these premises it follows: 1. That the true inwardness of this transfer was not the result of any conscientious disaffection in the doctrines of the Catholic Church. 2. That the few who may have remained were not at the time practical Catholics, but were outside of the communion of the Church years before. 3. That the so-called St. Joseph's congregation was not at any time previously a recognized Catholic organization. 4. That those who associated themselves with the new departure were cajoled and deceived by unscrupulous leaders in the beginning. And hence this coming out of a congregation *en masse* from Romanism to Protestantism in central New York is purely an exaggerated fabrication of an over-zealous brain, and its publication at this late date a worthless bait for those who have no opportunity to sift the true state of affairs."

Comment of ours is unnecessary. The only regret we have is that our correspondent has written to us upon the subject. We would have let it drop. But it remains still a mystery to us that an Archdeacon would lend himself to publish doubtful accounts of events which, even if they were real facts, are long ago past, and which relate the weakness and the stubbornness of a few individuals whose conduct at most has nothing to commend itself to fair minded men.

### Facts About Ulster.

So unjust or glaringly sham and ridiculous a cry was never raised in opposition to a great cause than the meaningless, although panicky, shout now echoed by the Tory party all over the British Empire. What about Ulster? Must one whole Province be enslaved for the triumph and doubtful benefit of three other Provinces? The Province of Ulster, which contains the most intelligent, the most religious and prosperous population in Ireland, should not be sacrificed "to priestly domination or dictation from Rome." A few facts, if only properly presented before the general public in England and America, would go far towards undoing the mischief which these unjust vociferations have already created, towards allaying the prejudices which on account of men, have taken root in many minds.

In the first place, the population of Ulster is not so overwhelmingly non-Catholic, as to claim undisputed title to being called a Protestant Province. In five out of nine counties in that Province Catholics outnumber Protestants—Episcopalians, Presbyterians and all other denominations. Every county in Ulster has at one time or other, returned a Home Ruler for one or more of its Parliamentary divisions. When all Nationalists in Ireland were united, as in the polmy days of Parnell's early leadership, Ulster returned a majority of members favorable to Irish autonomy. The split caused by want of unanimity in the choice of a successor, and the fierce passions thereby excited, broke up the solid phalanx of Ulster Home Rulers, and permitted the election of Tories in a few constituencies where there exists an actual majority of votes in favor of Home Rule.

With Belfast City left out of the reckoning, the Catholics form a majority of the population of Ulster; so that it is with but one borough Ireland

has to contend in the struggle for her rights and liberties as a nation. Only one city must be consulted, and not all the population of that city, but its fanatics and a few of its fire brand preachers must dictate laws and mode of government to all the other cities and to all the rest of Ireland!

With regard to its prosperity, so often quoted by lecturers, in contrast to poverty in what is called the "Priest-ridden Provinces of Munster, Leinster and Connaught," suffice it to say that prosperity in Ulster is confined to one city. The aggregation of the linen industry in one particular town has created Belfast. Had the poplin trade in Dublin and the woollen industries of Cork, Limerick and other cities received the same aid and encouragement from the English Government as the linen merchants of Belfast were favoured with, Belfast would not be the only prosperous city in the Kingdom.

As early as in the days of King William laws were passed for the suppression of woollen manufactures in Ireland. In 1698 the two Houses of Lords and Commons addressed King William, urging that some remedy be found against the obnoxious woollen trade in Ireland. "Wherefore we most humbly beseech your most sacred Majesty to declare to all your subjects of Ireland, that the growth and increase of the woollen manufacture hath long been and will be ever looked upon with great jealousy by all your subjects of this Kingdom; and if not timely remedied, may occasion very strict laws, totally to prohibit and suppress the same." The King replied that he would do all that in him lay to discourage the woollen trade and manufacture in Ireland; "in other words, as the historian Mitchell says, he promised "to ruin his subjects in that Island," and blast for ever the hopes of that prosperity, the absence of which is now attributed to priestly influence.

In the following year (1699) Irish cloth was forbidden entry into any English or Welsh port, or to the colonies, or any foreign land. Irish wool had to be sent to England in a raw state to be woven in Yorkshire; and even this export was cramped by appointing one single English port—Barnstable—as the only point where it could legally enter.

All attempts at foreign commerce were at this time impeded by the "Navigation Laws," which long had prohibited all trade between Ireland and the Colonies. No colonial produce could be carried to Ireland until after it should have first entered an English port, and been unloaded there. The Dean of St. Patrick's the immortal Swift, although a Protestant minister, was Irish enough to acknowledge the ruinous effects of such laws upon the trade and commerce of his country. "The convenience of ports and harbours," he wrote, "which nature has bestowed so liberally upon this kingdom, is of no more use to us than a beautiful prospect to a man shut up in a dungeon."

But the growth of Belfast does not compensate for the loss of population in the towns and country districts of Ulster. The decrease is spread all over the Province, as we read in a report of Mr. Galloway Rigg, cited by the *Dublin Freeman*. "Ulster apart from Belfast," that journal says, "has in fifty years lost nearly a million of its inhabitants. Had the linen industry not been planted in Ulster by the

hands that killed the woollen industry in the rest of Ireland, not even Belfast would be there to witness the decline of the loyal province. The blight of the Union has been felt in the homes and hamlets of the Ulster peasantry as keenly as anywhere else in Ireland. This is part of the truth about Ulster."

All of which goes to prove beyond peradventure that Home Rule is quite as necessary for the Province of Ulster as for any other portion of the kingdom.

### "Saturday Night."

Cromwell it was who used to send Catholics to Hell or Connaught. A modern imitator, with less power but just as much assurance, bids us Canadian Catholics pack up and be off to Mexico, or Spain, or Italy, according as we prefer the climate. Down in the last issue of *Saturday Night* works himself into three columns of excitement and effervescent prejudice, which is relieved only by a photogravure of the "Bello of the Ball" and the paragraph-dividing stars:

"If the Catholic Church desires to be a people apart from those amongst whom they live, the Catholic Church is wrong politically though they may be right spiritually. If they want to have a country by themselves let them go to South America or Mexico, or take the South of Ireland, or Spain, or Italy, where everybody agrees with them as to the route to heaven. If they cannot be a part and parcel of this country politically and socially and educationally (outside of religion), let them move their children to a land where everything is unanimous. Meetings, too, which tend to disturb the peace of the community would then probably cease, party airs and fanatical flute players would no longer distract us."

This is strange doctrine and stranger patriotism. Have minorities no rights? Then let the Protestants of Quebec Province betake themselves to Parry Sound district, and the Orangemen of Ulster find a home in some South Sea Island. You want the subject of creed dropped out of politics; so do we; but we want no blustering humbug about it; we want no tampering with vested rights, and least of all do we want our country run by Orange lodges or Sons of England. We want, and we will have, justice, right and liberty of conscience. But because we want our children reared as Christians with a knowledge of, and belief in, God; because we wish them taught something more than arithmetic, botany, and paganized literature; because we are not willing to shut our schools and let you take our money; because we are prepared to stand by our rights, you coolly tell us to get up and leave. We leave this country when we get ready, but at no man's bidding. Let us have peace by all honest means, say we; but let it be the peace through right, justice and mutual charity. Let it not be the peace of the lodge room, or the peace that is purchased at any price. Mightier journals than *Saturday Night* have thundered in the same tone for generations; political parties have risen to power and sunk back into opposition; stronger forces than any at work in this country have striven and failed—all working to the same end—to crush the religious spirit of Catholic people. Ferry, Crispi, Bismarck, thought they could get along better without Catholicity—Ferry lived long enough to change his opinion, but not long enough to make reparation. Bismarck is to be pitied and Crispi to be despised. No country can be built up in this nineteenth century without a good large piece of the old rock in its walls.

FRANCISCAN ANNALS.

Rightly to understand the personality of a leader of men, you must recognise the distinctive characters of the men who crowd around him, and find in him a congenial soul and the voice of their own souls. For a leader of men is necessarily a many-sided character—a centre around which opposing forces gather in harmony; and every opposing force is a revelation of the manifold forces that make the leader.

The early companions of St. Francis were men of different moulds. Brother Bernard of Quintavalle had the docile self-abandon of St. Francis himself, without the Saint's power of self-determination; Brother Peter of Catania seems to have been a man of more deliberate temper—an excellent administrator of a small well-disciplined family; but most individual in mind and heart was Brother Giles of Assisi. He was the wisdom of the company; a man of deep thought and finely-toned moral fibre; deeply intent on the meaning of life; not in any sense an active leader, but such a man as gives strength to any company in which he is welcomed. His strong, full personality is one of the purest and deepest sources of Franciscan tradition.

There is, perhaps, no more charming character in the *Fiorelli* than that which describes the journey of Brother Giles as a pilgrim to the Holy Land: it is a chapter of history, to be carefully read by every student of early Franciscan life. Thus does it run: "Brother Giles, by permission of St. Francis, went to visit the Holy Sepulchre of Christ; and, being come to the port of Brindisi, he was obliged to tarry there many days, because there was no ship ready to sail. Brother Giles, desiring to live by his labour, got a vessel and filled it with water, and went round the city crying: 'Who wants water?' And for his labour he received bread and all things necessary for the bodily support of himself and his companion. Then he passed over the sea, and with great devotion visited the Sepulchre of Christ and other Holy Places. And as he returned he abode for some days in the city of Ancona; and, because he was accustomed to live by his labour, he made baskets of rushes and sold them, not for money, but for bread for himself and his companion; and he carried the dead to their burial for the same wages. But when even this failed him, then he begged at the table of Jesus Christ, asking alms from door to door. So with much labour and in much poverty, he returned to St. Mary of the Angels."

It is not easy in this decorous nineteenth century to realise the picture of a Franciscan Friar going about the town with a water-pail, or with a burden of baskets, earning his daily bread in the same fashion as an ordinary workman. And yet what Brother Giles did we may be sure was no uncommon thing among those early Friars Minor; nay, from certain incidents related in the chronicles we know that it was no unusual thing for the lay-brethren to work as common workmen on the lands of others; and in these historical facts we have a touching commentary upon that chapter of St. Francis's rule, relating to labour and the reception of alms. It was doubtless on the strength of those recorded facts that an Anglican Bishop very lately declared that the earliest Friars Minor were not mendicants, but were rather working men earning their bread in so far as they were able; but when they could not obtain wages, they were to seek alms from door to door. Still it is true that in this rule St. Francis did but describe the ordinary position of an independent workman of his time. The mediæval people knew little of our modern system of labour and wage; they were

accustomed to give and receive without thought of a just equivalent, as is the case in all imperfectly developed communities. It were a sad case for any ordinary man in the Middle Ages to have had to depend for livelihood solely upon his labour; such a thing were impossible in the existing state of society.

However, to the mediæval folk of St. Francis's day, the Friar Minor, who went about hawking his freshly drawn water or his baskets, would not make the same presentment as he would in the world of to-day. The Franciscan frock, then, was not strictly a "Religious" habit in the sight of the people; it was merely a sort of peasant dress; and the Friar would appear to the stranger no more singular than in these times does the countryman, clad in smock, who enters the town. It is true the dress of the Friars excited attention in some parts where it was altogether novel, as in Germany; but then the foreign tongue and southern cast of features, as well as the Umbrian garb, drew the crowds around them. And when these strange foreigners announced themselves as a band of penitential preachers, suspicion was aroused against them at once: for were not the penitential preachers who went about in sackcloth and rags all heretics—Waldenses and such-like? And so the Friars had to suffer for the sins of those who had gone before them.

Of course, once the Friars were recognised as Religious, their habit, immediately became an object of respect, and before very many years was an exclusively Religious dress. And as a man's coat (as every student of man well knows) is one of the great determining influences of his life, so as the Friars' habit became more and more a distinctively Religious dress, the Friars themselves became more conventual and conformed more to the manners of the traditional monastic life. For at first the Friars were in no sense recognised as Monks: their life was essentially Apostolic; nor did they claim the title or character of Monks. In this St. Francis differed fundamentally from St. Dominic, whose Order was an adaptation of the monastic life to missionary preaching; so that even to this day the Dominicans use the monastic rite and Breviary. But St. Francis did not at all profess to be a Monk; hence he was not obliged by law to adopt the monastic rite, and, in fact, did not adopt it. His Friars, who were clerics, simply recited the Psalmody of the secular clerics and used their rite in Mass and the Divine Office; and the lay-brothers joined in spirit with the Divine Psalmody; according to the manner of the time, reciting the *Pater Noster*: for every worthy Catholic in those days prayed at the canonical hours. Even in regard to fasting, St. Francis did not enjoin the traditional monastic fasts which began in September and lasted, with greater or less severity, until Easter; but he simply commanded his Friars to observe the two Lents and the Friday fast, then obligatory on all the Faithful; the Epiphany Lent he advised as of devotion to those Friars who desired to observe it: he only lengthened by a few days the Christmas Lent. So that in regard to external observances, the Friars Minor were in the same running as the ordinary Faithful; they were in no way monastic. Hence they were so frequently regarded with suspicion by the Monks at the time, who evidently were much puzzled to understand what sort of life these Friars professed; taking vows and living in Community, yet in no way bound to monastic enclosure and choir, or to monastic rules in general. As someone has remarked, the Friars carried the Religious life out of the cloister into the world, and for the first time it was discovered that a man could be a Religious and

yet not a Monk. It was a development of the idea of the Religious life—the radical character of which was hardly appreciated at the time; and is not always appreciated even now.

The unfolding of a Religious Order is one of the most instructive phenomena in Church history; therein do you see the idea of the Founder, permeating the various conditions of the life of the ages in which his Institute is cast: in each age does the great idea assume forms that are new, and cast off forms that are old. The ages never return, and it is futile waiting, waiting for their return. Yet it is only in the history of the ages that are gone that you learn the living truth of the ages that are to come. But it is well betimes to go behind the succession of ages and gaze upon the originating force—the Founders and their earliest disciples—in whom the idea first lived; who were less straitened by traditional usages and passing forms and exhibit the truth of their lives in fresh spontaneous movements of rebirth.

Anecdote of Father Burke.

Every one knows the late Father Burke was a ready wit, brimful of genuine Irish humor. From a mass of anecdotes we select the following as an illustration of his happy method of enforcing the truth. He was lecturing on "The Vitality of the Catholic Church:"—"When Pius VII. was imprisoned, and the great Napoleon pursued his victorious career through Russia in his march on Moscow, there was a poor gardener in Ireland who worked for a Protestant gentleman. He was in the garden one morning when he was accosted by his employer thus:

"Well, Pat, you'll have to give up the Pope at last. He is gone; he'll never come back to Rome again!"

"Do you tell me so?" said Pat.

"Oh! it's a fact; you'll never see a Pope in Rome again!"

"Well," said the poor man, "I can't believe that!"

"I will lay you a wager it's a fact," replied the gentleman.

"I have no money," answered Pat, "but I have a little pig, and if you lay a five-pound note against the pig, I'll lay a wager that before the pig is big enough and fat enough to be killed the Pope will be back again in Rome."

"Napoleon fell like the Temple of Dagon when Samsor pulled the pillars from under it, and Pius VII. came back to Rome. Then the poor man went to his master and received the five pounds. But when he took the money home to his wife, she said: 'Oh, you had no business to keep the decent man's money. The bet wasn't a fair one; you knew before-hand how it would turn out.' So the man went back to restore the five pounds, saying to his master: 'It wasn't a fair bet; I was sure of the pig all the time.'"

Growing Old

As grapes sweeten when touched by frost and the forest leaves turn golden, so life should mellow and sweeten with age. Blest is the household whose family circle contains a grandfather or a grandmother who has grown old beautifully; whose mind and heart retain the activity and freshness of youth though the hand may be slow with its burden of years. Having walked this planet for two or more generations, they have acquired a knowledge of its affairs which should be considered invaluable, nor ought they to dream of slipping away before delivering their message to us. They have lived and loved, hoped and lost. They have fought the battles we must fight; they have crossed the rivers we must cross.

Hold Me Here.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

JUST RECEIVED

Supplementum Breviarum ad Usam Provinciarum Quebecensium; Marianopolitanæ et Otavien, in Regione Canadensi.

Size, 4 x 6, gilt edges, per set....nett 50cts. Ditto, size 4½ x 7, " " ....nett 50cts.

Lithograph of Rev. Father Dowd. Size 22 x 28 .....Price 80cts.

The Two Chiniquys—

Father Chiniquy vs. Minister Chiniquy. Price 10cts.

Any of the above mailed free of post age on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLIER,

No. 123 Church street, Toronto, Ont. | No. 1609 Notre Dame st. Montreal, P.Q.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

RUBBER BOOTS,

And Other Rubber Goods Repaired

H. J. La FORCE

Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order 192 CHURCH STREET Toronto, - Ont.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

"VITALIZED AIR"

For one month prior to alterations in his parlors, C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist, S.E. Corner King and Yonge Sts will continue to make plates with best Teeth at his old rates. Painless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver filling.

WEDDINGS, WEDDING CAKES, WEDDING SUPPLIES, HARRY WEBB,

447 YONGE STREET, Toronto.

St. Jerome's College

Berlin, Ont.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial courses, and Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars address, Terms including all necessary expenses, except for books \$10 per annum. REV. THO. SPETZ, C. R., D.D., President.

ARCADE YONGE ST. TORONTO

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers. O'Dea & McKinnis



## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

On Saturday night, March 28th, two lads named McNally and McGrath, about eleven years old, residing in Belfast, by some means obtained possession of a horse and car, and went for a drive. Before they had proceeded far the horse bolted, knocking down a little fellow named Anderson. The wheel of the vehicle passed over his neck, death being instantaneous. Both lads were subsequently arrested.

We understand (says the London Telegraph) that Colonel Sanderson and Mr. Johnston (Ballykilbeg), are about to proceed to Vienna to purchase a large number of the new bullet-proof Austrian uniforms for the Ulster "rebel" army. Since the announcement of the invention the number of offers to join this army have shown a gratifying increase. We may remind the prospective insurgents, however, that though bullet-proof, the new uniforms are not proof against cannon balls or bayonets.

## Armagh.

A woman named Margaret Cunningham died in Lurgan Workhouse, on March 30th, at the great age of 111 years. The deceased was a widow, and had been for over 20 years an inmate of the workhouse. She spent all her life in Lurgan Union, and possessed a vivid recollection of the Rebellion of '98. She had smoked tobacco for the last 80 years.

## Clare.

The complications are thickening on the Bolyke estate. The latest phase of the dispute is that some fifty civil-bill processes and ejectment decrees have been issued against a number of the tenants who have not come to terms with the landlord, who recently offered to accept, temporarily, a half year's rent from the poor tenants on the estate, who confessedly are unable to pay the full amount of rent and arrears due. The tenantry recently offered to pay on a fair reduction being made on the judicial rents, but this being considered merely evasive of the demand made, the legal proceedings in question are now being instituted.

## Cork.

In the little graveyard of Garrycloyne, on Sunday, March 26th, was unveiled a monument erected to the memory of the late Michael Buckley, of Blarney. The ceremony was fittingly and solemnly carried out, the Rev. M. M. O'Callaghan reciting the prayers appropriate to the occasion. The monument, which stands nine feet high, is a beautiful piece of workmanship, highly finished, surmounted by a graceful Celtic cross. The erection of the work reflects the highest credit on the gentleman into whose hands it was entrusted, Mr. Stephen Curtis, Sculptor and Master Stonecutter, Southern road, Cork.

On March 28th, the remains of the late Mr. Eimond O'Loughlin, Chairman, Middleton Town Commissioners, were removed from his late residence to the family burial ground, Aghada. The funeral cortege was an unusually large one comprising all classes of the community, by whom he was held in the highest esteem. Proceeding the coffin were a number of the local clergy. Deceased being a native of the parish of Aghada, large numbers of residents of that locality joined in the procession the family burial ground. Having arrived at the grave, the remains were interred, and the last prayers were recited over the grave by the Very Rev. Canon Hutch, P. P.

## Derry.

A collision occurred on the Derry Central Railway line at Garragh station on March 30. The 8.45 train from Coleraine arrived at the usual time and drew up at the platform, where a number of goods wagons and trucks were taken from the train, which was a mixed one, and were shunted to a siding across the down rails. While this was being done the passenger train which leaves Magherafelt at 8.55 came along, and crashed into the wagons, one of which, with two of the trucks, were smashed, and another knocked off the line. The engine of the incoming train was also much damaged. A number of persons had narrow escapes, but fortunately no one suffered more serious injuries than shock. The traffic was delayed almost two hours.

## Down.

The report of the directors of the Newry and Dundalk Steampacket Company, for the half-year ended the 31st January, 1893, showed the earnings to be £24,464 11s. 9d., and the expenditure £23,431 1s. 4d., leaving a balance of £1,333 10s. 5d., which added to the £665 8s. 10d. from last half-year will amount to £1,998 19s. 2d. The directors, in consequence of the present very depressed state of traffic, do not recommend payment of a dividend this half-year, but advise carrying forward the above balance. The falling off in revenues is accounted for in a great measure by the great opposition in Dublin and Belfast, which seriously affects the ports of Dundalk and Newry in the carriage of both goods and live stock. The expenditure as compared with the corresponding period of the previous six months shows a decrease of £733 19s. 5d.

## Dublin.

On March 30th, two statues in bronze of Burke and Goldsmith were presented to

Mr. F. S. Walpole, Collector of Customs, Dublin, on his retirement from the service. There was large attendance of the officials in his private office, where the ceremony took place, and many speeches were made testifying to the kindness and fairness with which Mr. Walpole had performed his duties as Collector of the port for thirteen years.

The Dublin Gazette announces that an order of the Lord-Lieutenant, under the "Peace Preservation Act," directing that no arms or ammunition shall be imported into Ireland except at the following places, viz., Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, Londonderry, Waterford, Galway, Sligo, Drogheda, Dundalk, Greenore, Newry, Wexford, Larne Carrickfergus, Glenarm, and the quay of Westport, has been promulgated and posted at every Police Station or place where Petty Sessions are held. A notice is also issued revoking the previous general order of the Lord-Lieutenant prohibiting the importation of Arms into Ireland.

## Fermanagh.

St. Patrick's Church, Belleek, will be dedicated by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, on Sunday, 11th June next. It is now completed, seated, has three new altars, belfry and bell erected, vestry furnished, and all requirements supplied. The enclosing walls around the church grounds and cemetery are nearly finished. There is a very heavy debt (still increasing) on the church at present, and an urgent appeal for funds has just been issued. Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Rev. John (Canon) McKennan, P. P., Pettigo.

## Galway.

On Monday evening, March 27th, it was reported in Gort that Barrack-sergeant P. McHugh had been missing since the previous Saturday. He had lived alone in the barrack, and was a quiet, inoffensive man, but very eccentric. He had served for many years in India, where his head had got affected from sun-stroke. On his being missing having been reported to the police, they went to his quarters, and broke in the outer door. The house was searched, but no trace found, save his clothes, until the kitchen was reached, and there the unfortunate man was found suspended, nearly naked, from a hook in the wall, his feet being about two feet from the ground. He was quite dead, and his limbs were black. On the door he had written his "will," in chalk, in which he stated that he had been poisoned, that everything in the house, including his clothes, was poisoned, and that he took the liberty of hanging himself before the poison killed him. On the table, written in pencil was—"26th inst. (March) 8 a.m.—Pat McHugh." An inquest was held, and a verdict of suicide during temporary insanity was returned.

## Kerry.

With feelings of profound regret we announce the death of Mr. John O'Leary, Killarney, which event took place at his residence, on Sunday, March 26th. Mr. O'Leary carried on an extensive drapery business in Killarney for the past 24 years, his establishment, in the main st., being one of the finest in the south of Ireland. He was a Nationalist of sterling principles, and took a prominent part in the fight against landlordism and British misrule in Ireland. It was only on the 24th that he had returned home, after a short sojourn with a friend of his in Cork whither he had gone to recruit his health. On the night of the 25th, it appears, he imagined that persons were talking about him in the street; and going to the window, the sill of which was very low, he fell into the street. He was taken in by the members of his family and attended by the Rev. P. Hayes, C. C., and Dr. Brogan; but he died in about four and a half hours after the occurrence. His funeral took place on the 28th, when his remains, enclosed in an oak coffin, were removed from his residence to the Cathedral, where there was a Requiem high Mass for the repose of his soul, Rev. P. Hayes, C. C., being celebrant; Rev. T. Sullivan, deacon, and Rev. J. Burke, sub-deacon. The interment took place at Muckross Abbey. The funeral cortege was very large.

## Kildare.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. William Pallin, Athgarvan Lodge, Curragh Camp, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Kildare.

## Kilkenny.

A Kilkenny lady, Miss G. Morse, created a sensation at a concert recently held in connection with the Irish Industries' Exhibition in London, by her exquisite whistling. Up to this only one lady, Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, had appeared in public as a whistler.

## Limerick.

Arising out of a resolution forwarded from the Cavan Board of Guardians, thanking Mr. Gladstone for his exertions on behalf of the Irish people, the following resolution was passed by the Mobil Guardians by acclamation, on March 31st:—"That we, the Guardians of Mobil Union, tender to the Prime Minister our sincere thanks and sympathy for the task he has undertaken in endeavoring to restore to this country Self-Government, which has been the dream of our people for nearly one hundred years, and which is sorely required, as is fully

shown in the malignant spirit exhibited by the minority throughout Ireland. If proof were wanted of the good of Home Rule, no better could be had than those insane and wanton accusations by the minority against their neighbors by saying they could not trust their lives to them, and whom they describe as wolves, and other offensive epithets. That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the Prime Minister."

## Limerick.

At the last meeting of the Limerick Harbor Board, an application was received from Patrick O'Brien for a retiring allowance. He stated he had been in the service of the Board for forty-six years, and that he was now physically unfit for further service. He was brought before the Board, and stated that he was between 69 and 70 years of age. Mr. Wm. McDonnell proposed that he should be continued on the staff at full wages. Mr. Begley seconded the proposition, which was passed unanimously.

An address was presented to the Very Rev. A. F. (Canon) Scully, P. P., V. F., Hospital, on the occasion of his return from Rome, whither he accompanied the Irish pilgrims. It was signed by T. O'Dea, president; M. R. Clery, M. D., vice-president; J. H. Madgen, treasurer, and M. J. Anthony, honorary secretary. Canon Scully, in the course of his reply, said it was the largest and most representative pilgrimage which ever left Ireland for the Eternal City, and the most earnest demonstration of loyalty to the Holy See which has taken place in our time. The very reverend gentleman gave his parishioners the Papal Benediction.

## Longford.

At the meeting of the new Board of Guardians, in Granard, there being several ex-officio present, Messrs. Patrick M. O'Reilly, Chairman Town Commissioners, Bryan Masterson, and Michael Farrell, all Nationalists, were unanimously elected chairman, vice-chairman, and deputy vice chairman respectively for the ensuing year. The entire Board of elected Guardians, twenty-five in number, are staunch Nationalists.

## Louth.

We regret to include in our death notices that of Miss Rose Coleman, of Ashville. The deceased lady had attained to the venerable age of 82 years, and throughout that length of years won and retained the respect and esteem of the people of all degrees throughout a wide circle. She died on March 25th, consoled by the rites of the church, of which she was so good a member and to whose teachings of charity, kindness, and good deeds she gave practical effect throughout her long life.

## Mayo.

On March 23d, Mr. P. J. Kelly, Solicitor, Coroner, held an inquest at Killecester on the body of Thomas McNamara, aged 29 years, who accidentally shot himself with a rifle, while hunting for seals, on Caher Island, near Louisbourg, in a boat, in which were his brother, William McNamara, and Thomas McGeal. The jury found the following verdict:—"That the deceased, Thos. McNamara, died at Caher Island, in the County of Mayo, on Wednesday, the 22d March 1893, from the effects of a rifle shot, accidentally inflicted, and, from the circumstances as revealed in evidence before us, we are of opinion that there is no blame attached to any person."

## Meath.

We record, this week the death of Christopher McKenna, for nearly forty years warmer for the Louth Hounds in the county Meath division of that hunt district. He is much regretted by every member of the Louth Hunt, as well as by an extremely large circle of friends and acquaintances. The interment took place on March 29th, in the ancient cemetery of his native village of of Daleek, and was largely attended.

## Queen's County.

Mr. Arthur Vicars, who was lately appointed Ulster King at Arms, in succession to the late Sir Bernard Burke, is the youngest son of the late Colonel W. H. Vicars, Sixty first Regiment (son of the late George Vicars, of Lally, Queen's County), and Jane, daughter of Mr. R. Gun-Cunninghame, of Mount Kennedy, county Wicklow. Besides being an assiduous heraldic and genealogical student, Mr. Vicars is also a considerable authority on old plate, especially Irish, and on several occasions his services have been sought to catalogue old plate at art loan exhibitions, notably at the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, in 1883. He is a lover of all forms of art and a connoisseur of objects d'art generally. A vice president of the Ex Libris Society, and one of the most ardent supporters of this association, he himself possesses one of the largest collections of book plates in the empire. He was among the original promoters of the Kildare Archaeological Society and one of its honorary secretaries. He is also a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

## Roscommon.

When it became known in Tarmontbarry, on March 25th, that the Rev. Eugene White was to return that evening after his long sojourn in the South of Europe, his parishioners, one and all, hastened to give him the heartiest welcome. Some went as far as Mullingar to meet him, and a large number went to Longford and escorted him home in processional order. When the procession

arrived at Cloondra, a mile outside his parish, great crowds met it, bearing torchlights. Their enthusiasm knew no bounds. All the houses along the way were illuminated, and fires blazed all over the parish. On arriving at the parochial residence he was presented with an address of welcome, to which the Rev. gentleman returned a feeling and suitable reply.

## Sligo.

It is with extreme regret we announce the demise of Bartley Donohue, of Ballyara Cottage, Toborcurry, which occurred on March 24th, after a short illness, at the age of 65 years. The sad event was not unexpected, and the deceased departed this life comforted by the kindly ministrations of his priests and the presence at his bedside of his nearest relations. The deceased, the elder brother of James Donohue, Esq., Clerk of Toborourry Union, had endeared himself to all who knew him by his genial and kindly ways, and the esteem in which he was held was manifested by the large funeral cortege which accompanied the remains to the family burial-ground at Ballyara Abbey, on Sunday, March 26th.

## Tipperary.

Rev. J. H. Power, C. C., Drangan and Cloneen, county Tipperary, died suddenly on the night of the 22d of March. He must have died without a struggle, as he was found by the servant, lying in bed as if asleep, when she entered, after he had failed to answer her repeated calls in the morning. Father Power spent the first seven years of his missionary life in Birmingham. He was greatly esteemed by those among whom he ministered both in England and Ireland—R. I. P.

## Waterford.

A great many Waterford people will learn with amazement, if not with actual horror, that the old "French Church," in that city, or at least a considerable portion of the ancient structure—is being demolished to make room for some houses under contract to be built for the Holy Ghost Hospital. The "French Church" is one of the oldest ruins extant in Ireland, as it were, like a link binding us to the past; and as one of the landmarks which should be preserved as long as preservation is possible, a strong protest should be made against its destruction.

## Wexford.

Mr. J. E. Mayler, Harriestown and Ballytorey Castle, has, it is rumored, been offered promotion to the magisterial bench, but declined to accept it. Mr. Henry Roche, Ennisecorby, eldest son of Mr. P. J. Roche, Woodville, has also been appointed to the Commission of the Peace. The Lord Chancellor has also appointed Mr. Jonathan Houghton, Ferns, Nationalist, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wexford.

On the morning of March 30th, a woman named Anne Condon, residing at Courna-cuddy, died suddenly in Mr. J. Malone's coal-yard, Millpark road, Ennisecorby. The deceased had transacted some business in the fowl-market at an early hour, and shortly after going into the yard, to put up her ass and cart, she became suddenly ill, and died soon after. The Rev. Father O'Connor and Dr. Dowse were sent for when it was found she was dangerously ill, and they attended promptly. Apoplexy was the cause of her death.

## Wicklow.

The Master of the Rolls gave judgment, on March 30, in the case of D'Arcy v D'Arcy in which the action was brought to obtain the opinion of the Court as to a number of questions which had arisen under the will of the late Mr. Mathew Peter D'Arcy, D. L., of Kileroney, county Wicklow, and 40 Merrion square, Dublin. The plaintiffs were James Frederick D'Arcy, one of the younger sons of the testator, and also his executor. The principal defendants were William and John Byrne Power, the other executor, M. D'Arcy, Emma D'Arcy, Mrs. Christina D'Arcy, M. S. D'Arcy, Mary D'Arcy, Elizabeth Uscher and Margaret Fitzgerald, children of the testator. By the will in question the testator left his real estate in Wexford and Wicklow, together with his house in Merrion square, furniture, plate, &c., to trustees, on trust, to be converted into money. He left £1,000 to such Roman Catholic charities as his executors should select. He created a charge on the fund to be realized by the sale, and also on the entire "residue of his personal estate" of £60,000, for the purpose of making provision for his widow, Mrs. Christina D'Arcy, and for his younger children. By a deed of 1849 the testator had been taken into partnership with his late father, John D'Arcy. In 1853 Mathew D'Arcy, upon the occasion of his first marriage, executed a settlement. His first wife having died he married, in 1860, the lady who is now his widow. There were certain variations between all these documents, and the main question in the case was whether the testator was only tenant for life of the Anchor Brewery or absolute owner of one-fourth of that part of the D'Arcy property. The Master of the Rolls decided that Mathew D'Arcy, the testator, took only a life interest in the Brewery premises, and that these consequently did not form any portion of his assets, but passed to his sons, James and William D'Arcy. He also intimated that he would give answers, in writing, to the other questions to be decided.

MY DAILY ACCOUNT.

One day, said a laborer to us, my employer, Mr. Lebrun, related to us the story of his conversion :

"My father was pious and my mother virtuous. Until I reached my twenty-second year, I walked in their footsteps. At this age, I ceased to frequent the sacraments, or, as we say, to practice them. I was far from having lost my faith; I still prayed, I went regularly to Mass on Sunday, the confessional alone frightened me. It was not without feelings of remorse that I discontinued making my Easter duties. Little by little I accustomed myself to this grievous omission, I was beginning to persuade myself that confession and communion were not consistent with the habits of a man. For example I promised myself faithfully to call a priest at my first serious illness. The thought of dying without the sacraments terrified me. The ungodliness of civil burials caused me as much horror as displeasure. This behaviour, you perceive, was very unwise. Yet I possessed in the highest degree a spirit of order in my temporal affairs. It is this spirit that saved me.

"One day during Lent on which I had gone to church, I heard a simple sermon, familiar, but original, and which seemed to have been composed for me expressly.

"The preacher, a kind Franciscan Father, spoke of those Christians who, though having faith, lived apart from the sacraments.

"He compared this conduct to those of a merchant who neglected, for several years to take an inventory.

"Take your inventory, wretched man, suddenly the Father cried, take your inventory, or beware of ruin, bankruptcy and dishonour!"

"It is impossible for me to tell you the impression these seemingly simple words made upon me.

"You know that St. Augustine was converted by a voice crying to him: *Tolle, lege*: Take, read.

"I owe my conversion to a voice that cried to me: 'Take your inventory, wretched man, take your inventory!'

"For a long time I fought against myself. Perhaps I would have succeeded in forgetting the advice of the Franciscan Father if the spirit of order which was innate in me had not embroidered on this canvas all kinds of other reflections and considerations.

"Finally, one Sunday, after Vespers, I repaired to the preacher's home and said: "— I come, Father, that you may assist me in taking my inventory. "—Very well, he answered with a smile, very well; kneel down, and let us begin.

"We began. "Ah! how well these men know the human heart! Never without the aid of my Franciscan friend, would I have succeeded in unravelling the skein of my conscience, notwithstanding that it was the conscience of an honest man. I pity those who leave this difficult and delicate exertion until old age, sickness and even the approach of death.

"What shall I further say? The Franciscan Father had no difficulty in making me understand that an inventory once a year was not sufficient; he induced me to make one every three months. At present, I balance my account every night.

"—Your account, Mr. Lebrun? "—Why yes, that is to say my examination of conscience labourer. Follow my example, and I assure you you will find yourself much the richer for it."

The Pilgrim at Lourdes.

He raises his eyes and they rest upon the statue which recalls the apparition; all around is gloomy and barren; a few scanty branches force their way through the fissures of the rocks; here

and there a bunch of wild flowers bloom. The eye rises higher, higher still, past the tapering steeple of the cathedral and the sound of its joyous bells. Higher still, above the mountains, whose snowy summits are lost in the clouds. Still he is not satisfied, but tries to pierce the misty clouds, to follow the rays of the setting sun, to discover the route which the Virgin took when she returned to heaven. Faith has wings, and from the earth on which man groans he salutes his true country, where all his pains shall be forgotten, all his desires fulfilled, all his affections immortalized. This vision of heaven is nowhere so clear as where the memory of the little Bernadette lingers; nowhere does heaven seem so close to our horizon as here, nor the end of our struggles, our losses, and our voluntary sacrifices so certain."—Translated from *Le Triomphe de Lourdes*.

Death of Mrs. Duffy.

It is with feelings of deep regret we record the death of Mrs. Duffy which took place at her residence in Barrie on Thursday, 5th inst. For over thirty years she has been one of the best known and most respected residents of the town, having been prominent in every good work connected with religion and charity. She had especially earned for herself the esteem of the community by the care she bestowed on the christian education of her family, and the industry with which she provided for them ample means. Her illness, though of comparatively short duration, was peculiar. Her once healthy and active constitution succumbed to loss of blood, first from the gums and finally from the lungs. Despite the prayerful entreaties of her friends, that it may please a kind Providence to suffer her to abide sometime longer with the family about whom her heartstrings fondly clung, she passed away fortified by the rites of that Church, of which, during life, she was an edifying member, surrounded by a pious family, one of whom is a nun in the Community of St. Joseph. From the first she herself had no hope of recovery. She exhibited, during her illness, the courage of the true Christian, buoyed up by that hope and resignation which make death too serene for sorrow, too beautiful for peace.

On Saturday morning a Requiem High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Dean Egan for the repose of her soul, after which her remains, followed by a long procession of sorrowing friends, were borne to their last resting place in the Catholic cemetery. She is gone from the land of the living; but she will be long remembered in the parish, where she had given so much edification. We extend to her bereaved husband and family the expression of our heartfelt sympathy. May she rest in peace.

The effect of patience is to possess one's soul, and, in proportion to our patience do we acquire property and perfect possession of our soul.—St. Francis de Sales.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Margaret Owens, mother of Mr. Owens, proprietor of the *Ennisworthy News*, which took place on March 20th.

Mr. D. F. Walker, son of the late Mr. Walker, White's Hotel, Wexford, secured second place in the Trinity College examinations, in the honor list, senior division, anatomy class.

Wm. Bennett, Linenhall st., Dundalk, shoemaker, aged 52 years, died suddenly on March 20th. At the inquest held by Dr. Callan, the jury, on Dr. Flood's evidence, returned a verdict of death from natural causes.

Deep sympathy was excited throughout the city at the announcement of the unexpected death of Mrs. Harding, wife of Dr. James Harding, of Ballincollig. The peculiar and circumstances of her death, coupled with the high esteem in which he and his family are held by all sections of the community, combined to evoke a widespread feeling of regret.

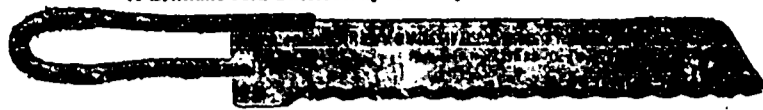
There appears to be a curious tendency on the part of many men to lavish upon the little ones the affection once exclusively the wife's. A division of demonstration would be both natural and gratifying to the woman, but too often she is ignored in this respect entirely. The boys and girls are joyfully greeted by the home-coming father, while the wife is carelessly nodded at over their sunny heads.

One day an old lawyer was practicing in one of the London courts, and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding Judge. A second time the Judge ruled against him, when the old man got up and commenced tying up his papers, as if to quit the court room. "Do I understand," asked the Judge, "that you wish to show your contempt of this court?" "No, sir; no, sir," replied the old man. "I don't want to show any contempt; I'm trying to conceal it."

"Those Wonderful Christy Knives."

BREAD, CAKE, AND PARING.

"A Brilliant Idea Successfully Developed for the Million."



Read what MRS. EMMA P. EWING, late Professor of Domestic Economy in the Iowa Agricultural College, Iowa, and in Purdue University, Indiana, and now in charge of the School of Cookery at Chautauqua, N. Y., writes:

"These Wonderful Christy Knives do the work for which they are designed, in an admirable manner, and should have a place in every well-ordered family. I take pleasure in recommending them to housekeepers everywhere. EMMA P. EWING."

A LIVE AGENT WANTED IN EVERY TOWN. Our Agents are Coining Money. Set of Three Beautifully Finished PLATED KNIVES sent (charges paid, for ONE DOLLAR Circular Free on Application. The CHRISTY KNIFE CO., Toronto, Ont.

LEAR'S LIGHTS

IN GAS,

ELECTRIC OR COMBINATION,

Are in all the elegant homes of Toronto.

We handle nothing but the very best makes. Our new Spring importations just opened up.

We have decided for the month of April to have a special inducement Sale. Everybody knows now that we make a specialty of these goods. You will therefore do yourself an injustice not to see our goods and get our quotations before ordering.

R. H. LEAR & CO.,

19 and 21 Richmond st. East.

PHONE 2021.

Condolence.

The following resolution was unanimously passed at the last regular meeting of St. Patrick's Beneficial and Literary Society of the I. C. B. U., Hamilton:

Whereas we, the members of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, having heard with regret of the death of the beloved sister of D. A. McMannus; and also of the death of the beloved sister of John W. Smith, two esteemed Brothers of our community:

Be it resolved that we tender our heartfelt sympathy to Brothers D. A. McMannus and John W. Smith and their parents, and also to their sisters and brothers, in the sad afflictions which it has pleased Almighty God to visit them with, and pray that He will give them the grace to bow with humble submission to His Holy will.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the bereaved parents, placed on the minute book, and forwarded to the CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication.

JNO. WILLIAMS,  
SAMUEL CHRISSEMAN,  
JOHN J. HURLBY.

Catholic Conservative Papers.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER of Toronto and Record of London, may continue to exhaust their vocabularies to find words with which to denounce Clark Wallace for his infamous Kingston utterances, without saying a word about those of his party who voted to say that he was justified, but these journals are deceiving no one. If these heavenly inspired Catholic organs are afraid to be independent and truthful in such cases, they deserve to be labeled "cowards" or Tories of the deepest dye. It may be popular to denounce such professional politicians as Wallace, who is a Protestant by occupation, but those who voted to exonerate him are equally to blame. If a Catholic paper poses as being independent it should not remain silent to suit party conveniences in such a crisis. Speak now or forever wear your badge.—United Canada.

Indigestion Cured.

GENTLEMEN,—I was thoroughly cured of indigestion by using only three bottles of B. B. B., and truthfully recommend it to all suffering from the same malady.

MRS. DAVIDSON, Winnipeg, Man.

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 or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

Charity, so far from searching for evil, fears to meet it; if she encounters it, she turns away and appears not to see it. She will shut her eyes rather than meet it.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 19, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$0 65	0 70
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 67	0 68
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 62	0 63
Wheat, goose, per bush....	0 61	0 62
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 37	0 38
Peas, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	7 00	7 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 65	0 85
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 21	0 22
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 12	0 13
Parsley, per doz.....	0 20	0 30
Radishes, per doz.....	0 00	0 75
Beets, per bag.....	0 45	0 60
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Celery, per doz.....	0 50	0 60
Onions, per bag.....	1 00	1 10
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Carrots, per bag.....	0 25	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 80	0 85
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	10 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 18.—The receipts on the market totalled 31 loads, and the supply was too large for business requirements, as the demand was generally dull, the result being that much of what was offered remained unsold. Prices for the best butchers' cattle this morning ranged from 3 1/2 to 4c per pound, a few choice picked cattle sold in two and threes at 4 1/2c per pound. For rough and inferior cattle 2 1/2 to 2 3/4c per pound was paid, a good quantity of second rate sold around 3c per pound.

In sheep and lambs very little was done, as only thirty sheep and yearlings were here, prices were well maintained, but the demand scarcely amounted to anything. We had half a dozen spring lambs here, but there was practically no enquiry; if in good shape they will fetch from \$4 to \$5 each, but small and poor specimens will not sell. Sheep sold at from \$5 to \$7.50 each, and choice yearlings at from \$3 to \$6 per pound. Milkens were in small supply, and wanted at from \$35 to \$55 each.

Calves sold all the way from \$1 to \$7 each, and are wanted. Hogs were a little better at \$6 per cwt as an outside price, and an average of from \$5.50 to \$5.75 per cwt for choice; rough and light fat sold at from \$5 to \$5.25 per cwt.

The congregation of St. Basil's church had the pleasure at Sunday evening's service of listening to Millard's "Ave Maria," sung by Miss Kate Strong, the popular mezzo soprano, and the presentation was enhanced by a violin obligato by Mons. Boucher. Miss Strong will leave to-morrow for New York to continue her musical studies.

Among those nominated to fill the posts of factory inspectors is Mr. N. Daly, of Cork, who is a pupil at the School of Art and a carpenter by trade.

## RAMONA.

## A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

## CHAPTER XII.

The little sheepfold, or corral, was beyond the artichoke-patch, on that southern slope whose sunshine had proved so disastrous a temptation to Margarita in the matter of drying the altar-cloth. It was almost like a terrace, this long slope, and the sheepfold, being near the bottom, was wholly out of sight of the house. This was the reason Felipe had selected it as the safest spot for his talk with Alessandro.

When Ramona reached the end of the trellised walk in the garden she halted and looked to the right and left. No one was in sight. As she had entered the Senora's room an hour before she had caught a glimpse of some one, she felt almost positive it was Felipe, turning off in the path to the left, leading down to the sheepfold. She stood irresolute for a moment, gazing earnestly down this path. "If the saints would only tell me where he is!" she said aloud. She trembled as she stood there, fearing each second to hear the Senora's voice calling her. But fortune was favouring Ramona, for once; even as the words passed her lips she saw Felipe coming slowly up the bank. She flew to meet him. "Oh, Felipe, Felipe!" she began.

"Yes, dear, I know it all," interrupted Felipe; "Alessandro has told me."

"She forbade me to speak to you, Felipe," said Ramona, "but I could not bear it. What are we to do? Where is Alessandro?"

"My mother forbade you to speak to me!" cried Felipe, in a tone of terror. "Oh, Ramona, why did you disobey her? If she sees us talking she will be even more displeased. Fly back to your room. Leave it all to me. I will do all that I can."

"But, Felipe," began Ramona, wringing her hands in distress.

"I know! I know!" said Felipe; "but you must not make my mother any more angry. I don't know what she will do till I talk with her. Do go back to your room! Did she not tell you to stay there?"

"Yes," sobbed Ramona, "but I cannot. Oh, Felipe, I am so afraid! Do help us! Do you think you can? You won't let her shut me up in the convent, will you, Felipe? Where is Alessandro? Why can't I go away with him this minute? Where is he? Dear Felipe, let me go now."

Felipe's face was horror-stricken. "Shut you in the convent!" he gasped. "Did she say that? Ramona, dear, fly back to your room. Let me talk to her. Fly, I implore you. I can't do anything for you if she sees me talking with you now," and he turned away, and walked a little down the terrace.

Ramona felt as if she were indeed alone in the world. How could she go back into that house! Slowly she walked up the garden-path again, meditating a hundred wild plans of escape. Where, where was Alessandro? Why did he not appear for her rescue? Her heart failed her; and when she entered her room she sank on the floor in a paroxysm of hopeless weeping. If she had known that Alessandro was already a good half hour's journey on his way to Temecula, galloping farther and farther away from her each moment, she would have despaired indeed.

This was what Felipe, after hearing the whole story, had counselled him to do. Alessandro had given him a vivid description of the Senora's face and tone when she had ordered him out of her sight that Felipe was alarm-

ed. He had never seen his mother angry like that. He could not conceive why her wrath should have been so severe. The longer he talked with Alessandro the more he felt that it would be wiser for him to be out of sight till the first force of her anger had been spent. "I will say that I sent you," said Felipe, "so she cannot feel that you have committed any offence in going. Come back in four days, and by that time it will be all settled what you shall do."

It went hard with Alessandro to go without seeing Ramona; but it did not need Felipe's exclamation of surprise to convince him that it would be foolhardy to attempt it. His own judgment had told him that it would be out of the question.

"But you will tell her all, Senor Felipe? You will tell her that it is for her sake I go?" the poor fellow said piteously, gazing into Felipe's eyes as if he would read his inmost soul.

"I will, indeed, Alessandro; I will," replied Felipe; and he held his hand out to Alessandro as to a friend and equal. "You may trust me to do all I can do for Ramona and for you."

"God bless you, Senor Felipe," answered Alessandro gravely, a slight trembling of his voice alone showing how deeply he was moved.

"He's a noble fellow," said Felipe to himself, as he watched Alessandro leap on his horse, which had been tethered near the corral all night, "a noble fellow! There isn't a man among all my friends who would have been manlier or franker than he has been in this whole business. I don't in the least wonder that Ramona loves him. He's a noble fellow! But what is to be done? What is to be done?"

Felipe was sorely perplexed. No sharp crisis of disagreement had ever arisen between him and his mother, but he felt that one was coming now. He was unaware of the extent of his influence over her. He doubted whether he could move her very far. The threat of shutting Ramona up in the convent terrified him more than he liked to admit himself. Had she power to do that? Felipe did not know. She must believe that she had, or she would not have made the threat. Felipe's whole soul revolted at the cruel injustice of the idea.

"As if it were a sin for the poor girl to love Alessandro!" he said. "I'd help her to run away with him if worse comes to worst. What can make my mother feel so!" And Felipe paced back and forth till the sun was high, and the sharp glare and heat reminded him that he must seek shelter; then he threw himself down under the willows. He dreaded to go into the house. His instinctive shrinking from the disagreeable, his disposition to put off till another time, held him back hour by hour. The longer he thought the situation over the less he knew how to broach the subject to his mother; the more uncertain he felt whether it would be wise for him to broach it at all. Suddenly he heard his name called. It was Margarita, who had been sent to call him to dinner. "Good heavens! dinner already!" he cried, springing to his feet.

"Yes, Senor," replied Margarita, eyeing him observantly. She had seen him talking with Alessandro, had seen Alessandro galloping away down the river road. She had also gathered much from the Senora's look, and Ramona's, as they passed the dining-room door together soon after breakfast. Margarita could have given a tolerably connected account of all that had happened within the last twenty-four hours to the chief actors in this tragedy which had so suddenly begun in the Moreno household. Not supposed to know anything, she yet knew nearly all, and her every pulse was beating high with excited conjecture and wonder as to what would come next.

Dinner was a silent and constrained meal—Ramona absent, the fiction of her illness still kept up, Felipe embarrassed, and unlike himself; the Senora silent, full of angry perplexity. At her first glance in Felipe's face she thought to herself, "Ramona has spoken to him. When and how did she do it?" For it had been only a few moments after Ramona had left her presence that she herself had followed, and, seeing the girl in her own room, had locked the door as before, and had spent the rest of the morning on the veranda within hands' reach of Ramona's window. How, when, and where had she contrived to communicate with Felipe? The longer the Senora studied over this the angrier and more baffled she felt; to be outwitted was even worse to her than to be disobeyed. Under her very eyes, as it were, something evidently had happened, not only against her will but which she could not explain. Her anger even rippled out towards Felipe, and was fed by the recollection of Ramona's unwise retort, "Felipe would not let you!" What had Felipe done or said to make the girl so sure that he would be on her side and Alessandro's? Was it come to this, that she, the Senora Moreno, was to be defied in her own house by children and servants?

It was with a tone of severe displeasure that she said to Felipe, as she rose from the dinner-table, "My son, I would like to have some conversation with you in my room if you are at leisure."

"Certainly, mother," said Felipe, a load rolling off his mind at her having thus taken the initiative, for which he lacked courage; and walking swiftly towards her he attempted to put his arm around her waist, as it was his affectionate habit frequently to do. She repulsed him gently, but, bethinking herself, passed her hand through his arm, and leaning on it heavily as she walked, said: "This is the most fitting way, my son. I must lean more and more heavily on you each year now. Age is telling on me fast. Do you not find me greatly changed, Felipe, in the last year?"

"No, madre mia," replied Felipe, "indeed I do not. I see not that you have changed in the last ten years." And he was honest in this. His eyes did not note the changes so clear to others, and for the best of reasons. The face he saw was one no one else ever beheld: it was kindled by emotion, transfigured by love, whenever it was turned towards him.

The Senora sighed deeply as she answered: "That must be because you so love me, Felipe. I myself see the changes even day by day. Troubles tell on me as they did not when I was younger. Even within the last twenty-four hours I seem to myself to have aged frightfully;" and she looked keenly at Felipe as she seated herself in the arm-chair where poor Ramona had swooned a few hours before. Felipe remained standing before her, gazing, with a tender expression, upon her features, but saying nothing.

"I see that Ramona has told you all!" she continued, her voice hardening as she spoke. What a fortunate wording of her sentence!

"No, mother; it was not Ramona, it was Alessandro, who told me this morning, early," Felipe answered hastily, hurrying on, to draw the conversation as far away from Ramona as possible. "He came and spoke to me last night after I was in bed; but I told him to wait till morning and then I would hear all he had to say."

"Ah!" said the Senora, relieved. Then, as Felipe remained silent, she asked, "And what did he say?"

"He told me all that had happened."

"All!" said the Senora sneeringly. "Do you suppose that he told you all?"

"He said that you had bidden him begone out of your sight," said Felipe, "and that he supposed he must go.

So I told him to go at once. I thought you would prefer not to see him again."

"Ah!" said the Senora again, startled, gratified that Felipe had so promptly seconded her action, but sorry that Alessandro had gone. "Ah, I did not know whether you would think it best to discharge him at once or not; I told him he must answer to you. I did not know but you might devise some measures by which he could be retained on the estate."

Felipe stared. Could he believe his ears? This did not sound like the relentless displeasure he had expected. Could Ramona have been dreaming? In his astonishment he did not weigh his mother's words carefully; he did not carry his conjecture far enough; he did not stop to make sure that retaining Alessandro on the estate might not of necessity bode any good to Ramona; but with his usual impetuous ardour, sanguine, at the first glimpse of hope, that all was well, he exclaimed joyfully, "Ah, dear mother, if that could only be done, all would be well; and, never noting the expression of his mother's face, or pausing to take breath, he poured out all he thought and felt on the subject.

"That is just what I have been hoping for ever since I saw that he and Ramona were growing so fond of each other. He is a splendid fellow, and the best hand we have ever had on the place. All the men like him: he would make a capital overseer; and if we put him in charge of the whole estate there would not be any objection to his marrying Ramona. That would give them a good living here with us."

"Enough!" cried the Senora, in a voice which fell on Felipe's ears like a voice from some other world—so hollow, so strange. He stopped speaking, and uttered an ejaculation of amazement. At the first words he had uttered, the Senora had fixed her eyes on the floor—a habit of hers when she wished to listen with close attention. Lifting her eyes now, and fixing them on Felipe, she regarded him with a look which not all his filial reverence could bear without resentment. It was nearly as scornful as that with which she had regarded Ramona. Felipe coloured.

"Why do you look at me like that, mother?" he exclaimed. "What have I done?"

The Senora waved her hand imperiously. "Enough!" she reiterated. "Do not say any more. I wish to think for a few moments;" and she fixed her eyes on the floor again.

Felipe studied her countenance. A more nearly rebellious feeling than he had supposed himself capable of slowly arose in his heart. Now he for the first time perceived what terror his mother must inspire in a girl like Ramona.

"Poor little one!" he thought. "If my mother looked at her as she did at me just now I wonder she did not die."

A great storm was going on in the Senora's bosom. Wrath against Ramona was uppermost in it. In addition to all else, the girl had now been the cause, or at least the occasion of Felipe's having, for the first time in his whole life, angered her beyond her control.

"As if I had not suffered enough by reason of that creature," she thought bitterly to herself, without her coming between me and Felipe!"

But nothing could long come between the Senora and Felipe. Like a fresh lava-stream flowing down close on the track of its predecessor, came the rush of the mother's passionate love for her son close on the passionate anger at his words.

When she lifted her eyes they were full of tears, which it smote Felipe to see. As she gazed at him they rolled down her cheeks, and she said in trembling tones: "Forgive me, my child; I had not thought anything could make me thus angry with you. That

shameless creature is costing us too dear. She must leave the house."

Felipe's heart gave a bound; Ramona had not been mistaken, then. A bitter shame seized him at his mother's cruelty. But her tears made him tender; and it was in a gentle, even pleading voice that he replied: "I do not see, mother, why you call Ramona shameless. There is nothing wrong in her loving Alessandro."

"I found her in his arms!" exclaimed the Senora.

"I know," said Felipe; "Alessandro told me that he had just at that instant told her he loved her, and she had said she loved him, and would marry him, just as you came up."

"Humph!" retorted the Senora; "do you think that Indian would have dared to speak a word of love to the Senorita Ramona Ortagna if she had not conducted herself shamelessly? I wonder that he concerned himself to speak about marriage to her at all."

"Oh, mother! mother!" was all that Felipe could say to this. He was aghast. He saw now, in a flash, the whole picture as it lay in his mother's mind, and his heart sank within him. "Mother!" he repeated, in a tone which spoke volumes.

"Ay," she continued, "that is what I say. I see no reason why he hesitated to take her, as he would take any Indian squaw, with small ceremony of marrying."

"Alessandro would not take any woman that way any quicker than I would, mother," said Felipe courageously; "you do him injustice." He longed to add, "And Ramona too," but he feared to make bad matters worse by pleading for her at present.

"No, I do not," said the Senora; "I do Alessandro full justice. I think very few men would have behaved as well as he has under the same temptation. I do not hold him in the least responsible for all that has happened. It is all Ramona's fault."

Felipe's patience gave way. He had not known, till now, how very closely this pure and gentle girl, whom he had loved as a sister in his boyhood, and had come near loving as a lover in his manhood, had twined herself around his heart. He could not remain silent another moment and hear her thus wickedly accused.

"Mother!" he exclaimed, in a tone which made the Senora look up at him in sudden astonishment. "Mother, I cannot help it if I make you very angry; I must speak; I can't bear to hear you say such things of Ramona. I have seen for a long time that Alessandro loved the very ground under her feet; and Ramona would not have been a woman if she had not seen it too! She has seen it, and has felt it, and has come to love him with all her soul, just as I hope some woman will love me one of these days. If I am ever loved as well as she loves Alessandro I shall be lucky. I think they ought to be married; and I think we ought to take Alessandro on to the estate, so that they can live here. I don't see anything disgraceful in it, nor anything wrong, nor anything but what was perfectly natural. You know, mother, it isn't as if Ramona really belonged to our family; you know she is half Indian." A scornful ejaculation from his mother interrupted him here; but Felipe hurried on, partly that he dreaded to stop, because if he did, his mother would speak; and already he felt a terror of what her next words might be. "I have often thought about Ramona's future, mother. You know a great many men would not want to marry her just because she is half Indian. You yourself would never have given your consent to my marrying her if I had wanted to." Again an exclamation from the Senora, this time more of horror than of scorn. But Felipe pressed on. "No, of course you would not, I always knew that; except for that, I might have loved her myself, for a sweeter girl never drew breath in this God's

earth." Felipe was reckless now; having entered on this war, he would wage it with every weapon that lay within his reach; if one did not tell, another might. "You have never loved her. I don't know that you have ever even liked her; I don't think you have. I know, as a little boy, I always used to see how much kinder you were to me than to her, and I never could understand it. And you are unjust to her now. I've been watching her all summer; I've seen her and Alessandro together continually. You know yourself, mother, he has been with us on the veranda, day after day, just as if he were one of the family. I've watched them by the hour, when I lay there so sick; I thought you must have seen it too. I don't believe Alessandro has ever looked or said or done a thing I wouldn't have done in his place; and I don't believe Ramona has ever looked, said, or done a thing I would not be willing to have my own sister do!" Here Felipe paused. He had made his charge; like a young impetuous general, massing all his forces at the onset; he had no reserves. It is not the way to take Gibaltars.

When he paused, literally breathless, he had spoken so fast—and even yet Felipe was not quite strong, so sadly had the fever undermined his constitution—the Senora looked at him interrogatively, and said in a now composed tone: "You do not believe that Ramona has done anything that you would not be willing to have your own sister do? Would you be willing that your own sister should marry Alessandro?"

Clever Senora Moreno! During the few moments that Felipe had been speaking she had perceived certain things which it would be impolitic to try to do. Nothing could possibly compensate her for antagonising Felipe. Nothing could so deeply wound her as to have him in a resentful mood towards her, or so weaken her real control of him as to have him feel that she arbitrarily overruled his preference or his purpose. In presence of her imperious will, even her wrath capitulated and surrendered. There would be no hot words between her and her son. He should believe that he determined the policy of the Moreno house, even in this desperate crisis.

Felipe did not answer. A better thrust was never seen on any field than the Senora's question. She repeated it, still more deliberately, in her wonted gentle voice. The Senora was herself again, as she had not been for a moment since she came upon Alessandro and Ramona at the brook. How just and reasonable the question sounded, as she repeated it slowly, with an expression in her eyes of poising and weighing matters. "Would you be willing that your own sister should marry Alessandro?"

Felipe was embarrassed. He saw whither he was being led. He could give but one answer to this question. "No, mother," he said, I should not; but—" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLE MEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALCOURT, General Merchant. Wotton, P. Q.



**A LONG PROCESSION** of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them. It prevents them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (languor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In building up needed flesh and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings back health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, and all Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, it is the only remedy that's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

A RINGING NOISE in the ears, headache, deafness, eyes weak; obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat—are symptoms of Catarrh. There's a medicine that will cure you, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing. That's Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.



Howarth's Carminative Mixture. This Medicine is superior to any other for Disorders of the Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething, or other causes. GIVES REST TO CHILDREN, AND QUIET NIGHTS TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.

Howarth's Carminative Mixture.

This Medicine is superior to any other for Disorders of the Bowels of Infants, occasioned by teething, or other causes. GIVES REST TO CHILDREN, AND QUIET NIGHTS TO MOTHERS AND NURSES. Prepared according to the original formula of the late John Howarth. Manufactured and sold by S. Howarth Druggist 243 Yonge St



Whaley, Royce & Co., IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE Music Engravers and Publishers. Band Instruments, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Band and Orchestral Music. Cheaper THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE in the trade. Send for catalogue. BAND INSTRUMENT REPAIRING A SPECIALTY 153 YONGE STREET TORONTO



**FARMERS TEXAS BALSAM** Is the only rapid and Certain Healer for Scratches, Corks, Galls, Sore Shoulders and all Wounds on HORSES AND CATTLE. Ask your dealer for TEXAS BALSAM, and take no other. Or sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents, by C. F. REGSWORTH, No. 6 Wellington East, Toronto, Ont.

**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.** Pills' Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 30c. E. T. Hazeltine Warren, Pa.

**WESTERN Assurance Company.** INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL, - - \$1,200,000. Fire and Marine. Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

PRESIDENT: A. M. SMITH, Esq. VICE-PRESIDENT: Geo. A. COX, Esq. DIRECTORS: Hon. R. C. Wood, Geo. McMurrich, Esq., H. N. Baird, Esq., J. J. KENNY, W. R. Brock, Esq., A. T. Fulton, Esq., Robert Beatty, Esq., Managing Director. SOLICITORS: Messrs. McCarthy, O'Leary, Hoskin and Croelman. Insurances effected at the lowest current rates on Buildings, Merchandise, and other property, against loss or damage by fire. On Hull, Cargo, and Freight against the perils of Inland Navigation. On cargo risks with the Maritime Provinces, by rail or steam. On Cargo by steamer to British Ports.

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

**CARPET CLEANING CO.** TELEPHONE NO. 2686. Carpets taken up Cleaned and Re-laid. New Carpets made and laid, Oil Cloths laid, Window Shades hung, Feathers and Mattresses renovated, Furniture Repaired. PFEIFFER & HOUGH, 44 Lombard Street

**J. YOUNG, (ALEX. MILLARD), The Leading Undertaker** 347 YONGE STREET. TELEPHONE 679.

**St. Michael's College,** (In Affiliation with Toronto University.) Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses. Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to 1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

**F. ROSAR, UNDERTAKER,** TELEPHONE 1034. 210 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

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



**CATHOLIC NEWS.**

Cardinal Vaughan has received the insignia of the Knights of Malta.

There are rumors that the British embassy at the Vatican will be re-established.

The Jesuit Fathers of Spain are about to establish a new review. It will be published at Madrid and will be named *Estudios Religiosos*.

A French confectioner will exhibit a statue of Columbus, life size, in solid chocolate. This extraordinary sweet will combine the edible and artistic to the extent of 1,700 pounds.

The Pittsburgh Diocesan Catholic Total Abstinence Union has issued an appeal to all Catholic saloon-keepers in Alleghany county to get out of the liquor business as Christians and American citizens.

There are in France 1,253 sanctuaries of the Blessed Virgin, which are more or less frequented by pilgrims. The diocese of Paris has twelve such places of pilgrimage. The principal one being Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris.

The Archbishop of Turin has presented to the Pope a cross in brilliant, the gifts of Princess Clotilde, sister of King Humbert. The offering was accompanied by a letter from the princess, in which she asked for the Holy Father's blessing.

Miss Agnes M. Clerke, a Catholic lady, has this year won the five hundred dollar prize given every seven years by the Royal Institution of England for the best essay on the "Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty in the Department of Science."

Three German students in the traditional costume have been received at the Vatican, and excited great curiosity. No wonder, for they were dressed in Spanish cloaks, petticoats, white trousers, high boots, and swords, and wore red, yellow, and black scarves—the Pontifical and German colors according to the old style.

Col. James F. Meline, who has just been appointed Assistant Treasurer of the United States, was a gallant soldier during the late war and traces his ancestry from a long line of patriots. His great grandfather notably, fought in the War of 1812. Col. Meline is a Catholic, and his history of Mary Stuart won him deserved literary renown.

The corner-stone of the new St. John's parochial school building in Orange, N. J., was laid April 10th with an imposing ceremony by the Right Rev. W. M. Wigger, Bishop of Newark, in the presence of more than 6000 spectators. Previous to the ceremony the various Catholic societies of Orange paraded through the principal streets.

There is now no prospect of the Catholic party in the German Reichstag making any compromise with the Government on the Army Bill. At two bye-elections official candidates of the Centre who did not distinctly pledge themselves against the Army Bill were defeated by the independent Catholic candidates who declared against any compromise.

A remarkable ordination is recorded by our contemporary the *Eco d'Italia*, of Genoa. At Albenga the Rev. Sebastian Gandolfo di Chiusavecchia, aged seventy-five, was raised to the priesthood some days ago. The newly ordained priest, who was syndic or mayor of his commune, has three sons who are priests, and two of whom assisted him at his first Mass. He has also a daughter who is a nun. His father, in the same manner, became a priest at an advanced age.

Father Allen, Catholic chaplain of the Wisconsin state prison says in his report to the Board: "While there are over one third of the convicts who, if they are asked, will say that they are Catholics, the majority of them, so far from having practiced in the outside world even the most weighty of the obligations of the Catholic religion, are on coming to the prison almost entirely ignorant of the very first principles and teachings of the faith which they profess."

That Christopher Columbus was pious is shown by the name San Salvador, which he gave to the land he first sighted in the new world, but the names Trinidad and St. Kitts prove him imaginative as well. He gave Trinidad its name because its three conspicuous mountain peaks suggested to him the mystery of the Holy Trinity, and St. Kitts or St. Christopher he called so, not impiously in honor of himself, but because a great mountain on the island, bearing upon its shoulder a mount of lava, suggested to his pious imagination the loveliest of the Christian legends embalmed in the etymology of his own name, Christopher, "the Christ bearer."

**HAD LA GRIPPE**—Mr. A. Nickerson, Farmer, Dutton, writes: "Last winter I had La Grippe and it left me with a severe pain in the small of my back and hip that used to catch me whenever I tried to climb a fence. This lasted for about two months when I bought a bottle of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and used it both internally and externally, morning and evening, for three days, at the expiration of which time I was completely cured."

Before we throw the stone of malice we should seek a moment for reflection.

**HOPE!**



Don't give up Hope. If you have been carrying a burden of Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or Rheumatism around with you and have tried a dozen remedies without success, there is yet hope, positively.

**St. Leon Mineral Water**

eradicates all these troubles. We have the testimony of hundreds to this effect. Get a jar of it at once. Drink plenty of it, and watch results.

**St. Leon Mineral Water Co. (Ltd)**  
Head Office, Toronto.  
All Grocers, Druggists and Hotels.

**50,000 BARRELS.**

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

The estimate is 50,000 BARRELS monthly.

You need not go to Chicago to sample this justly celebrated Beer. You can have a supply of either their "Select" or "Export" from the leading Hotels and Wine Merchants, or from

**JAMES GOOD & Co.**  
Corner Yonge and Albert Streets.  
SOLE AGENTS FOR TORONTO.

**Trusts Corporation OF ONTARIO**

And Safe Deposit Vaults.

Bank of Commerce Building, King St. TORONTO.

Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.  
Capital Subscribed, \$800,000.

HON. J. C. AIRNS, P.C., President.  
HON. SIR R. J. CARTWRIGHT, K.C.M.G.,  
HON. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

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

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

N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

**Children always Enjoy It.**

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

**A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER**

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Bottlers.

**J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS.**

182-184 YONGE STREET.  
6 and 8 QUEEN STREET WEST.

**SWISS EMBROIDERIES. MAKERS' REMNANTS.**

Have you ever seen them? Half regular values. Have you seen our 12-inch Embroidery at 10c yard, or our Swiss Embroidered Shirtings Lawns at 40c yard? If not, you ought to.

**LACES.**

Less than wholesale prices. An enormous stock of newest goods. Guipure Laces, 15c and 20c yard, in cream, white and natural. Point de Irland Laces from 6c yard up. Darned Net Laces, fine goods, 4 to 6 inch wide, 5c yard; 8 to 10 inch wide, 10c yard. You'll miss it if you buy laces without seeing our stock during our

**INTRODUCTORY SALE.**

Chiffons, thousands of goods, all colors, plain, embroidered edge, beaded edge, chenille and net edge; prices 5c yard, 7½c yard to 35c yard. Ladies' Underwear, Blouses, Skirts, White Underwear; Shot Silks, 45c yard; Plaid Silks, 65c yard; Polka Dot Silks, 45c yard. Write for samples. Letter orders receive prompt attention. Try us.

In the matter of the Estate of Andrew P. Finan, late of the City of Toronto, Priest, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given, pursuant to R. S. O., 1857, Cap 110, sec. 50, and amendments thereto, that all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said Andrew P. Finan, deceased, who died on or about the 19th day of February, 1893, are required on or before the first day of May, 1893, to send by post, pre-paid, or deliver to C. J. McCabe, Solicitor for Executors of said deceased, their names, addresses, full particulars of claim and statement of account and nature of securities, if any, properly verified.

And notice is further given, that after said first day of May, 1893, the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims for which notice has been given as required, and the said Executors will not be liable for the said asset or any part thereof to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received by them at the time of such distribution.

Dated at Toronto this 15th April, 1893.  
C. J. McCABE,  
69 Adelaide St. West, Toronto,  
Solicitor for J. J. McCann, Vicar-General, and Rev. John L. Hand, Executors of said deceased.

**EMPRESS HOTEL**

338 YONGE STREET, Corn. Gould Street. TORONTO.

TERMS: \$1.00 & \$1.50 per day.

Street Cars from Union Station pass every 3 minutes.  
R. DISETTE, Proprietor.  
Telephone 2279.

**GEO. W. COOLEY, IMPORTER OF WINES, LIQUORS, Etc.,**

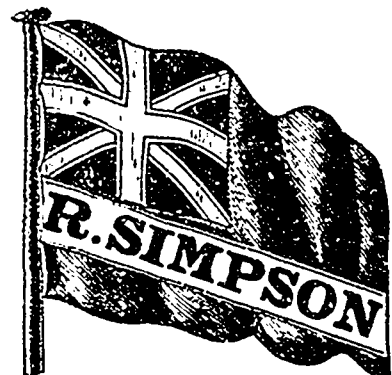
567 YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
Sole Agent for FLORIDA AND ORANGE WINES.  
Orders from the country will receive special attention.  
Telephone 3062. 13-3m

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

	Close	Due	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15	7.45	7.15 10.20
O. and Q. Railway	8.00	8.00	8.10 9.10
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40pm 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.15 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15 9.55
G. W. R.		a.m.	p.m.
		12.00	9.00 2.00
		2.00	7.80
		6.15 4.00	10.30 8.20
		10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00 9.00	5.45 4.00 10.30 11.00
U.S. West'n States	6.15	10.00 9.00	7.20 12.00 n.

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 p.m. The following are the dates of English mails for April, 1, 4, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 25, 27, 29.

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



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts

**Building Sale**

FAIR of face and whole in quality—that's the character of the stocks this store offers shoppers. "A yard wide" every time is the motto of the house. A fine thing to buy stocks of this class at Building Sale prices.

- Oxford Tan Shoes, children, 65c; misses, 75c; ladies, 90c.
- Fine line Men's Tan Shoes, \$1.25.
- Ladies' Am. Kid Button Boots, patent leather tips, \$1.
- Ladies' Felt Handbag, self-closing, many colors, 25c.
- Men's Balbriggan Underwear, 45c, regular 75c goods.
- Ladies' Cotton Hose, absolutely black, 2 pairs 15c.
- Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests, 4 for 25c.
- English Linoleums, 300 square yard.

**LADIES' CAPES \$1.75 NEW COATS \$3**

These are of the new mantle stocks. We're sacrificing the price of every mantle in the house—Spring stocks just opened.

Children's Reefers, new, \$1.  
Ladies' Print Wrappers, 85c.  
Silk Striped Delaines, 25c, regular price 50c.  
44-in. Scotch and English Tweeds, 50c.  
42-in. Silot effects, 50, regular price 65c.  
Fancy Prints, English, 50; great value, 75c.

A visit to the millinery rooms is a delight to the ladies. Building Sale prices rule for new millinery.  
Order anything by letter.

**R. SIMPSON,**

S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen St. TORONTO.  
Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West

TELEPHONE 1406.  
**M. McCABE, UNDERTAKER.**  
EMBALMING A SPECIALTY.  
845 Queen St. West, Toronto, Ont.