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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 17.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

In the Local House the question of Toronto's representation was brought by Mr. E. F. Clarke moving: "That in the opinion of this House the provisions of the Revised Statutes respecting the representation of the Legislative Assembly as to the representation of the electoral district of Toronto are inadequate and unjust, and no reason exists for maintaining the anomalous, exceptional and unfair method of electing representatives for the said electoral district which was established by the said Act."

This resolution had reference to the principle of minority representation, which, since 1845, had been applied to Toronto alone. Mr. Clarke thought that sufficient time had elapsed since the measure had become law to test its fairness. If it had worked fairly in Toronto it was reasonable that it should be applied to other constituencies; if it had not worked satisfactorily it was time that it should be removed. At the general election in 1890 there were 16,850 votes polled in the city, of which the Government candidate (the minority representative) there had been 5,857 votes cast, and for the two Conservative members 11,000 votes. In thirty seats held by the Government the average population is 18,900, while in 19 held by the Conservatives is 19,125. In 22 other Government seats the average is 25,218, and in 14 held by the Conservatives 22,125. The average in the cities of Hamilton, Ottawa, London and Kingston is 31,517, while in Toronto it is 58,138. The member for Toronto claimed not only the repeal of the Act, but also adequate representation.

Mr. Davis, member for North York, rising to move an amendment, stated that the principle of minority representation both in England and in Canada was experimental, and he claimed that the Government had acted wisely in selecting Toronto wherein to try the working of such a measure.

Sir Oliver Mowat observed that when the Act of 1885 was introduced it was stated to be a trial. It had been found to involve a great deal of labor, as the candidate and his friends had a much larger area to cover. The Government, "while not proposing any other change in the distribution of seats, would introduce a change."

A numerically strong deputation waited upon the Government last week urging the passing of Mr. Marter's Bill, which is intended to forbid the retailing of liquor. Temperance men and women had met to the number of 300 in the afternoon to discuss the question of entire prohibition. Strong resolutions were passed endors-

ing the proposed Act, and "holding the Government responsible for the continuance of the liquor traffic within its jurisdiction. To the delegates who interviewed the Ministry upon the subject, Sir Oliver Mowat was not very satisfactory. While regretting the evil which drinking habit produces, a prohibition law was so difficult of enforcement that it was inoperative. Again, the question of power to pass some of the temperance is a disputed one—local option, the McCarthy Act, and now the very Act which was proposed by Mr. Marter. This Bill is intended to prohibit the sale by retail; but the Privy Council has repeatedly held that there is no distinction between retailing and wholesaling. "What, then, is the use of stopping retailing? I say, therefore, if it comes to be decided—I don't speak for others in this matter, I don't speak for my colleagues, but for my own personal sympathy in regard to it—so that there could be no further question about it in our courts, that we had the power to pass a prohibitory law, I am prepared to go for it. But whatever the consequences may be, I believe it to be my duty not to adopt such a measure until its constitutionality can be attained."

The following extract is taken from the Holy Father's reply to the students of the College of the Oblates of St. Francis de Sales, and is well worthy of being made a universal text for students in all Catholic Colleges: "Continue," said the Pope, "to be penetrated with the teachings of this great amiable doctor, and may you, by his intercession and example, make every day new progress in the practice of Christian virtues. Be animated especially by that spirit of love and charity which shone with such lively brilliancy in St. Francis of Sales. Love God and your neighbor, and learn to devote yourselves later on to all the great and noble causes upon which the general welfare of society depends."

The despatches of Saturday last brought the glad tidings that the Liberals had marched in solid line through the trench of the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. The vote stood 847 to 304. Mr. Gladstone proposes that the 4th of May be named for the Committee stage.

The last guns were fired by Mr. Gladstone who closed the debate. The principal weapons of the Opposition, he said, were bold assertion, persistent exaggeration, constant misconstruction, and copious arbitrary and baseless prophecies. True there were conflicting financial arrangements to be dealt with, but among the difficulties nothing existed which ought to abash or terrify men desirous to accomplish a great object. For the first time in

90 years the bill would secure the supremacy of Parliament as founded upon right as well as backed by power. The Irish leaders before the whole House had accepted the bill in good faith. The Opposition had evaded steadfastly the real question of the second reading. How must Ireland be governed if this bill be rejected? Lord Salisbury had asked for 20 years of coercion, but as the policy of converting Ireland to Protestantism inaugurated under Queen Elizabeth had failed down to the present time, what ground was there for hope that in only 20 years more it would succeed? The late Government had started with a majority of 120. Neither the children nor the grandchildren of this generation would see such a majority again. Yet the whole fabric of their policy had failed, and what guarantee was there it would not fail again? The present bill sought to close a controversy that had lasted for centuries. His closing words were "You cannot be surprised that we have undertaken the solution of this great question, and, as on the one hand it is not the least of the arduous efforts of the Liberal party, so on the other hand it will have its place in history, ay, and not remote but early history, as not the least durable, fruitful, and blessed among its accomplished acts."

Belgium, though a small Kingdom, is a hive of industry and the home of a thrifty, simple people. For many years, however, it has also been the central scene of some of the great social contests which are harrassing all Europe, as in the early part of this century it was the battle field upon which Bonapartism was overthrown. In the last elections Christian education gained the day, but this only roused the Free Masons to all the greater exertions. News arrived last week that the industrial revolution, gaining strength all the time, had demanded Universal Suffrage from the Chamber of Deputies. At Antwerp and Mons, the centre of the mining District, the mobs were especially violent, the latter town being the scene of several dynamite outrages. The Civic Guard, on being called out, and being defied, fired upon the crowd, killing four. A second fight thereupon took place, in which fourteen of the soldiers were wounded.

When the Chamber of Deputies met the vote for universal suffrage was carried by 119 against 12—14 of the representatives abstaining from the vote. In view of this decision the labor leaders resolved to advise the abandonment of the strike, which at one time threatened the kingdom with the evils of a miniature but no less violent French revolution.

Referring to a visit paid the Holy Father by the Emperor and Empress

of Germany, a despatch from Rome of the 28th instant says. Their majesties alighted in the court of San Damaso. The imperial couple were received in the Clementine hall by Mgr. Sambeth, prefect of the ceremonies, Mgr. Azovedo, grand chamberlain, and other members of the Papal court. The Emperor was in Hussar uniform, and during the short pause in the first hall the Swiss guards paid him military honors. At the door of the fellow chamber their majesties were met by the Pope, who conversed with both for fifteen minutes. The Empress then left. The Pope summoned the major domo, who accompanied her majesty to the galleries, and presented her to Commander Friconti and the museum officials. Under their guidance she proceeded to the ducal hall, the sixtine chapel, and the other rooms in which the art treasures of the Vatican are shown. Meantime the Emperor remained in conversation with the Pope, while Frieherr Marschall von Breberstein was in attendance in the ante-chamber. The interview lasted 68 minutes after the departure of the Empress. The Pope was more affable than usual, while the Emperor, though amiable, seemed to be somewhat preoccupied and nervous. At the end of the interview the Emperor's suite was presented to the Pope. Upon leaving, the Emperor was accompanied by the Pope, contrary to the etiquette of the Vatican, through the ante-chamber to the throne room. As they parted the Emperor made a movement as if to kiss the Pope's hand. The Pope quickly withdrew his hand, then grasped the Emperor's and shook it cordially three times.

An incident of the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule bill is thus noticed in the despatches. No body has ever devoted more facile malignity to the task of enraging and affronting his opponent than Chamberlain, whose later speeches, indeed, have been almost savage in their revelation of personal bitterness against his former leader. Last night Gladstone went quite out of his way to speak kindly of the maiden speech of Chamberlain's son, which, he remarked in deep, full tones, with a gracious bow, was one that must have been dear and refreshing to the father's heart. Chamberlain at the first mention of his son lifted his head and turned his surly, cynical gaze upon the speaker. When these courteous, flattering words came he stared for an instant in blank surprise, then flushed made a low obeisance and covered his face with his hands for fully five minutes. Those near said there were palpable tears in his eyes. Everybody talked about it afterwards as one of the most touching and notable instances in the memory of parliament.

ORANGE HISTORY.

A Recent Parallel to the Present Orange Bluster.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., contributes the following to the *London Speaker*:

It is useful to recall the warlike gasconade of the Orange parsons while the Irish Church was in process of being disestablished; but it surprises me that nobody has yet thought of a much more recent and more striking instance of the Antient Pistol-like ferocity with which the Ulster Orangemen bid defiance to even the most moderate reforms, and the docility with which they afterwards accept them. I allude to the Orange uprising of the winter of 1883, with the openly-avowed programme of preventing—by bloodshed if necessary—the Nationalists from holding a meeting within the province of Ulster. We held only three Ulster constituencies under the narrow franchise that then prevailed. The prospect of the household suffrage bill of 1884 opened up a chance of giving the Ulster Nationalists a representation proportioned to their numbers. During the winter of 1882 a series of meetings was organized with a view of arousing the Nationalists of the North to the constitutional strength the approaching reform of the franchise must give them. Thereupon the Orangemen of "the imperial province" uprose with far more ferocity than they had displayed in the present crisis, and declared that this must not be—that the Ulster borders were a royal preserve, within which no Nationalist member of Parliament must set his foot on pain of death—and that if the executive did not suppress the Nationalist meetings, the "sons of William" would do it themselves with their revolvers and in warlike array.

To make the comparison with the present emergency the closer, the leader of the Tory party of the day (Sir Stafford Northcote), like the leader of the Tory party of to-day made an expedition to Belfast to harangue excited multitudes in Orange scarves, and to implore them not to nail the Nationalists' ears to the pump. The position taken up by the "Loyalists" was one of outrageous arrogance and illegality. It amounted to a crude and brutal claim that the province was theirs; and that the Nationalist member of Parliament, no matter how constitutionally warranted, who dared to pollute its soil with a Nationalist public meeting, would be sent home in a condition that would "make work for the coroner." "We have made up our minds," Lord Claud Hamilton, M. P., coolly declared at Derry (Dec. 18, 1883), "that, if the government fail to prevent Mr. Parnell & Co. making inroads into Ulster. . . if they do not prevent those hordes of ruffians from invading us, we will take the law into our own hands, and we ourselves will." The constitution gave "those hordes of ruffians" a majority at the polls in Derry a few months afterward, and Lord Claud Hamilton took the law into his own hands in no more distressful shape than by retiring from public life from that day to this.

But the war upon the Nationalist meetings proceeded. We, who had to attend them, were on each occasion threatened with the loss of our lives, and large assemblies of revolver men, hired by the day, were collected to make good the threats. In vain the lord-lieutenant of the day (Earl Spencer) mildly represented that the Nationalist meetings were legal. "Military and police," Lord Emswiler indignantly declared in an address of the Grand Orange lodge to the Loyalists of the British empire, "were marched from all parts to watch over a Parnellite parade, and save those who invaded Ulster with hearts of rebels from the fate that rebels may expect when brought face

to face with indignant Loyalists." Colonel (he was then major) Sanderson consoled himself for the disgraceful fact that the Nationalists had received police protection by smacking his lips over the reflection that "had it not been for the protection thus afforded I venture to say that their return across the borders of Ulster would have been very different from their entry."

The Loyalists' ingenious way of keeping the peace on those occasions was to summon an Orange counter demonstration for the same day and the same spot for which a Nationalist meeting was arranged; then to issue blood thirsty proclamations, hire special trains, and collect their dependents and the rowdies of the province on the spot with revolvers. "Orangemen, let the rebels of the murderous Land League hear the roll of your drums to the 'Protestant Boys' . . . and compel the rebel conspirators to return to their haunts in the South and West under a guard of military and police." "Think of those who lie in their bloody shrouds at Smithfield, Aughrim and the Boyne. . . Your resolution to hold a counter meeting at Rosslea has been printed in the *London Times*, and is gone all over the world. The eyes of the world are upon you. To fail will be disgrace and everlasting shame." As in Derry of yore, the call of duty has to be obeyed, and the ramparts have to be manned in self-defence on whatever day the enemy shows. "Bring your sweethearts (revolvers) and plenty of stuff." "Monaghan is ready, with lots of material wanted."

These were the common-places of the proclamations in which the loyalists were exhorted to put down with revolver shots the right of public meeting in their sacred province. The lord-lieutenant was driven to proclaim the murderous counter-demonstrations; but Orange insolence grew only the more loud and menacing. Their courage, their principal organ, the *Daily Express* declared, was not to be put down by "the whiff and wind of a viceregal letter." The viceregal proclamation notwithstanding, "the fidelity of the Derry apprentices were not to be shaken by any exercise of arbitrary authority" and those excellent persons fired three revolver shots at the lord mayor of Dublin, who was guilty of the inconceivable crime of proposing to deliver a lecture on the franchise in their city. "Must we wait until blood has been shed and civil war has broken out before an end is made to meetings which stir the blood of Ulstermen?" Lord Rossmore wrote to the *Times* October, 1883. That worthy nobleman headed a body of men armed with revolvers, who proposed to break through the police, to "carry the rebel meeting at a run in spite of the presence of the military and police." He was dismissed from the commission of the peace for his misconduct, and the southern landlords and grand jurors whom Lord Spencer's administration had saved from destruction, proceeded to express their gratitude by denouncing him for his rebuke to Lord Rossmore, and, in published round robins, adopting and applauding that ridiculous young nobleman's rowdism.

Lord Salisbury is a much more successful inflammatory orator than the late Sir Stafford Northcote. It is highly likely that Nationalists of a more robust constitution than an infirm old man will receive evidence of his lordship's efficiency as a rabble rouser. There are always crackbrained young Giffens at hand to translate the flouts and gibes of their noble patrons into paving stones. I am afraid it would be unsafe to calculate that the present better organized appeals to all that is most combustible and least intelligent in Orangedom will evaporate as harmlessly as the proclamations and counter demonstrations of poor Giffens,

comrades and paymasters in 1883-84. I have judged it useful, however, to refresh public memory as to this recent page of Ulster history, if it were only to remind simple Britons that precisely the same sort of speeches, vows and threats which are being bawled out from the Ulster lodges to day, in view of an Irish Parliament, were indulged in ten years ago in response to an enlargement of the franchise and the modest claim of Nationalists to hold a peaceful public meeting within the province of which they form more than half the population. The moral is that Ulsteria breaks out just as irrationally against the smallest reforms as against the greatest, and that the revolt against the Nationalist right of public meeting, the moment it becomes evident that the British elector has made up his mind that the Orangemen's fears are whimsical, and their menaces of civil war—fudge!

Employers and Employees.

"The workman is not a force that one can use or disuse according to the immediate necessities of one's business. He is a brother to Jesus Christ entrusted by God to a patron who remains obliged to place him the conditions adapted to facilitate his eternal salvation."

Golden words, and worthy of being inscribed upon the walls of every workshop and in the heart of every employer of human labor. The workman is not a force; he is not a human machine, the intensity of whose muscles is to be calculated to a nicety and whose powers of endurance are to be measured to a fraction. Yet this is precisely what has been and what is being done to-day by the managers of many of our large manufactories and railroads and other industries. Employment by the year, by the month and the week has given place to that by the day, by the hour, by the piece; and the rates are scaled not according to the work accomplished in a given time by a workman of average speed, but by that of one who is skilled and rapid. To that degree of speed the machinery is set, and to its untiring motion the tiring muscles of the workman must keep time.

In the days of slavery it was an open question, among some slaveholders, whether it were better economy to exhaust the lives of their slaves by hard labor, and then replenish their slave-plant with new and vigorous stock; or more profitable to prolong the strength and duration of the lives of their slaves by increasing their number and lightening their labor. The discussion itself sent a thrill of horror through the heart of Northern Christians.

In our day there is no discussion of this question with regard to operatives. Employers, in this respect far more unfeeling than the average slaveholder, wash their hands of all responsibility for the health and comfort of their employees. The only question that is uppermost in their minds is: "How shall I get the most work out of my hands for the least money?" They pay their men the wages due them, and then their responsibility is considered as ended.

Such was not the relation of employer and employee less than a century ago. When boys were indentured to their employers they each, apprentice and master, became bound by duty and by law to one another; the apprentice, in most cases, became a member of his employer's family, and was treated as such. He ate at the family table; sat, in church, in the family pew; when sick, was attended by the family physician. Nor did the employer think his duty ended with the termination of the apprenticeship. Most frequently the apprentice became his journeyman and labored for him until he entered into business for himself. Even in the so-called "dark ages" the labourer, serf or villain though he might be, stood in closer relations to his lord and master than does the workingman of our day to his employer, and the craftsmen's guilds

formed a bond of union of mutual advantage to both parties.

The truth is that, with the violent rejection of the old formative principles of social life and conduct for the new and less rigid principles introduced by the so-called "Reformation," a tendency towards individualism was introduced which was and has continued to be fruitful in producing selfishness and inhumanity among capitalists, and poverty and suffering among the poor and laboring classes. As the fruit of the "Reformation" in Germany came the Peasants' War, in France the Reign of Terror, and in England the dissolution of the monasteries, the erection of poor-houses, and the forcible colonization or enslavement of the poor. Previous to the "Reformation" the Catholic Church taught the rich that they were, by reason of their riches, the stewards of God's bounty to the poor, and inculcated the duty of almsgiving; and he was a sorry lot, indeed, that had no almoner among its retainers. The Church, true to her mission, taught and enforced her teaching, as effectually as she could, that the laborer was not a mere human force that could be used or cast aside at the caprice of the employer, but that he was his dear brother in Christ, united to him by a tie strong as blood, and entitled to his care and protection, his respect and his love.—*Catholic Standard*.

The Obedient Boy.

I read a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It is not over your ankles, and I have been in after her every time."

"I dare not," said Jim. "I will carry her all the way home for you but I cannot go in there, she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come home to sail boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I am not afraid, you know I am not, only she did not want me to, and I can not do it."

Was not that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother, even after she was dead?

Literary Note.

Katherine Conway, one of the noblest workers in the Catholic journalistic field, (her "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" was a phenomenal success last year) will issue through *Cupples* of Boston, a book for the coming Easter Season, entitled, "A Dream of Lilies." Miss Conway has the happy faculty of hitting the taste of the public. She is fast becoming a universal favorite, and like Miss Procter, is as much liked by the better class of Protestant readers as she is revered by the entire Catholic world. The announcement of this new book has already brought to her publisher heavy advanced orders, compelling him to go to press with a second edition of it before a copy of the first is on the counters of the booksellers.

There are Sarsaparillas and Sarsaparillas; but if you are not careful in your purchase, the disease you wish to cure will only be intensified. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other. It is compounded from the Honduras root and other highly concentrated alteratives.

EXCELLENT REASONS exist why DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or lungs, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly.

THE CLARENDON PRESS.

The University Press, at Oxford, is the most remarkable printing establishment in the world, as well as one of the oldest. It is what you might call self-contained, and if everything else pertaining to printing were blotted off the face of the earth tomorrow, the University Press would go right ahead as if nothing had happened. It makes its own type, its own ink, burns its own charcoal for making the ink, makes its own paper, and so on. The workmen in the Press are as interesting as the establishment itself. In many instances son has succeeded father down the centuries in its employ, as naturally as if the son was his lordship and the father an earl, and the position an entailed estate. Some years ago a curious thing happened. This ancient, venerable, moss-grown institution, with its antiquated machinery, and ancient, slow way of doing things, found at its head a man who was an American in everything except the fact that he was an Englishman. Mr. Horace Hart became the Controller of the Press. There was a shaking of dry bones and a shaking of gray beards. To the older hands it was quite evident from the way the man from London set to work that the heavens might be expected down at any moment. Such a thing as energy had never before been known in the place. Telephones were put in all over the vast establishment, and still the heavens did not fall. Worse, typewriters were introduced into a place that for hundreds of years had never sent out a letter that was not laboriously written with a quill pen. Machinery from America—slippant machinery with a twang—was bought and set at work; stolid machinery from Germany was bought, and, to the astonishment of the older heads, the sky had not yet fallen. When Mr. Gladstone delivered his recent lecture at the University he was invited to visit the Clarendon Press, and Mr. Hart conducted him over the place. There is one machine which the controller has introduced, of which he is particularly proud. He says this machine will do anything but talk, and he is sure that, if a person knew the language, the machine would hold its own in a conversation. Mr. Gladstone was much interested in watching its quick and accurate movements, and could hardly be led away from it.

"It is an American invention," said the controller.
 "Ah," said the Premier, drawing a deep breath, "they are a wonderful people these Americans."

GLADSTONE WANTS TO KNOW.

If you look at an Oxford Bible, one of the thin, expensive kind—it may interest you to examine closely the paper on which it is printed. You will find it very light, exceedingly thin, and yet entirely opaque. If you had a large sheet of it, you could crumble it up, roll it in a ball between your hands, and then smooth it out again like a piece of silk. There is no other paper like it in the world. Many a paper maker has tried to duplicate it, but up to the present no one has succeeded. It is not patented, for Oxford would not trust the secret to any patent office in the world. Two men in Oxford know how it is made. One the Controller of the Press and the other the man who makes the paper. If you think they will tell you how it is done, ask them. You may learn many things at Oxford, but one of the things you won't learn is how that paper is made.

Mr. Hart was taking a celebrated American publisher over the place one day and the American examined the paper with the eye and touch of an expert.

"By the way, Mr. Hart," he said in an off hand manner, "how do you make this paper?"

Mr. Hart gazed at him a moment, wondering whether he was as innocent as he looked. Then he said quietly, "I could get half a million dollars for answering that question."

Yet it is a question which is asked by nearly everybody who visits the University Press.

When the different merits of the paper were explained to Mr. Gladstone, and experiments made to show its capabilities, he looked at the sheet with great interest. He examined it carefully and then turning to the controller, said innocently: "Marvellous paper, isn't it? How is it made?"

Now, when the Premier of England visits your place, and is interested in the processes, it is rather hard lines to refuse to answer a simple little question like that. Mr. Hart replied: "The University Press is like the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone. It has its secrets."

The old gentleman laughed and did not offer to exchange the secret of the home rule bill for the secret of the paper.

HOW THE BILL WAS PRINTED.

The most valuable document in London at the time of writing is undoubtedly the new home rule bill. There are many men who would give many thousands for even a hurried reading of it. If I had had time this winter I would have printed a bogus home rule bill, sealed it up in a government envelope and dropped it carelessly on the Strand, just as a joke on London. It would have caused a sensation, whoever picked it up. About twelve years ago I had a document to print, the contents of which I wished to keep as secret as possible. There was nothing criminal about it; it was merely an announcement that the *Free Press* was to be issued in London; the first American paper to be published in London, and now the only one that remains. I was anxious that the announcement should not be made prematurely, so when I gave the copy to Mr. Horace Hart, then manager of the largest printing establishment in London—the firm that did Dickens' printing—I said to him:

"I wish you would tell the man who sets this up that it is a secret for the present. I don't want it to get out."

"We print many things not intended for the public. Shall I do it my way or your way?"

"Do it your way, of course. You have the experience."

"Very well," said the manager, as he pressed the electric button. When the man came in he tossed the copy carelessly to him, and said: "Have that set up, please."

When the man had disappeared the manager said: "That's the way to get a thing done secretly in a large establishment like this. If I had said to that man: 'Be careful; this is a secret,' he would have read it the moment he got outside, and he would have warned the next man to be careful. So it would go. It would be almost certain to come into the hands of some man who, full of the secret, would tell some one outside. As it is now, no one would pay the slightest attention to it."

It was rumored that one man in a locked up room, carefully guarded, had set up the entire home bill. This story was published in the London papers. The truth is that forty men set up the bill, and not one of them suspected what it was. The copy (type written) was given out in the ordinary course of business, but was cut up in exceedingly small "takes," the foreman taking the precaution to divide the takes in the middle of sentences, so that no man could make head or tail of the piece given him, if he had any suspicion of what he was working at. The type was locked up in the safe every night. The foreman

himself pulled the proof that went into the hands of Mr. Gladstone. No other proof was taken for some weeks. The corrections and additions were also done on a typewriter, and added to the bill in the same apparently careless manner. Several proofs were subsequently taken, but none got into the hands of a newspaper man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ever-Blooming Roses.

Every lover of flowers likes to have something dainty and choice to give a friend, now and then, to place among his or her floral treasures. Such persons ought, by all means, to have a bed of ever-blooming roses, in which general title are included the Tea, Bourbon, Noisette, and Chinese sections of this most popular of all flowers. For richness of color, delicacy of form, fragrance, and general beauty, nothing exceeds a fine rose. The list of desirable roses for summer blooming is so extensive that it would be impossible to name them all in the limits of this article, but a few of the best are: Meteor, dark scarlet; Sunset, apricot and fawn; *Pete des Jardins*, clear yellow; Niphotos, white—used almost wholly for its buds; Hermosa, pink; *La France*, silvery rose, and Cornelia Cook, cream-white. These will give fine colors, and perfect flowers and buds, with the perfection of fragrance, and they are all free and constant bloomers if given proper culture.

In order to secure flowers in quantity throughout the season, the soil must be made very rich, to begin with. Spade up well, and work in a liberal quantity of old, thoroughly rotted cow manure. Spade up your bed about May 1st, but do not plant your roses before the middle of the month. Nothing is gained at the North by very early planting. Set the plants about a foot and a half apart. Take particular care to make the soil firm about the roots when the plants are put out. Many fail with roses because they plant them loosely. Cut the plants back to within six inches or less of the roots, if you happen to get large plants. Most of those sent out will be less than six inches high, and will need no cutting back.

Growth will soon begin. Each new shoot will be likely to bear flowers. As soon as these have developed, and faded, cut back the shoot bearing them to within a few inches of the roots, or main branch. If the soil is rich new growth will be encouraged promptly, and as the plants, by this time will have become pretty well established, several new shoots will be likely to start. These will bear flowers, and should be cut back, like the first one, after blooming. In having a rich soil, which encourages constant growth, and in persistent cutting back, lies the secret of success in growing ever-blooming roses. By giving them proper care and attention, flowers can be had until the coming of cold weather. If you have a bed of these beautiful flowers this season, you will never willingly be without them again. For cutting for table use, for the button-hole, and the corsage, they are more desirable than any other flowers. They are grown in such enormous quantities by dealers that a good collection can be had for a small amount of money.

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, Hamonton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hamonton Missions.

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DEAR SIRS—I have used your Haggard's Yellow Oil for sprains, bruises, scalds, burns, rheumatism and croup, and find it an unequalled remedy. My neighbors also speak highly of it.

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at once and waste no time in discovering like thousands of others that you have now

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ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, TONIC and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the blood, curing all diseases coming from Poor and Watery Blood, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the Blood, and also invigorate and BUILD up the Blood and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring Lost Vigor and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or falling, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

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YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

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For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing
THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO.
 Brockton, Ont.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN'S RECEPTION.

From the London Weekly Register.

At the reception tendered Cardinal Vaughan on his return from Rome his Eminence made the following eloquent reply:

Right Reverend Provost, Reverend Fathers, my Lord Duke, my Lord Mayor, and faithful children—I receive the address which has just been read with deep feelings of pleasure and gratitude. After absence it is a natural pleasure to return to one's home, however humble the home may be, and to find oneself again in the midst of one's own people, be they who they may. But the pleasure is more than doubled when the return is met by so kind, so affectionate, and generous a welcome as that which you have accorded to me to day. It breaks out spontaneously into a fountain of gratitude such as I feel to be now welling up in my own heart and flowing towards each one of you. Your presence here and your address have more than a personal significance. You congratulate me because it has pleased the Holy Father, in spite of my unworthiness, to raise me to a place in the sacred Senate of the Church, to make me an elector to the most ancient and the most venerable throne on earth, thereby conferring on me a princely title which is honoured not only in the sanctuary of the Church, but also in the Courts of Europe and by the whole of Christendom. This Cardinalial dignity and rank, which is neither inherited by birth nor earned even by the sanctity of the most conspicuous virtue, represents a religious sentiment of the Christian world, and is, in effect, a grateful homage paid by Christendom to the good offices of religion. This is a homage paid not to the individual, not to birth, wealth, or knowledge, but, in general, to religion. It registers the noble fact that Christian society glories in remembering its origin, and is still proud to call itself Christian. As to the individual who bears the honour, what is he? Simply one who, for a little span, plays the part assigned to him by his Maker upon the stage of his life. He has no right to glory in himself. He has neither made himself, nor placed himself where he is found to day. See the men upon a chessboard. He is as one of them. Are they not all made out of the same material, fashioned by the same skilful hand? And if they differ from one another—one playing the part of king, another that of bishop, knight, or pawn—the difference is but superficial, and only for a little while. For when the game is over, are they not all unceremoniously swept off the board by one arm into the same box, without further distinction or place of honour? Our worth and merit before God, which are the only lasting titles to honour, depend, not on any secular or ecclesiastical distinctions, but just upon the measure of the love and service which each one has borne to God and to his neighbour. Your address speaks with satisfaction of an attempt to unite clergy and laity in common counsel and common action. If I may expand this sentiment, I would say that a general and generous co-operation among the Catholics of England is of vital importance, if we are to discharge the mission which God has entrusted to us. It is to be remembered that not only has each individual an individual work assigned to him while on earth; he has also a corporate work to accomplish, forming as he does an integral part of a Divine corporation or Church, and being a distinct member of the Mystical Body of Christ. This implies diversity united in harmony and subordination, a common spirit, aim, and action. We have a double work to perform—one within, the other without the Church. First, within. We must build up the education of our own youth of all

classes alike, upon a Christian basis and on Christian lines, in a Christian atmosphere, from the foundation to the summit. Christian principles and practice are to be woven like gold and silver threads into the texture of the cloth during the whole process of formation if due regard is to be had to worth and durability. Of this fundamental principle every Catholic should be the guardian. Every one of us ought to feel a personal responsibility for the maintenance of a public elementary system of Christian education. The sooner we make the world understand that the Catholic education of the Catholic people is not the mere shibboleth of a caste, not a mere tradition of the priesthood and a work carried on in the interests of the clergy, the better will it be for all parties. Catholic education is the inalienable right of a Catholic people. Their morality, their virtue, their worth as citizens, their happiness here and hereafter depend upon it. A common mind and aim, a common generosity, and a common participation in school management ought to become more and more real and apparent. This training of the laity with the clergy in a businesslike defence of Catholic interests will attach our people more closely to the Church, and will in time multiply our strength as a Catholic body in a way that nothing else could do. Mutual trust and confidence is an indestructible glue. If the Catholics of England are to influence the mind and current of English thought, it is absolutely essential that their education be carried to a higher point than is commonly aimed at. We are, I fear, in this respect, in a low and unsatisfactory condition, and, what is worse, we are for the most part blind to the fact. Unless a Catholic has gone through a thorough course of logic and of mental and moral Christian philosophy, he is as a man without weapons and armour in the intellectual conflict that rages around him. The whole literature and science of the day, the intellectual activities, and even the common conversation of the leaders of modern thought demand of Catholics a thorough education in assertion of Catholic philosophy. Failing such training and mental equipment, Catholics must either cast their souls into the vortex formed by the conflict and conjunction of innumerable rationalistic currents and perish, or they must be content to bear a stamp of intellectual inferiority. Nothing can take the place of the mental discipline I allude to—neither literature, nor cultured tastes, nor social intercourse, nor the glamour of contact with national universities. When I speak of the necessity of a course of Catholic philosophy, do not suppose that it is of the clergy I am speaking. I am now thinking of the laity. The Catholic laity ought to be as salt to society and as light shining in dark places. They ought to be more than a match for the false theories and destructive criticism which are current in the society they mix with. To say that learning, philosophy, and wisdom are to be confined to the clergy is to assign to the laity a position which is positively humbling. It is a theory which must at all times be disastrous to Christian society. Those, therefore, among the Catholic laity who are not bound by the imperious necessity of hunger and of an early call to business, to cut short their education, ought, above all things, to secure a good course of philosophy. If we have been personally neglectful of this in the past, if we recognize our own shortcomings, if we in any way appreciate the alarming growth of popular and scientific rationalism and free thought, if we believe in the advantage of having a highly-educated Catholic laity, we can at least unite together to favor and promote the enlightened views of Leo XIII. for the benefit of the rising generation, by seriously urging the study of mental and moral philosophy.

We can insist on a course of Catholic philosophy being taught to the laity, not in one of our colleges only, but in several of them, and on its forming an essential part of the curriculum of a truly liberal Catholic education. But for this parents must make up their minds to extend the education of their sons by one or two years in a Catholic atmosphere and under Catholic influences. We have yet another work to attend to within that will require the union of all our forces and the most generous co-operation. I refer to work for the weak and suffering members of our own body. "If any man have not care of his own, and especially of those of his own house, he hath denied the Faith and is worse than an infidel." These weak and suffering members are, alas! an unnumbered multitude. The country, and especially great towns, are strewn with the wreckage of Catholic families—families wrecked through mixed marriages, by ignorance, by the contagion of evil example, by thriftlessness and neglect, but especially by drink, by grinding poverty, and the detestable *laissez faire* system of political economy which triumphed for a century and more over the dictates of Christianity. To be engaged in saving the souls and bodies of little children, saving them from inhuman parents and from the jaws of evil, is anxiety, care, and cost, a more arduous work than the exhausting labours of men perpetually engaged in the work of salvage along a coast that is perpetually strewn with wrecks. I hope I may be mistaken, but every inquiry seems to point out that, in addition to the splendid works of charity accomplished by my most noble-minded and beloved predecessor, we shall have thrown upon our hands a gigantic work of human salvage. If not urged on by love, and pricked forward by conscience, we shall be shamed and forced into action by the public opinion of the country; for all honour to the English people, they are on all sides coming forward with noble generosity to redeem the past—private effort is more and more supplementing the action of the Legislature in protecting, training, and saving the neglected children of our huge population. In the ages of Faith, the pitiable sufferings of the defenceless and the weak gave birth among their stronger brethren to Orders of Chivalry, to Brothers of Ransom and of Mercy to Knights of Malta and of St. John of Jerusalem. They lived to defend the Faith, to protect women and children; they gave their time, their wealth, their lives to the service of the weak. They united, clerk and layman, in a holy defence of the helpless, and ransomed, with the price of their own persons, the bodies and souls that had been carried into a dreadful slavery. We have need of the same generous spirit of faith and charity. And, doubtless, the same Faith, the same Church, the same God, will call forth some similar organisation, some adequate means of protection and rescue on behalf of the present sufferers. It will probably be laid on a broader and more popular basis than the chivalry of bygone ages, gathering up, organising, and utilising all that is generous and noble in the Catholic communities in behalf of all that is feeble and exposed to the imminent danger of temporal and eternal ruin. The social agency is visible and audible around us; a little more time may be needed, more prayer and grace, and then the organisation will spring into life, to sanctify the strong and the healthy, by saving the weak and the perishing. Now if all this come to pass, we shall all feel the need of that hearty co-operation to which you have so happily alluded in your address. Our other duty is to those without—that is, to the great mass of English people. They are face to face with all the dangers belonging to the great social problem. The forces of evil and of disorder are busily at work, certainly

abroad, and probably at home. The genesis of this is plain. For centuries the leisured and wealthy classes grew up selfish and neglectful of the wants of those below them, for centuries the Church was persecuted and pillaged in one country and asleep in another. Meanwhile, the working population increased and multiplied beyond measure, until it has now become the master of the whole situation, and can no longer be accounted as a *quantite negligible*. History has not been written in vain. The wealthier sections of English society realise that the destruction of the great Roman Empire was brought about by the unspeakable indifference, corruption, and selfishness of the dominant classes. They understand that the pride, the exclusiveness, the luxury of the rich and the wordliness and wealth of the clergy in France in the last century superinduced the outbreak of the Revolution, which has flooded Europe with false principles, and is yet far from having spent its destructive force. England, therefore, please God, will follow in the wake neither of ancient Rome nor of modern France. But she has yet much to learn, though there is probably no country in the world where the rich are more active in good works or more generous than in England, or where labour and self-sacrifice in the public service go more frequently hand in hand with honour and nobility. This is not all that is needed. To reform the condition of the masses something more is required than goodwill and princely generosity among the richer classes, the doubtful theories of the science of political economy, or the confiscation of the property of one class for the benefit of the other; something more than technical and Board school education, Temperance legislation, trade unionism, or whatever other remedy modern genius may invent. Even natural philanthropy added to the above is incompetent to deal effectually with the anti-Christian Socialism that has been imported from Germany and France. Christianity alone can exorcise and expel this devil. The guiding mind and master hand in the imperative task of social reformation which is before the English people must be that of Christ Himself. Here, then, is your work, your mission without, as Catholics. To exhibit to the English nation by word and example the true power and place of Christianity as the key, the only key, that will unlock the social problem. Two words seem to me to sum up the programme which is before us, *amare et servire*. *Amare et servire*, then, should be the programme of the rich man, of the capitalist. It will impel him to share with his neighbour not only his goods of fortune, but all other things by which he may benefit him, such as his superior knowledge, his experience, his influence, his personal care, and his powers of sympathy—and this not after the manner of a proud and condescending person, but with all the sympathy and the sincerity of brotherly love. *Amare et servire* should be the programme of the mechanic and the workman. If he love and serve God, he has already found a key to happiness. He may seek to better his worldly position in order to provide for his children; he may be drawn to exert his powers to reach some higher career; he may set himself vigorously to defend his rights and resolutely to withstand injustice and oppression; but he will never lose sight of the Divine law or suffer himself to be drawn into a departure from the Commandments. He will not be deluded by the false maxims and delusive promises of Socialism, because he will understand and accept the Divine decree that so long as sickness, suffering, and death exist among men so long must there be inequality, pain, and the straits of poverty and want. He will know how to bear with his lot in patience, because, loving and serving God, he

will believe without doubting in the promised compensation and happiness awaiting him in another world not made by hands. To Christianity alone it has been given to work out the salvation of mankind. To carry out effectively such a mission as I have described will, above all things, require a noble appreciation of the interests at stake, and that generous co-operation among ourselves which you have spoken of in your address. I thank you, one and all, for the evidence of devotion to the Church which is manifested by your address, and for the impulse and strength which your words and your presence are calculated to give to my weakness. (Applause.)—*London Weekly Register.*

Seasonable Advice.

The following extract from a speech delivered by the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee at Hamilton shortly after Confederation was produced last week by our esteemed co-temporary the *Catholic Record*. The lesson contained is as seasonable to-day as when the words first fell from the lips of the eloquent and patriotic statesman. Bigoted leaders like D'Alton McCarthy, if not too inflated with egotism; discord-sowing journals like the *Mail*, and unchristian preachers like Douglas and Carman should lay to heart the advice and warning of the speech. The Hon. Mr. McGee said:

"The minorities East and West have really nothing to fear beyond what always existed, local irritations produced by ill-disposed individuals. The strong arm and the long arm of the Confederate power will be extended over them all, and woe be to the wretch on whom that arm shall have to descend in anger for any violation to the Federal compact! (Loud cheers) Now, gentlemen, having the material edifice fairly underway, having the foundations dug out and the capital and means at hand to build, what do we want for the construction of a noble fabric where we and our posterity may enter in and inhabit? We want, of course, experience of the new duties of our new sphere, before we can fall into their habitual discharge; but we want immediately, and shall wait continually, to cultivate a broad, embracing public spirit, which will bear us up as individuals, and as a people, to great achievements. (Cheers) Localism, a very good feeling in itself, with proper limits, must be taught to know its proper place; sectionalism must be subordinate; above all, combative and aggressive sectarianism, especially when carried into the domain of politics, must by every good man be put under. I have always said, and I now again say, that I should be sorry to see any Christian man indifferent in the practice of what he professes to believe: such a man can hardly be honest—he certainly cannot be a true man. I wish, for my part, that every man had the zeal of Paul, if he only added to it the charity of John. (Cheers) But against polemical bitterness and vituperation, against spiritual calumny and sacred scandal let there be always in British America the strongly expressed reprobation of a sound and active public opinion. (applause.) There are—I grieve to say there are—newspapers for example, printed and encouraged amongst us, whose conductors seem to think that they do God service by picking up and reprinting every disgusting anecdote, true or false, at the expense of the clergy or the members of other Churches. (Hear, hear.) Against this habitual anti-Canadian, which poisons so many credulous minds—which estranges so many good neighbors—which inflames so much rancor—which freezes in its general source so much true Christian charity; against this great evil and great danger to our internal unity as a people, I beg to ask, gentleman, and you, too ladies (cheers), your hearty co-operation. There is a favorite saying handed down to us from a great character of antiquity, "that a great spirit begetteth a great fortune;" and surely the great good fortune of British America calls aloud for the cultivation of such spirit. I feel that we, too, have our manifest destiny as well as our neighbors—a subject I hope more fully to discuss with the good people of Hamilton on Saturday (cheers.) I feel that to some extent while we have greatness thrust upon us by the concurrence of events, or more reverently speaking by the disposition of Providence, it is but a preparatory and preliminary greatness which we shall assuredly be accountable for hereafter, should we abuse or misuse it. Conscious of that good fortune animated by the spirit it should bring with it, let us cease to be Newfoundlanders, Nova Scotians, New Brunswickers and Canadians. let us cherish a love of the Commonwealth, and prepare to extend to every fellow-subject of whatever section or sect or speech or creed, the dear name,

without reservation or qualification, the talismanic title, the beloved distinction of fellow-countrymen as well as fellow subjects!"

THE FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.

Church of the Sacred Heart.

On Sunday last the Devotion of the Forty Hours was carried out with all due solemnity in the Church of the Sacred Heart. Rev. Father Goudreau celebrated Mass, His Grace the Archbishop assisting, attended by Rev. Father McCann, V.G., and Rev. Father Marjion C.S.B. A double interest was given to the occasion by the Confirmation of 20 children, who had been all diligently instructed in their religion by the efforts of the zealous pastor, Rev. Father Lamarche. The sermon was preached by his Grace in French—a language with which he is thoroughly conversant—on the Sacraments of Confirmation and the Blessed Eucharist. The large congregation were much edified by the two ceremonies and the eloquent words of their chief pastor. The singing of the Gregorian chant at the Mass was perfect, the excellent choir of this church having paid special attention to this branch of church music, the Litany especially was beautifully and impressively sung. The numbers and piety of the congregation are the best proof of the earnest work of the zealous and popular pastor, Father Lamarche. Since he began his labors among the French-speaking people of the city his zeal and personal gifts have endeared him to all who know him, and have been the most important factors in placing the church in the prosperous position which it holds to-day. The numbers and devotion of his flock last Sunday and the preparation of the children for Confirmation are the best guarantee of the solidity and continuance of the work among the devout French Catholics in this city.

St. Paul's Catholic Literary Society.

St. Paul's Catholic Ladies' Literary Society gave their second annual entertainment in St. Paul's Hall, Power street, on the night of Monday, April 24th. The hall was well filled by a fashionable and appreciative audience. The young ladies acquitted themselves admirably, and fulfilled the highest expectations of their many friends. The entertainment was made up of a very amusing comedy entitled "Marriage a Lottery." Messrs. P. J. Novin, M. Mogan, J. Langford, and the Misses Thompson, Mallon and Langford, who took part in the comedy, displayed excellent talent and a thorough mastery of their parts. Miss Thompson and Mr. Mogan elicited special and oft repeated applause for their genuine acting. "A Peep at Japan" and the "Tableaux" fairly electrified the spectators with delight. Miss Eva O'Hagan was particularly admired for her singing and posing. The variegated colors and calcium lights made up a scene that was most pleasing and attractive. Rarely indeed have amateurs acquitted themselves so ably as St. Paul's Literary Society. The young ladies of the Association deserve praise for their excellent taste and cleverness. The entertainment of Monday night closes a season of excellent Catholic work on the part of the literary society.

Ordinations.

At St. Michael's Cathedral, on Tuesday morning, Rev. James C. Carberry of this city, and Rev. Michael J. McGuire of Peterborough, were ordained sub-deacons by his Grace Archbishop Walsh. An interesting feature of the ceremony was that they were ordained at the same altar at which his Grace said his first Mass, the chalice used being that which was used on that occasion. Both of the young men who were raised to this sacred office made thorough courses in classics and philosophy at St. Michael's College, and pursued their theological studies with great success for two years past at the Grand Seminary in Montreal. Their numerous friends in the dioceses of Toronto and Peterborough wish them all the graces necessary to the duties of their new state in life, and hope soon to see them at work in the vineyard of Christ with the full sacerdotal rank and power for which their talents, careful training and many estimable qualities have eminently fitted them.

It is only of late years that rheumatism has been treated as a blood disease. But that this is a correct theory is proved by the extraordinary success attending the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in this painful and very prevalent malady. It seldom fails of radical cure.

The Right Rev. Hugh Conway, D.D., Catholic Bishop of Kullala, died on Tuesday.

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.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Remains of Rev. Father Rudkins Laid at Rest.

From the Peterborough Examiner, April 23

The funeral of the late Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rev. Father Rudkins, to-day was an imposing religious function, and the immense gathering it brought together testified in eloquent terms to the high esteem in which he was held not only by the members of his flock, but by the public generally. At the hour of nine o'clock the Cathedral was crowded in every part, and it is said by the ushers that on no previous occasion had a larger number been assembled in the building. The church was deeply draped in mourning. Mingle! bands of black and white swathed the pillars of the gallery and the gallery rails. The sanctuary was similarly draped, while the high altar was most tastefully and fitly dressed in mourning, purple and white intermingled with black. The catafalque on which rested the casket, holding the remains of the dead priest, was placed just inside the sanctuary rail, at the head of the middle aisle. The casket was almost hidden in a mass of beautiful flowers in the form of crosses, wreaths, anchors, etc., the tributes of the clergy, societies, members of the congregation, individual friends, etc. Within the sanctuary were his Lordship Bishop O'Connor, enthroned, and Very Rev. Fathers Laurent and Brown, V.G., Lindsay and Dour, respectively, and the following clergy:

- From the Diocese of Toronto and representing St. Michael's College—Rev. Father Teefy, and Rev. Father John Collins, brother of Rev. Father Collins, of the Cathedral.
- From the Diocese of Hamilton—Rev. Father Coty.
- From the Diocese of Kingston—Rev. Father Davis, Madoc; Rev. Father Duffis, Perth; Rev. Fathers Carey and Neville, of the Cathedral, Kingston; Rev. Father Cicolari, Erinville.
- From the Diocese of Peterborough—Rev. Fathers Quirk, Hastings; Keilty, Dour; Murray, Cobourg; McCloskey, Brighton; Casey, Campbellford; Larkin, Grafton; Lynch, Port Hope; Bretherton, Victoria Road; Scanlan, Lindsay; Connolly, Downsville; McGuire, Bracebridge; T. B. O'Connell, Fenelon Falls; Sweeney, Burnley; McColl, Ennismore.

THE SERVICE.

The solemn and impressive service of Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. P. D. Laurent, V.G., assisted by Rev. Father Cicolari as deacon, and Rev. Father Coty, as sub-deacon, Rev. Father Casey, master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the service Rev. Father Teefy delivered

THE FUNERAL ORATION.

Although he was not aware of this duty assigned him till his arrival last evening, the eloquent preacher gave a beautifully, impressive and gracefully worded address. He spoke from the words found in the gospel, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The speaker said that it seemed to him on this sad occasion the only voice that should be heard was the voice of the Church. It seemed to him that all the pomp of the occasion, the assembled multitude, the presence of the Bishop and clergy, spoke more eloquently than he could in honor of the rector, whose lifeless form lay in their presence. He had hoped that he might be spared the sacrifice of his feeling in speaking of one who was a beloved pupil and a very dear friend. The speaker went on to say that death taught the lesson of both bitterness and consolation. It was appointed unto man once to die and after death the judgment. That was the bitterness of death, indeed. The thought of death was bitter, especially when we contemplated the death of a young priest, who had finished his course, and had a hopeful career of usefulness before him. It was also bitter that year after year he had felt his strength fail, and could not fulfil as he wished to, his sacerdotal duties, especially the exalted duties of the altar. In making these personal references to the rector, the speaker drew tears from the eyes of hundreds in the audience. Truly, the speaker continued, the thought of death was bitter, and though we might sorrow deeply for the loss of one who was loved for the simplicity and kindness of his character, who was baptized in that church, and had served the church with whole-hearted zeal, yet there was consolation found in that grand doctrine of the Church, the communion of the saints. The dead are only sleeping and are in inter-communication with those on earth. There was no sacrifice being offered even in the most distant parts, no prayer uttered, but shed the benign dew of blessing upon the hearts of the faithful. No matter how good the man that died, he was unworthy, from the stain of his sinful human nature, to stand before a pure God—he needed a purg ing fire and must pay the debt of sin to the uttermost farthing. Therefore the Church, knowing the sanctity of God and the needs of His children, stands ready to offer the merits of the great sacrifice and by prayer and good works the debt of the dead was paid. The blessed dead only slept and it was a consolation that we could reach out the hand of generous prayer in their behalf.

The people could, by their prayers and masses, apply the merits of the great sacrifice to the benefit of the soul of the departed. The speaker referred to the bitter loss sustained by the Bishop, the clergy and the people, in the loss of a faithful priest, a dear brother and a faithful pastor. His bright example of faith, his generous heart, kindly welcome and friendly advice were lost to his people, but there was the consolation that the diocese, his brother clergymen and his flock had gained a guardian angel, who had given to his people all that he had and only wanted more that he might give more, who, if, like his master, he had died poor, had done it for charity's sake, who always had a kindly word, and who in the midst of his sufferings had less thought for himself than for his flock. Was it not a consolation that he is now fairer and brighter than ever before in the presence of the great High Priest? The speaker knew Rev. Father Rudkins as a pupil and as a friend, and on behalf of St. Michael's College, offered their sympathy and their prayers that he might be a guardian angel to the Bishop, the clergy and the bereaved, and their prayers should ascend for their late pastor. It was another consolation that he died in the glad Easter-tide when the risen Jesus would take by the hand his faithful servant and welcome him to eternal rest, and that we could say in the words of the text, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

After the sermon His Lordship clothed in plain mitre and black cope performed the ceremony of the absolution. After the absolution the body was removed to the bier, the clergy preceding bearing lighted tapers. As the procession was moving out of the church Mrs. McIntyre sang with fine effect Handel's grand hymn "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." The pall bearers were: Rev. Father Murray, Keilty, Collins (Father John), McCloskey, Carey and Duffis.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.

- formed and moved to the cemetery in the following order, marshalled by Dr. Brennan:
 - Catholic Order of Foresters, 70 strong.
 - J. J. Lynch, C. R., J. O'Brien, Marshal.
 - Emerald Beneficial Association, 50 strong.
 - W. J. Devlin, President, J. Daly, Marshal.
 - C. M. B. A. Association, 40 strong.
 - W. J. Devlin, President, Geo. Ball, Marshal.
 - Catholic Association, 40 strong.
 - R. W. Muncester, Marshal.
 - Pupils of Mr. Lynch's Academy.
 - Lock Works Employees, 40 strong.
 - W. C. Mudge, Marshal.
 - Separate School Board, Dr. Brennan, Chairman.
 - St. Vincent de Paul Society, Alex. Vinette, Marshal.
 - Hearse.
 - Chief Mourners.
 - Bishop and Clergy in Carriages.
 - Sanctuary Boys, 25 strong.
 - Separate School Boys, 250 strong.
 - Citizens on Foot.
 - T. Carveth, Marshal.
 - Citizens in Carriages.
- While the procession was passing, a crowded mass of humanity surrounded the Cathedral, and there was an immense cortege following the remains to the Cemetery, testifying to their high esteem of the deceased rector, who had spent his life as boy, man and priest in Peterborough. At the cemetery his lordship, assisted by the clergy, chanted the solemn service for the burial of the dead.

A Fashionable Wedding.

Yesterday morning, at St. Basil's Church, Mr. L. V. McBrady, Barrister, of this city, was united in holy wedlock to Miss Camilla M. Small, daughter of Peter Small, Esq., of Toronto. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Father M. Brady, brother of the bridegroom. The bridesmaid was the sister of the bride, Miss Alma Small. The groom was assisted by Mr. W. H. Driscoll, of Rochester, N. Y. A pleasing circumstance was also the fact that a brother of the bride Mr. Ambrose Small, an ecclesiastic of the Diocese, served the Mass. Very Rev. Fathers Marjion, Harris, and Egan and Rev. Fathers Teefy and Brennan were present in the sanctuary. Father Murray presided at the organ and singing, in which the Sunday School class, taught by Miss Small, took the principal part.

Besides the clergymen already named Fathers O'Donohue and McCarthy were invited. These and the immediate friends of the families repaired to the house of the bride's father, where they partook of the bridal breakfast.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER joins the many friends of the newly married couple in wishing them all happiness, so well begun by the truly religious and edifying ceremony of yesterday morning.

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 HEALIP.

34 Huntley St., Toronto, Ont.

Accept no one for your companion in life who does not fear God, and who is not governed in every thing by the maxims of religion; otherwise he may cause you to lose your soul, whatever may be his natural goodness of heart.—*Fenelon.*

COUNT TAAFFE OF AUSTRIA.

Every member of the Imperial family at Vienna, as well as all the principal members of the official and social world of the Austrian capital, assembled at the residence of Count Taaffe, in order to congratulate him on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday. There are few more widely known or more popular figures in Emperor Francis Joseph's dominions than this odd-looking Irish Viscount, who for so many years has held the Premiership of the Austrian Empire. Imbued thoroughly with the Hapsburg notions of the Divine right of his Imperial master's rule, and with all those feudal ideas which have survived in the Dual Empire, he has nevertheless proved himself to be a most perfect master in the art of legislative warfare and in the difficult task of securing parliamentary majorities to endorse the policy which he knows to be that of the Emperor. In other countries where parliamentary forms of government exist it is the Prime Minister, as a rule, who is subservient to the parliamentary majority. In Austria, however, it is the Prime Minister who renders the legislative majority submissive to himself. Allying himself permanently with none, he avails himself of the services first of the one and then of the other, and when taxed with political inconsistency replies that the doctrines of both one and the other are indifferent to him, except in so far as they can be rendered serviceable in the furtherance of the aims of the Emperor, whose wishes he alone consults and endeavors to fulfill. A childhood playmate of Francis Joseph, who addresses him by the familiar pronoun "thou," the Count is one of the most peculiar-looking men in Vienna. His head is narrow and long, and he wears his back hair rather long, falling to the collar of his strangely cut old gray frock-coat. His odd-looking black silk hat is perched on the very back of his head; his features are aquiline, and would lead one to believe that he is rather of Italian or Spanish than Irish descent. He never, under any circumstances, allows himself to be flurried or worried about anything, not even in the most turbulent sessions of the Austrian Diet, maintaining throughout a high-bred and almost indolent repose and calm, lightened here and there by a trite remark or a cynical smile. Of course he proves a perfect gold mine to the Vienna caricaturists, who are never tired of portraying both him and his old coachman, who is almost as well known a Viennese character as the Count. This worthy Jehu, who abuses and orders around his illustrious master in the most amusing fashion, has been in his service for thirty years. He trims his hair in the same peculiar manner as the Count, wears the same kind of a tile perched on the very back of his head, and when not in livery is usually arrayed in one of the Count's old gray frock-coats. Indeed, the resemblance between master and man is so striking as to be positively ludicrous, and constitutes one of the stock jokes of the Viennese comic papers.

Another member of the Prime Minister's household who was scarcely less well known than his coachman was his dog "Moppi," the most famous poodle in the Empire, and certainly more popular than Prince Bismarck's Reichshund. "Moppi" was for many years the constant and inseparable companion of the Count, and was probably acquainted with more state secrets than any other dog in Europe. For he used to sit solemnly on a chair in a corner of the Prime Minister's room at the Palace, where the Cabinet councils were held and where audiences were received, with a look of truly statesmanlike sagacity on his clever and intelligent face. Unfortunately, "Moppi's" official decorum and unimpeachable conduct in official matters did not extend to his private life, which was characterized by numerous indiscretions and as soon as night set in "Moppi"

was wont to cast aside the cares of office and to become one of the gayest dogs in Vienna. It was during one of these midnight excursions that he was so mauled and torn by rival Don Juans of the canine race that he succumbed to his injuries, although tenderly nursed by the Prime Minister of Austria and by the Countess, who is one of the proudest ladies of the Empire. "Moppi" lies buried in one of the prettiest corners of the park surrounding the Count's beautiful country seat at Ellisch, and the tombstone that marks his grave bears the words "Moppi, the favorite of all," and is surrounded by a beautiful bed of flowers.

Count Taaffe is descended from Sir John Taaffe, of County Cavan, in Ireland, who was raised to the peerage of the Emerald Isle in 1628, under the title of Viscount Taaffe. From the earliest times the Taaffes were renowned for their fidelity to the Crown, the second Viscount having his estates confiscated by Cromwell for having espoused the cause of Charles I., while the third was killed in the Battle of the Boyne, while fighting for King James. After the defeat of the latter the Taaffes migrated to Austria, where the fourth Viscount became a Field Marshal of the Imperial Army and a Councillor of State, besides being created a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. Of course, being an Irish peer, he is not entitled to a seat in the British House of Lords, and hence no necessity has ever arisen for his naturalization as an Englishman. His name, however, figures on the roll of the Irish peerage, and will continue to do so, even though he does not possess a single rood of land in the dominions of Queen Victoria.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Blessed Leopold Croci, professed priest of the Reformed Friars Minor, was lately beatified, with the usual solemn ceremony, by the Holy Father. The venerable servant of God was born in 1781 in the province of Umbria, Italy, and in his early years used to attend his father's flocks, a humble swain. At 18 years of age he joined the Friars Minor, and for fifty years went through every city and village of his native province preaching and doing good. He died in 1814 at the advanced age of 88 at Spoleto. His great-nephew, still living at Gaiche, the native village of the Saint, was present at the ceremony of the beatification.

The report on the Italian Banks, although revealing nothing new, shows a most disastrous state of affairs. It appears that Italian credit is resting almost entirely upon a worthless or over-rated basis; and for over twenty years credit, circulation, capital, discounts, government supervision, everything is gone to the dogs. To remedy all the financial ruin which has followed from this the Government proposes to erect a single bank out of the falling timbers of the Roman, the National and the two Tuscan Banks. But the details of the new scheme give no promise of being more secure than were the other banks.

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. ALYXND Vice, Berlin, Ont.

To the Catholics of Natchez, Miss., belongs the honor of having been the first who performed the Forty Hours devotion in America. This was in colonial days.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

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Is the most elegant and popular hair-dressing in the market. It quickens into renewed activity the hair-roots and thus restores to the hair all that has been lost by sickness, old age, or neglect. It imparts to the hair a silken texture, keeps the scalp clean, and cures itching and troublesome humors. When the hair becomes thin, faded, or gray, the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor brings out a new growth of the original color, fullness, and beauty. It is positively without equal.

The Best Hair Dressing

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is moist, glossy, and in an excellent state of preservation. I am forty years old, and have ridden the plains for twenty-five years."—Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

"My hair began turning gray and falling out when I was about 25 years of age. I have lately been using Ayer's Hair Vigor, and it is causing a new growth of hair of the natural color. It is a wonderful dressing, and has been of great benefit to my wife in removing dandruff, with which she was very much troubled. She considers it indispensable to her toilet."—R. J. Lowry, Jones Prairie, Allan Co., Texas.

"This is to certify that for many years I have had an itching of the scalp, and my hair had nearly all fallen off. I was induced by Dr. T. J. Gossett to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. By so doing, the itching was entirely cured and the hair grew out on the top of my head, where it was bald."—J. W. Harp, Deputy P. M., Mullinville, Kans.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- April 27—S. Anastasius, Pope and Confessor.
28—S. Paul of the Cross, Confessor.
29—S. Peter, Martyr.
30—Fourth Sunday after Easter. St. Catharine of Siena.
May 1—SS. Philip and James, Apostles.
2—S. Athanasius, Bishop, Confessor, Doctor.
3—Invention of the Holy Cross.

Philosophical Talks.

COUNTERFEIT CONSCIENCES.

This is an age of invention, and one of the most remarkable inventions of the age is a counterfeit conscience. There are many kinds of these counterfeits. We shall consider a few popular specimens, from which we may judge others and guard against all. And we have need to be on our guard, for this invention, though dangerous and destructive of all morality, is very attractive, and may be easily admired for its pleasing appearance, and readily adopted for its practical power.

The genuine article, the coin of the realm with the true ethical ring, the conscience that the Creator has given to man for the guidance and government of his conduct is a practical dictate of reason, expressed in a certain conclusion from sound, ethical principles, and determining, in particular cases, what is to be done or avoided; what is right or what is wrong. This conscience is a participation by the mind of man of the divine light and the divine law. It is a King in its authority; a judge in its sentence; a generous treasurer in its rewards, and an implacable executive in its remorse. We questioned Shakespeare's dictum, that conscience makes cowards of us all. We may utilize the poet's thought to emphasize the fact that inordinate hope of speedy recompense and servile fear of pain make many cowardly and counterfeit consciences.

The invention or evolution of a counterfeit conscience comes about somewhat in this wise: a man wishes to lead a life of pleasure or profit, or patronage, or political power. These several aims and ends of rational life are opposed to the dictates of the conscience that God has given as a guide of conduct; and as a rational being must have at least the semblance of reason for his action, and as a man must have a conscience, if only to excuse himself, he invents or manufactures a conscience to suit his purpose or agree with his practice.

Now, everyone is not a genius, and inventions are only of the favored few; so the searcher for the counterfeit goes to the patent office of "modern morality," where these convenient consciences are to be had for the asking. For the man of pleasure, there is Mr. Hanley's "Keen sense of the comfortable;" or Mr. Spencer's "Pleasurable

feeling." For the man of money Mr. Mill has his theory of "the useful," or the immediately profitable, as a ruling principle and good business conscience. For the politician, Colonel O'Brien and Mr. D'Alton McCarthy have their "political conscience," which says that "equal right" is the right of everyone to agree with the Colonel; and that civil and religious liberty is the freedom to do what D'Alton may dictate. Though indeed it would seem that D'Alton's conscience is "dual;" for if it does not speak his languages, it says very many contradictory things in one. For the civic potentate, Mr. Morley has the "mechanical" conscience: just the thing to run the "machine."

Let us see how many counterfeits we have now. There is the "social" conscience; the "civic" conscience; the "commercial" conscience, and the "political conscience;" each of course with its own "independent morality." When these consciences are manufactured Mr. Bentham gives an inscription that may be written as a law upon all. Here it is: "Pleasure and pain govern the world. It is for these two sovereign masters alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do." See how easily he dethrones the King, to whom we paid homage in our last Talk, and overturns his Kingdom. He puts two tyrants in the place of our lawful rule of the head and heart. He sets up his idols, Gog and Magog, Pleasure and Pain, and says, to their image has man been made; and he sends his herald forth to cry with a strong voice: "To you it is commanded, O nations and tribes and languages, that in the hour you shall hear the sound of the trumpet, and of the flute, and of the harp, and of the sackbut, of the psaltery and of the symphony, and of all kind of music, ye fall down and adore the statues that the social and civic and commercial and political consciences have set up."

Ye hypocrites, says reason, with a divine instinct, why do you tamper with conscience. Give me a coin of the realm. Give me a human soul, or a human heart, whose magic and inscription is this: Give, these, to God what belongs to God, and give to your fellowman the right and justice that the conscience God gave you command.

But those who use counterfeits do not care for right or justice or truth. Goldsmith said of his friend, "honest Richard," that he was:

"Too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient."

Our Richards are too fond of the expedient to pursue or permit the right. All moralists of any name or weight, since Aristotle or Adam, tell us that there are four kinds of conscience that should not be followed. These are: the doubtful conscience, the erroneous conscience, the false conscience and the seared and soured conscience. The counterfeits proceed in just the opposite theory. They say: the doubtful will do for the social conscience; the erroneous for the civic conscience; the false for the commercial conscience; and the seared and soured is what makes the political conscience.

True ethics teach that the only side of right conduct, even in social, civic, commercial or political life, is the certain conscience, the conscience led by reason and truth, superior to pleasure and pain, as well as to prejudice and passion, and subject only to the law of God.

Cardinal Vaughan.

Our English exchanges bring to hand the account of the very warm welcome which this great successor of the great Cardinal Manning received on his return to Westminster. The reply which his Eminence made to the address presented by the clergy and laity is full of eloquence, and points out lines of action which ought to be of value to Catholic laity in every portion of the English speaking world. We give it elsewhere *in extenso*, but call attention here to some of the salient points. The first thing which Cardinal Vaughan regards as a most important duty is the "building up of our own youth of all classes alike upon a Christian basis and on Christian lines, in a Christian atmosphere, from the foundation of the summit:

"Christian principles and practice are to be woven, like gold and silver threads, into the very texture of the cloth, during the whole process of formation, if due regard is to be had to worth and durability. Of this fundamental principle every Catholic should be the guardian. Every one of us ought to feel a personal responsibility for the maintenance of a public elementary system of Christian education. The sooner we make the world understand that the Catholic education of the Catholic people is not the mere anathemata of a caste, not a mere tradition of the priesthood, and a work carried on in the interest of the clergy, the better will it be for all parties. Catholic education is the inalienable right of a Catholic people—their morality, their virtue, their work as citizens, their happiness here and hereafter depend upon it."

Speaking of the education of the higher classes he says:

"If the Catholics of England are to influence the mind and current of English thought, it is absolutely essential that their education be carried to a higher point than is commonly aimed at. We are, I fear, in this respect, in a low and unsatisfactory condition; and, what is worse, we are for the most part blind to the fact. Unless a Catholic has gone through a thorough course of logic and of mental and moral Christian philosophy he is as a man without weapons and armour in the intellectual conflict which rages around him. The whole literature and science of the day, the intellectual activities, and even the common conversation of the leaders of modern thought, demand of Catholics a thorough education in assertion of Catholic philosophy. Failing [such training and mental equipment, Catholics must either cast their souls into the vortex formed by the conflict and conjunction of innumerable rationalistic currents and perish, or they must be content to bear a stamp of intellectual inferiority. Nothing can take the place of the mental discipline I allude to—neither literature, nor cultured tastes, nor social intercourse, nor the glamour of contact with national Universities. When I speak of the necessity of a course of Catholic Philosophy, do not suppose that it is of the clergy I am speaking. I am now thinking of the laity. The Catholic laity ought to be as salt to society, and as light shining in dark places. They ought to be more than a match for the false theories and destructive criticism which are current in the society they mix with."

These are words of wisdom which Catholics in Canada should lay to heart. We talk a great deal about Catholic education, and we do well to talk about it, not only for its intrinsic value as the only proper method of education, but because it is an inalienable right. Let us, however, not lose sight that as worked under the Separate School Act of Ontario it is a very truncated form of Catholic education—a small crust from a rich man's table. It does for elementary work; but there remains the higher and more important studies which more directly involve principles and which have a more serious bearing upon the character, life and conduct of the student. If we Catholics in Canada—and we are writing of English-speaking Catholics—if we are going to influence this country, going to hold our own, it must be by the

proper formation of a well educated body of Catholic laymen. This can be done only by that intellectual and religious discipline which careful training in Catholic mental and moral philosophy will surely give. The idea is abroad that philosophy is meant only for priests. A most erroneous notion it is; for it leaves the laity like sheep without a shepherd when the wolves are howling around the fold. These are days when principles are undergoing severe tests—and both the body corporate and individual interests indicate the necessity of a knowledge of both test and principle.

In psychology provision is made by the Educational Department for special lectures to candidates preparing to be teachers. But the system followed is one that has again and again been condemned by all Catholic philosophy. Why are there no lectures on the subject in harmony with our view? A summer course of this kind for the Catholic teachers of the Province would be of great service. One danger to our Catholic schools lies in the deficient training in this respect of our teachers except the members of religious communities.

The second duty which the Catholics of England, owed as his Eminence explained was due to those without the Church—"to the great mass of the English people." Their mission to them was to show by word and example the true power and place of Christianity as the only key which will unlock the social problem. This programme may be summed up in two words, *Amare et servare*, to love and to serve. This must be the programme of the wealthy that they be true to the greater trust imposed. It must also be the programme of the mechanic and the laborer. If they love and serve God they will not be deluded by the false maxims of socialism, but will learn that the patient man alone speaketh of victory.

Those sweeping words—*amare et servare*—are as important to us in this western world if we wish to have a hand in the great task of social formation. A case is just at hand. As was announced some few weeks ago the venerable Archbishop of Toronto took the initial in starting a Catholic Industrial School. Works of that kind need not only the mite of the poor; they need the larger gifts of those better able to give. And if those words, *amare et servare*, find any response in this energetic city a most important work will advance, the round of charitable institutions will be complete, and generations of young boys, saved to truth, sobriety and usefulness, will rise to bless their benefactors.

Orange Rioting.

A despatch from Belfast on Sunday says: Orange riots broke out in Belfast last night, and continued until late this morning. The fighting was especially severe in the notorious Shankhill district. At midnight an Orange mob put out the street lights and shortly afterward attacked a tavern kept by a Roman Catholic named Connelly, and endeavoured to burn down the building. The police drove the mob off and extinguished the flames. The rioters then tried to invade the Catholic quarter, where the Nationalists were celebrating the second reading of the Home Rule Bill by burning tar barrels. A strong line of policemen held them back. A crowd of Nationalists gathered on the other side of the line, and the two parties stoned each other over the heads of the constables. The conflict became so hot eventually that the police were obliged to strike out on both sides with their clubs, and to drive back the two mobs by repeated charges.

Ireland Is Free.

News so welcome to millions of grateful people never was enabled, as that which told America on last Saturday morning, that "Ireland is Free." The same glad intelligence gives joy and exultation to sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle in Australia, in the Indies, East and West; and in every remote island and promontory where the symbol of man's salvation is seen, and where the ensign of Freedom, whether British or American, floats to the breeze. The battle of centuries is won at last the heartfelt prayer: so often repeated with streaming eyes and uplifted hands, is heard in Heaven, and Liberty is by a merciful and all-compensating Providence, granted to a faithful, martyred nation, to pursue henceforth in peace her own unobtrusive way of settling difficulties of educating her children and of worshipping God.

During three whole centuries and more, armed power and unscrupulous fanaticism combined to crush out Ireland's spirit of nationality, and extinguish in blood the lamp of Christian Faith which St. Patrick set ablaze on her altars. England's invincible armaments that rode the seas, her serried battalions that overthrew Napoleon's conquering legions, her untold wealth, her vast power and prestige—naught could avail against Ireland's indomitable Faith, naught could dampen the ardour of her aspirations or the brightness of her hopes. Long indeed has she suffered in patience, and long have her fond expectations been delayed; but the hour of victory has sounded; her patient endurance, born of Divine Faith, has triumphed; and, after seven centuries of extinction as a self-governing country, Ireland is once more a nation. We hope it is not even bordering on profanity to repeat the words of David pronounced in anticipation of the glorious Resurrection: "This is the day which the Lord has made; let us be glad and rejoice therein."

It is most certainly a glad day for Ireland, and for her scattered sons wherever found; and we can apply the cheering words of Holy Scripture to her victory all the more unhesitatingly when we consider that Ireland's Faith and Ireland's Nationality have been through the ages, and still are, one and undivided in conception and in reality. Had Ireland apostatized from the life giving faith of St. Patrick it is more than probable that long ago the hearty hand of oppression would have been withheld, her burdens lightened, and her millions set free. But she suffered loss of lands, loss of liberty, every loss conceivable; but the loss of Faith, which she clung to as the ivy clings to the gables of her ruined abbeys and round towers.

Indeed it may still be gathered from the passionate frothings of the Balfours and the Saundersons that for many years to come perpetual coercion, periodical famines and religious oppression would be her lot did not the Almighty Arbitrer of Nations put courage for the present, repentance for the past, and resolution for the future into the big heart of the Grand Old Man—to whom Ireland sends to-day

a bouquet of flowers, with a nation's prayer for "Blessings and power to the friend of poor and distressed Ireland. May God prosper you." So say we all of us, so say the enlightened, the tolerant, the liberal minded, the just and the righteous to-day in every quarter of the globe where Faith lives and Justice reigns.

The Month of May.

Before another issue of our paper is in the hands of its readers May, the sweet month of Mary, will have been ushered upon us. It is, therefore, just and proper that we, who at all times are bound to render thanks to God, should, during the coming month, return our heavenly Father deeper praise and gratitude for the honors He conferred upon Mary, the dignity with which He invested her and the sanctification to which He raised her.

The part which the Blessed Virgin took in the great work of the Incarnation and the Redemption was no accidental part. She was no mere Jewish maiden to whom the angel Gabriel was sent at hap hazard; she was the strong woman of the Proverbs, the Judith of the new Covenant, the second Eve. Her prerogatives were prepared in the councils of heaven before the foundation of the world, and her relations with our Lord are a solemn reality which gives her a claim no other creature could ever urge; she is His mother. Away in that horizon where sky and earth seem to meet there was prepared her Immaculate Conception, which first singled her out from all the other children of man—that she might be more like to her sinless Son, and that in her His precious Blood would reap, by its foreseen merits, its first and richest fruit. Was it not right that she whose seed should crush the head of the serpent should never for an instant be under its power? Was it not proper that, standing to our Lord in the unique relation of Mother to Son, she should receive a grace which would alone be hers? It was fitting that she who was an instrument of His presence should be a miracle of grace.

This was the fountain of all other mysteries of Jesus and Mary, but especially of that divine maternity which makes her "the joy of Israel and the glory of Jerusalem." It places her, the chosen daughter of the Father and Spouse of the Holy Ghost, in most wonderful, sacred and secret relation with the Blessed Trinity. All the love of a mother which nature inspires was rendered deeper and more exalting by the supernatural love with which the pure, sinless soul of Mary loved her Son and God. That love kept her heart pierced with the sword of patience that she might be the Queen of Martyrs; it fortified her that she might be the Mother of hope; it kept her lowly that He might still regard her humility; it kept her that she might ever be the guardian and model of purity. And her divine maternity brings her into relation with us, for we cannot honor the Son and be cold or indifferent towards His Blessed Mother. We can no more exclude her from our supernatural life, our sanctification, than we can exclude

the love of our own mother from our natural life. The Church is full of devotion towards the Blessed Virgin, for she knows that Mary is one of God's greatest gifts to His chosen children. And so devotion towards the Mother of Jesus is one of His special gifts—an immense gift, of the gravest importance for time, and still more for eternity. That devotion will make us love Him more, and is not that the very thing we need in life and death? And it will make us most like Him—and it is the best and quickest way to grow like Him—and what joy to resemble in any way our Blessed Lord. Devotion towards Mary will cast the torch of God upon you, be to you the golden prophecy of a happy death and the security of a blessed judgment. Reader, let us renew at the beginning of May our devotion to Mary, that treasure of which if any man draw he will become the friend of God.

Death of Father Rudkins.

It is with deep regret that we announce the death of Father Patrick J. Rudkins, Rector of St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, and Chancellor of Peterborough Diocese. For several years this zealous young priest had suffered from a severe malady of the stomach. His ailment was lately aggravated by symptoms of fever, which his enfeebled strength could not withstand. He died at two o'clock last Saturday afternoon at St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterborough, where the devoted Sisters attended to him with their wonted care during his last illness. He was a native of the town which became, as years advanced, the home of his youth and the scene of his labors in the holy priesthood. The latter part of his classical course as well as his philosophy he made at St. Michael's College in this city, while he repaired to the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained priest by the late Archbishop Lynch in the fall of 1886. He was always stationed at St. Peter's Cathedral, Peterborough, where he was made Rector and Chancellor of the Diocese upon Bishop R. A. O'Connor taking possession of the See in 1889. Amiable, warm-hearted and zealous, he always commanded the love of his friends and the esteem of all who knew him as boy, as young man and as God's minister; while to the poor and the struggling of every age and class he was father, friend and guide. The thought of death is always bitter, but a young priest cut off at the age of thirty-one, as Father Rudkins was, makes it all the harder. May his soul rest in peace.

Mrs. Margaret L. Sheppard.

The Rev. M. J. Brady, P. P., of Woodstock, has in press a pamphlet which will be of about 60 pages, giving, with due regard to the requirements of modesty, the details of the infamous career of the Mrs. Margaret L. Sheppard who is just now putting herself forward as the champion of morality and Protestantism, lecturing in this capacity through the cities and towns of Ontario. A more infamous career than that of this lecturer in the cause of morality, would be diffi-

cult to conceive. She is a woman of tolerable education but of much more brass and of her inferior possession she has made good use to bring herself into prominence, and to gather in the dimes and dollars.

We know by experience that she can gather good audiences. She is the mother and foundress of the P. P. A. in Canada, and the chief patroness of the A.P.A. in the United States, and the people who belong to this society are peculiarly fond of listening to obscenity of the worst character. They are about the same people who supported the pretended ex monk Widows, who met with so much encouragement from Methodist and Baptist congregations, simply because he was an accomplished liar and scoundrel capable of misrepresenting the Catholic religion.

Owing to the ill-will excited in Woodstock by Mrs. Sheppard's lectures there, Rev. Father Brady took occasion to make a complete enquiry into her antecedents, and the result is the present pamphlet. It is ably written, with many flashes of keen wit and sarcasm, showing to the Protestants of Canada the dishonor of encouraging such characters and the folly of looking to them for the truth. At the same time it gives a mass of correspondence from Protestant clergy men, chaplains of prisons, Salvation Army officers, editors of prominent papers, dupes of Mrs. Sheppard, and a few well known Catholics.

This pamphlet, which is now for sale, is of great use for reference. When Mrs. S. advertises a lecture in a town or village, then let the Catholics confront their Protestant neighbors with this creature's history. The price is 25 cents per copy, and in quantities of 50 or more at 15 cents per copy. It can be obtained at this office, or from Mr. Shanley, bookseller, Woodstock, Ont.

Editorial Notes.

We learn from the *Dundas Banner* that Dr. O'Hagan is issuing another book of poems. His first volume appeared some six years ago, when he took a creditable stand amongst our young Canadian poets.

We publish this week a very appropriate piece of poetry from the *Irish Monthly*. We are surprised to see that the *Canadian Freeman* of Kingston claims that it was written specially for it. Of course we know that Kingston has always been the home of poetry and the school of modesty, but we think that credit should be given where credit is due.

A correspondent called our attention last week to the fact that our poem on the Holy Face was also from the *Irish Monthly*. We did not know where it originated, but the person who sent it to us had no idea of claiming its authorship, nor had we any thought of that kind. We are thankful to be set right in the matter, but wish that all our correspondents would send their name.

Mgr. Azarian will likely be promoted to the Cardinalate at the next Consistory. The venerable Patriarch, at his departure from Rome, was entrusted with a letter from His Holiness thanking the Sultan for the liberties accorded to the Catholics of Turkey.

WHAT WE TALK ABOUT.

Nothing should be more interesting to mothers than the careful bringing up of their children. We see what appreciation mothers have of this fact in the efforts made by them to clothe their children as decently as their neighbors' are clothed, to select schools where they may best be educated. Are not these the ambitions ordinarily found in the ordinary woman's heart? Praiseworthy enough, but often blunderingly attempted.

We laugh at the absurd display of cheap and too often dirty finery that imitates the dainty simplicity in the attire of wealthier offspring, while we pity the yet more absurd attempts to smarten sadly-lacking education with tinsel accomplishments. Still one can recognize everywhere the maternal longing to do much, to do all that is possible, for the children, however mistaken ideas may be of what is most suitable.

It is consoling to see in our Separate Schools a course laid down that is bound to do the most good to the greatest number; to find school-rooms well lit, properly heated and ventilated; above all, to meet teachers whose heart is in the work, who expect to spend their lives at this work, who employ all the gifts God has given them, bend all their energies to this work—their duty.

I was a much-pleased and interested visitor to one of our city Separate Schools last week—the St. Vincent street School. It is not a pretentious building from the outside (indeed I went all around it before noticing the entrance), though it is solidly built of white brick; but the rooms are large enough for the pupils attending, airy, sunny and cheerful. I found the children bright, neatly-dressed and interested in their work. The teachers (the Sisters of St. Joseph) were most kind in showing me the work of the pupils, and improvement was quite evident in the exercise and drawing books. I suggested that perhaps this school was somewhat better than the other Separate schools in the city, but was assured it was but a fair example of the others. It was most cheering to see the interest taken by the Sisters in their work, and I could not but express the wish that the many fault-finders of our schools would but come and see how little ground there is for their fault-finding.

It seems to me our schools have from the start an advantage over those taught by seculars. Our children we teach at home to reverence and respect the simple garb of the religious, and they are ready to receive any knowledge she may impart, any correction she may administer, as coming from someone who is more than an ordinary teacher. I was pleased to learn a Calisthenic Class was daily drilled. The only fault I could find was the irregular issuing of the monthly reports, though I understand the Board should bear the blame for this neglect, and will attend better to it in future.

There is a Bill before the Legislature, the necessity of which is a mocking reflection on the civilization of this boasted progressive age. I speak of Mr. Gibson's Bill for the Prevention of cruelty to children and their better protection. It is to be hoped that the proper care of Roman Catholic children will be explicit. I see that where a parent can, he is obliged to pay a dollar a week for the support of his child; where he cannot, the municipality pays that sum. I wonder will that relief be extended to the many neglected children and orphans our institutions are already caring for.

One is sure to meet some of one's friends at the milliners' parlors these days, if one is not already accompanied by them all to this attractive and fascinating establishment. Every Spring, when the days are bright, every woman, from the ardent devotee of Fashion to her lofty disdainer,

must spend her hours of pleasure or trial in the inviting parlors—and we all have our experiences. It was mine to enter, fortified by my friends, who were willing to give up some of their precious time to prevent my making a guy of myself, as they elegantly expressed it. So for once I contentedly seated myself for the business of trying-on head gear, confident that no mistakes could be made this time with such competent advice at my elbow. But I am seated and the ordeal begins, and where are the advisors? Delightfully trying on their own heads every triumph of the milliner's art. They enjoyed their morning, and unhesitatingly and unblushingly assured me that my selection (which they had been too busy to see) would be "just the very thing for me."

Then I listened patiently to long discourses on what is the correct thing to wear. First, there is more of the veil to wear than ever. It is about a yard wide, and the latest New York style is to wear it covering or almost covering the hat, falling loose over the face and in graceful folds below. Two pins fasten it behind—one at the hat for the upper ends of the veil, and another lower down on the coiffure for the lower ends. They certainly are pretty and most becoming, a great improvement on the old-fashioned, tightly-drawn face-veil, and much more comfortable. Pretty veils, square-meshed, of this kind can be had for a dollar. There is a great opportunity for much bending and twisting into an infinite variety of shapes in the circles of straw of every color and texture that are called hats. While exquisite ribbons are a part of the decoration of some, in others the straw of the hat is used as ribbon. Flowers, in the ordinary sense of the term, are not so new as grasses or bunches of shrubby plants.

It is amusing to notice the bearing of the anxious husbands of the newly-made wives, and an occasional good natured brother, in these stores exclusively for ladies. And they are not bored either, but seem quite satisfied to pronounce upon everything produced, and quite conscious of the importance of the selection to be made since it is to encircle or crown what is to them the most beautiful of faces.

Just as we were leaving I noticed quite a party gazing interestedly out of the window, of course my curiosity compels me to do likewise and I find the attraction to be the beautiful, soft, curling, white hair of two elegantly attired ladies who are passing along King street. I am flatteringly listened to when I can tell their names and relationship—they are sisters—and I do not fail to make the most of my attentive audience by recalling the remark of a little fellow of five years, who, picking up the pretty soft ball of dandelion seed tells the believing children the time of day, ran excitedly to me, calling it the pretty white hair of one of the ladies we had just seen pass. It was the same boy who explained to me how the blossoms came upon the apple-trees—"the snow falls, and goes down, down into the ground, to come up right through the roots and trunk, and it is the blossom of the trees." I hope our unprecedented snowfall of Saturday will come up that way. I saw some cutters out in the morning. What a boast the occupants will have to hand down the generations.

How completely the fragrant old-fashioned blossom of the sweet-pea has become the fad of the day. Roses, violets, pansies, daisies, all are supplanted in the fick's favor of the fashionable by the pretty many-tinted, variegated sweet-pea. **M. LIER.**

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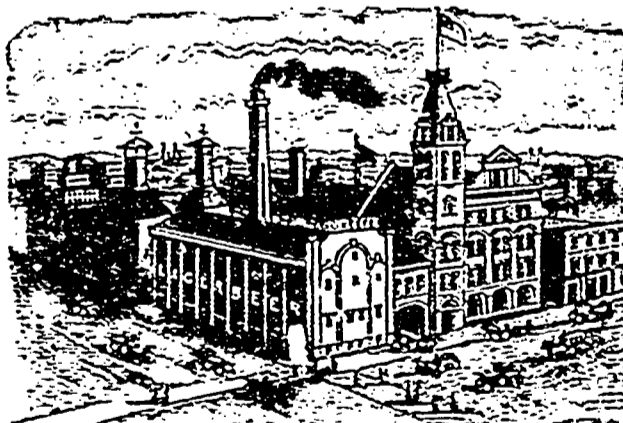
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CATHOLICITY IN MODERN POETRY.

R. P. Carton in the Irish Monthly.

It would, indeed, be strange if the Catholic Church whose vocation it has ever been to battle with scepticism and to overcome it—a Church whose glory it has ever been to purify European literature from the taint of paganism and unbelief; a Church which has rescued Art from being the slave of licentiousness and made it the handmaid of its devotions; a Church which for nigh nineteen centuries, while changeless in its teachings, has been ever ready to supply each new want and to meet each new emergency with the fitting weapons; it would, I say, be strange if that Church could not in these days have found amongst her children some at all events strong and brave and gifted enough to carry on the same high mission, to show that the poet might be united with the Catholic, and that poetry gained a new power and a fitting application to the wants of the age which heard it, when a Catholic's faith kept its wonderings in check, and a Catholic's hopes gave it its best inspirations. And as might have been expected from the history of the Church's workings in the past, so has it been in the present. There has arisen for the first time in the history of English literature a school of Catholic poets whose poems are truly and essentially Catholic. In no way else could the mixture of irreligion and paganism I have spoken of have been met and counteracted; and so in the midst of the infidel and doubting band who are claimed as the poets of the age are Catholic poets giving to the world Catholic poems which in strength and beauty and imaginative power and graceful fancy can rival the best productions of their better known contemporaries.

If I was asked to give an example of what I meant when I spoke a moment ago of a Catholic poem by a Catholic poet, I would name "The Dream of Gerontius" as the most perfect specimen I know of. Its subjects are of deep, universal and appalling interest. Death, Judgment, Punishment after death, and in the end immortal happiness, are the themes that are dealt with. These themes are not new to poetry. Dante, himself a Catholic, in the Thirteenth Century, has given us his visions of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and given them in a poem which the world admits to be a masterpiece. But it was Virgil who conducted the great Florentine to Hell, and it was by Beatrice, his boyish love, that he was shown the path to Heaven. The Hell of Dante is the classic Tartarus with Acheron and Charon and the ferry boat complete, and it is Minos who condemns the lost souls of sinful men to punishments whose types are the vulture of Prometheus and the wheel of Ixion. Far different is the treatment of the same themes in the poem we are now considering. Gerontius is not allowed to enter into the world to come save through the same dark gate we must all one day traverse. The judgment to which he is called is the judgment we are taught of in our Catechism; his guide to the Judgment Seat is the Angel whose protecting influences have been around him from his cradle to his death-bed; the cleansing fires through which he passes to happiness is the Purgatory of our faith, and the Judge who pronounces his sentence is no mythical Minos, "grinning with ghastly features," but is the Eternal Judge of the living and the dead. The poem opens round the bed on which Gerontius lies dying. Every aid that the Church can give to her dying children is with him in his last hour. A priest and his assistants recite the last offices, and loving friends are round him who obey with

sad but willing fervour the touching request,

"So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray."

As the prayers cease, he takes up the strain, and spends his final moments in making a profession of faith, and this act of resignation:

And I take with joy whatever
Now besets me, pain or fear,
And with a strong will I sever
All the ties which bind me here.

With these words on his lips he dies, but to wake immediately to another life.

I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes—some one softly said
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry *subvocaliter*, and they knelt in prayer.

Then he feels that some one, as it were, holds him "within his ample palm" and bears him forward. Presently he hears a "heart-subduing melody." It is the Guardian Angel who sings rejoicingly the ending of his task:

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won.
Alleluia!
For evermore.

When the Angel had ceased his song, the disembodied soul addresses him, and is by him instructed and prepared for the judgment to which it is being carried. This part of the poem, especially the colloquy between the soul and the Angel, is, in my opinion, the most interesting of all. I do not know whether to admire most its delicate suggestiveness, its graceful but subdued imagery, its idealized scholasticism, and, if I may venture to say so, its accurate theology. The passage is much too long for quotation. The journey heavenward goes on. Close on the Judgment Court the demons gather:

Hungry and wild, to claim their property,
And gather souls for hell.

And they chant a mocking strain of grim humour and wild power. After passing through various choirs of evangelicals, all singing appropriate hymns, the soul, still guided by its Guardian Angel, enters the house of Judgment.

The smallest portion of this edifice,
Cornice or frieze, or balustrade or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed, and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually.

The Angel then finally prepares the soul to meet its Judge and they gain

The stairs,
Which rise towards the Presence-Chamber: there
A band of mighty angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

The lintels of the Presence-Chamber vibrate and echo back the strain; and the threshold, as they traverse it,

Utters aloud its glad responsive chant,

The Angel then announces that the Judgment is at hand, and amidst the prayerful pleadings of the Angel of the Agony, the soul of Gerontius goes before its Judge. No attempt is made to describe in words the awful meeting. It is well told to the imagination in the utterances of the soul after the Judgment is over, and the responsive action of the Angel.

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night watches keep.
Told out for me,
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throbb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

And the Angel takes it away, and consigns it as a precious charge to the Angels of Purgatory until the day when he "shall reclaim it for the courts of light."

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now unfold thee,
And, o'er the perilous waters, as they roll,
I polse thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.
And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance,
Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of the Most Highest.
Farewell, but not forever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow.
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

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There are many others of Cardinal Newman's poems from which we are certain to carry away some lesson worthy of remembrance. Particularly worthy of notice are, "Our Future," "The Progress of Unbelief," "The Two Worlds," "The Elements," the sonnet, "Substance and Shadow," and the now world famous hymn, "The Pillar of the Cloud," generally known by its opening words, "Lead, Kindly Light." Let us part from the great Oratorian with one quotation more, which strikes, as it were, the key-note of all his verse, and which conveys a lesson that in these days cannot be taught too persistently:

Dim is the philosophic flame,
By thoughts severe united;
Book-lore, ne'er served when trial came,
Nor gifts when faith was dead.

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MEMORIAL WINDOW TORONTO ON

MEDALISTS CHURCH & SECULAR STAINED-GLASS

LONDON 27, 1856

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. Daniel O'Rourke, the well-known solicitor, of Belfast, died on Sunday, April 2d, at his residence, Tonamara, Greenisland, near Belfast. The deceased was the youngest brother of Mr. Alexander O'Rourke, solicitor, who survives him. After serving his apprenticeship with his eldest brother, Mr. Edward O'Rourke, he was admitted to practice in 1846, since which time he practiced in Belfast, the name of the firm being Daniel O'Rourke & Son.

Armagh.

On April 4th, his Eminence Cardinal Logue received an address from the clergy of the archdiocese of Armagh, and in acknowledging it referred in feeling terms to the zeal and devotion with which they had co-operated with him in every call had made on them in the cause of religion and country.

Clare.

With deep regret we record this week the death of the Rev. Richard Devaney, C. C., Newmarket-on-Fergus, who departed this life on Sunday, April 2d. During the nine or ten years that Father Devaney spent as a missionary priest in Clare, he was always remarkable for his gentle character, and for his great devotion and charity to the people among whom he lived. He was educated at Ennis Diocesan College, and at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, and for some time after his ordination was curate at Corofin, but most of his life, as a priest, was spent in Newmarket-on-Fergus, where he died. Though suffering from a severe cold contracted in the discharge of his duties, Father Devaney went to say his Masses as usual on St. Patrick's Day. His illness then developed into rheumatic fever and congestion of the lungs, to which he succumbed on the date mentioned. His funeral obsequies took place on April 4th, when solemn Office and High Mass were celebrated for the happy repose of his soul. The ceremonies were presided over by the Rev. Dr. Culligan, P. P., V. G., in the unavoidable absence of the Most Rev. Dr. Redmond. The chanters at the office were Rev. P. Burke, Diocesan College, Ennis, and Rev. H. Hogan, C. C., Dunbeg. The celebrant at the High Mass was Rev. P. Crowe, P. P., Clarecastle; deacon, Rev. F. Garry, C. C., O'Callaghan's Mills; sub-deacon, Rev. J. Ryan, C. C., Ennis; master of ceremonies, Rev. John Hanlon, C. C., Kilkeo.

Cork.

The following constables in the Queenstown district were transferred on April 3d. Constable Griffin, of Riverstown, and Constable Joseph Dooley, of Carrigaline, both transferred to Kinsale, in accordance with an application made by Head-constable Byrne of that station, to the magistrates for an extra force of six constables during the annual training of the militia. Constable Martin Prendergast, of Passage West, is transferred to Queenstown, vice Constable Johnson, removed to Passage West. Acting Sergeant O'Halloran, of Kinsale, has been transferred to Watergrasshill, to take charge, vice Acting Sergeant Reardon, transferred to the Mitchelstown District. Constable George Molloy, of Kinsale, has got charge of the District Inspector's office at Kinsale, in place of Acting Sergeant O'Halloran.

Donegal.

The electric light is gradually making its way into the most remote districts of Ireland. In the county Donegal an installation is being put down at residence of Mr. J. Watt, of Ranelton. It is intended to use an oil engine of the "Hornby Akroyd" type, to work direct on the Norwich compound dynamo. A set of accumulators of the E. S. P. type are included, and these are controlled by an ingeniously devised switching arrangement as to enable one-half of the battery to be charged at the same time as the lamps are alight.

Down.

On April 1st, the first meeting of the new Board and annual meeting of the Guardians of Newry Union took place. Mr. Robert Harper, J. P., V. C., presided and there was a very large attendance of ex-officio and elected Guardians. On the motion of Mr. William Davidson, J. P., seconded by Dr. H. G. Gray, J. P., Major W. J. Hall, D. L. (Unionist), Mr. Robert Harper, J. P. (Unionist), and Mr. John O'Hare (Nationalist), were unanimously re-elected as chairman, vice-chairman, and deputy vice-chairman respectively of the Board for the ensuing year.

Dublin.

With deep regret we have to announce the decease of Mr. Peter White, Secretary of the Irish Industries Association, who died on Friday morning, April 7th, at Dalkey, after an illness of six weeks. Mr. White had accompanied Lady Aberdeen on her recent visit to the South of Ireland and through the country. He was well known in America, and it was mainly through his energies that the Irish woollen manufactures have recently obtained a good sale in the United States.

The announcement of the death of Mr. Joseph O'Reilly, Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy, which took place at Ballybrack, will be read with sorrow by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance,

and by many to whom he was only known through his works. He was one of the youngest, if not the youngest, of the Associates. He had great ability as an artist, and a bright career was before him. In the exhibition of this year there is a picture of his of a most pathetic subject, a blind girl, which has been universally admired as a work of art, pervaded by much tenderness and feeling. Mr. O'Reilly has been ailing for some time, but few thought the end of such a bright and promising life was so near at hand. His interment took place at Glasnevin, from his father's residence, Upper Grangeorgan, Dublin, and was largely attended.

Galway.

The first meeting of the Mountbellow new Board of Guardians was held on March 30th, when the outgoing chairmen were unanimously elected for the ensuing year, viz: Mr. Thomas Kenny, Chairman; Mr. Patrick Geraghty, Vice-chairman; and Mr. Peter Cruice, Deputy Vice-chairman. The ex-officio members did not put in an appearance.

On Sunday evening, April 2d, Most Rev. Dr. McCormack visited Gort and was met by a large procession of the Sodality and the public. After Benediction, Very Rev. J. A. Fahey was created Doctor in Sacred Theology. Afterward the Bishop received an address from the priests and people of Gort, to which he replied, expressing his gratitude for the reception accorded him. In the evening there were brilliant illuminations, especially in the Gort Club. Next day his Lordship received an address from the Children of Mary, at the Convent, and later on, an address was read from the priests of Kilmacduagh. The latter address was signed by Very Rev. J. A. Fahey, P. P., O. G., D. D.; T. B. Conidine, P. P., and Rev. T. Burke, P. P. The Bishop, in reply, referring to the Irish Pilgrimage, said it was a consoling success, creditable to our Catholic country and highly appreciated by our Holy Father the Pope.

Merry.

The mackerel fishery, since April 1st, is being prosecuted with unprecedented success at Dingle and Fenit, the takes at the former place being enormous. Large consignments are being daily brought over the Dingle and Fenit lines, and sent direct to the English markets. On April 4th, 527 boxes, equalling 28 tons 18 cwt., were brought over the Dingle railway; on the 5th, 585 boxes, equalling 29 tons 11 cwt., and next day the largest consignment ever brought over the line, the number of boxes totalling 1,309, equalling 52 tons 6 cwt., portion of which was brought by ordinary, and portion by special train. A telegram from Dingle states that the takes were enormous, and that the consignments far exceed any ever made before.

Kildare.

Mr. E. Fenlon, of Kilcullen, and Dr. Darby, of Monasterivan, have been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county Kildare.

Leitrim.

The Guardians of Manorhamilton Union have shown their gratitude for the services rendered by their Chairman, Mr. John Dolan, during the past year, by re-electing him to the office he has filled with credit to himself and so much benefit to the ratepayers. Mr. Dolan is an ideal Guardian.

Limerick.

A public meeting was held at Murroe, on Sunday, April 2d, to denounce land-grabbing. The respected pastor, Very Rev. M. Ryan, V. F., presided. He said that land-grabbing, always mean and malicious, was doubly criminal now that a beneficent legislature was about to restore the evicted tenants to their homes. The Rev. R. Fennelly, C. C., also spoke in denunciatory terms of land-grabbing. Resolutions in accordance with the object of the meeting were adopted.

Longford.

On April 7th, in the Town Hall, Queenstown, County Cork, Corser Rice held an inquest on the remains of Mr. Hugh Carraghan, of Lismore, County Longford, who had died suddenly on the previous day. The deceased had come to Queenstown, with his wife and three children, with the view of emigrating to America. The only evidence produced was that of Dr. R. J. Keane, who deposed that from a superficial examination made he was of opinion that death had resulted from heart disease. A verdict to that effect was returned.

Louth.

Few priests during the past quarter of a century rendered greater service of the cause of Church and country than the late lamented Rev. Henry McKee, P. P., Monasterboice. He has passed away, but his memory remains green with his late parishioners and the Nationalists of his native Ulster. The former, aided generously by his relatives, have given evidence of their will to raise a monument beneath the ancient round tower of Monasterboice to mark the site where his remains were laid at rest over twelve months ago. At present a memorial cross, designed by Mr. W. P. O'Neill, Great Brunswick street, Dublin, is in course of erection. It is composed of Mountcharles limestone, the carbing being Tullamore limestone, the blue tint of the latter harmonising with the cream tint of the former. The front of the cross is richly ornamented with Celtic carving, selected from some of the most approved ancient crosses.

Mayo.

The Castlebar Examiner, of April 8, says:—"Emigration goes on—the young people being in the majority among the departures. The scenes of children and parents with such strong affections parting for ever are most painful to witness."

Monaghan.

The Returning Officer of the Carrickmacross Poor-law Union has finished the scrutiny of the votes with the following result:—Ballinacorney Division—Mr. Doyle, Coolderry, retiring Guardian, was opposed by Mr. J. McCochran. The former was returned. Rooks Division.—Mr. J. Daly, Nationalist, Carrickmacross, retiring Guardian, was elected, his opponent, Mr. P. Marron, Narragh, resigning. Carrickmacross Division (three seats)—Messrs. P. Dwyer, J. J. Downes, retiring Guardians, and Messrs. A. Fennell, and J. Shankey were nominated. Result:—Fennell, 308; Dwyer, 278; Downes, 208; Shankey, 197. An objection has been lodged with the Local Government Board against the return. Killnure Division—Mr. L. Kelly. Mr. Kelly resigned before the votes were counted. Loughpa Division—Mr. P. G. Connolly-Nationalist, Robane, retiring Guardian, was elected, Mr. Thornton, Mullameau, his opponent, resigning.

Queen's County.

The first meeting of the newly-elected Guardians of the Mountmellick Union took place on April 1st. Mr. E. S. R. Smyth, D. L., the outgoing chairman, presided, and there was a large attendance; but a number of ex-officio Guardians were absent. This was taken advantage of by both sections of the Nationalist Guardians, who joined hands, with the result that the Unionists were beaten from a position which they have held for years. For the chairmanship, Mr. W. H. Cobbe (Protestant Nationalist), was proposed by William Delaney (Redmondite) and seconded by Mr. A. Gallagher (Nationalist). Mr. E. S. R. Smyth, D. L. (Unionist), was proposed by Mr. T. Kemmis, D. L., and seconded by Mr. W. Phillips, J. P. On a division, Mr. Cobbe was declared elected by 23 votes to 20. Mr. William Delaney (Redmondite) was proposed as Vice-chairman by Mr. A. Gallagher (Nationalist), seconded by Mr. T. Morrin (Redmondite). Mr. N. Hamilton (Unionist) was proposed by Mr. F. Donaldson, seconded by Captain Trench. Mr. Delaney was declared elected by 22 votes to 19. There was no opposition for the Deputy Vice chairmanship, and Mr. A. Gallagher (Nationalist) was elected, on the motion of Mr. Kinsella (Nationalist), seconded by Mr. Morrin (Redmondite.)

Sligo.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death, in the 42d year of her age, of Mrs. Kate Mary Murray, Ratchiffe street, Sligo, wife of Mr. Thomas Murray, wine and spirit merchant. Mrs. Murray was, with the exception of one brother in Australia, the last of the family of the Eccles's, an old and very much respected Sligo family. Mr. Murray carried on a very successful business in Glasgow for a number of years. Afterwards he transferred his establishment to Sligo, where he has been equally successful. The deceased lady, who had suffered from a long and protracted illness, was highly popular, and her untimely death is a subject of much regret to a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. On April 5th, a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul, and immediately afterwards her remains were removed for interment in the Cemetery. The large and respectable funeral, which was attended by the clergy and all the leading merchants and representative men of Sligo was a proof of the esteem in which the deceased lady was held.

Tipperary.

At the last meeting of the Nenagh Poor Law Guardians—being the first meeting of the new board—the election of honorary officers for the ensuing year was proceeded with. On the motion of Mr. Thos. O'Brien, seconded by Mr. Anthony Parker, J. P., Mr. P. J. O'Brien, M. P. (Nationalist) was unanimously re-elected chairman. Mr. James O'Leary, J. P., proposed and Mr. Patrick Moloney seconded, and it was unanimously agreed upon, that Mr. Thomas Bourke (Nationalist) be elected vice-chairman. Mr. Thomas O'Brien (Nationalist) was also unanimously re-elected deputy vice-chairman on the motion of Mr. Parker, J. P., seconded by Mr. O'Leary, J. P.

Tyron.

At the meeting of the Cookstown Board of Guardians, on April 1st, 32 Guardians being present, the retiring chairman, vice-chairman, and deputy vice-chairman—viz, the Earl of Castleuart, D. L., Mr. J. B. G. Moore, D. L. (Unionist), and Mr. Bernard Quin (Nationalist)—were unanimously re-elected.

Waterford.

The first meeting of the newly-elected Board of Guardians of the Waterford Union was held on March 5th. The first business was the election of chairman. For the chairmanship Mr. P. J. Power, M. P., was elected without opposition, the motion proposing the outgoing chairman, Alderman Manning, having been withdrawn. For the vice-chair there were two candidates, Alderman Power and Mr. B. Morrissey, T. O.

On a poll, Alderman Power was declared elected. The contest for the deputy vice-chairmanship lay between Messrs. H. W. Ward; T. C. (Conservative), and M. D. McDonald (Nationalist). The Nationalists won by an overwhelming majority.

Wexford.

On Wednesday, April 5th, a very old and respectable inhabitant of Wexford, Mr. Wm. Rudd, an apothecary by profession, died somewhat suddenly at his lodgings in High st. He was the son of the late Mr. Rudd, auctioneer, of Lower George's st., Wexford, was of a most admirable and genial disposition and a great favorite with his friends. A peculiar circumstance in connection with the death of Mr. Rudd's mother, many years ago, was that she contracted blood poisoning from the bone of a gurnet fish, which she was preparing to cook it, slightly penetrating her thumb.

Wicklow.

On April 4, an extraordinary fire occurred on the Dublin, Wicklow and Wexford Railway, midway between Bray and Ballybrack. It would appear that a spark from one of the engines had fallen on and ignited a heap of timber sleepers at the old junction Shanganagh. Between ten and eleven o'clock the fire assumed considerable proportions, and the flames blew across the Kingstown line, with the result that the milesman of that district found it necessary to stop the trains, fearing the gas-tubes of the carriages might be ignited. The passengers alighted and passed the burning pile on foot, and rejoined the train at the Dublin side of the fire. Several workmen were engaged for some time removing the adjoining heaps of sleepers to a safe distance, those which took fire being allowed to burn out.



A Missionary Recommends It.

Str. PAUL'S Mission, Choteau Co., Mont., Dec. 12, '90.
Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in checking asthma or any nervous diseases caused by nervous debility or overexertion. Three children of my school had falling sickness; the use of the tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and cured them. In all cases of weakness it strengthens the system without fail. I recommend it most heartily. REV. FATHER EMBUSWELLEN.

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 simple recipe to cure and dress poor patients also get the medicine free.
This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind. since 1876 and is now under his direction by the

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TORONTO.

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. 54, 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 18th 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 assets 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 13th April, 1893.

C. J. McCABE,
60 Adelaide st. West, Toronto,
Solicitor for J. J. McCann, Vice-General, and
Rev. John L. Hand, Executors of said deceased.

A Song of 'Ninety-Three.

From the Irish Monthly.

« Bonnie bird a-singing, a-singing on the tree,
What is the meaning of thy song, what may thy
burden be?
Now tell the secret, bonnie bird, to one who loveth
thee!
Clear thrilled the bonnie bird's song, so full and
joyously
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of
Liberty!
This is the year that brings thy cheer, O Erin
machree, machree!

O gallant wind a-blowing, a-blowing o'er the sea.
What comes upon thy mighty voice, I prithee tell to
me!
Give up the secret, gallant wind, to one who loveth
thee!
Loud blew the glorious-throated wind, full and
sonorously:
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of
Liberty!
This is the year that brings thy cheer, O Erin
machree, machree!

O great blue sea a-rolling, a-rolling gloriously,
What of the song thy surges know in all vast har-
mony?
Give up the secret, ocean-soul, to one who loveth
thee.
And the mighty voice of ocean sang, deep-bass'd
and thunderously,
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of
Liberty!
This is the year that brings thy cheer, O Erin
machree, machree!

O Irish hearts a-beating, a-beating steadily,
What music lives on every throb ye need not tell to
me!
For Erin is my mother too, and Erin's all are ye!
Oh, a nation's heart makes grander song than
bird or wind or sea!
This is the year for ever dear to the heart of
Liberty!
This is the year of Erin's cheer, of Erin the glad,
the free!
Z. H. H.

Two Letters from Bishop Spaulding.

EDITOR JOURNAL—This morning a most respectable Protestant gentleman of this city called on me to inquire about a rumor which he says is believed to be true even by intelligent persons in Peoria, and is being circulated abroad as far east as Cleveland and as far west as Omaha. The rumor is that I have made an arsenal of the Cathedral, having stored its basement with Winchester rifles. Now Mr. Editor, I invite you and I invite all the Protestant clergymen of Peoria, to come to the Cathedral and thoroughly investigate this matter. Furthermore, I will accompany you and the other gentlemen, whom I have invited, and they may bring their friends, if they choose, to any Catholic Church or institution in the city that they may see what warlike preparations we are making. Let no one be timid; for if it is thought advisable I will ask Mr. Hall, of the Fort Clark road, to bring his Sons of Veterans as a guard.

Peoria, Mr. Editor, is surely on the eve of becoming the most prominent city in America. You have in your sanctum the god-like genius who discovered that Horace was a Greek, and who has given a new and wider meaning to the well known line of this famous old poet: "Exegi monumentum aere perennius," which, done into English, if you will pardon a somewhat free rendering, reads thus:

I have raised a lasting monument of brass
And made myself a monumental man.

This ought to be glory enough for one small city; but now it is discovered that I am a great warrior, who, like Pompey, need not stamp my foot and armed regiments will spring from the soil; so that you may apply to me the opening line of Virgil, the other famous old Greek—*Arma virumque cano*—Arms I sing and the man. What more could the most ambitious city desire? Peoria has the marvellous genius who infests your sanctum; and here am I, a great warrior, another Pompey, who, I suppose, was also an old Greek. What need has she of the Yerkes Telescope, of the State Fair, of the Whiskey Trust? Is not this effort to erect an observatory on the bluff a cunning scheme of the A-p-a-ists to build a fort from which to bombard me and the Cathedral? Let the Telescope be telescoped; let the Fair fair whether it may; let the Whiskey Trust burst.

All we need do is to send a committee to Chicago to secure space in the Columbian exhibition for your prodigious genius and my Winchester! Let him sit there, like a victorious hero, on the arms of which the A-p-a-ists will have despoiled me; and on him, before and behind, let there be written in letters of gold: PRORIA hor x mark.

J. L. SPALDING,
Bishop of Peoria.

At the conclusion of his letter the Rt. Rev. writer gives the parting shot.

"A prominent physician says that the kitchen processes are sources of illness more often than is imagined by placing milk, jelly, butter and other absorbents in the open air without covering them up."—*Journal*

This, Mr. Editor, is hoodlum writing. It would make a cowboy stare and gasp. It helps to calm our indignation at Thackeray for saying that it is well enough for an American to have feathers on his head, but that becomes ridiculous when he takes a quill in his hand. You write fairly well with your scissors, but when you take a pen you create a panic among nouns, verbs, prepositions, adjectives, adverbs, participles, and parts of speech generally. The kind of writing I often notice in the *Journal* would make a red school-house pale. It is, to use your own classic expression, a reflection against Peoria, as the dwelling place of civilized beings. Advertise for a man who knows English when he sees it.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 26, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	\$0 68	0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 66	0 00
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 25	7 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 75	0 90
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 12	0 13
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	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
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 60	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	\$ 5 11	0 00
Straw, sheaf.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, April 25.—Butchers' cattle sold at 3 1/4 to 3 3/4 for very good, with picked lots at 4c. Among the few rates worth quoting were these.—One load, averaging 1,050 lbs. sold at \$3.87 1/2 per cwt; a load averaging 1,000 lbs. sold at \$3.60 per cwt; a lot of 11 (including some bulls) averaging 1,325 lbs. sold 4c per pound; a lot of 15, averaging 1,100 lbs. sold at 4 1/2 and ten dollars off on the deal; and a lot of 12, averaging 935 lbs. sold at 3c per pound.

SHEEP, YEARLINGS, AND LAMBS.—Owing to the supply being under fifty, yearlings were in considerable demand, and would have yielded 6 1/2c per pound for choice. We had little enquiry for sheep. Spring lambs will sell from \$4 to \$5.50 by the load, but are not in special demand yet.

MILLERS AND SPRINGERS.—All sold that were here at unchanged prices: the enquiry is moderate. Stockers are wanted, and would bring from 3 1/4 to 4c per pound.

CALVES.—About 130 were here, the supply exceeded the demand, and prices in consequence weakened. One lot of 60 calves sold at \$550 each.

HOGS.—Only in this department of the market was there anything like animation, but owing to competition hogs advanced from 25 to 50c per cwt. Messrs. Macdonald, McClelland, and Pears purchased about 400 hogs at from \$6.12 1/2 to \$6.25 per cwt., and Mr. Harris paid as much as \$6.50, but from \$6 to \$6.25 was about the fair market value for choice.



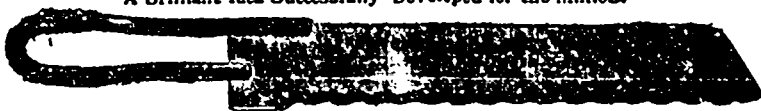
NO my son, this gentleman has not been placed in a corner until he promises to "be good." In a moment of temporary aberration he yielded to the prompting of a false economy, and decided to lay his own

carpet: the result will be easily anticipated by all who have done likewise.
Carpets cleaned by latest process, and re-laid by competent workmen. Resting and altering a specialty. Upholstering, Furniture re-covered, Mattresses re-made. Lowest rates. Best work.
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"Those 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."

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Insurance at Risk, - \$22,565,000

GAIN FOR 1892. - - \$2,000,000

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RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"Never mind buts," interrupted his mother, "we have not got to those yet;" and she smiled on Felipe—an affectionate smile, but it somehow gave him a feeling of dread. "Of course I knew you could make but one answer to my question. If you had a sister you could rather see her dead than married to any one of these Indians."

Felipe opened his lips eagerly to speak. "Not so," he said.

"Wait, dear!" exclaimed his mother. "One thing at a time. I see how full your loving heart is, and I was never prouder of you as my son than when listening just now to your eloquent defence of Ramona. Perhaps you may be right and I wrong as to her character and conduct. We will not discuss these points." It was here that the Senora had perceived some things that it would be out of her power to do. "We will not discuss those, because they do not touch the real point at issue. What it is our duty to do by Ramona, in such a matter as this, does not turn on her worthiness or unworthiness. The question is, 'Is it right for you to allow her to do what you would not allow your own sister to do?'" The Senora paused for a second, noted with secret satisfaction how puzzled and unhappy Felipe looked; then, in a still gentler voice, she went on, "You surely would not think that right, my son, would you?" And now the Senora waited for an answer.

"No, mother," came reluctantly from Felipe's lips. "I suppose not; but—"

"I was sure my own son could make no other reply," interrupted the Senora. She did not wish Felipe at present to do more than reply to her questions. "Of course it would not be right for us to let Ramona do anything which we would not let her do if she were really of our own blood. That is the way I have always looked at my obligation to her. My sister intended to rear her as her own daughter. She had given her her own name. When my sister died she transferred all her right and responsibility in and for the child. You do not suppose that if your aunt had lived she would have ever given her consent to her adopted daughter's marrying an Indian, do you?"

Again the Senora paused for a reply, and again the reluctant Felipe said, in a low tone, "No, I suppose she would not."

"Very well. Then that lays a double obligation on us. It is not only that we are not to permit Ramona to do a thing which we would consider disgraceful to one of our own blood, we are not to betray the trust reposed in us by the only person who had a right to control her, and who transferred that trust to us. Is not that so?"

"Yes, mother," said the unhappy Felipe.

He saw the meshes closing around him. He felt that there was a flaw somewhere in his mother's reasoning, but he could not find it out; in fact, he could hardly make it distinct to himself. His brain was confused. Only one thing he saw clearly, and that was, that after all had been said and done, Ramona would still marry Alessandro. But it was evident that it would never be with his mother's consent. "Nor with mine either, openly, the way she puts it. I don't see how it can be; and yet I have promised Alessandro to do all I could for him. Curse the luck, I wish he had never set foot on the place!" said

Felipe in his heart, growing unreasonably, and tired with the perplexity.

The Senora continued: "I shall always blame myself bitterly for having failed to see what was going on. As you say, Alessandro has been with us a great deal since your illness, with his music and singing, and one thing and another; but I can truly say that I never thought of Ramona's being in danger of looking upon him in the light of a possible lover, any more than of her looking thus upon Juan Canito, or Luigo, or any other of the herdsmen or labourers. I regret it more than words can express, and I do not know what we can do, now that it has happened."

"That's it, mother! That's it!" broke in Felipe. "You see, you see it is too late now."

The Senora went on as if Felipe had not spoken. "I suppose you would really very much regret to part with Alessandro, and your word is in a way pledged to him, as you had asked him if he would stay on the place. Of course, now that all this has happened, it would be very unpleasant for Ramona to stay here and see him continually—at least for a time, until she gets over this strange passion she seems to have conceived for him. It will not last. Such sudden passions never do." The Senora artfully interpolated, "What should you think, Felipe, of having her go back to the Sisters' school for a time? She was very happy there."

The Senora had strained a point too far. Felipe's self-control suddenly gave way, and as impetuously as he had spoken in the beginning he spoke again now, nerved by the memory of Ramona's face and tone as she had cried to him in the garden, "Oh, Felipe, you won't let her shut me up in the convent, will you?" "Mother!" he cried, "you would never do that. You would not shut the poor girl up in the convent!"

The Senora raised her eyebrows in astonishment. "Who spoke of shutting up?" she said. "Ramona has already been there at school. She might go again. She is not too old to learn. A change of scene and occupation is the best possible cure for a girl who has a thing of this sort to get over. Can you propose anything better, my son? What would you advise?" And a third time the Senora paused for an answer.

These pauses and direct questions of the Senora's were like nothing in life so much as like that stage in a spider's processes when, withdrawing a little way from a half-entangled victim, which still supposes himself free, it rests from its weaving, and watches the victim flutter. Subtle questions like these, assuming, taking for granted as settled, much which had never been settled at all, were among the best weapons in the Senora's armoury. They rarely failed her.

"Advise!" cried Felipe excitedly. "Advise! This is what I advise—to let Ramona and Alessandro marry. I can't help all you say about our obligations. I dare say you're right; and it's a cursedly awkward complication for us, anyhow, the way you put it."

"Yes, awkward for you, as the head of our house," interrupted the Senora, sighing. "I don't quite see how you would face it."

"Well, I don't propose to face it," continued Felipe testily. "I don't propose to have anything to do with it, from first to last. Let her go away with him, if she wants to."

"Without our consent," said the Senora gently.

"Yes, without it, if she can't go with it; and I don't see, as you have stated it, how we could exactly take any responsibility about marrying her to Alessandro. But for heaven's sake, mother, let her go! She will go, any way. You haven't the least idea how she loves Alessandro, or how he loves her. Let her go!"

"Do you really think she would run away with him, if it came to that?" asked the Senora earnestly. "Run away and marry him, spite of our refusing to consent to the marriage?"

"I do," said Felipe. "Then it is your opinion, is it, that the only thing left for us to do is to wash our hands of it altogether, and leave her free to do what she pleases?"

"That's just what I do think, mother," replied Felipe, his heart growing lighter at her words. "That's just what I do think. We can't prevent it, and it is of no use to try. Do let us tell them they can do as they like."

"Of course Alessandro must leave us, then," said the Senora. "They could not stay here."

"I don't see why!" said Felipe anxiously.

"You will, my son, if you think a moment. Could we possibly give a stronger indorsement to their marriage than by keeping them here? Don't you see that would be so?"

Felipe's eyes fell. "Then I suppose they couldn't be married here, either," he said.

"What more could we do than that, for a marriage that we heartily approved of, my son?"

"True, mother;" and Felipe clapped his hand to his forehead. "But then we force them to run away."

"Oh no!" said the Senora icily. "If they go, they will go of their own accord. We hope they will never do anything so foolish and wrong. If they do, I suppose we shall always be held in a measure responsible for not having prevented it. But if you think it is not wise, or of no use to attempt that, I do not see what there is to be done."

Felipe did not speak. He felt discomfited; felt as if he had betrayed his friend Alessandro, his sister Ramona; as if a strange complication, network of circumstances, had forced him into a false position; he did not see what more he could ask, what more could be asked, of his mother; he did not see, either, that much less could have been granted to Alessandro and Ramona; he was angry, wearied, perplexed.

The Senora studied his face. "You do not seem satisfied, Felipe, dear," she said tenderly. "As, indeed, how could you be in this unfortunate state of affairs? But can you think of anything different for us to do?"

"No," said Felipe bitterly. "I can't, that's the worst of it. It is just turning Ramona out of the house, that's all."

"Felipe! Felipe!" exclaimed the Senora, "how unjust you are to yourself! You know you would never do that! You know that she has always had a home here as if she were a daughter; and always will have, as long as she wishes it. If she chooses to turn her back on it and go away is it our fault? Do not let your pity for this misguided girl blind you to what is just to yourself and to me. Turn Ramona out of the house! You know I promised my sister to bring her up as my own child; and I have always felt that my son would receive the trust from me when I died. Ramona has a home under the Moreno roof so long as she will accept it. It is not just, Felipe, to say that we turn her out;" and tears stood in the Senora's eyes.

"Forgive me, dear mother," cried the unhappy Felipe. "Forgive me for adding one burden to all you have to bear. Truth is, this miserable business has so distraught my senses I can't seem to see anything as it is. Dear mother, it is very hard for you. I wish it were done with."

"Thanks for your precious sympathy, my Felipe," replied the Senora. "If it were not for you I should long ago have broken down beneath my cares and burdens. But among them all have been few so grievous as this. I feel myself and our home dishonour-

ed. But we must submit. As you say, Felipe, I wish it were done with. It would be as well, perhaps, to send for Ramona at once, and tell her what we have decided. She is no doubt in great anxiety; we will see her here."

Felipe would have greatly preferred to see Ramona alone; but as he knew not how to bring this about he assented to his mother's suggestion.

Opening her door, the Senora walked slowly down the passageway, unlocked Ramona's door, and said: "Ramona, be so good as to come to my room. Felipe and I have something to say to you."

Ramona followed, heavy-hearted. The words, "Felipe and I," boded no good.

"The Senora has made Felipe think just as she does herself," thought Ramona. "Oh, what will become of me!" and she stole a reproachful, imploring look at Felipe. He smiled back in a way which reassured her; but the reassurance did not last long.

"Senorita Ramona Ortega," began the Senora. Felipe shivered. He had had no conception that his mother could speak in that way. The words seemed to open a gulf between Ramona and all the rest of the world, so cold and distant they sounded—as the Senora might speak to an intruding stranger.

"Senorita Ramona Ortega," she said, "my son and I have been discussing what it is best for us to do in the mortifying and humiliating position in which you place us by your relation with the Indian Alessandro. Of course you know—or you ought to know—that it is utterly impossible for us to give our consent to your making such a marriage. We should be false to a trust, and dishonor our own family name, if we did that."

Ramona's eyes dilated, her cheeks paled, she opened her lips, but no sound came from them; she looked towards Felipe, and seeing him with downcast eyes, and an expression of angry embarrassment on his face, despair seized her. Felipe had deserted their cause. Oh, where, where was Alessandro! Clapping her hands, she uttered a low cry—a cry that cut Felipe to the heart. He was finding out, in thus being witness of Ramona's suffering that she was far nearer and dearer to him than he had realised. It would have taken very little, at such moments as these, to have made Felipe her lover again; he felt now like springing to her side, folding his arms around her, and bidding his mother defiance. It took all the self-control he could gather, to remain silent, and trust to Ramona's understanding him later.

Ramona's cry made no break in the smooth icy flow of the Senora's sentences. She gave no sign of having heard it, but continued: "My son tells me that he thinks our forbidding it would make no difference; that you would go away with the man all the same. I suppose he is right in thinking so, as you yourself told me that even if Father Salvierderra forbade it you would disobey him. Of course, if this is your determination, we are powerless. Even if I were to put you in the keeping of the Church, which is what I am sure my sister, who adopted you as her child, would do if she were alive, you would devise some means of escape, and thus bring a still greater and more public scandal on the family. Felipe thinks that it is not worth while to attempt to bring you to reason in that way; and we shall therefore do nothing. I wished to impress it upon you that my son, as head of this house, and I, as my sister's representative, consider you a member of our own family. So long as we have a home for ourselves, that home is yours, as it always has been. If you choose to leave it, and to disgrace yourself and us by marrying an Indian, we cannot help ourselves."

The Senora paused. Ramona did not speak. Her eyes were fixed on

the Senora's face, as if she would penetrate to her inmost soul; the girl was beginning to recognize the Senora's true nature, her instincts and her perceptions were sharpened by love.

"Have you anything to say to me or to my son?" asked the Senora.

"No, Senora," replied Ramona; "I do not think of anything more to say than I said this morning. Yes," she added, "there is. Perhaps I shall not speak with you again before I go away. I thank you once more for the home you have given me for so many years. And you too, Felipe," she continued, turning to Felipe, her face changing, all her pent-up affection and sorrow looking out of her tearful eyes—"you too, dear Felipe. You have always been so good to me. I shall always love you as long as I live;" and she held out both her hands to him. Felipe took them in his, and was about to speak, when the Senora interrupted him. She did not intend to have any more of this affectionate familiarity between her son and Ramona.

"Are we to understand that you are taking your leave now?" she said. "Is it your purpose to go at once?"

"I do not know, Senora," stammered Ramona; "I have not seen Alessandro; I have not heard—" And she looked up in distress at Felipe, who answered compassionately—

"Alessandro has gone."

"Gone!" shrieked Ramona. "Gone! not gone, Felipe!"

"Only for four days," replied Felipe. "To Temecula. I thought it would be better for him to be away for a day or two. He is to come back immediately. Perhaps he will be back day after to-morrow."

"Did he want to go? What did he go for? Why didn't you let me go with him? Oh, why, why did he go?" cried Ramona.

"He went because my son told him to go," broke in the Senora, impatient of this scene, and of the sympathy she saw struggling in Felipe's expressive features. "My son thought, and rightly, that the sight of him would be more than I could bear just now; so he ordered him to go away, and Alessandro obeyed."

Like a wounded creature at bay, Ramona turned suddenly away from Felipe, and facing the Senora, her eyes resolute and dauntless spite of the streaming tears, exclaimed, lifting her right hand as she spoke, "You have been cruel; God will punish you!" and without waiting to see what effect her words had produced, without looking again at Felipe, she walked swiftly out of the room.

"You see," said the Senora, "you see she defies us."

"She is desperate," said Felipe. "I am sorry I sent Alessandro away."

"No, my son," replied the Senora, "you were wise, as you always are. It may bring her to her senses, to have a few days' reflection in solitude."

"You do not mean to keep her locked up, mother, do you?" cried Felipe.

The Senora turned a look of apparently undisguised amazement on him. "You would not think that best, would you? Did you not say that all we could do was simply not to interfere with her in any way? To wash our hands, so far as possible, of all responsibility about her?"

"Yes, yes," said the baffled Felipe; "that was what I said. But mother—" He stopped. He did not know what he wanted to say.

The Senora looked tenderly at him, her face full of anxious inquiry.

"What is it, Felipe, my dear? Is there anything more you think I ought to say or do?" she asked.

"What is it you are going to do, mother?" said Felipe. "I don't seem to understand what you are going to do?"

"Nothing, Felipe! You have entirely convinced me that all effort

would be thrown away. I shall do nothing," replied the Senora. "Nothing whatever."

"Then as long as Ramona is here, everything will be just as it always has been!" said Felipe.

The Senora smiled sadly. "Dear Felipe, do you think that possible? A girl who has announced her determination to disobey not only you and me, but Father Salvierderra—who is going to bring disgrace both on the Moreno and the Ortegna name, we can't feel exactly the same towards her as we did before, can we?"

Felipe made an impatient gesture. "No, of course not. But I mean, is everything to be just the same, outwardly, as it was before?"

"I supposed so," said the Senora. "Was not that your idea? We must try to have it so, I think. Do not you?"

"Yes," groaned Felipe, "if we can!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

For Mother's Sake.

Little Bessie was no "goody, goody" child, but one who would no doubt have done her share in scrambling for the front rank in a street fight, or in thrusting herself forward when anything good was to be had. Yet her childish nature held within it seeds of heroism and feeling of which many a person more favored by fortune is destitute.

A tenement fire started at midnight in New York city, and many of the tenants were killed in attempting to reach the ground. On the fourth floor the firemen found a man penned in with his little girl and helped them to the window. As they were handing out the child she suddenly broke away from them and stepped back into the smoke, which seemed to hide certain death within its folds.

The firemen returned and groped about, shouting for her to come back. Half way across the room they came upon her, gasping and nearly smothered, dragging a doll's trunk over the floor.

"I couldn't leave it," she said, thrusting it at the men as they seized her "My mother!"

Then they flung the box angrily through the window. It fell crashing on the sidewalk, broke open, and revealed no doll or finery, but the deed for her dead mother's grave. Little Bessie was only 13, but she had not forgotten her trust.—*Youth's Companion.*

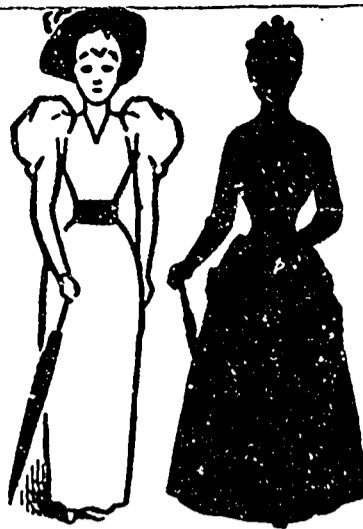
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CATHOLIC NEWS.

At the recent Brazilian elections several priests were returned as members of the Republican Congress.

Representatives of the Catholic press of Hungary have held a meeting to organize a league against Freemasonry.

The Rev. D. Die Pietra, S. J., who was recently appointed Bishop of British Honduras will be consecrated this month. He has labored in that country for twenty four years.

The Lord Mayor of the City of London gave a banquet on April 12, to Cardinal Vaughan, the Archbishop and Bishop of the province of Westminster. A large number of the leading Catholics of Great Britain attended.

The children of the Indian school at the Mission San Diego are endeavoring to raise funds through the visitors mitebox, for the rebuilding of the old mission building erected by their ancestors 120 years ago and are meeting with considerable success.

Among the little children received in audience by Pope Leo XIII., at the beginning of the present jubilee celebration were ten who were deaf and dumb to whom His Holiness gave special affectionate attention, presenting them with silver instead of bronze medals.

German Catholics are about to raise a monument to their deceased chief—the illustrious Herr Windthorst in his native town of Meppen. The sculptor Pohlmann has been commissioned to execute the statue. The sturdy old politician will be represented erect, in the act of making a speech.

Ansonio Franchi, once one of the leading promoters of irreligion and atheism in Italy, and the editor of a paper, the "Difesa," which was notorious for its fierce hostility to everything Christian, is now a lay brother novice in the Carmelite house at Genoa. Thus he is making reparation for the scandals of his earlier career.

Official confirmation is given to the news of a grant of fifty thousand francs from the Pope to aid the Belgian anti-slavery expedition to Tanganika. The expedition which embarked at London April 6th, will go by the Cape to the mouth of the Zambesi. It is under command of Captain Descamps. Its route will be by the north of Lake Nyassa, and thence by pilgrimage of a month to its destination.

One of the bells of St. Peter's, Rome, known as "the bell of the preaching," which was cracked by the late winter frosts, has been taken down from the belfry, and is lying in the portico of the sacristy, whence it will be transferred to the Lateran Museum. It was cast in 1285 by order of a certain Riccardo, a notary of the times of Pope Nicholas IV., and was the work of Guidotus Pisanus. Its weight was 1850 Roman pounds.

The Abbe Lang, of Sainte Marie aux Mines, in Alsace, has been prosecuted by the Germans for having lit up a transparency on the day of the Pontifical Jubilee with the name of the Pope in French—Leon XIII. in place of Leo XIII. It is not the first time the patriotic priest has been subjected to annoyance. He has been condemned for having given as examples, in a grammar which he edited, phrases considered hostile to Germany.

The pilgrimage of penitence which left Marseilles for Rome April 12th, and will leave Naples for Jerusalem on the 21st, has received a number of adhesions in France, Germany and England. It is intended to visit Galilee and Nazareth. A group will go to Lake Tiberias and other spots consecrated by mention in Holy Writ. The Eucharistic Congress will occupy twelve days, but will not hinder those who wish from making excursions to Bethlehem, the Jordan, and the Dead Sea.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has already taken the preliminary steps to found in London a Museum of Christian Art. He is also organizing an exposition of religious articles to be borrowed from monasteries, convents and churches and private collections from all Catholic countries. This exposition is to take place in 1895 on the ground to be occupied by the future cathedral of Westminster. And thus the Church is keeping up her magnificent conquests in England.

The third chapel to the left as one enters the Church of St. Carlo on the Corso at Rome has been dedicated to the Catholics of Norway, with the approval of Cardinal Parocchi and the sovereign authorization of the Pope. The altar is surmounted by a picture of large dimensions representing St. Olaf, with the arms of monarch and warrior, in the act of slaying the dragon, for the same high deed is attributed to him with which our St. George is accredited. There is an inscription on it by Mgr Tarozzi, secretary of Latin letters, and two dates, 1030-1893, the first being that of the martyrdom of the Patron of Norway.

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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.

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IMPORTANT REDUCTION

PRICES OF GAS

The Directors of the CONSUMERS GAS COMPANY have pleasure in announcing to gas consumers and the public generally that on ascertaining the result of the half year's business just closed, they have decided

To Reduce the Net Prices of Gas

for prompt payment from 1st April inst., as below

To consumers of 200,000 cubic feet and under per annum, from	Per 1,000 cubic feet	\$1 12½ to \$1 05
To consumers of over 200,000 and up to 500,000 cubic feet per annum, from		\$1 05 to \$1 00
To consumers of over 500,000 cubic feet per annum, from		\$1 00 to \$0 90
For Gas for stoves, grates and engines, supplied by separate meters, from		\$1 00 to \$0 90
The extra discount to consumers of over 200,000 cubic feet per annum will as usual be allowed at the end of each year, on 30th September		

The directors are satisfied that the above low prices will make gas CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER ILLUMINATING OR COOKING AGENT, and thus place it within reach of all classes of the community.

According to recent published statistics of American gas companies, THE ABOVE PRICES are, with the exception of two or three places in the Bituminous coal district, LOWER THAN THOSE CHARGED BY ANY OTHER GAS COMPANY IN AMERICA.

THE ILLUMINATING POWER OF THE GAS SUPPLIED from a five foot burner NOW AVERAGES OVER 21 CANDLES, as compared with 17½ candles when the last reduction in price was made.

W. H. PEARSON,
General Manager and Secretary.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
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Flowers, Feathers and Ribbons were never got into prettier mixes or lovelier shapes, French art and Canadian taste blended and beautified. Special showing of Ladies' and Misses' Light weight Cashmere Hose, extra values; Misses' Cashmere Hose, 6 to 7 in., 20c pair; 7½ to 8½ in., 25c pair; Misses' Tan Cashmere Hose, 35c to 50c pair; Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, 20c, 25c and 40c, or three pair for \$1. Lace and Embroidery Departments have been growing in interest. Now they have reached a culminating point of intense bargain price interest.

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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 capacity of same.

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

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

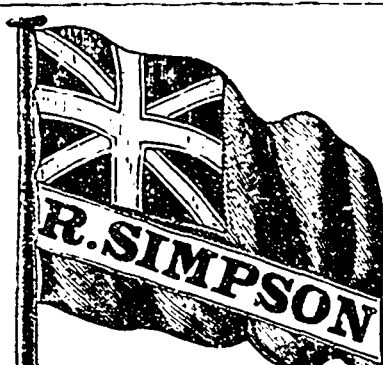
	CLOS.	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.45	7.15 10.20
O. and Q. Railway	8.00 8.00	8.10 9.10
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 7.40
N. and N. W.	7.20 4.10	10.15 8.10
T. G. and B.	6.50 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.30 4.00	11.15 9.55
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. W. R.	12.00 9.00	2.00 7.30
	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, 3, 6, 8, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 18, 20, 22, 24, 25, 27, 29.

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

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IT WOULD be hard for shoppers to be anything else than pleased at the Building plans of this house. It means some inconvenience to ourselves, but with shoppers it is a case of saving on spring purchases as they have never saved before.

- All-wool Carpets, 65c: best made 85c.
- Best standard five-framed Brussels Carpets, \$1.
- Shot Silk Carpets, 20c, a beautiful Carpet at 40c.
- Shot Silk Velvets, 35c, regular price \$1, \$1.25, regular price \$1.75; \$1.75, regular price \$2.50.
- All wool French Delaines, 25c, regular price 45c.
- Ceylon Flannels, stripes and checks, 20c.
- Flannellets, 7c, 7½c.
- Canton Flannels, 6c.
- New Spring Tweeds for pantings and suitings, 50c—less than mill prices.
- Ladies' seamless and guaranteed stainless cotton Hose, 2 pairs 15c.
- Ladies' fine Lisle Thread Hose, ribbed and plain 3 pairs \$1.
- Ladies' Elastic Ribbed Vests for 25c.
- Men's fine Merino Shirts and Drawers, 60c.

Visit the Millinery Rooms.

The invitation is of course to the ladies. All the novelties of the season are there. Best workmanship is there. Promptness is a known element of the management. And everything is charged on a Building Sale basis.

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