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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 37.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

On Tuesday a monster gathering of the Catholics of Winnipeg and surrounding country marched in a body to the Government buildings to lay before the Ministers their petition for the re-establishment of Separate Schools. The deputation was received by Messrs. Greenway, Cameron and McMillan. After the petition had been read Mr. Greenway promised to return a written answer in a few days. More than five thousand names were appended to the petition, which was over three hundred feet in length.

The petition is as follows:—"We, the undersigned Catholics of the province of Manitoba do respectfully represent,

"1. That we are unable, from motives of conscientious conviction, to participate in, or derive benefit from, the system of education as now carried on under the Public School Act of 1890, and amendments thereto.

"2. That the heavy pecuniary sacrifices with which Catholics throughout the province have been burdened in consequence of the laws for the last four years, even through the financial stringency of the present time, must remove any doubt as to the earnestness of their feelings, and convince your Government of the gravity of their grievances.

"3. That without sharing your petitioners' religious convictions that the taxation of Catholics for schools, acceptable only to Protestants, is most oppressive and unfair, your Government must feel that they can no longer, in their own conscience, legitimately carry on that system, the result of which is unjust and oppressive.

"4. Therefore, your petitioners, as freeborn British subjects, do enter their firm and solemn protest against this unfair treatment at your hands, and do respectfully and earnestly pray that your Government take into their serious consideration the grievances of the Catholics of this province, and do pass such legislation as may be necessary to remedy such grievances to their full extent, and to assure to the said population the respect of their rights and conscientious feelings, the use of their school taxes, of their legitimate share of the public money voted for educational purposes in this province. And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray."

At the meeting to arrange for the deputation to wait upon Mr. Greenway, Father Langevin announced that Archbishop Tache had urged the need for a great Catholic demonstration only two weeks prior to his death. "This delegation," said Father Langevin, "is the realization of the wish of Archbishop Tache. Brethren, you

know we have been wronged as Catholics; even outsiders admit it too. Others will say that we Catholics are no men, that we are not free men, if we do not come forth and stand up for our rights. A Catholic, who would not join in this demonstration, would not be a man; and adversaries would despise him; he would be unworthy the name of Catholic. All the Catholics of the Dominion will know that you, Catholics of Manitoba, have stood up for your rights. Go then as

questions has been put by circular to the societies: "Number, names and location of workmen's societies; date of foundation; number of members; what percentage of the total number of workmen belong to the societies" by whom are they managed? are there workmen's banks? what is the capital of each? has the encyclical produced an effect upon these societies?"

A Free Mason requested the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate to inves-

pulpit eloquence should be drawn and not pleasant sounding words such as progress, country, modern science. The preacher is there not necessarily to fill the church with people, but to labor that the soul be not empty of grace. Some of our denominational friends who do not shrink from starving out an unattractive speaker would find small need of comfort in the deliverance.

Bishop Scannell of Omaha having closed St. Paul's Church there some of the parishioners applied for an injunction to restrain. The issue is now in course of trial, the Bishop being charged with contempt in not obeying the mandate of the court. It is to be hoped that the law will sustain the rights of the Episcopate in Church matters.

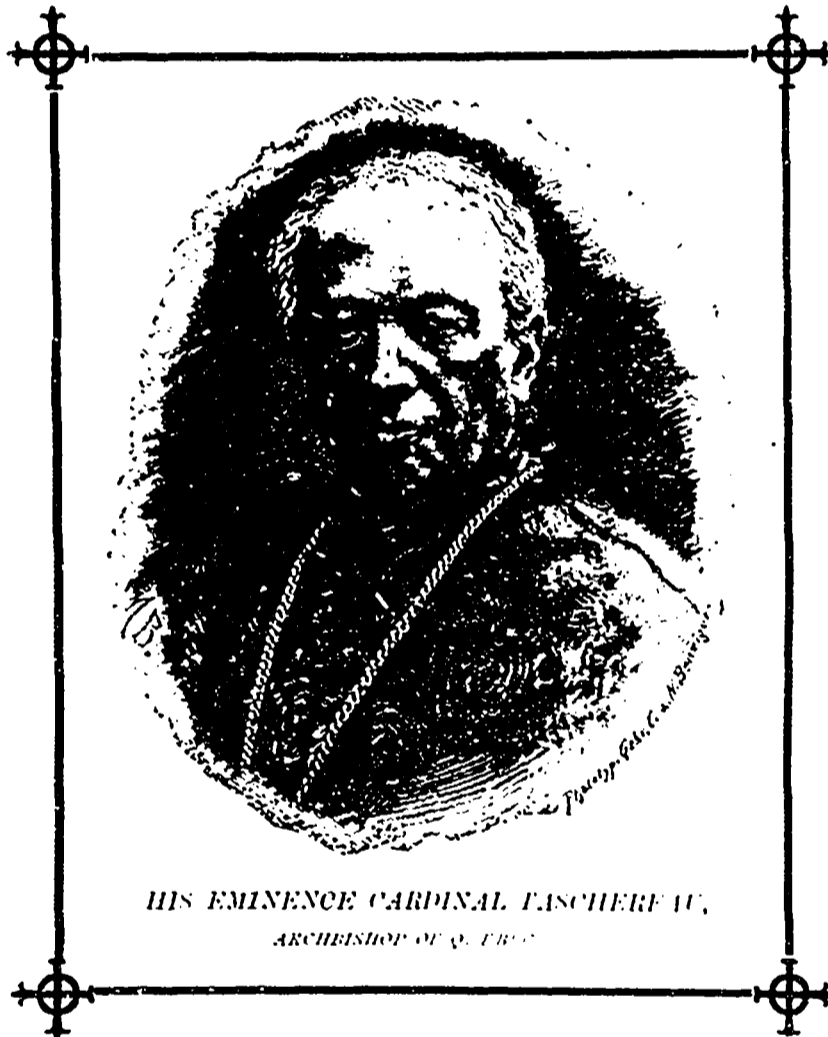
Delegates from all the countries of Europe assembled at Liege on April 5 and 6 last, and framed a declaration of the position of Catholics on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. This declaration has just been made public and is as follows:

"1. The temporal sovereignty of the Holy See is demanded both by justice and by right. 2. This sovereignty is indispensable to the independence of the Holy See in the government of the Church. 3. The temporal sovereignty of the Pope is the guarantee of liberty of conscience for Catholics throughout the world. 4. The authority of the Holy See, strengthened by his own independence, and ever better acknowledged and listened to by the nations, will contribute in the most efficient manner to the maintenance of peace and to the reconciliation of peoples and classes of society as well as to the progress of civilization. 5. The greatness and dignity of Italy are not threatened, but are rather assured by the independence of the Holy See—in the words of Leo XIII, "a divine institution to which she is bound by some special design of God."

The French Minister of Foreign Affairs has received the intelligence that Father Jean Marie Jozeau, priest of the foreign missions, and missionary apostolic in Corea, was barbarously murdered on the 16th of July, by some disbanded Chinese soldiers. The martyred priest was born at Poitiers in 1866.

It is reported that the Holy See has directed the vicars apostolic of China, Japan and Corea to act with extreme prudence so as not to afford any excuse for persecuting measures against the Catholic missions.

Sir Frank Smith met with a very serious accident on Monday. In company with Colonel Mason Sir Frank was making an inspection of some of the buildings of the Home Savings and Loan Co. Crossing the Street Railway tracks in Brewery hollow they did not observe a car which was coming at tremendous speed. Before the buggy could cross it was struck and smashed. Sir Frank was dragged for some distance. Examination proved three ribs to be broken. At last report he was doing very well, and it is hoped that his well known vigor of constitution will enable him soon to be about.



HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL TASCHERI, ARCHBISHOP OF VIENNA

Catholics, as free citizens; it is your duty to turn out on that day."

A society for the propagation of the Pope's Encyclical on the Labor Question has been established, with headquarters at Rome and Cardinal Parrocchi as president. For the present the aim of the society is to obtain information concerning the effect of the Encyclical. Persons in high places have expressed concurrence in the views of the Holy Father ever since the letter was issued, and the desire now is to know what the workmen themselves are doing or have done towards the end of carrying the suggestions into effect. Considerable opposition may be met from persons out of sympathy with the Church, but it is hoped a sufficient amount of information may be obtained to cause the institution of measures of practical advantage. The Rev. Richard L. Burtzell, of Rondout, N.Y., has been appointed to collect information in the United States. The following list of

investigate Free Masonry as it exists in America and to use his influence with the Pope to have the ban of the Church removed from it here. In reply Monsignor Satolli wrote: "Free-masonry is essentially anti-Christian in its principles and aims, without questioning the intention and behavior of the individuals who belong to it. Such a society has been clearly condemned by the Church, which has come to such a decision after a careful and serious examination."

Acting under instructions from the Pope, the Sacred Congregation of Bishops in Rome have issued an important circular to the clergy of Italy concerning abuses that have crept into the forms of preaching. The letter impresses upon the Bishops the need for personal knowledge of the fitness of any priest before he is allowed full liberty in the preparation of his discourses. The clergy are reminded that the Bible and the Doctors of the Church are the fountains from which

## MANITOBA SCHOOLS.

## Mr. Laurier Meets the Deputation.

Hon. Mr. Laurier was waited on by a deputation of Roman Catholic citizens, who protested against what they regarded as the injustice inflicted upon them by the Manitoba school act. The deputation was composed of Mr. J. A. Richard, J. L. P. Prendergast, E. Cass, J. J. Golden, T. Deegan, P. Marrin, N. Bawlf, O. C. Powell, J. Carroll and Mr. McManus. Mr. Powell read an address to Mr. Laurier from the Catholics of Winnipeg, in which it was stated that the Roman Catholic citizens had resolved to avail themselves of the opportunity presented by the visit of the Liberal leader to lay before him the injustices which were being done to the Catholics, and the oppression under which they were laboring in the matter of the education of their children. The Public Schools act of 1890 had swept away the Catholic School Board, and left as the sole head of the educational system for Catholic and Protestant alike the Protestant School Board. Not a member of the Advisory Board was of the Roman Catholic faith, and the action of the Government in compelling Catholics to send their children to Protestant schools, and taxing them heavily in support thereof, placed the minority in a position of violence and oppression at the hands of the majority, and they trusted that the Liberal leader would devote his power to the full restoration of all rights and liberties of the free subject, not the least of which were the invaded rights of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba. A letter was read at the close of the address from the Superintendent of Education to the City Clerk, giving notice that after May 1 the Catholic School Board would cease to exist, and giving instructions in consequence.

## VIEWS OF THE DEPUTATION.

Mr. Laurier, having expressed a wish to hear the views of some of those present, Mr. J. J. Golden, a prominent Conservative, made a few remarks. He said that in looking over the acts which dealt with the religious teaching in Public Schools one might think that these schools were not Protestant, whereas, as a matter of fact, they were solely Protestant, and nothing else. If Catholics refused to use the textbooks commanded to be used by the Government in these schools they would not be allowed to collect taxes for the support of these schools, while being themselves directly taxed to maintain others. If there were no religion taught at all it would be a matter of common fairness, but religious principles were taught which were not in accord with the principles of Roman Catholics, and they would have to unlearn in the minds of their children many of the things which they were taught at school in the matter of religion.

Mr. Laurier said that many of the things which he had been told by the deputation were new to him. He had heard no such definite complaints in any petition which had been placed before Parliament.

In reply to a question, Mr. Golden said that no complaints had been laid before Mr. Foster or Mr. Angers when they were here, because the Catholics of Winnipeg did not believe that the Government's following in the House would give their support to a measure of redress which was personally disapproved of, or against the wishes of a large number of their followers.

"I think," said Mr. Laurier, "that it would be more accordance with the object in view to lay these complaints before the Government than before me, who have no influence in the matter at present, or power to act, would it not?"

"I don't think so," said Mr. Golden.

"You honor me very much," said Mr. Laurier, "but, as the question is evidently, from your previous remark,

to be taken as a political one, I must ask you to excuse me from dealing now with a question which would take us into politics. You refused to place your grievances before the Government leaders because, as I understand, you did not think that you would get justice. I think that your policy should be to acquaint the Government at Ottawa with these facts."

"Supposing that Sir John Thompson favorably regarded an appeal to him," asked Mr. Golden, "would you, as leader of the Opposition, join with him in giving your influence to the redress of our grievances?"

"If, after careful consideration of both sides of the argument," replied Mr. Laurier, "I find that Catholics are compelled to send their children to Protestant schools, and that injustice is being done them, I think that this Catholic school question would be as favorable a case for discussion as any that could be brought before Parliament."

## PROTESTANT OR NON SECTARIAN.

Mr. N. Bawlf next addressed the Liberal leader, and said that when this present school act went into force the Catholic schools were wiped out. The act should have wiped out both the Catholic and Protestant schools; Catholics should have got a proportionate representation on the board. "When our schools were wiped out," Mr. Bawlf said, "we had no debt whatever, and yet we were turned over to the Protestant School Board and forced to share in their debt amounting to \$200,000. In order to break the camel's back they have passed an act whereby our very schools are taxed. And we are compelled to keep up the Collegiate Institute. If the law is what they say, if the state of their schools is such as they would lead us to believe, why do they insist on having a Collegiate Institute?"

Mr. Laurier—These are new facts to me upon this question. Were I in power and you were to present me with such grievances as those, in my official capacity, I would ask an answer from the Manitoba Government. There are two sides to every question. You have stated your side. At present I am not in power, and have no authority to deal with your grievances. The only thing I can do is to give the facts as I know them to be. Whenever an opportunity should arise. At present I am powerless to alter an iota."

Mr. T. D. Deegan In the event of the present Government showing an inclination to deal favorably with us on this question, would Mr. Laurier aid the Government in that alternative?

Mr. Laurier—If, after investigating the facts, I found them to be as stated, I would act as I said yesterday. On all occasions I would be glad to impart the knowledge which I possess on this question. It is a question of facts, not one of law.

Mr. Marrin—Mr. Martin intended providing non sectarian schools, but pressure was brought from the Protestant side, who, as they said, did not want "godless" schools. Mr. Martin himself admitted that the schools were not as he intended them.

Mr. Prendergast was then asked to express his views on the question. He said. "In the third reading of the school bill of 1890 it was altered to suit the Protestant clergy, and Mr. Martin, on that occasion, remarked that the purpose of the bill was to abolish sectarian schools. This the Protestants sanctioned so far as Catholic schools were concerned, but when it came to a question of themselves they would have it that their schools be sectarian. In a word, Mr. Martin accused his Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land with wanting a special arrangement to suit himself."

Mr. Powell—If the schools of Winnipeg of to day are not Protestant they never were Protestant. Prior to

the change in 1890 there were Catholic and Protestant schools here. The Catholic schools were abolished. The present schools are identical with the schools under the old Protestant board. If they say that the schools of to day are not Protestant, then they must also say that neither were those prior to May, 1890.

After several other remarks from the members of the committee and from Mr. Laurier the interview terminated. Mr. Laurier promised to give the matter his close attention.—*Special Correspondence of the Globe.*

## A Quebec Landlady.

During all this time it was raining pretty heavily and was momentarily growing worse. When the road turned towards the river it soon entered a dense wood, where the earth seemed marshy and the track became almost impassable for a pedestrian, let alone for a bicycle. It was mainly composed of inky black mudholes, in which I floundered in a woful way. When I emerged from that Serbonian bog my best friend would have insisted on handling me with a pitchfork. It is little wonder, therefore, when I rode up to Monsieur St. Germain's hotel at St. Denis that that gentleman looked at me askance. He told me, I thought somewhat roughly, that he did not speak English and he did not seem to care to assist my efforts in his own tongue; but there was no use going on strike, as it was the only hotel in the village. However, he delivered me over to the tender mercies of his women folk, and their treatment of me was well worthy to be described by that phrase "A wheelsman must travel light. Most of my travelling accoutrements were in my valise, which I had expressed to Three Rivers. I was wet to the skin and had very little in my kit to replace my soaked garments. Mrs. St. Germain took a motherly interest in my plight, and, with the aid of a good hot stove, I was soon as dry and comfortable as could be desired.

The delightful old lady did not know one English word from another. The conversation was serious, and I simply had to draw to the fullest extent on my linguistic gifts. I was equal to the occasion, and during the course of my first meal madame and I carried on an animated conversation. She is one of those good souls who beam all the time, and the way that she beamed, and talked, and coaxed me to try a little of everything in the house, was enough to console me for the fact that outside it was raining cats and dogs, and that the road was momentarily becoming worse and worse.

The house (for I don't like to call it hotel, it was so home like) was a charming one every way. It was as simple as it could be—rag carpets and mats on the painted floors, and the most amateur architecture and joinery, but, oh so clean. The tablecloth vied with the napery in its silvery whiteness, the butter was gold and honey, the milk rivalled Mrs. Daigle's in its frothy richness. The curtains on all the windows were of the commonest materials, but they looked as if they had just come from some angelic laundry. In my modestly furnished chambre a coucher up-stairs the same conditions prevailed. Downy mattress, fluffy pillows, snowy sheets, and, chief charm of all, a spotless fringe of muslin all about the bed. Mrs. St. Germain's beaming countenance seemed to be impressed on everything about the house. It would certainly have been no hardship to have to put in a few days here, but I had already been so much detained by rain that I was getting weary of it.—*John A. Lican in the Globe.*

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## Catholic News.

The hospice of Mount St. Bernard has just celebrated an anniversary of a unique character, namely, the "diamond wedding" of Father Parbellay, one of the monks. Sixty years have passed away since the venerable monogenarian entered the priesthood, and every day since then he has lived amid the eternal snows at an altitude of 2,472 metres. The rev. gentleman is still well and hearty.

Father Collette's picnic, which took place last Tuesday at Upham, Kings county, was immensely enjoyed by all present. The weather was delightful, the clergy well represented, and the laity of all classes and persuasions came by train, wagons and bicycles from St. John, Nauwigowauk, Hampton, Norton, Sussex and Hammond and Black River and St. Martins, as well as pedestrians from the surrounding districts.

The good old Jesuit, Rev. Athanasius Kircher, says that the voice is an excellent index of character. He writes that a strong hoarse voice signifies that its possessor is avaricious, pusillanimous, insolent in prosperity, cowardly in misfortune; and Tacitus tells us that such was Caligula. A voice that is grave at first and terminates in a falsetto is, according to Father Kircher, possessed by a man who is sad and irritable; the sharp, feeble and broken voice is the index of an effeminate nature; a sharp and strong tone belongs to the man who loves pleasure, while the grave, sonorous and heavy voice is owned by the individual who is enterprising, bold and fitted for the execution of most things.

The Rev. Abbe Colin, Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, returned from Paris. The abbe attended the general chapter of the order at Issy and Paris. Matters of general interest were discussed, and important business for the order in America was disposed of. A new seminary will be opened in New York next year, and applications from San Francisco and Cincinnati were considered. The Rev. Abbe Rex, of Boston, was selected to the General Council to succeed the Rev. Abbe Captier, the new Superior General. The new seminary here will be opened in about a fortnight. An important step decided upon by the General Council was the creation of a general scholasticate, through which all the members who are intended to be teachers will have to pass.

## The Columbus Helics.

The Secretary of State has finally decided to return the articles that were borrowed from the Vatican for exhibition in Chicago, and the autographs of Columbus, which were so kindly lent by the Duke of Veragua, the Duchess of Berwick-Alba, and the Government of Spain, and Commander Houston of the gunboat *Machias*, who leaves New York for China about the middle of September, has been notified by the Secretary of the Navy that he will be expected to take charge of these articles, and deliver those that belong in Spain at Cadiz, and those that belong to the Pope at Naples. The Government of the United States borrowed these exhibits at the request of President Harrison, made upon the authority of a resolution adopted unanimately by both Houses of Congress, and it was expressly stipulated that they should be brought to this country on a man-of-war, kept under military guard while they were here, and returned upon a man-of-war immediately after the close of the Exposition, and have since been lying in the State Department building, the smaller packages being placed in the vaults and the larger ones leaning against the walls in the corridor of the basement.

## Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

## THE TEA HOUSE OF JAPAN.

Written for *The Register*.

The onward march of Western civilization is fast supplanting native customs, habits and methods. A walk down the principal streets of Tokio would now be disappointing to the curious traveller intent on seeing 'things Japanese' in their native and pristine simplicity. Street cars, electric lights, telegraph poles and bicycles, all tend to render the scene too familiar and prosaic for the most imaginative to grow enthusiastic over. Among the few institutions that have successfully escaped the contagion of modern influences is the tea-house. There one may enter without fear of being confronted with electric call-bells, or waiters arrayed in conventional dress-suits. Japan under the old regime is faithfully mirrored in all the surroundings, and though one may occasionally see there a stray fork or spoon yet it is a "vox clamantis in deserto," and seems peculiarly out of place, a stranger in a strange land. There are of course many different grades and classes of these houses, from the simple wayside house where the visitor sips his tiny cup of green tea, and partakes of a modest plateful of sweetmeats to the large and more pretentious establishments with their retinue of servants and sumptuous bill-of-fare. But the difference is merely one of size and price, and they all closely resemble one another in essential characteristics. The European guest must remove his boots on entering; the spotless maistresses are never defiled by contact with anything that touches the ground in walking. With the native of course it is an easy matter to step off the *geta*, or wooden sandals.

Having seated yourself, you presently see a pretty *mesan* or waitress with gaily colored robes, and perhaps a touch of rouge and a suspicion of powder on her brown cheeks, glide into the room with tea and confectionery. She squats down on the floor very gracefully, (chairs are never seen in these places), and having poured out your tea, will probably enter into conversation, not betraying the slightest signs of either hesitation or shyness; and no matter how personal her questions become, you cannot find it in you to take offence, so artless and naive is her manner. An English traveller tells of how one of these waitresses after asking him every conceivable question, found him to be a widower with three children, and straightway offered to marry him.

Should several in a party visit one of these places, the girls respectfully retire after supplying refreshments, and if their presence is again required it is quickly obtained by the simple natural expedient of clapping the hands. A party of natives is often seen seated in a circle and sipping *saki*, Japanese wine from tiny cups in a very mysterious and solemn manner. In proportion as the fumes of the wine gradually mount to their heads this solemnity disappears, their faces are relaxed into cheerful smiles and their punctilious politeness is replaced by a more free and easy manner. Soon dancing girls appear on the scene, and in a very short time the party are having an uproariously good time which continues late into the night.

Unless a regular meal is ordered the bill is not called for, the guests leaving what they think sufficient on the tea-trays. If a party make a long stay and fare sumptuously, in addition to the regular bill, the waitresses are invariably rewarded by an honorarium, in proportion to the means and generosity of the givers.

A tea-house of any size, usually boasts of a beautiful little garden, fitted up as only the Japanese can, with a little pond, spanned with tiny bridges, and in which wild water lilies are

growing, while beautiful carp and gold fish are seen gleaming and darting to and fro among the stones and water plants. A guest can always be assured of being royally treated at one of these old-fashioned places of entertainment, and a visit to one of them cannot fail, in the words of the Mikado in the opera, to afford "a source of innocent merriment, of innocent merriment."

When cherry blossoms are in season, the tea houses frequently serve cherry blossom tea, made by steeping the blossoms in hot water. The result is a delicious drink, slightly bitter, yet pleasant to the palate. Of sweetmeats there is a great variety. The cakes made of rice flour and flavored with peppermint, etc., are in great favor, while other cakes of every color and shape are to be had in abundance. A familiar and to European eyes an unpleasant-looking article, is the *shushi*, made of cakes of boiled rice, on the top of which are laid thin layers of raw sardines. This is a very popular dish, and when once the taste has been acquired—and it is an acquired taste—they are not bad eating in spite of their unsavory appearance. In the better classes of tea houses, one can get the *unagi meshi*, the most delicious dish to the foreign taste in the whole Japanese menu. It is prepared by spitting eels upon strips of thin bamboo, and then roasting or frying them, and when done serving them upon rice, with *ghoyu* or Japanese sauce to flavor. The *unagi-meshi* is a dish which the writer has no hesitation in recommending for trial to the most fastidious gourmet, and is satisfied that once tried, it will find lasting favor.

In the evening the verandahs are gaily festooned with many colored lanterns, and the guests, clothed in their loose and flowing robes, pass the evening in conversation or amuse themselves by playing different games. *Ken Go* and Japanese cards are among the most familiar games with which the Japanese while away the cool hours of the evening. *Go* is chiefly played by elderly men to whose staid temperament the more lively games of the young people are distasteful. In principle it is much like chess, and is quite as scientific. *Go moku nariabi*, familiarly known in this country as *Go-bang*, is a very much modified form of this game, and is considered quite beneath the dignity of the practiced *Go* player. *Ken* is a very exciting game to watch, and a group playing it presents a very strange and fantastic appearance to the uninitiated, who might imagine them to be performing mysterious rites to some unknown god, were not merry peals of laughter and a constant interchange of pleasantries an inseparable adjunct. As many persons as wish to play it squat around in a circle and make certain signs with their hands. These signs are in themselves no easy matter to learn, especially when they follow one another with lightning rapidity. Every sign has its counter sign, and the person failing to give the correct counter-sign pays a certain penalty previously agreed upon. It is a never-failing specific for a fit of the blues and never leads to ill-feeling or hard words. These and many more sights are to be seen in any tea-house in Japan. The waitresses and the general guests are always polite and good-natured, and nothing that could offend the sensibility of the most fastidious is ever seen or heard in them. The singing of the dancing girls in an adjoining apartment, separated only by a thin sliding door of bamboo network covered with paper, might sound discordant and unmelodious to ears not trained to enjoy Eastern music, and which consequently cannot appreciate the beauty of the wild minor strains, which these daughters of the flowery land lustily chant forth, to the great edification and delight of the pleasure-seeking Japanese. At no merry-making or occasional of festivity

are these fair singers ever absent. May the tea house with its varied attraction and its old fashioned customs long continue to successfully resist the disintegrating influence which the advent of foreigners and foreign manners is exerting on all the customs and institutions which have made Japan a favorite spot for the curious tourist, the travelling artist, and the writer of books of travel.

## Imperative Need of Intelligent Faith.

The arguments advanced against religion are more plausible now than formerly, because urged in the name and with the authority of science; the poison of error is most subtle and most potent where its existence is least suspected. It is found in books, newspapers, magazines; in works of art, history, literature, philosophy, and religion, as well as science; it is concealed in sermons and public discourses, and oft-times plays havoc in the simplest social gatherings. Everything that comes under the magic spell of science—and here I mean infidel and agnostic science—is affected by the ubiquitous poison. The whole intellectual atmosphere is polluted with it, and the only saving antidote is a strong, healthy, intelligent faith.

I lay special stress on intelligent faith, because this it is which is often, alas! so sadly lacking. If our people were better instructed in the errors and methods of the dominant teachings of the day, they would not be so exposed as they now are. Forewarned, it is said, is forearmed, but forewarning in the present crisis is not sufficient. We must arm those who look to us for help and guidance with the helmet of faith and the shield of impregnable truth. We must meet the enemy on their own ground, and assail them in their chosen coigne of vantage. We must show that the science on which the enemies of the Church are wont to rest their case is sham science, or a science misapplied; that their proofs are but assertions without foundation in fact; that their promises are fallacious, or that their conclusions are false and unwarranted.

## A Famous Painter to Become a Monk.

James Tissot, the world famous French painter, is about to become a monk of La Grand Chartreuse. Tissot's remarkable series of pictures illustrating "The Life of Christ," it will be recalled, was one of the attractions at the salon in the Champs de Mars this year. This work attracted great attention, especially in the religious world, and the pictures were widely commented upon. Tissot formerly had a studio in London, and there he painted some of his finest works, among them being "Ball on Shipboard," "London Visitor," and "The Thames." He is in his fifty-eighth year.

The earliest method of spinning was by bunching a few fibers and rolling them into a thread with the hands.

A cathedral is being built in honor of St. Vincent de Paul at Tunis, on the very spot where the saint was sold as a slave in 1605.

The death is announced of the Abbe Fortin, parish priest of Chalotte, near Montargis, whose works upon astronomy made him a great authority in French agricultural districts.

Twelve Franciscan Fathers labor for the salvation of souls in Alexandria Egypt. On every Sunday and holidays they deliver six sermons to the faithful in six different languages.

**FACED OUT.**—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

## Archbishop Corrigan.

A writer in the *New York World* gives a graphic sketch of Most Rev. M. A. Corrigan, the distinguished metropolitan of New York, which presents some interesting views about the character and home life of this worthy son of the church. The writer is probably a non-Catholic, but he aims to be honest and fair. He writes as follows:

In speaking of himself his grace is modest.

"I am only a plain priest, not wise or clever," he will tell his visitor. "I never had the art to write a book, to originate a great work, to evolve a great idea. I am content to do my duty as a priest in my own way. I am not interesting."

His stature is above that of the general, and in bishop's robes, with alb and mitre, he appeared not only tall but almost stately.

Ring or knock at the door of the archbishop's residence on Madison avenue, some evening, and when a trim waiting maid has looked you up and down, inspected your credentials, and convinced herself that you are not on evil bent, you may be ushered through a lofty hall into a square and silent ante-room.

Should you be fortunate enough to know his grace ere long his step will be heard coming down the stairs, and presently a quiet priest, in a dark soutane edged with red, will walk towards you, holding out his hand. This you may grasp or kiss according to your faith.

In his expansive moments he settles himself in his chair, stretches himself comfortably, looks you squarely in the face and chats away.

His grace is at his best on these occasions.

He is a very firm believer in the value and the power of prayer. He swears by faith more than by works, though he works constantly.

His favorite books are first, the immortal "Imitation," and next a Spanish work, "The Spiritual Guide."

We may imagine that, if Heaven had willed that he should not be what he is—a priest—Michael Augustin Corrigan of Newark would have made an able, admirable lawyer.

In the days when he was president of Seton Hall, the famous college, his choicest comrade was the future barrister, Frederick R. Coudert.

He and Coudert would spend hours and hours together—arguing possible cases, thrashing out nice points, and drawing legal inferences.

His Grace's strength lies in his love of detail, his doggedness, his tenacity. He may not fly high, but he burrows patiently.

He takes deep interest in sodalities, in revivals, in the adjustment of old pious schemes to modern circumstances.

The Catholic summer school he lately visited at Plattsburg is an example of revivalism. His grace would tell you that the early Christians had something very like the Plattsburg lecture plan.

You could not well imagine any man more different than his grace from his great forerunners, Archbishop Hughes and Cardinal McCloskey.

Archbishop Hughes, all fire and flame and light and energy; a zealot.

Cardinal McCloskey, more mild and sweet; a temporizer; a pencemaker.

From his youth upward his heart turned towards the church. He wished to be and worked to be a priest.

"Only a plain priest," who longs to work out his own quiet way.

But destiny has brought him more than this.

The Pope has made the plain priest one of his high archbishops.

In another column will be found an open letter from a prominent physician relating the facts of a cure of consumption after the patient had reached the last stages of this hitherto unconquered disease. The statements made are really remarkable, and mark another advance in the progress of medical science. Our readers will find the article well worth a careful perusal.



## ALONG THE OTTAWA RIVER.

FROM THE RAMBLER.

I suppose there are millions of people who do not know that there is such a man as myself living; others—certainly not millions—know me in the flesh; whilst a few very few—who have very little else to do, will, tormented by original sin, occasionally turn aside to read my lucubrations in the REGISTER. Now some amongst this class may remember that my last effusion left us at

ANAPRIOR.

Anaprior is situated at the point where the Madawaska discharges its waters into the Ottawa River and contains a population of four thousand five hundred. It has the usual number and variety of industries such as one meets in almost every Canadian town of similar size and importance, chief amongst which stands the McLachlin saw-mill, said to be the greatest of its kind in America, and, of course, by a very simple process of reasoning, must be the greatest on earth. Anaprior owes much of its prosperity to this huge establishment, and it is but justice to the worthy proprietors to say that to their employees they are generous, and liberal and tolerant to all; and that the great measure of prosperity which has attended their efforts excites pleasure instead of envy in the breast of every one.

Besides enjoying the proud distinction of being able to whip all creation in saw-mills, Anaprior possesses several mammoth commercial establishments, in everyone of which you have only to ask for what you cannot see.

Church accommodation is ample and first class; indeed, the man who, during this hot weather, cannot enjoy a comfortable sleep in one of its upholstered pens, must have a terrible conscience, and I would tremble for the future of such an individual. The preaching, of course, is thoroughly orthodox, the widest latitude being allowed for condemning the other man's doctrines as erroneous.

Anaprior has a number of lawyers who are more remarkable for their attendance at Church, rather than at Court, men, eminently innocent, whose desire is more to keep the Ten Commandments, than to keep anything else.

Anaprior presents facilities for acquiring a good education; indeed, the reputation attained by its Educational Institutions is such that students from remote distances flock hereward in quest of learning.

At a very early period in the history of Anaprior, the Irishmen must have found it a most desirable place to live in, judging from the number of names, eminently suggestive of Celtic lineage, which have always adorned various signs along its streets.

Any description of the place that would omit the name of "Galvin" would be sadly lacking in completeness. Michael Galvin, the head of the prosperous firm of Galvin Bros. has been always active in promoting the commercial development of the town as he has been a prominent figure in its social life. Nor has he been less zealous in fostering works of practical benevolence, as demonstrated by the lively interest which he has taken in the affairs of the "C.M.B.A."

Messrs John Tierney & Son have built up a trade in dry goods and which cannot be shaken by the worst blasts of financial depression. Besides superintending the details of a huge establishment, the head of this firm finds some time to devote to political affairs, and, much in opposition to his own wishes, was constrained to offer himself some years ago for the representation of South Renfrew, in the Local Legislature, being defeated however by a very slender majority. A tramp of some weeks duration, which I have

recently made through this Riding satisfies me that just now Mr. Tierney would be a dangerous antagonist for any man to measure political swords with.

Sullivans, whether in Ireland or in Canada, I am always with you! There are two of you just now engaged in stamping your foot prints in the commercial sands of Anaprior—John selling to the people that which they can eat and "Mart" furnishing the drink; but each in his own line exalting his respective business, and both winning the respect of the whole community.

My old friend Mr. John Harvey, the first Mayor of Anaprior is I am proud to say still hale and hearty. A man of splendid abilities supplemented with fine social qualities, he has been long recognized as a leader in the social, the municipal and political life not only of Anaprior but of the surrounding counties as well. Many will regret to learn that on a recent occasion, as all nature was wrapt in slumber, a fire originating in a tavern back yard and widening its scope ultimately seized within its embrace the hospitable home of our friend, reducing in a few hours to ashes that which has been the accumulation of years. It is gratifying however to learn that Phoenix like Mr. Harvey has arisen from the ashes and that with the courage of youth he enters afresh upon a new career with the most hopeful prospects. Mr. Michael Harvey has founded the nucleus of what promises to be a flourishing suburb on the western confines of Anaprior upon property bequeathed to him by his father the late Mr. James Harvey, a shrewd Irishman who appeared at the mouth of the Madawaska over half a century ago, and whose only capital was a pair of willing arms. Mr. Harvey left his family independent, a son, Thomas is the owner of the Grand Union hotel. Another son Robt. is the well known Livery Man, the old homestead being retained by Michael in whose name there is a standing offer of a free site to any individual or number of individuals who may start a manufactory.

In hotel accommodation Anaprior is amply supplied; indeed I question if there is another town of similar size where the cravings of the inner man will receive more prompt attention, and I am certain that nowhere can a man enjoy greater immunity should he indulge his propensity for singing and shouting. Of course profanity is absolutely prohibited.

With kindest wishes to all, and with a feeling that somethings glitter which are really gold, I am off for a fresh stopping place. RAMBLER

## Obituary.

Mr Lawrence O'Byrne, an old Employee of the CATHOLIC REGISTER, has suffered severe affliction during the week by the death of his daughter, Mary Jane, which event took place at the family residence, 123 St. Patrick street, on September 6th.

## Spiral Climbing.

A piece of work is being done upon the spire of St. Patrick's Church here, the like of which has not been hitherto attempted. Scaffolding is attached to the height of nearly two hundred feet. The Cross will be gilded in its present position. Messrs. Dill and O'Hearn are doing the work.



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C. M. B. A.

THE CONVENTION AT ST. JOHN.

The proceedings opened at nine o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, Sept. 4th, when the delegates, accompanied by the members of the local branches, formed in procession and marched, accompanied by two bands of music, to the Cathedral, where High Mass was sung by Rev. T. Casey, assisted by Rev. T. A. Donahue as deacon, Rev. F. McMurray as sub-deacon and Rev. E. Corbett as master of ceremonies. Archbishop O'Brien, Bishop Sweeney, Fathers Collins, Belliveau, Girard and other priests were in the sanctuary.



O. K. FRASER,

Grand President, Brockville.

After the Gospel had been sung His Grace the Archbishop of Halifax ascended the pulpit, and preliminary to his sermon referred in congratulatory terms to the golden jubilee of Bishop Sweeney, and to the immense amount of good work done by His Lordship in the thirty four years of his episcopacy. Then he announced his text:

"But you on the armor of God, that you may be able to stand against the snares of the devil. In all things taking the shield of Faith, where with you may be able to extinguish all the fiery darts of the most wicked one. And take unto you the helmet of salvation and the sword of the spirit which is the word of God." EPHESIANS VI.

The sermon was one worthy of the occasion.

Archbishop O'Brien is a man of commanding appearance, and possesses a clear, powerful voice, so that he could be heard almost as well at the church doors as in the front pews. He impressed his hearers with his great earnestness. This is the second occasion on which he has preached here—the first being ten years ago at the opening of St. Peter's Church.

His Grace called upon all, and especially the members of the C.M.B.A., to put on the armor of God that they may be able to stand against the snares of the devil; to be always alert to repel the attacks of the foe, visible or invisible, to be diligent in the practice of their religion and zealous for its promotion and promulgation. He referred approvingly to the insurance feature of the order. He advised the members not to be led away by any silly desire of imitating the mummery and mystery of secret societies, and closing he said: May your deliberations tend to expand and strengthen the C.M.B.A. and thus make more widespread and enduring the perfection which arises from its spirit of union. Keep it well on the lines of practical Catholicism and sound business principles.

BISHOP SWEENEY.

Before the procession left His Lordship addressed the delegates from the altar steps and cordially welcomed them to St. John. Upon the return to the Institute they were addressed by Mayor Robertson who also extended the good will of the city.

AMENDMENTS

The Grand Council in committee of the whole, Judge Landry presiding, spent a good deal of time at Wednesday's sessions in considering proposed amendments to the laws.

Section 92 of the by-laws was amended so as to permit any member of the Grand Council being elected to office in the Grand Council except that of Grand President.

An amendment to section 152, seeking to give a branch power to initiate a candidate who fails to come forward within the time limit, was rejected after a long discussion. Branches were given power to elect and initiate a candidate at the same meeting, provided a unanimous resolution is passed that it is a case of urgent necessity.

A proposition to introduce signs and passwords was voted down.

A resolution was passed authorizing the incoming Grand President to appoint a committee to secure the views of archbishops and bishops in Canada as to the use of signs and passwords and report at the next convention, two years hence.

Amendments were made to sections 8 and 9 providing that a member pay an assessment on or before the first of each month and if the said assessment be not paid at the next regular meeting the member shall be declared suspended.

A proposition to hold the Grand Council session every three years instead of two was voted down.

An amendment proposing a \$3,000 policy for members was defeated.

It was agreed to add a new section to the by laws to the effect that branches have power to establish a sick benefit fund within themselves.

An amendment was adopted providing that district deputies should visit branches when ordered to do so by the Grand President instead of twice a year as now provided.

A resolution was adopted providing for the publication monthly of an official organ which shall contain all the circulars, etc., of the association and matters of interest to members. The paper is to be sent free to all members and is to be under the control of the executive.

An amendment to divide the membership into two classes, "ordinary and hazardous," was voted down.

An amendment was adopted providing that an assessment of one dollar be paid by each branch on all members on its roll and that the present per capita tax and the additional assessment of 50 cents be abolished.

Owing to the increase of the work of the Grand Secretary it was decided to give that official an assistant.

The report of the special committee on separate beneficiary, was submitted and accepted. The report deals with the work of securing the separate beneficiary from the Supreme Council.

The committee appointed to draw up resolutions touching the death of Rev. Father Bardou, a prominent member of the order, reported, and the same were adopted.



M. F. HACKETT, M. P. P.,

Vice President, Stanstead.

OFFICERS.

O. K. Fraser and M. F. Hackett, M.P.P., were nominated for the position of Grand President.

The result of the ballot showed that two hundred and seventeen votes had been cast, Mr. Fraser receiving 115 and Mr. Hackett 102. Mr. Fraser was therefore declared elected amid applause.

The officers were elected and installed as follows:

- O. K. Fraser, Brockville, Ont., Grand President.
- M. F. Hackett, Stanstead, Que., Grand First Vice-President.
- Dr. Bourque, Moncton, N.B., Grand Second Vice-President.
- S. K. Brown, London, Ont., Grand Secretary.
- W. J. McKee, London, Ont., Grand Treasurer.
- P. J. Montreuil, Lewis, Que., Grand Marshal.
- Jacob J. Weinert, Neustadt, Ont., Grand Guard.

Grand Board of Trustees: Rev. M. J. Tiernan, London, Ont.; W. J. Killacky, Chatham, Ont.; J. J. Behan, Kingston, Ont.; P. J. Rooney, Toronto.

Grand Committee on Laws and their supervision: T. P. Coffey, Guilph, Ont.; Judge Rouleau, Calgary, N.W.T.; John L. Carleton, St. John.

Grand Committee on Finance and Mileage: George W. Cooke, Amherst, N.S.; C. D. Hobert, Three Rivers, Que.; John Ronan, Hamilton, Ont.

F. R. Latchford, Ottawa, has been re-appointed Solicitor to the Grand Council, and Dr. E. W. Ryan of Kingston, Grand Medical Advisor.

NOTES.

Rev. Dr. Flannery, of St. Thomas, having been delegated for the purpose, reported that he had sent the following cable message:

St. John, N. B., Sept. 4.  
To His Holiness Pope Leo, Rome, Italy:  
The Catholic Mutual Benevolent Association of Canada, now in session in this city of St. John, N. B., bowing humbly before your Holiness, ask your Holiness's benediction.  
The reply of His Holiness was as follows:  
Rome, Italy, Sept. 6, 1894.  
To Mgr. John Sweeney, Bishop of St. John, N. B. Canada:

**TO NURSING MOTHERS!**  
DURING LACTATION WHEN THE STRENGTH OF THE MOTHER IS DEFICIENT, THE SECRETION OF MILK SCANTY, OR THE QUALITY POOR.  
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The Most Holy Father grants his apostolic benediction most lovingly to the Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada.  
M. CARDINAL RAMPOLLA.

After Dr. Flannery had read the telegram to the Pope in Latin, English and French, there were loud calls to have it read in Irish and German, but the witty doctor declined to respond.

It was proposed to alter the rules so that the Supreme Medical Examiner and the Legal Adviser should be chosen by vote instead of receiving appointment by the Executive. The proposal was voted down.

General regret was expressed when the announcement was made that Dr. John A. McCabe, Chancellor, of Ottawa, was unable to be present.

Ottawa was chosen for the next place of meeting. Kingston and St. Catharines were also proposed. The fourth Tuesday in August, 1896, was selected as the date.

Mr. Peter Rooney of Branch 15 is the only Toronto man on the executive. He is a member of the Board of Trustees and will make an efficient officer. This election will be popular in Toronto.

The Toronto Delegates were much impressed by the character of the charitable institutions in St. John.

Mr. McCloskey of the Inland Revenue Dept., St. John, was a valuable guide to his Toronto acquaintances.

THE CATHOLIC REGISTER is indebted to Messrs. Clancy, Walsh and Kernahan for the valuable reports of the Convention.

Extract from the Minutes of the Convention of the Grand Council of Quebec, C.M.B.A.:

Whereas the members of this Grand Council have heard with profound regret of the death of our late Brother, Supreme Deputy H. W. Deare, who was always a true C.M.B.A. man and the best friend as well as the Organizer of this Council, therefore, be it

Resolved—That the heartfelt sympathy of this Grand Council be tendered to the family of our late Brother, that our charter be draped for six months and that a solemn Requiem Mass be chanted for the repose of his soul.

Resolved—That a copy of this resolution be sent to his bereaved family, entered on the minutes of this Convention and forwarded to the C.M.B.A. Weekly, True Witness, Montreal, and THE CATHOLIC REGISTER of Toronto.  
I. B. DROUYN,  
Grand Secretary.

P. O'REILLY,  
Grand President.  
E. B. A.  
SARFIELD BRANCH, No. 28, OTTAWA.  
The members and their friends who were present at the open meeting on Wednesday

the 13th enjoyed themselves immensely. The occasion was a visit by the Grand President, D. A. Carey. The President of the branch, P. Rankin, presided, and after selections by an orchestra, gotten up by Mr. James Barrett, opened the proceedings with an address of welcome to D. A. Carey, who replied at length, giving an able and eloquent exposition of the objects of the order which received great applause. He was also presented with a magnificent bouquet by Mr. M. Bonnett, for which he returned his sincere thanks. Afterwards addresses were given by Labor Delegates, Jobin, Armstrong and D. O'Donoghue; songs by G. Beales and Alva Armstrong and a piano solo by Mr. C. Burkett. Selections were also given by Barrett's Orchestra. Those taking part having been accorded a vote of thanks, the meeting was brought to a close by the orchestra rendering the National Anthem. Afterwards the committee in charge entertained the speakers and others who contributed to the enjoyment of the audience.

C. O. F.

The regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court, No 209, C.O.F., was held in their Hall Thursday last, the Chief Ranger being present. After the regular business of the Court was gone through and a few new questions discussed and decided upon, the chairman for good of the order presented a well prepared programme, in which several of the members took part. A very enjoyable time was spent for an hour or more in reading, singing, reciting, etcetera, which ended with the *Salva Regina*. Every member was well satisfied with the evening's performance, and all returned to their homes with the assured hope of meeting again on Thursday, September 20th, when the committee on good of the order promises to give a good entertainment.

A resolution of condolence was voted to Brother J. Neander, whose nephew, Arthur, aged 4 1/2 years, was accidentally killed by trolley cars in Toledo, Ohio, recently.

I. C. B. A.

The members of St. Patrick's branch, Hamilton assembled at their hall on King street, and attended Mass in a body last Sunday. Rev. Father McEvay preached the sermon for the occasion.

St. Mary's Sanctuary-Boys.

These are the names of the officers elected for the ensuing year:—Patrick Lowe, President (re-elected); James Deo, Vice-President; Michael Stafford, Secretary-Treasurer; C. Zoegman and John O'Reilly, Librarians.

Oakville.

Special musical vespers were held in St. Andrew's Church, Oakville, on Sunday Sept. 2nd. Messrs. J.J. Costello and D. D. Egan, and Misses Elliott and Herson took part. Rev. Father Burke delivered a special address on behalf of temperance. The church has recently been remodelled, attractively painted and decorated.

## LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER VI.

HAMILTON, December, 18—

DEAR F.—We went this week to visit some of the singular caves in Bermuda. I must try to give you a description of Walsingham caves. They are nine miles from Hamilton. We drove as far as we could find the tracks of wheels, and then got out of the vehicle and walked a quarter of a mile in a place remarkable for its rugged and picturesque beauty. It presents a singular and chaotic appearance—broken rocks, caverns and ponds where many fish disport themselves, interspersed with grassy patches and thickets, in which the foliage of the numerous trees is entwined and matted with that of the wild orange and lemon. A climbing jasmine overruns everything, and ferns and mosses grow out of every cranny and crevice in the rocks. We passed on through verdant glades, where our sable guide pointed out to us the old Calabash Tree, which is called Tom Moore's Calabash Tree, immortalized by being the favorite retreat of that poet while resident on these islands. Its wide-spreading branches afford a pleasant shade to those seated on the rustic bench beneath. It was in allusion to this place that the poet wrote to his friend Joseph Atkinson the verses beginning

"'Twas thus by the shade of a Calabash tree,  
With a few who could feel and remember like me—  
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw  
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you."

It may have seemed very pleasant to Messrs. Moore and Atkinson to sit by the shade of a Calabash tree, *sous saucis*, enjoying the "feast of reason and the flow of soul," also perhaps the "flowing bowl," or they, like

"The crew of the Malacca,  
Drank their ale and smoked their 'bacca."

But just imagine yourself seated there, and think of the dire consequences that might ensue if a ripe calabash, about 12 or 14 inches in circumference, and heavy in proportion, should fall and strike you on the nasal organ. The Grecian outline of that prominent feature would be utterly destroyed; in fact your dearest friends would scarcely recognize you. Appearances, therefore, being contrary to truth, some sturdy guardian of the peace "drest in a little brief authority," a blue coat with brass buttons, and armed with a policeman's baton, might seize and hold your person "in durance vile," believing firmly that he had captured one of the *Lancys*—Bill Sykes, the notorious "Pet" of Chubb's Lane, or "Bob Stokes, the Dunsford Chicken," after a "mill." With this classical reference to "ce danger imminent que vous avez échappé," I will say *à la bayonette*.

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the wisest men."

Now I must resume my account of Walsingham Caves, or this letter will last out a "night in Russian when nights are longest there." We walked on towards the caves, sometimes in single file, *notens volens*, meeting here and there large boulders or masses of rock, over which, in strange and lovely profusion, creep the tendrils of the wild convolvulus, mingled with varieties of fern and velvet mosses. On through narrow paths in secluded dells, where damp and shady recesses foster thick coppices of the coffee plant, bearing, amid its green satin leaves, bright scarlet berries on every branch.

"There is a lesson in each flower,  
A story in each stream and bower;  
In every herb on which you tread  
Are written words, which, rightly read,  
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod  
To hope and holiness and God."

At last by dint of walking slowly, climbing, sliding and carefully picking

our steps, we reach the mouth of the first cave. Our "cuddled pusson" now lights candles and some brush. We have brought with us a quantity of that red powder which is used in tableaux, etc., and soon reach the inside cave, which, when illuminated, presents a scene of almost magic beauty. It recalls those ancient poetic legends which tell of the "crystallized mansions" of the Naad and the Watersprite. Pendant from the roof of the cave are myriads of stalactites glistening with water and sparkling like diamonds. Cylindrical columns of great beauty are formed by the constant dripping of water, many of them reach the ground and appear to support the roof like pillars of crystal, sparkling and white.

The ground where we stood, and for a short distance inside the cave, is a mass of what is called "stalagmite," the same I think, as the "Cave of the Winds" at Niagara Falls. These Stalactite Halls are floored with transparent waters, on whose mirrored surface about has never yet been launched to explore the unknown regions of darkness beyond our view. We gazed in mingled awe and admiration. I was silently thinking of the word and beautiful legends of Undine and Sintram, almost expecting to see a Sprite in robes of "silvery sheen" emerge from the misty obscurity which the eye cannot penetrate—

"Waiting for some bright presence to unfold its glory,  
In lily vesture with silver wings and dimly shining hair."

No doubt the poet Moore, having visited these places in Bermuda, drew inspiration from the wild beauty of this locality, and thus immortalized its sylvan loveliness in his musical verse.

"And now the fairy pathway seemed  
To lead us through enchanted ground,  
Where all that bard has ever dreamed  
Of Love's Elysium bloomed around.  
O, 'twas a bright bewildering scene  
Along the glades of deepening green—  
You'd think that Nature lavished there  
Her purest wave, her softest air,  
To make a Heaven for Love to sigh in  
For Bards to sing and Saints to die in."  
—MOORE.

Nature is full of poetry, from the high mountains to the sheltered valley, from the bleak promontory to the myrtle grove, from the starlit heavens to the slumbering earth.

"There is in Poetry a decent pride,  
Which well becomes her when she speaks  
to Prose,  
Her youngest sister."

Take the sweet poetry of life away  
and what remains behind?

"The world is full of Poetry—the air  
Is living with its spirit, and the waves  
Dance to the music of its melodies,  
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is  
veiled  
And mantled with its beauty; and the  
walls,  
That close the universe with crystal in,  
Are eloquent with voices that proclaim  
The unseen glories of Immensity"

I shall conclude by asking why you  
don't write more often?

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

"The world agrees that he writes well  
who writes with ease."

But Pope says:

"True ease in writing comes from art, not  
chance,  
As those move easiest who have learned  
to dance."

This is "*vera pro gratis*" (more  
true than pleasant).

"He that writes  
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites  
His judges than his friends, there's not a  
guest,  
But will find something wanting or ill  
drest."

However, "*Do write and fear not.*"  
Adieu. PLACIDIA.

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## AN OPEN LETTER.

FROM A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN.

A Remarkable Cure of Consumption in Its  
Last Stages—This Once Dread Disease  
Conquered! Important Facts to all  
Suffering from Diseased or Weak  
Lungs.

ELMWOOD, Ont., Aug. 21st, 1894.

DEAR SIR—I wish to call your attention to a remarkable cure of consumption. In March, 1893, I was called in my professional capacity to see Miss Christina Koester, of North Brant, who was then suffering from an attack of inflammation of the left lung. The attack was a severe one, the use of the lung being entirely gone from the effect of the disease. I treated her for two weeks when recovery seemed assured. I afterwards heard from her at intervals that the progress of recovery was satisfactory. The case then passed from my notice until June, when I was again called to see her, her friends thinking she had gone into consumption. On visiting her I found their suspicions were well founded. From robust health she had wasted to a mere skeleton, scarcely able to walk across the room. She was suffering from an intense cough, and expectoration of putrid matter, in fact about a pint each night. There was a burning hectic fever with chills daily. A careful examination of the previously diseased lung showed that its function was entirely gone, and that in all probability it was entirely destroyed. Still having hopes that the trouble was due to a collection of water around the lung I asked for a consultation, and the following day with a prominent physician from a neighboring town again made a careful examination. Every symptom and physical sign indicated the onset of rapid consumption and the breaking down of the lungs. Death certainly seemed but a short time distant. A regretful experience had taught me the uselessness of the ordinary remedies used for this dread and fatal disease, and no hope was to be looked for in this direction. I had frequently read the testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in wasting diseases, but not knowing their composition hesitated to use them. Finally, however, I decided to give them a trial, and I am free to say that I only used them at a stage when I knew of absolutely nothing else that could save the patient's life.

The test was a most severe one and I must also admit an unfair one, as the patient was so far gone as to make all hope of recovery seem impossible. A very short time, however, convinced me of the value of Pink Pills. Although only using an ordinary soothing cough mixture along with the pills, within a week the symptoms had abated so much that it was no longer necessary for me to make daily calls. Recovery was so rapid that within a month Miss Koester was able to drive to my office, a distance of about six miles, and was feeling reasonably well, except for weakness. The expectoration had ceased, the cough was gone and the breathing in the diseased lung was being restored. The use of the Pink Pills was continued until the end of October, when she ceased to take the medicine, being in perfect health. I still watched her case with deep interest, but almost a year has now passed and not a trace of her illness remains. In fact she is as well as ever she was and no one would suspect that she had ever been illing, to say nothing of having been in the clutches of such a deadly disease as consumption. Her recovery through the use of Pink Pills after having reached a stage when other remedies were of no avail is so remarkable that I feel myself justified in giving the facts to the public, and I regret that the composition of the pills is not known to the medical profession at large in order that their merit might be tested in many more diseases and their usefulness be thus extended. I intend giving them an extended trial in the case of consumption, believing from their action in this case, (so well marked, that they will prove a curative in all cases where a cure is at all possible—I mean before the lungs are entirely destroyed.

Yours truly,

J. EVANS, M. D.,

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

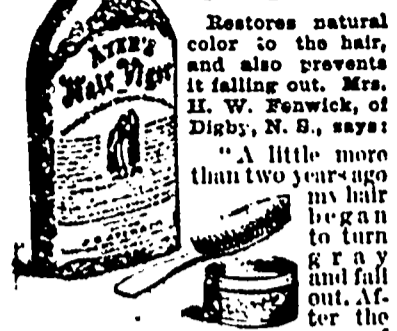
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**BETWEEN OURSELVES.**

The *Bookman*, a journal devoted to the especial interest of young writers, recently made the following significant statement: "Our present day English literature is fast becoming Irish literature." This was in an account of the work of Miss Higginson, who writes over the pen name "Moira O'Neil." Miss Higginson is one of the many who have been fascinated by the raciness of Irish life. Her first work was a short story sent to *Blackwood's* magazine, which was not only accepted but brought a note full of interest and encouragement. There can be no doubt that there is plenty of material for good work in literature left in the people of whom Crofton Croker, William Carleton and Gerald Griffin wrote so much and so well. Their history, their traditions, their habits, their dispositions and their political hardships are all sources that will repay a hundred fold the time and attention necessary to produce literary work of mark. When Thomas Davis and Gavan Duffy started in to make an Irish literature which should be racy of the soil, they found that soil rich and productive of a crop of writers whose like has never been known before or since.

At that trumpet call of genius, came forth Mangan and Keegan and McCarthy and Williams and Walsh and Mitchel. Eva, Mary and Esperanza of the Nation lent their women's voices. Meagher and D'Arcy McGee and many of lesser note, heroes themselves, sprang to the side of "the brave son of Granu, young Davis the hero." The answer to the call was an added inspiration to Davis and Duffy themselves. Davis is dead fifty years ago, but Duffy, now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, still living in the memory of it, has drawn about him a number of youthful spirits and organized a revival of Irish literature. One of the most active spirits is T. W. Rolleston, who, some time ago, edited a collection of the prose works of Davis. Even before this, however, there was in 1888, in Dublin, a little coterie presided over by John O'Leary, a rugged old Fenian leader of 1845. Katherine Tynan, now Mrs. Hinkson, was one of the enthusiasts and Dr. Douglas Hyde another. There was yet one other who has since grown to be a person of note and who is now looked upon by Mrs. Hinkson and many other capable judges as perhaps the most promising of all the younger writers.

This was W. B. Yeats, who has lately published "Celtic Twilight," a work which has received praise in all quarters. Yeats passed much of his early life in the coast of Sligo, the place of all others where the old traditional heroes still have part in the story telling of the winter evenings. He drank in everything. There came a time when he removed to Dublin, and then he drank in the beauty and grandeur of the scenery to the north of the city, the spots toward which Boyle O'Reilly's heart yearned in his American days.

Again he went with his father to a large rock island in the sea, where Dublin was easy of access. In the winter nights he would tramp his five miles in the moonlight to attend O'Leary's receptions, and back again when the hour grew late. Mrs. Hinkson says he demanded a great deal of appreciation for his work in those days, but he was willing to labor assiduously to produce the best results. Mr. Yeats is now twenty-nine, and as he has already made a name in the world, there is much to be hoped from him. He is quiet, almost shy in manner. He has considerable artistic temperament which he inherits from his father. His face is the face of a poet. A collection of Irish folk-tales edited by him contains many gems of sur-

passing beauty. Some of his poems, full of the music of fairy land and of the sound of waters in the glen are already well known. Everything he prints has an indefinable charm about it. If Poe's dictum, that Beauty is the highest essential in poetry, is true, then is Mr. Yeats undoubtedly a poet.

**The Making of Books.**

A wizard's wand takes us back five hundred years to the birthplace of an ancient book, says a writer in the *London Tablet*. Under the brow of a hill, or in a selected dell, or embedded in trees, a pile of buildings lies slumbering in the sunlight. Its massive towers are firmly rooted in the ground, its buttresses and gables cluster round the central block closely and steadfastly, imparting a sense of security, permanence, and repose. Beyond a slight rustle in the trees, and the leisurely movements of some toilers in the fields, nothing disturbs the complete rest and stillness. The cattle drowsily turn their dreamy eyes as you pass, and resume their task of contemplative rumination. You enter under a heavy portal fringed with deep-cut mouldings, whose shade increases its solemnity and solidity, and you are in a cloister, bright, cheerful, with wide open tracery, and looking into a quadrangle where a small fountain languidly lifts its crystal shaft, and returns the water without splutter or display into the listless basin. A dark hooded form holding a book and looking neither to right nor left glides to and fro along one length of the cloister. He silently points to a door, thick, heavy, dotted with large nailheads and embedded in the wall. You lift a cumbersome latch, press your shoulder against the solid panels, and the door yields to the effort, slowly opens with a groan at its hinges, and you are in the scriptorium or pre-printing-room.

The room is mellow rather than gloomy. The groining of the low ceiling depresses, but the breadth of span imparts an airiness that takes off from the first suspicion of its being bomb-proof. The windows, on one side only, are like embrasures, so deep are they set in the massive wall. Their leaden quarries and cloudy glass subdue the light, so as to leave half the room in misty twilight. Around the walls are oaken aumbrea, cumbersome, time-worn, and age stained; some with rude carving, others with touches of foliage by a master hand. The floor is ungarnished but clean, with no litter or scraps of paper, but here and there an ancient stain of ink. A rough table of oak, uncovered, its planks rudely knitted together, holds a volume or two and some small implements. There is an air of absolute stillness. Before each window a bundle of dark clothes, capped by a peaked hood, catches the light. Have they flesh and blood within them? Are they alive? A slow movement of the arm to dip a pen in solves the problem. They are the copyists, the ancient substitutes for the printer.

Each was seated on a stool without back or arms at a rough table or desk large enough to hold the manuscript, the sheet of parchment in use, pens, ink, penknife, ruler, chalk or pumice-stone to smooth the parchment, and small weights to steady it. The parchment was doled out sparsely, just sufficient for the day's work, to guard against waste, for it was costly, and the store was locked up in an aumbrey. Each sheet was beforehand dotted with an awl in the margin to mark where the lines commenced. The perversity of parchment is notorious; it curls, and slips, and sulks, and refuses to take ink, and the weights, chalk and pumice-stone were contrivances to control its rebellious propensities. The pens were supplied by the goose, the crow contributing his quills for finer work; they were nibbed and slit as in modern fashion. The staple of the ink was soot, which retained its blackness

longer than the modern substitute. Some old lay brother, to whom the mixing had become a second nature, would pound away at the ingredients with pestle and mortar, and would perchance drolly dab a patch on a prying nose; these lay brothers were human, and not above kitchen pranks. The ink-maker was as important as an organ-blower, for no book could appear without his agency.

With this meagre apparatus set those scribes hour after hour in absolute silence. The scriptorium was a hortus inclusus: no one save the scribes dare venture within except with the consent of the Abbot; nor without his permission could the scribes themselves leave until their term was completed. An official called *Armarius* was the foreman of the whole book making factory. He kept the stores, distributed the material, assigned the portion to be copied by each one, and examined the work done. This secured unity and system. No one could copy what he pleased, or exchange portions with another, but each was responsible for the accurate and faithful transcription of the share allotted to him. The silence was essential to concentrate attention; for a little chatter might lead to the omission of a couple of lines and the waste of a skin of vellum, no venial offence. The silence was complete, for even necessary articles were asked for by a code of noiseless signals. Books were distinguished by signs, first the generic symbolic movement of turning over imaginary leaves, and then adding the specific sign determining the nature of the book, e. g., the sign of a cross for a missal, the same and kissing the finger for a gradual, and for pagan author scratching the ear like a dog, an infidel dog. Why they do not write their wants doth not appear; perhaps the pantomime relieved the monotony.

Picture one of the patient scribes at his day's toil. He passes through the massive door, say at 9 o'clock, into the subdued light and mystical stillness. He glances round to see who are there and who are late, and glides on to his stool that has grown accustomed to his weight for many a long day. He settles it at a convenient distance, arranges his habit over his knees, and puts up his hood if cold. He counts his skins of virgin vellum, passes his hand over the surface of the uppermost, applies chalk or pumice-stone to dubious spots, and settles the weights to keep it in position. He then turns over the pages of the manuscript to estimate the day's task, and makes mental comments thereon. He next examines the pens, perhaps latches up a nib, places the ink conveniently, takes the ruler and draws the first line from dot to dot, or perhaps the whole page. No trace of blotting paper is extant nor of sand; the ink dried by evaporation. He then starts the copy taking word by word, for he cannot trust to phrases, since mutilation of the text is a high misdemeanor. Each letter is formed slowly and accurately, with attention to the inflections and contractions if any. So he plods on word after word, line after line, until the page is finished, and he lays down the pen. His fingers are cramped or chilly: no fire is allowed for fear of accidents, and he chafes them and takes a sly look at his neighbors, and if he catches an eye he winks or nods. In the absence of the *armarius* they may have means of silent communication, a deaf and dumb alphabet. Who knows? Human nature is very constant. He turns the skin, readjusts the weights and resumes the patient methodical plodding of the pen, until at noon the dinner bell proclaims a respite. Punctual and obedient he leaves a word half written and passes into the sunshine of the cloister, fresh, bright and cheering. At three or four o'clock he is again seated at his stool and looks at the unfinished word; no angel has completed it. Thus he starts again and courses through the same

process, in the same silence, line after line, page after page, until the signal for ceasing at dusk; for no lamp or candle is given a chance of causing damage within the precious precincts. How much has he done? Perhaps two folio pages of modern print, perhaps less. There is no hurry, no hastening; the work must be well and deliberately done; for more work more pens are employed. One book, "The Morals of St. Gregory," occupies 884 pages of print in the Benedictine edition; allowing for Sundays, holidays, and short winter days, one copy of this one book would take about twelve months. What is a week more or less? Thus day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, that scribe has lagged on through the same journeying of the pen, long, monotonous, dreary, and all in silence. And for no pay—not, at least, on this side of death. He may grow grey in transcribing. Fancy looking back at forty years of such a life.

In these silent rooms were transcribed the great bulk of books in use for centuries. They furnished the missals, gospels, graduals, antiphonaries, psalters of every choir in Europe. The Holy Scriptures, the writings of the fathers, St. Jerome, St. Ambrose, St. Augustine (11 folio volumes of print), St. Gregory. St. John Chrysostom, Tertullian, and all the long list; the writers on theology, philosophy, law, and various sciences: the histories and chronicles; all the copies of the ancient classics; the spiritual books, the school text-books and miscellaneous writings innumerable. All were produced and multiplied in the sanctuaries of silence and plodding work. Imagine the number of copies of these works in all the libraries, large and small, in the monasteries, churches, universities, schools of theology, philosophy or law, and in public, municipal, or private custody. What an enormous amount of patient toil does not the lowest estimate imply? Allow 1,000 folio pages of print to one pen for a year's work, and it would take one scribe 50 years to produce a hundred volumes of 500 pages. What a contrast to the modern printing press with its thousands of impressions per hour!



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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

Sept. 14—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.  
15—Octavo of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin.  
16—Feast of the Seven Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin.  
17—St. Francis.  
18—St. Joseph.  
19—St. Januarius.  
20—St. Agrippus.

## Expostulation.

The appearance of sympathy between the Republican party and the American Protective Association has called forth an open letter from Father Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo. He points out that there are seventy thousand Republican voters in New York State, where a few years ago to be a Catholic meant perforce to be a Democrat. He warns the party managers that they are not doing justice to the Catholic members of the party; that Catholic candidates do not receive the support of the party in nearly the same measure that is accorded by the Democrats; that some of the leaders of the Republican majority in the Constitutional Convention at Albany, notably President Joseph Choate and Mr. Root have been bitter, needlessly, exasperatingly bitter against Irish Catholics in certain of their public utterances; that Major McKimley, a possible Presidential candidate, has not, although given an opportunity, expressed any disfavor of the modern Know-Nothings; that Mr. Reed of Maine, the big-little man of the party, is similarly circumstanced; that both have been content to simply deny membership in the organization without in any way expressing even disapproval of its operations; that only one leader of the party, Mr. Kerens of Missouri, who is himself a Catholic, has publicly denounced it; that even he was threatened with repulse if he brought a condemnatory motion before a party committee. Concluding, Father Cronin calls upon the leaders to summarily and speedily disavow all connection with the A. P. A., failing which he warns them that in the coming election they will lose the seventy thousand votes.

One significant result of the revolt amongst the Catholics is the choice of Levi P. Morton as Republican candidate for Governor of New York. Mr. Joseph Choate, perhaps the ablest lawyer of the New York bar, was looked upon as the probable choice. Some time ago he was the guest of an Irish society at an annual dinner, and took advantage of the occasion to launch into a tirade against the Irish in political affairs. If Mr. Choate was past the limit of his cups he pro-

bably spoke what was uppermost in his mind; if he were not, Mr. Choate is too acute a student of the mind not to have watched the natural effect his words would produce. In the latter case his reckoning seems to have been this time awry. As he is not in politics for the leaves and fishes some allowance must be made for him, and Mr. Platt and the other managers have thought it safer to allow him to remain out of the fight for office. Father Cronin's warning is a timely one. Time was when Kelly paved the way for the defeat of a Know-Nothing Democrat. This time the others may suffer.

## Missing Sceptres.

If a young man be possessed of a name more in men's mouths than other names, he is usually willing to assume all the virtues that have been applied to it by his ancestors. He is likewise bound in honor not to let the name suffer through fault of his. The new Count de Paris has probably long ago taken a good view of his position. Of the Count de Paris, his father, who died the other day, he has cause to be proud. He tried to make his life a useful one and in great measure succeeded. Such is by no means the verdict to be passed upon the Orleans family in general. Intrigue, treason, cowardice, betrayal of friends, incapacity, debauchery have been characteristic of the race. The first of the present house was Regent in the early years of Louis XV., the king who said, "the monarchy is very old, but it will last my time." His life was a scandal and a reproach. Then there was Phillippe "Egalite," who aimed at the throne of Louis XVI., had the encouragement of Mirabeau, lost it through cowardice and vacillating conduct, voted for the death of Louis, his cousin, and had the same sentence passed upon himself. Louis Phillippe, eighteen years King of France, was weak of purpose, lacking in judgment. The Duke of Orleans, son of Louis Phillippe, was a good man whose untimely death closed a useful career and was widely lamented. The Count is also, by right of descent, King of France, but even in that aspect he has a long way to go for comfort. Since Henry IV. there has been no greatness on the throne. The greatness of the centuries was not the greatness of kings but of France. Not Louis XIII. but Richelieu guided the nation; not Louis XIV., the Grand Monarque, the dazzling egotist, but Mazarin, Colbert, Louvois, Conde, Turenne and Luxembourg made the reign glorious. Louis XV. was a licentious nobody. Louis XVI., a weakling. All in all it were wiser to adopt the policy indicated by Sidney Smith "my grandfather disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we never made any inquiries."

There is a Jacobite club which still meets regularly, absurdly enough, to continue the practices of their old prototypes. They drink with glasses clinking across the table to the queen over the water, for it is a queen, Mary III., to whom these impossible Stuart henchmen still accord allegiance. Certain aspects of solemnity do not deprive such cases as these of their oddity.

## Extra Episodes.

Get off the car at the exhibition grounds and hear an old man with a delicate dog in his arms call, "Fine fox terrier, cheap!" He makes an effort to say this in the ear of every one of the thousands who pass. "Fine fox terrier, cheap!" You hear it away down at the gate just rising over the shoulder of the crowd. Go into the building where the cabbages and other green stuffs are and see a little man telling a group of friends, "These are mine. They told me it was no use my sending down here from so small a garden as mine, but I just wanted to show them I could grow these things, and look here! Three first prizes." That is the happiest man seen on the grounds. "Just look here," said an old fellow with long grey locks as he stood in front of the agricultural implements. "When I came to this country fifty-one years ago there were just twelve families in our section who owned horses. The next year two more bought one between them. Now everyone has these machines that do all the work themselves." Tom, Dick and Harry lay hold of the fence rails that keep clear the race track. "They're waiting for the blue jacket's horse; here it comes now. There they go. Watch blue jacket gain on them. The black will win. No, the black will be third. Myfellow is ahead. Hurrah for you Myfellow. What's the use paying a quarter for the grand stand. We can see as well here." Moreover, they had no spare quarters. Grandmother goes into the main building, up two flights of stairs, inspects the needle work, takes a chair. Crowds pour around her; she sees them not. The band in red caps and white tunics play their music forty feet away; the big organ thunders from the other side; she hears not. Grandmother is sound asleep in a chair. Fritz, Willie, Joe and George from away back in the country, look at the lake. So much water is as much beyond their conception as was the lake of ice to the Saracen. "Is it deep? over your head?" asks George, the youngest. "Isn't it wonderful how those cars go?" says Fritz, watching the trolley. Listen to the darkies singing plantation melodies, watch their jig dancing, spruce up your umbrella, and look for your car tickets.

## Go into Politics.

In the junior political clubs the elections are about to take place. In each of them there are a great many young Catholics. There cannot be too many. It is true that in this city there is not much chance that a Catholic will ever receive the capital prizes when any distributions take place. But there is yet a higher motive to impel them, deep-seated as is the desire to appear well before fellow-men. Catholics are in a minority. Their faith is made the object of constant attack. From these attacks they must suffer, in business life, in social life, in public life. Who shall fight our battles if we neglect them? It is probable that in the last election in East Toronto, where there was no

government candidate in the field there were enough lies about Catholics allowed to go without contradiction to prejudice that part of the city against us for the next ten years. Moreover, when such occasions arise it is not fitting that the cause which Catholics hold dear should be left to the half-hearted defence of those who adopt the Catholic position only in so far as it suits their own purposes or requirements. Young men should go into politics, not for the fun there is in the clubs or at election times, but to obtain a knowledge of public questions and a share in the conduct of one or other of the two great parties.

## Rainbows and Eels.

"Whatever you do," said Mr. McCarthy to the interviewer the other day, "do not confound me with the P.P.A." It is unfortunate for Mr. McCarthy that this misunderstanding exists in the minds of the people to such an extent that even he cannot help perceiving it. Every statesman yearns for sympathy, or at very least for just appreciation. But men must be taken as they are found, and although it has always been said of Mr. McCarthy that he from the first resented being classed with the mutinous P.P.A., yet always some one has blurted out the truth that there is very small difference between the public aims of the statesman and those of the hole and corner conspirators. Certain principles which in self gratulation we like to think are dear to each and every one of us, have in their time, served as veils for dubious transactions.

As Titbottom says, "when at public meetings an eel stood up on end, and wriggled and squirmed lithely in every direction, and declared that, for his part, he went in for rainbows and hot water, how could I held seeing that he was still black and loved a shiny pool?" This species is not yet extinct.

## A Word in Season.

As Mr. Laurier is a Catholic he well knows that his own church is the place to go to when on Sunday he sets out to worship God.

As Mr. Laurier is not a Protestant, he cannot expect to have high motives attributed to him when on a political tour he visits an Anglican or a Methodist church.

There is a passage in his own speech delivered at Quebec in January last which is worth pondering. "I know the English well, perfectly well, and I can tell you that they always respect a man who respects himself."

## An Impartial Critic.

Last week the lightning struck the big pen from the top of the Mail building. That was on Sunday. Precisely a week later the Globe was visited and its lights put out. The Mail takes comfort in the fact that the Register does not indicate the cause. How far the thing is going to continue we cannot venture to predict. For the present we would respectfully call the attention of our Lower Canadian contemporaries to the coincidence. The matter is getting beyond our ken.

**Cardinal Taschereau.**

Fifty two years ago on Monday last his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau was ordained priest. For more than twenty-three years he has been a bishop, and for eight years a cardinal prince of the Church, the first in the Church in Canada. The long line of distinguished successors of the apostles which began with Mgr. Laval, first Bishop of Quebec have in him one worthy of themselves. The French in Canada have at the head of their religious system a man whose every fibre is in sympathy with them.

He was born in the little parish of Sainte Marie de la Beauce on Feb. 17th, 1820, and is thus well into his seventy-fifth year. Having completed his studies he was ordained priest September 19th, 1842, on the 19th of March, 1871, was consecrated bishop, and on the 7th of June, 1880, was invested with the cardinal's hat. His ancestors came to new France in the beginning of the last century from Touraine and almost ever since one or more members of the family have been in some way renowned amongst men.

An idea of the place held by the family in the affections of the French Canadians may be inferred from the words of another great son of the people. Speaking at a dinner tendered by the St. Jean Baptiste Society on the occasion of the Sacerdotal Jubilee of His Eminence, Mr. Laurier spoke of the trials of the French Canadians during the first century after the conquest. He called to mind many of the patriots whose names live in the memory of every patriotic man in the Province. He spoke of the labors of Papineau and Lafontaine and the work of their lives in bettering the condition of those who had suffered from injustice and tyranny. But said he, "What name is more acceptable to us than any other? Is it Papineau? Is it Lafontaine? It is not Papineau. It is not Lafontaine. They were meteors of the night. The first name to the French race in Canada is that of the noble family which in all generations for a hundred years has furnished patriots and workers who have left their stamp upon the men and events of their time; which in the beginning of this century had the honor to number among its sons a martyr to liberty in the prison of Governor Craig; which has given five judges to the magistracy, an archbishop to the Church in Canada, a Cardinal to the Universal Church. Receive, gentlemen, the glorious name of Taschereau. Receive it with respect, not alone because we have with us the most illustrious personification of this noble family, but as well because the name is the symbol of those manly virtues which have made the strongest races and the greatest nations."

Cardinal Taschereau is a pastor of souls in the old time sense. He is the father of his people, the patriarch of the French race on this continent. He was in his early years a professor, and afterwards director at Laval University, and then and since did all in his power to make that venerable institution a great seat of learning.

How far he succeeded is evidenced by the multitude of brilliant men in public life who received their training within its halls. On the occasion of his jubilee there were none who approached to do him honor whose congratulations were more sincere than were those tendered by the faculty and students of Laval. The minister in charge of the Department of Education paid glowing tribute to his work as an educationist. In this regard his Eminence expresses the gravest apprehension concerning two features of latter day existence, the spread of irreligion and the increase in the volume of immoral, cynical books. Against both he cautions the people whose interests are dear to his heart. To his advice and the efforts of his predecessors as well as to their innate love for the practice of religion, must be attributed the present religious condition of the French Canadians, a people unique in simplicity of habits and devotion to religion in a continent where ideas of material prosperity and the practice of unlimited activity all make toward the overthrow of such ascetic practices.

When the present head of the Church in Canada was still a young priest he became engaged in a work that has ever since left in his mind a fondness for a people who are not of his own race, the children of the Irish exiles. While he was yet a student he had for companion Mgr. Bernard O'Reilly. When they were young priests they labored together among the fever stricken immigrants who perished in scores on Grosse Isle. When the red hat, the emblem of his high office, was bestowed upon the successor of Laval, his old student companion and fellow-laborer in the field of mercy himself wore the episcopal purple. He was present during the jubilee festivities two years ago. But it was when the Irish Catholic children presented addresses to his Eminence that there was revealed his tender love for the offspring of the patients of his early priesthood. In addressing them he said, "How can I listen without emotion to your kind words when I think that before my eyes stand the sons of the victims—yes, the plague-stricken victims of injustice—whom with my own hands I tended fifty years ago. They died in sorrow, but their children have survived and prospered, and fairly promise to become the bulwark of God and His Church on this Continent."

**A Catholic Almanac.**

The Sisters of the Precious Blood have in course of publication an almanac which should find its way into the Catholic homes of this country. Information upon every feature of Catholic life will be given. It will include several short stories, and there will be dissertations upon points of faith and doctrine by bishops and others eminent in the Church. The work will be handsomely illustrated and will no doubt find ready sale as a Christmas publication.

The *Mail* thinks the appearance of a new ghost at Orangeville is a warning to some one in the coming Cardinal election. Possibly the P.P.A. lodges have gone in for this variety of "goat."

**Innocent History.**

Recently in the British House of Commons a suggestion was made which indicates in how far the term "National" as applied to a school system may be a misnomer. Mr. Morley was asked whether there might not be allowed in the Irish National Schools a history of Ireland from which all references to acute differences might be eliminated. So reasonable a request as this however could not be granted. Irish schools without a text book on Irish history can scarcely in a country like ours, be conceived of. Yet the people are growing up in utter ignorance of the centuries gone by for all the Government are doing to prevent it.

An innocent history of Ireland would be a work of art. At no time during the past seven centuries has there been a period when some form of oppression was not practiced upon the Irish people. Although calling the schools "Irish National" there is evident design of making the schools English.

We are not altogether without a daub from the same brush even here. Until a few years ago the study of English history predominated in our own schools, Canadian history being practically crowded into an unwelcome table of names and dates which pupils were expected to memorize without the least understanding. True, there are great lessons to be learned from English history. Much may be accomplished in the way of creating ideals in the minds of youth. But there is also much of this same in the history of the United States and in the lives of its great men of whom children in school learn nothing.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy tells of the astonishment with which he first learned that there had been great Irishmen. He was then a young man and had heard nothing of the kind in his youth. One would have expected this state of affairs to have been remedied rather than perpetuated.

**Editorial Notes.**

The *Globe* of Monday says:—Since Mr. J. C. Walsh became editor of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER the paper shows great improvement; it is brighter and fresher in its news columns, and its editorials are moderate in tone and marked by excellent literary workmanship.

The *Canada Presbyterian* says: "If the late Christopher Finlay Fraser were taken as a specimen of the kind of men produced by the teaching of Rome, and some of the P.P.A. leaders taken as model Protestants, the comparison would go hard with Protestantism."

Mr. Norman Murray of Montreal, sends a copy of a large poster in which he announces his intention of appealing against the judgment that imposed a fine upon him. He wants subscriptions. A Protestant, a French-Canadian and an Irish Catholic will be engaged as counsel—funds permitting, no doubt. That is a combination which should win almost anywhere. What a pity Mr. Murray's good sense in his private quarrel cannot be carried into public affairs. We repeat, it is a good combination.

**Invocation to the Muse.**

*Written for the Register.*

To-night I am waiting, am watching and longing  
For one who is absent and lingering still,  
The shadows are falling and memories thronging  
But shadows and memories the heart never fill.  
Oh! come from thy beautiful valleys afar,  
Oh come from thy mountains of glory and splendor;  
Nor highland nor lowland should ever detain  
The lover from hearts that are faithful and tender.

Long, long have I waited; oft even hath  
I longed for thee  
Still watching in haunts thou art wont to frequent  
Shouldst thou give all thy thoughts to the joys that surround thee  
While lonely thou leavest me here to lament  
Oh! come from thy islands of beauty and light,  
From lakes where thou lovest to linger at glowing;  
Nor watery channels, nor shades of the night  
Should check thy return tho' afar thou art roaming.

Art thou nearer approaching? The darkness is falling  
Her mantle more closely round even's fair form.  
Must I leave with no hope of thee even be holding  
Whom once I could meet with a hand-clasp so warm?  
Return! by thy rivers which ripple along,  
Or by paths so lavished with nature's adornment;  
Nor murmur of waters nor music of song  
Should lead thee to look on a true heart with scorn.

Ah true! I have alighted the ways thou didst proffer—  
E'en these have forsaken to keep twist the walls  
Of the homely but much-trodden streets where the collier  
Is chiefest adornment, and nature-love palls.  
I'm weary, and nothing can freshen the heart  
Like the balm of which Nature but knows the instilling.  
Shouldst thou scruple to lend of thy comfort a part  
When the mother to offer her solace is willing?

I've turned from the highway, I wait in the valley  
Where rustles the carpeting autumn hath spread.  
The purple-topped hills with the clouds seem to dally,  
And candles of Heaven appear overhead.  
Then come from thy dwelling on water or land!  
Let's wander again thro' the meadows and wild-wood!  
Inspire me still with thy thoughts pure and grand,  
Dear Muse! Friend of youth and companion of childhood.

— "Rose"

**An Irish Linnet.**

When Carroll asked Kate for her heart and a hand  
That controlled just a hundred good acres of land,  
Her lovely brown eyes  
Went wild with surpris,  
And her lips they shot scorn at his saucy demand:  
"Young Carroll Maginn,  
Pat the beard on your chin  
And the change in your purse, if a wife you would win."

Then Carroll made Kate his most illigant bow,  
And off to the Diggins lampooned from the plow;  
Till the beard finely grown  
And the pockets full blown,  
Says he, "Maybe Kate might be kind to me now!"  
So home my lad came,  
Colonel Carty by name,  
To try a fresh fling at his cruel ould flame.  
But when Colonel Carty in splendor steps in,  
For all his grand airs and great beard to his chin,  
"Och lave me alone!"  
Cried Kate, with a groan.

"For my heart's in the grave wid poor Carroll Maginn."  
"Hush sobbin' this minute,  
Tis Carroll that's in it!  
I've caged you at last, thim, my wild little linnet."

— London Spectator.

The prizes of the Solicitors' Apprentices' Debating Society, for the year 1893 '94, have just been awarded, and first honors have been scored by Mr. John F. Moriarty, of Killarney, who obtained the Gold Medal for oratory, and the McSheehy Prize for legal debate. Mr. Moriarty is apprenticed to his brother, Mr. David M. Moriarty, solicitor, of Killarney.

WOMAN'S KINGDOM.

Flowers in the Home

There is a pretty Arabia legend to the effect that when God, contemplating the finished creation of our earth, "saw that it was very good," He smiled, and immediately its whole surface burst into flowers.

The lovely blossoms do, indeed, seem tokens of His favor. Capable of no practical use, they appeal to man as an immortal who has other needs than material ones. They adapt themselves to his every mood, they speak the universal language, and to them are committed the messages that his own speech is too gross to express.

There is an increasing fondness shown by persons of taste and refinement for surrounding themselves with flowers and growing plants in the home. No dining-table is complete in these days without its centre-piece of ferns or flowers, while palms and foliage plants are almost as necessary to the furnishing of a modern drawing room as are its tables and chairs.

Among graceful, womanly accomplishments this deft arrangement has its place, and the art is so easily acquired that any one, with a few suggestions may master its essentials. In filling vases, the mistake is often made of crowding the blossoms. Each should have room to assert its own individuality, and several kinds should never be placed in the same vase. One or two varieties alone make the best effect—it takes an artist to know how to use more. When possible every flower should be surrounded by its own foliage. The skill to arrange the material at hand in a pleasing manner is often dependent on what is called "an eye for color." Yellow flowers look best in a bowl of old blue china, red or blue blossoms in yellow ware; clear white glass has the advantage of allowing the leaves to be seen, and the popular yellow-green glass suggests foliage by its color and harmonizes all tints.

Some flowers seem to appeal to admiration, some to love. The chrysanthemum, which has been wittily called "a professional beauty," is effective at a distance as are also nearly all red and yellow flowers, lighting up some dim corners, "making sunshine in a shady place;" but the roses, violets, pansies, and lilies of the valley we want to have near us, where their sweetness may mingle with our thoughts. The "whirligig of time" has brought the old fashioned flowers into favor again, and sweet-peas and marigolds are once more given places of honor in fashionable scenes, like King Cophetua's fair beggar maid

The arrangement of cut-flowers for the table may be greatly simplified by the use of a wire cage made to fit over the jardiniere or other receptacle in use. The shape should be somewhat rounded, like an inverted soup plate or shallow bowl, and the meshes about an inch in diameter. Any tinsmith will make one at a cost of a few cents.

No difficulty will be experienced in making a most effective centre-piece if the general shape and size be first determined by using nothing but leaves: the foliage of the rose geranium lends itself best to such an arrangement, and with this background of green and with the aid of the wire meshes beneath, the flowers may be introduced with no uncertainty as to their manner of holding themselves, and the assurance that every blossom will be seen to the best advantage.

Some slender, feathery flower like the dactylis, white lilac, or lily-of-the-valley, or hot house daisy, standing above the other blossoms, gives an added lightness and grace; and where it is undesirable to introduce white flowers, mignonette or some delicate fern will give the same effect.

A little practice will soon enable one to be quite independent of the florists

services. For the breakfast-table in summer, a bowl of "the dear common flowers"—buttercups, bright as sunshine, plump lilacs, purple and white, or field daisies with red clover give a touch of pastoral simplicity that seems in accord with the freshness of morning. For decorative effects nothing is prettier than large branches of flowering shrubs—great, generous masses of bloom.

In Switzerland they gather apple and cherry boughs in early December, and keep them in water in a warm room—the kitchen is best. By Christmas the dry twigs are covered with blossoms like Tannhauser's fabled staff

In the cultivation of flowers the Japanese lead the world. They twist chrysanthemums so as to resemble men, bridges, boats, and castles, and group them to portray historical or mythological scenes. They will force one plant to produce five or six kinds of chrysanthemums of various colors and sizes, and sometimes as many as six hundred of the same variety.—Mrs. Burton Kingsland in Godey's.

Fashion Notes.

Black, formerly so popular, is very little worn, grays, browns and blues having entirely superseded it.

The new weaves of alpaca make capital gowns. They are so easily brushed and made "fit" after a long day's journey, and have sufficient warmth to equal the light-weight serge flannel.

Blue is frequently trimmed with pink in Pompadour style, a notion lately revived. Pale lilac is trimmed with bright yellow and orange is trimmed with green.

Accordion plaiting is used for blouses and sleeves where soft, thin material is employed. Pale colors are trimmed with fine blond lace and black insertion, and many have jet addition.

A new idea in belts is to wear the belt loose, so that it droops to one side, as do the sailors'. It is claimed for this notion that effect is prettier than the tight belt. The most becoming belt is a thick heavy leather. Such a belt worn loose is far prettier than the flimsy ribbon belt pulled so tightly that the threads stretch and the filagree buckle is strained out of line

A novelty in lace is made with a ground of three different materials—guipure net and gauze. Another variety is in two shades of color, cream and butter or cream and coffee.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

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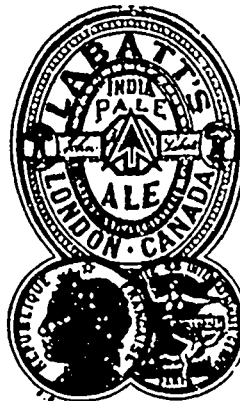
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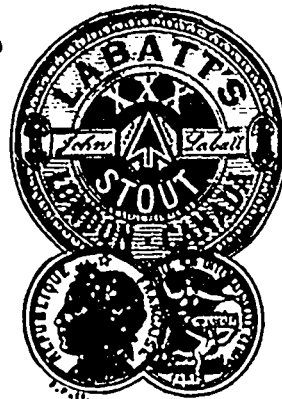


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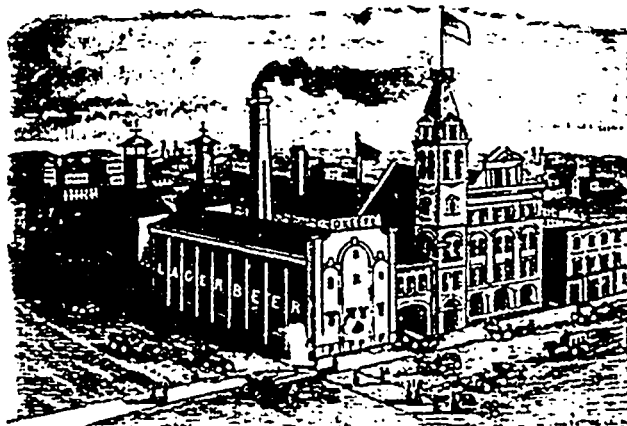
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

ANTRIM.

As the train leaving Belfast for Bangor was midway between Sydenham and Connswater bridge one day last week, a shot was fired into a first-class carriage, in which Mr. David Meek of the Royal Avenue, Belfast, Mr. William Herbert Atkinson of Bangor and another were seated. The bullet passed within three inches of Mr. Atkinson's head and out through the opposite window.

ARMAGH.

During the week the remains of the late Mr. James Devino of Newtownhamilton were removed from his residence for interment in the burial ground of St. Michael's Church. The funeral was one of the largest seen in the district for a number of years and represented all classes and denominations. On reaching the church the funeral service was read by the Rev. F. G. Devino, Keady, son of the deceased. At the conclusion of the service the Rev. P. Kerley, Cullyhana, referred in a few feeling and sympathetic remarks to the many good qualities of the deceased. The following were present: Very Rev. Canon Coyne, Keady; Very Rev. Canon McGoeney, Crossmaglen; Rev. P. Stevin, Pomeroy; Rev. P. Quinn, Stewartstown; Rev. P. Vallely, Keady; Rev. P. McShane, Keady; Rev. John Quinn, Armagh.

CARLOW.

Mr. Thomas Hearn, member of Carlow Town Commissioners, died recently, sincerely regretted.

Dr. Fitzgerald, lately elected medical officer of Carlow Insane Asylum, has been notified by the Local Government Board that his election was irregular, and he will, therefore, vacate the office, but will be a candidate at next contest, and will probably again capture the situation.

CAVAN.

At the last monthly meeting of the Belurbet Town Commissioners Mr. Timothy Boland, Nationalist, was elected chairman in the room of Dr. P. Soraghan, Unionist.

Messrs. Robert Gibson, Peter Finnigan and Philip Carroll (Ballieborough), waited on the Belfast Chamber of Commerce recently to ask its support in connecting with the extension of the Great Northern Railway from Carrickmacross via Shercock to Ballieborough. Mr. Gibson, J.P., stated they considered the extension of the railway to Ballieborough a matter of importance to Belfast and would give it all the support in their power.

CLARE.

The house of a farmer named Roddy Maloney of Silvergrove, midway between O'Callaghan's Mills and Bodyke, was fired into by moonlighters. Fortunately, there was no injury to the occupants. The shots from revolvers numbered six, and were heard by a police patrol, who were in the vicinity, and were on the spot in a few minutes, but there was no trace of the moonlighters.

Kilkee hotels are crammed with visitors, mainly from Limerick. August is always the popular month for Limerick people to take a few days rest at Kilkee.

CORK.

The funeral of Mrs. J. R. Spiller of Sovereign street, Clonakilty, took place on Monday. The deceased was the widow of Mr. John Spiller, who for many years filled the position of Clerk of the Clonakilty Union.

Mr. L. Murray, Sheriff's auctioneer, attended at Macroom pound during the week and put up for sale five cows, the property of Patrick Bardon, of Ballyvoige, seized at the suit of the landlords, James Bogue and another, for a half year's rent. There being no bidders, the auctioneer bought in the animals, and they were conveyed to Cork. The proceedings on the landlords' part were very harsh, the tenant being absolutely unable to pay so high a rent.

DERRY.

The death is announced of the pastor of Donemara, Father McKenna, who died on Sunday. He was a native of the parish of Maghera, and obtained his earlier classical education at Mr. John McCloskey's Seminary, Tergarvel. He then proceeded to Carlow, and was ordained in Maynooth. Father McKenna was a most holy and pious priest, and will be long remembered by those among whom he ministered.

DONEGAL.

An inquest was held at Raphoe a few days ago touching the death of Samuel Wilson, aged 20, a native of Castlederg, who was killed from a fall from his bicycle. The deceased tumbled in trying to remount his machine and fell, dislocating his neck.

The Rev. Father Cunningham of Donegal has gone on temporary duty to Rathmullan. Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, has introduced the Christian Brothers into his diocese. Two members of the order arrived in Letterkenny last week.

DOWRY.

Saturday, Ann Rafferty, aged about 60 years who resided with her stepson was found lying in a lineyway adjoining her house in Mayobridge with her throat terribly gashed, and the circumstances pointed to suicide. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide while of unsound mind.

DUBLIN.

The Very Father Columbus, president of the League of the Cross, Church street, Dublin, arrived home from Cardiff, where he was attending the annual convention of the league. Several members of the Father Mathew Guards, all in handsome regalia, gave him a warm greeting. Their presence caused a good deal of attention on the platform and on the route to the Franciscan Capuchin Monastery. A number of members assembled at the Father Mathew Hall and cheered him lustily. Father Columbus who seemed to be much touched by so spontaneous and unexpected a reception, thanked those present and wished them every blessing.

Smallpox has been discovered in three districts in Dublin recently. Hospital and sanitary officials are endeavoring to quarantine the disease.

FERRIMANAGH.

Mr. Hugh Robert Lindsay, J.P., is the first Catholic gentleman who has been elected chairman of Enniskillen Town Commissioners during thirty years.

Mr. Jeremiah Jordan, M.P., is now spoken of as "the magistrate maker" for County Ferrimanagh. One consolation is that the "right sort," the people's friends, will be appointed.

GALWAY.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Charles Keely of Carranmanagh, Dunmore, which occurred on Sunday, in the 71st year of his age. Deceased was father of Mr. Stephen Keely, merchant, Tuam. The interment took place at Dunmore, attended by a large and representative funeral, comprising contingents from Dunmore, Tuam and other neighboring towns.

KERRY.

The body of a young woman named O'Neill was found in a pool at Listagel, near Curran, during the week. The deceased had been in ill health for a long time, and it is believed that when passing the pool she fell in, and, being too weak, was unable to save herself. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "found drowned."

At recent sessions in Killarney Lord Kenmare obtained decrees for possession against six tenants. During the same day twenty notices of evictions on the Kenmare estate were posted on the courthouse.

KILDARE.

Very Rev. N. Staples, Prior of the White Abbey, Kildare, intends holding a grand bazaar, to raise funds for the completion of his beautiful new church, during October.

KINGS.

A mission was opened in the Parish Church, Portarlinton, last week, by the Rev. Fathers Barry, Hull and Walsh of the Redemptorist Order. The opening sermon was preached by Father Barry, and was an eloquent appeal to a very large congregation to avail themselves of the great blessings which were brought within their reach.

The memorial portrait of the late Very Rev. Dr. Bugler, who was for many years parish priest of Birr, has been finished by the artist, Mr. Darius MacEgan, Dublin. It is life-size and life-like. The memorial was subscribed to by all creeds, so popular was the Deo with the community at large. It will be placed in the Temperance Hall, Miltown-Malbay, County Clare, where Dr. Bugler ministered for a long time prior to his coming to Birr.

LEITRIM.

Mr. Daniel Flynn, Carrulla, Dowra, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Leitrim. He is a brother to Rev. Charles Flynn, Kinelough, and a cousin to Mr. Patrick Flynn, merchant Carrickon-Shannon. The new justice is a straight-forward Nationalist, and the magisterial bench will have a wise and impartial administrator of the law on it.

Mr. William B. Francis has been elected clerk of Carrigallen Petty Sessions, in the room of his father, who retires on pension, after a service of forty years.

LIMERICK.

The total number of voters in the borough and liberties of Limerick City is 5,603, made up as follows: Inhabitant householders, 3,902; rated occupiers, 1,568; free-holders, 111; and freemen, 22. This is the Parliamentary vote.

A man named Michael Neiland was recently found in an unconscious condition in George street, Limerick, having £25 in his possession and some United States money.

MAYO.

John Kelly, draper, Castlebar, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County.

Mr. McGrilly, Jr. has been elected Clerk of the Ballyglass Petty Sessions to succeed his father, who resigned through feeble health.

Mealick parishioners sincerely regret the departure from among them of Father Gallagher, who has recently been removed to Keash, County Sligo.

MONAGHAN.

The new parochial house which is being erected in Truagh is rapidly approaching completion. To the credit of the parishioners and of the Rev. P. Callan be it said that every particle of material used in the erection was carted by the parishioners. Great credit is also due to the Rev. F. Maguire. The debt incurred in the erection of the



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house is, of course, very considerable, and Father Callan looks with confidence to the priests and people of the diocese of liquidate the debt.

BOACOMMON.

Mrs. Killeen, the Boyle workhouse teacher, tendered her resignation to the guardians on Saturday last. Mrs. Killeen has been lucky in getting a more lucrative appointment in Rathdown Union.

A young man named Edward Shanahan was drowned on Saturday evening last while boating on the lake at Loughlynn, near Castlereagh.

SLIGO.

Rose Cummins, an inmate of the Sligo Insane Asylum, was last week found dead in the bathroom. She was aged 59, and was from the Tobercurry Union district.

At Killargue parish church, July 27, John Kelly, Killinuremy, and Miss E. Kelly, Killargue, were married. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. McMorrow, Killargue, assisted by Rev. M. Kelly, C.C., Glengezlin, brother to the bride.

TIPPERARY.

Dr. William V. Crean has been elected chairman of the Fethard Town Commissioners.

Great success was achieved by the pupils of the Ursuline Convent, Thurles, at the recent examinations by the boards of the Royal Academy of Music and the Royal College of Music, London. Only proficiency of a marked kind could stand the test.

TYRONE.

John McCabe, residing in the townland of Drummore, near Coalisland, died suddenly on Saturday. It appears that deceased had been in Coalisland on the previous evening, and in a few hours after his arrival home became unwell and died.

The solemn and impressive ceremony of religious profession took place in the Convent of Mercy of the Sacred Heart, Cookstown, on Thursday. The young lady who made her final vows was Bridget Rice, Bellurgan, County Louth, in religion Sister Joseph Agnes. Among those present were: Very Rev. T. Canon Rice, Rev. R. Nugent, Lissan; Rev. John Rock, Clonoo; Rev. E. Eleavey, Cookstown; Rev. T. M. McDonald, Loop, Moneymore; Mr. Joseph Rice (brother to the novice), Miss M. Rice (sister), Mrs. Rice (aunt), Miss M. Grist and Miss M. Fee (relatives).

WATERFORD.

One of the most successful of the many horse and cattle shows promoted by the Lismore Agricultural Society was held under the auspices of this body in the Fair Green on Wednesday.

At the meeting of the Waterford Board of Guardians on Wednesday an eviction notice was read from Hugh Earl Fortescue to Bridget Power in respect of a farm and 150 acres of land at Gortahilly.

The fishing at Dunmore this year is simply wretched, never worse. Mr. Dunne, the harbor master, says he does not recollect such a bad season. In fact, all the boats have gone to Ardglass for the remainder of the season, and on the northeast coast the outlook is very discouraging also.

WESTMEATH.

O'Donovan Rossa, during his tour in Ireland lectured in Mullingar, but the attendance was not as large as it might have been, and the receipts were proportionate.

WEXFORD.

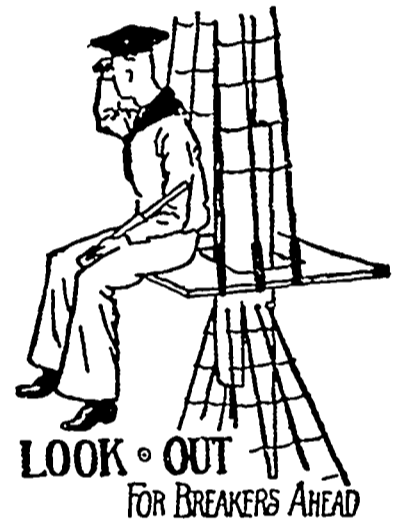
The death of Mr. W. G. Kavanagh occurred at North street, New Ross, 6th of August. Mr. Kavanagh carried on an extensive saddlery business and always bore the character of a thorough upright and straight-forward man in all his dealings. For several years he had practically retired from the business. Interment was in St. Mary's Cemetery. The funeral was large and representative.

WICKLOW.

Operations for the extension of the Dublin and Blessington Steam Tram line to Poul-

aphuca, were commenced last week, and at the road between Blessington and Poulaphuca is so level that very little difficulty will be experienced in the laying down of the rails, so that the line will probably be open for traffic soon.

Died—Aug. 5, Michael Short, of Dunran, Newtownmountkennedy. Interment at the Family burial place, Killadreeney.



LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD

when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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Brother, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland, certifies to Mr. John D. Rose's sickness and cure. Mr. Rose's statement is as follows: "I, the undersigned, feel constrained to bear testimony to the value of your remedy for Dyspepsia. Last summer my stomach failed so entirely that I was unable for weeks to digest any food except an occasional cracker; meanwhile, I was reduced to a skeleton and became so weak as to be unable to walk without staggering. Having seen in a Toronto paper your remedy advertised, I procured through my sister, a bottle of your medicine. Upon trying it I began at once to mend, and in a short time entirely regained my health, gaining in eight days 13 lbs. To-day I am well and hearty, which blessing, under God, I owe (as I think), to your medicine, K. D. C."

Yours truly,  
John D. Rose,  
Chaumont, New York.

**Church Pews.**

**SCHOOL FURNITURE**

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

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address  
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| 5 Pieces of Changeable Satins.               |  |
| 7 Pieces of Taffetas, 6 Colors.              |  |
| 6 Pieces of Surahs, New Shades.              |  |

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HOUSEHOLD AND FARM.

Crops and Live Stock in Ontario.

The report published by the Department of Agriculture is now issued and contains full reports up to August 15th. It shows that the excessive drought has caused a considerable falling off in a large section of the west. Fall sown crop have done well in all parts of the country. Hay is fair to good in quantity and good in quality. Oats and barley are under the average. Corn is doing well, but peas have fared badly. Fruit, except fall apples, is quite up to the average.

Fall wheat is, all things considered, the most successful crop of the season. The grain filled well and harvesting was completed in favorable weather. Spring wheat has suffered from drouth and the crop is limited in quantity and light in weight. In barley the acreage is greater and the yield per acre less. Holders of bright plump grain may look for good export prices. Oats has suffered from drouth and grasshoppers. The yield is better in the east than in the west. The grain is a little light. Of hay the average yield per acre is not quite as great as last year, being 1.39 tons, but this is above the average for the last twelve years. There is less clover than usual. All over the Province there is serious alarm over the condition of pasture lands. Along the St. Lawrence they are best, but farther west the fields are brown and the cattle slim. Grasshoppers have done much damage, especially in Huron, Bruce, the Georgian Bay and Midland groups and Halton and other eastern counties. In some cases hand feeding is resorted to, and good results have been attained by feeding green corn.

The Ontario Agricultural College has issued its ninety-seventh bulletin, dealing with some experiments in winter wheat. Fifty-two varieties have been tried. From the tests instituted the following conclusions have been reached:

1. The average results of winter wheat grown on the experimental plots for five years in succession are as follows: Weight of grain per measured bushel, 60.6 lbs.; yield of straw per acre, 2.74 tons; and yield of grain per acre, 40.6 bushels.

2. Among eighty varieties of winter wheat tested, the following have made high records: (1) Dawson's Golden Chaff; (2) American Bronze; (3) Early Genesee Giant; (4) Surprise; (5) Early Red (Lawson); (6) Golden Drop; (7) Jones' Winter Fife; (8) Bulgarian; (9) Early Ripe; and (10) Pride of Genesee.

3. The Dawson's Golden Chaff has made the best record of all the varieties of winter wheat tested in the Experimental Department.

4. Within certain limits, the amount of straw produced by a winter wheat is a poor indication of the yield of grain.

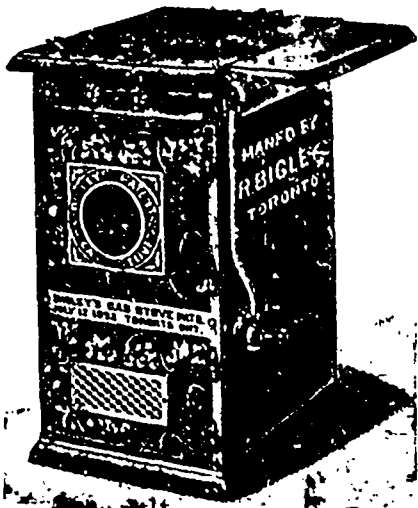
5. For five years in succession the bearded wheats gave a larger average weight per measured bushel than the bald varieties.

6. The white wheats have given the best results in favorable years and the red wheats in unfavorable years.

"I consider it my duty," says Mr. F. Z. Diaz, of San Diego, Texas, "to certify that Ayer's Pill have completely relieved my wife of neuralgia, from which complaint she was, for a long time, a great sufferer." They are easy to take and always effective.

Negotiations, it is said, are proceeding between England and Turkey for the exchange of Cyprus.

Free and easy expectation 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 lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfactions. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.



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### TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of September, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	CLOSE.		DUE.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	6.00	7.40	7.15	9.30
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	3.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W. ....	7.30	4.50	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland.....	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.00	12.15pm	8.50
G. W. R.....	a.m. p.m. noon		l.m. p.m.	
	6.30	4.00	10.40	8.20
		10.00		
U. S. N. Y.....	6.30	12.00 n	9.00	5.45
		4.00	10.40	11.00
U.S. West'n States		10.00		
	6.30	12 n.	9.00	8.20
		10.30		

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of September: 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29.

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

T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.



### LAKE ST. LOUIS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for New Channel, Lake St. Louis," will be received at this office up to noon on Tuesday, the 15th day of September, 1894, for the formation of a new channel in Lake St. Louis, section No. 1.

Plans and specifications of the work to be done can be seen on and after the 23rd day of August, 1894, at the office of the Chief Engineer of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the Superintendent Engineer's office in Montreal, where forms of tender can be obtained.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same, and further an accepted bank cheque, for the sum of \$5,000.00 must accompany the tender. This accepted cheque must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates and on the terms stated in offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,  
J. H. HALDERSON, Secretary.  
Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, 4th August, 1894.

### THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, September 12, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 54	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 53	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 00	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 29	0 30
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 41	0 42
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 55
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 00
Dressed hogs, per cwt.....	6 75	7 00
Ducks, per pair.....	0 60	0 75
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 22	0 24
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 12	0 14
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Celery, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Onions, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 40	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 65	0 70
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 10	0 15
Carrots, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 25	2 25
Hay, clover.....	7 00	8 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

### AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to day.

CATTLE.		
Good sh ppers, per cwt.....	\$ 3 50	\$4 25
Butchers' choice, picked, per cwt.....	3 00	3 50
Butchers' choice, per cwt.....	2 75	3 00
But. hers' medium, ".....	2 50	2 75
Bulls and mixed, ".....	2 25	3 00
Springers, per head.....	30 00	45 00
Milk cows, per head.....	22 00	50 00

### CALVES.

Per head, good to choice.....	4 00	6 50
" common.....	1 50	3 00

### SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Shipping sheep, per cwt.....	3 00	3 50
Butchers' sheep, per head.....	2 50	2 75
Lambs, choice, per head.....	2 00	2 50
Lambs, inferior, per head.....	1 25	1 75

### HOGS.

Long lean, per cwt (off cars).....	5 30	5 50
Heavy fat hogs.....	4 75	5 00
Stores, per cwt.....	4 30	4 50
Stags.....	2 00	2 50

## CLARKE HOUSE,

—CORNER—  
KING AND BRANT STS.

GEO. CLARKE, Prop. TORONTO, ONT.

### ICE CREAM

## FREEZERS,

Ice Picks,

Ice Tongs,

Ice Shredders, etc

## RICE LEWIS & SON,

(LIMITED.)

Cor. King & Victoria Sts., Toronto.

## LEMAITRE'S PHARMACY

256 QUEEN STREET WEST,

Directly opposite Fire Hall.

Headquarters for Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Pharmaceutical Preparations and Family Medicines.

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Liberal discount to Religious Communities.

PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.

Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate attention.

E. G. LEMAITRE.

## WEDDINGS,

WEDDING CAKES,

WEDDING SUPPLIES.

## HARRY WEBB,

447 YONGE STREET,

20

Toronto.

McCAUSLAND & SON  
MEMORIAL WINDOW  
TORONTO ONT  
MEDALISTS. CHURCH & SECULAR  
LONDON-ESTD 1856 STAINED GLASS  
DESIGNS SUBMITTED



## THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XLIII. (CONTINUED.)

As the earl finished this truly contrite and resigned document, he became, although at the second reading, much affected, and his sole auditor the same. At length the duchess inquired.

"What step shall you take respecting the subtraction of the jewels from the creditors?"

"Last night, for this day's post, I have written to Mr. Oldham," replied the earl, "to search among his uncle's papers for a notice of that fact. This reply will be interesting, as containing details of the reason for my having had to transmit to him annual sums, up to the date of 1832, when I received his receipt for the whole of the payments made."

In a few days the answer arrived from Mr. Oldham, as follows:

"My lord, on reference to the papers of my uncle, I find recorded the fact of the arrival of an iron case, containing an oblong stone, enveloped in several papers, the exterior one being sealed with the arms of the Wooltons; also noticed a prosecution commenced against the guard of the mail coach, but stopped; and a compromise made with the creditors; also noted a correspondence with yourself, my lord, stating that, as the value of the jewels was unknown, the creditors were content to place them at four thousand pounds. To this last letter no reply having been received, the copy of a second letter merely urges an immediate acknowledgment of the first, and states that four thousand pounds in small installments would satisfy the remaining creditors. This letter was duly received, and each year your lordship remitted a sum, till in June, 1832, the whole, with the interest, was liquidated."

"Never were jewels more worthily redeemed," observed the duchess.

"And now you will wear them; will you not?" said Lord Charleton. "Not that you require any addition to the superb jewels you retain for life, as dowager Duchess of Peterworth; but for my sake."

"Ah! dear Charleton," replied she, "I have other remembrances of you. Give them all to Violet. I am thinking, like our humble friends, of the typical jewels of the New Jerusalem."

CHAPTER XLIV.

FRIENDSHIPS FOR HEAVEN AND THOSE FOR HELL.

That evening's post brought the announcement to the duchess, from her beloved step daughter, Lady Emily Whyne, that the colonel and herself were about to start for Vienna, in consequence of a communication from Mrs. Bligh, the companion of Lady Claud Chamberlayne, of a very unsatisfactory nature. Mrs. Bligh recorded a new friendship of nearly the same ardent nature as with the fascinating Hortense. This new friend was a German lady, married to an English man, closely united in office, as in esteem, to the ambassador, Lord Claud Chamberlayne. The especial temptation of this lady was, not ambition, but gambling; into which dangerous folly the weak Georgina had been drawn to the already loss of several hundreds. Lady Emily entreated the duchess to receive her daughter, Leonora, under her roof, until their return from Vienna.

"Thank God," wrote the duchess, in reply, "that Georgina has with her a person who was chosen by yourself, who possesses your confidence, and knows where to turn for prompt and effective assistance. God speed your journey! Send me Leonora; Lord Charleton joins me in this warm invitation; yes, send me Leonora; I value her more than you have ever done. You have made an idol of Georgina, and you are now punished by having to play second to every friend, or

rather female seducer, who crosses her path. Remember that I never permitted my preference for you should give pain to others. Do not resent my warm expressions, Emily, my dearest child. I am anxious to save the post. Onco more, God speed the journey! Love to Charles

"Your devoted mother,

"EMMA PETERWORTH"

About a week after this rapid exchange of letters, Miss Whyne, accompanied by the housekeeper and one of the footmen, in addition to her own maid, arrived at Woolton Court—an intelligent, loving creature; perhaps, too much so for the slender form and hectic cheek. When folded in the arms of her step-grandmother she trembled so much that she was gently laid on the sofa by that same grand-mamma and the hands locked in each other.

"My poor child," at length said the duchess, "weep on; it will relieve you. You have had partings; you are far from home."

"Oh, no, grandmamma!" cried Leonora, starting up; "it is not that; I am weeping for joy, I believe; and I feel very much exhausted. How long it is since I saw you, grandmamma; you look so well—younger than ever and so loving!"

"But do not weep on that account," said the duchess, herself holding the handkerchief to her eyes, "my little Nora is to become quite strong and gay at Woolton Court."

"Oh! yes, grandmamma. Anywhere near you; and I hear this is such a beautiful place. How happy are those who live in the country! How wearied I am of London and watering-places; yet, there are gardens in and about Belgrave-square and the sea is ever magnificent; but there is always such constraint. I am told there is a small lake in these grounds and banks of wild flowers! Oh! grandmamma, did I ever see wild flowers? I do not think I have ever seen them. And to see and inhale them with you, grandmamma, and to sit amongst them on those banks."

Here a salver of sandwiches, fruit, and wine and water caused an opportune pause, during which Lord Charleton entered, and received the thanks of the young visitor for the invitation conveyed by the duchess. The two ladies-companions, Mrs. Bentley and Miss Telford, now offered to conduct Leonora to the rooms destined for her use; and the happy girl was soon prattling to them both and admiring everything she saw around her.

Thus passed a week, when Lord Stanmore proposed to Lady Violet to arrange some party of pleasure for their young friend, having previously ascertained the bent of her tastes and wishes. Therefore, at Leonora's next visit, Violet soon found a good opening for saying:

"What is the most congenial to you, Leonora? What gives you the most pleasure of all your pursuits and amusements?"

A little pause, a smile, a blush, and the reply was:

"High Mass and Benediction."

"Oh! dearest Leonora," cried Violet, "what happiness this gives me; for ours will be a holy friendship. And to be so merry and pious! Why, this is just like the duchess!"

"Now it is my turn," said Leonora, "to exclaim 'Oh, dearest Violet! what happiness this gives me!' for nothing—that is," added she, laughing, "nothing after High Mass and Benediction—makes me so happy as to be thought like grandmamma; especially by you, Violet, whom I admire and esteem so much. In short, what can exceed the happiness of being always with those one loves and admires; and to be loved by them." added she, in a lower voice, while a diffident, hidden expression stole over her hitherto animated countenance, and a tear rose in the large bright eyes

"Dearest Leonora," said Violet, "I love you, all love you—from your grandmamma to the peasant woman who weeds the walks in the pleasure-grounds. How can you doubt?"

"I do not doubt, exactly," replied she; "but Violet,"—and the little head was on the shoulder of her friend—"I have been an unloved child!"

Some tears fell on both sides, of which Leonora was aware: and this effect of soothing sympathetic friendship was greater balm to her heart than the most eloquent flow of words from the lips of Violet.

"Oh! you sweet, blessed creature," said Leonora, "do not weep for me: this adversity in my home has been blessed to me; for I have fled into the sacred heart of my divine Redeemer: and His Mother has become mine. Still, as faith is weak, and the unseen is but too apt to be forgotten in things visible, I wish it were my duty to live always at Woolton Court, or to live near you, Violet."

A sudden thought struck Lady Violet. She gently raised the head of Leonora, and said:

"After emotion of a painful nature, it is very beneficial to have a little recreation; therefore, I wish to include you, dear Leonora, in a short drive, which my aunt and I are going to take, by appointment, to bring a picture, which Lord Stanmore has requested her to copy before she returns to London. I think you will enjoy this little trip, provided the duchess has no other plan for you."

"I will run directly and ascertain," said Leonora. "At what hour must I be ready?"

"At eleven and it is now past ten. We must not lose this bright sun!"

The duchess was engaged in writing when Leonora entered to ask permission to dine out with her friends, Clara and Violet, and she merely smiled and nodded her assent, without inquiry. Neither did Leonora inquire, nor give heed to aught beyond the happiness of being with congenial spirits, in the midst of scenery so far surpassing all she had ever viewed in her excursions from her London home. Lord Stanmore was on horseback, the carriage was open; he was, therefore, able to communicate all the local information he had gradually acquired to the ardent visitor.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

Half-an-hour's drive brought our party to the entrance-gate of Gelliot Manor; and Leonora was then informed that the picture—object of their drive—was that of a certain Lady Maude Woolton, who had been espoused, in the middle ages, to the Squire Gelliot; but that the best picture to be seen at the manor-house was the present squire. This soon proved to be true, although the rooms contained some good and rare paintings. The especial object of the drive had been already taken from its place, and a modern painting substituted, which latter sufficiently inspired Leonora to exclaim, "O! surely this is the most beautiful of all. If I could paint, this would be my choice! Lady Clara, is my taste correct?"

Turning round to her friends she perceived a smile on each one's countenance, and observing the squire more in detail, she smiled also, saying, "I begin to be aware that the picture is a likeness of Squire Gelliot in his youth."

"A very correct supposition," said the old gentleman, bowing, "considering the original as not here. This painting is a portrait of my son, Captain Gelliot, of the Life Guards. A better man than his father, but thought very like him. If God spare his life, he will be the forty-seventh squire of Gelliot Manor, since the grant of the lands, by William the Conqueror, in 1066."

"Ah! yes, squire," said Lord Stanmore, "you are the most ancient hero on English ground. We had no land till Agincourt; and to prove ourselves

as ancient as you, have to trace back to Dauphine in France."

"Your grant of lands," observed the squire, "was first under the title of Baron Woolton of Woolton. 'Tis a pity you ever accepted anything beyond. You intermarried with the Gelliot in 1380, and again in 1630, the title up to the last date being still Lord Woolton of Woolton. It is therefore incorrect, according to modern times, to label the picture I am lending you, 'the Lady Maude Woolton;' for you were not then earls. But the label was on before my birth, and may therefore remain; for doubtless such was then the usage. But now let me show you a fine picture of what in the London catalogues at exhibitions is termed 'dead life!' and the squire humorously introduced the party to a substantial luncheon, in a room commanding, as he informed them, the best mountain view to be obtained in the neighborhood. In the mean time the servants and horses were regaling to their full satisfaction. The squire had expected his friends to spend the day, and would not let them depart. So after the luncheon they wandered in the pleasure-grounds, and rested awhile in hermitages, and in a grotto with a fine echo; in the latter of which the Ladies Clara and Violet sang with Lord Stanmore.

"Do you sing?" said the old gentleman, with complacent looks, to Leonora.

"Not at present," replied she. "I have been forbidden; my chest is rather delicate. But after a few more weeks in this fine mountain air I shall be stronger, and then I will sing to you. I suppose you prefer everything English?"

"I do," said he; "but above all things I prefer to get you strong and well. This air and this soil are far more healthy than at Woolton Court. I am such an old man that you can very well come and regain your health here with me without wagging of evil tongues. I have an old house-keeper, who once knew better days: she will sit in the drawing-room while you are here. I will go now and arrange with Lord Stanmore."

"O, no!" cried Leonora, laughing; "I cannot give myself permission. I must ask it of grandmamma."

"Who is grandmamma?"

"The dowager duchess of Peterworth."

"Ho, ho! You are perched up at Eagles Crag! Too bleak! You must come here directly."

"I am not at Eagles Crag, for grandmamma now lives entirely at Woolton Court."

"Ho! so the old lovers are privately married at last," thought he; then aloud, "Now, do you not think this much the finest place?"

"I think," replied Leonora, "that the mountain scenery is really more grand and extensive. But you have no lake."

"Very bad for you that still water; the less you are near it the better. You shall see the Gelliot cascade—far beyond any lake. Perhaps we have time even now."

The squire looked at his watch, just as Lord Stanmore came to represent, that when a lady undertakes to act the true mother's part to her infant, she must submit to the trammels of that duty, and not remain too many hours from home.

"I must, therefore," continued Lord Stanmore, "return to Woolton Court with Lady Violet; but if you, squire, will convoy Lady Clara and Miss Whyne in your own carriage, and spend a few days at Woolton Court, it will make us all very happy."

"O, do say yes!" exclaimed Leonora.

"Then I will say yes," responded the gallant old squire. "And we shall soon follow you on the road, Lord Stanmore; for this little lady must not be out after sunset. But I

must take with me the remedies that will begin her cure."

These remedies of Leonora consisted in home-brewed ale and home-baked bread; a small provision of which was placed in a hidden receptacle of the carriage for her supper that night; and a light cart from the farm was to convey a cask of the ale; while the home-baked loaf involved a ride each morning of some farm-servant from Gelliot Manor.

"My powers!" exclaimed the highly offended housekeeper of the western-half of Woolton Court. "To think of Squire Gelliot despising in this way, the hospitable care of this noble house for the invalid young lady. Cannot we brew, I should be glad to know! Cannot we bake!"

As reported speeches gliding up stairs and through corridors soon arrive at the supreme lady of the mansion; so, in the like manner, a softening influence, through the medium of Mrs. Bentley, descended with equal speed to the worthy Mrs. Tartson, to induce her to modify her expressions, and even her feelings, because the duchess wished to humor the good old squire, and prevail on him to become a more frequent visitor at Woolton Court; as in the olden times, when the ladies of Woolton wedded the squires of Gelliot; also because Lord Stanmore had so true a regard for Captain Gelliot, the only son of the squire. Peace, therefore, preserved; Squire Gelliot remained a whole week the guest of the Earl of Charleton—effecting, by the united powers of fatherly affection, home-brewed ale, home-baked bread, and teaching her picquet and backgammon, a marked improvement in the health of the sensitive and too studious Leonora. Quite astonished to become the object of so much affectionate attention, her gratitude evinced itself in all those little nameless effusions of looks and smiles, and little services, that give equal happiness to the active as to the passive participator.

The day before the departure of Squire Gelliot, the duchess gave her consent, after private conversation with him, that Leonora, accompanied by Mrs. Bentley, as a lady-companion, and by her own maid, should pass a fortnight at Gelliot Manor. This consent was received with equal joy by the squire and Leonora. Mrs. Bentley raised no objection; and after a short farewell to all at Woolton, and a glistening tear to her grandmother, the adopted father and daughter, duly escorted, entered the old manor-house.

CHAPTER XLVI:  
DIPLOMACY AT VIENNA—LIFE AT THE OLD MANOR-HOUSE.

During these last weeks letters had passed from Vienna, not only from Lady Emily to the Duchess of Peterworth, but also from Lord Claud Chamberlayne to his brother, the Marquis of Seaham; avowing that he was placed in a position from which that brother alone could extricate him. Lord Claud described the exemplary life, first-rate abilities, and hitherto good understanding with himself of the unfortunate husband of an unprincipled woman, who, if not removed from Vienna, by some master-stroke of diplomacy, would ruin his domestic happiness, and even his good reputation as a prompt payer of all claims. Lord Claud tried to write playfully, but his brother saw he was cut to the heart. The marquis had left Westmoreland for Cheshire, where he was conferring with brother ministers, previous to the approaching parliamentary season. A fortnight elapsed, at the end of which Mr. Sidney Cameroll became Sir Sidney Cameroll, with promotion, from a subordinate post at Vienna, to the first rank as envoy to an inferior court; while Mr. Pemble, the hitherto secretary of the marquis, was promoted to the vacant post under Lord Claud.

At the hour when a heart-rending parting between the ambassadress and the cunning friend, whose coffers con-

tained all her disposable money, took place at Vienna—while the thoughts of the parents were exclusively occupied with the painful past, and more hopeful future, of their weak, but amiable but idolized eldest daughter, the forgotten Leonora was playing backgammon in the quaint old parlor of Gelliot Manor—already more rosy, with dimpled cheek and laughing eye the more dimpled and the more archly mirthful because Mrs. Bentley was required to assure the squire, every morning at breakfast, and to re-assure him every evening, at Leonora's supper of the home-brewed and the home-baked, that no place could possibly equal Gelliot Manor, in the effect produced on the health and calm spirits of Miss Whyne. After breakfast, Leonora, well wrapped-up, always walked alone with the squire to the cascade—a really magnificent specimen of the kind, and in that season approaching the sublime.

"This is the water," said he, "that circulates and purifies the air, and, therefore, braces the human frame—the water-fall—the running water. Our cascade is considered to be the finest in this season; but it has, perhaps, a more beautiful effect in summer, from the contrast of the dark rock now hidden in the torrent."

Leonora repeated:

"In winter from the mountain,  
The stream like a torrent flows;  
In summer the same fountain  
Is calm as a child's repose."

"Thus in grief the first pangs wound us,  
And our tears in despair roll on;  
Time brings sweet peace around us,  
And the flood of our grief is gone."

"These lines are very beautiful," said the squire, "and beautifully repeated. As you are still too weak to sing, I shall be quite content to hear the recitation of good poetry: I, in deed, prefer it. I care but little for young ladies' accomplishments, but I appreciate what is mental; and your mind, as I perceived the first day we met, has been originally well formed by the Creator, and wonderfully cultivated for so young a person. How old are you?"

"Very nearly eighteen," was the reply. "That is always the way with very young girls," said the squire, smiling: "they mention the date by anticipation. But we must keep in exercise, and reserve the poetry for the evening. You have been brought up in the midst of the frivolities of London life, fashionable watering-places, in the shadow of the court, and yet how congenial you appear with all that is retired, and even solitary. Is it the poetry within you that makes you so blithe and gay, without young companions, or amusement of any kind?"

"How can you say that I have no amusement," replied Leonora, "when I walk out with you amidst all those varied beauties of scenery, so new to me? Some of the wild flowers here are different from those at Woolton Court: I made a book of them; that is, I placed them to dry in the blank leaves of a book, and labelled them. I have commenced a book of Gelliot Manor's wild flowers to-day; then, when our walk is over, sir, and we return to the house, on what interesting subjects do we not converse? Young as I am, I am quite aware of how deeply read you are, and that your magnificent library is not one merely of show, but has been received into the mind of the owner. Then I am making a purse, when I rest on the sofa after my walk: and because it is for you, whom I so greatly love and respect, I am quite agreeably interested in the actual work, endeavoring to make the row of stitches as even as possible. I shall have just finished the purse for you, and the scarf for the housekeeper, before they fetch me back to Woolton Court."

"So you have actually made, not only a purse for me, that I shall prize

all the rest of my days, but also a keepsake for good old Mrs. Coventry!"

"You mentioned once," explained Leonora, "that she had known better days; and I feared that if you had told her of my expected arrival, and of her permission to sit in the drawing-room, she might be hurt that grandmamma would not permit me to come without Mrs. Bentley."

"Just what I saw that first day in those loving eyes and thoughtful brow," mused the squire. "What delicacy of thought and feeling for another in a girl not yet eighteen!"

To Leonora's great surprise and joy, Squire Gelliot consented to accompany her back to Woolton Court, and to remain there some days the guest of Lord Stanmore in the eastern residence. It was then made known to her that her young friends had prepared, as the treat she loved best, a grand High Mass and Benediction in the chapel, for the eighth of December, the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Abercorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

"Commend



to Your Honorable Wife"

—Merchant of Venice. and tell her that I am composed of clarified cottonseed oil and refined beef suet; that I am the purest of all cooking fats; that my name is

Cottolene

that I am better than lard, and more useful than butter; that I am equal in shortening to twice the quantity of either, and make food much easier of digestion. I am to be found everywhere in 3 and 5 pound pails, but am

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\$3 a Day Sure. Send me your address and I will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure. I furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live. Send me your address and I will explain the business fully. Remember, I guarantee a net profit of \$3 for every day's work. Absolutely sure, don't fail to write to-day. Address A. W. KNOWLES, Windsor, Ontario.



Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and Weakness.

WEST BROOKFIELD, QUÉBEC, Oct. 1, '90. The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was almost unable to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c. To-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good. P. SARVAL, Catholic Priest.

ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, 1 TORONTO, OHIO, JUNE 8, 1891. We used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for epileptic fits in the case of a Mrs. Gorton, and it stopped the fits from the time she commenced taking it. Wishing you an extensive sale of this beneficent remedy. BISTER BRADY, Secretary.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Free to all patients who get the medicine. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1856 and is now under his direction by the

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

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50 cents and \$1 per bottle. Or 6 large bottles for \$5. Circulars and testimonials forwarded on application to all parts of Canada and United States. 370 1/2 College street, Toronto. For sale by Druggists and Manufacturer. Orders by Mail promptly attended to.

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**THE FORERUNNER OF PASTEUR.**

On the 8th of January, 1894, the University of Louvain lost one of her most distinguished sons, and the world of science was called upon to mourn one of its brightest ornaments. On that day the illustrious zoologist and paleontologist, Pierre Joseph Van Beneden, laid down the burden of life at the ripe old age of eighty-five, leaving behind him a record that even the greatest of the world's scientists might envy.

To say that Louvain has lost in Van Beneden one of her most distinguished sons is saying much. In the course of the five hundred years of her existence during all of which period she was one of the great beacon lights of Europe—she has seen in her lecture halls many who now occupy conspicuous positions in the temple of fame. It were, indeed, a difficult matter to recount all her triumphs, or enumerate the long list of those who have fondly saluted her as *Mama Mater*, and who, either as students or as professors, have added unfading lustre to her escutcheon, and contributed, in many ways, to make her name glorious among the great universities of the world. Here it was that Justus Lipsius, the noted humanist, and the immortal commentator of Seneca and Tacitus, studied and taught; here it was that Bellarmine, the prince of polemical theologians, lectured to delighted audiences; here it was that Vives, who, with Erasmus and Budæus, constituted the triumvirate of the republic of letters of the sixteenth century, lectured on polite literature; and here it was that Adrien van Roomen—*Adrianus Romanus*—one of the greatest mathematicians of his age, while professor of mathematics, invented modern or symbolical algebra. It was here that Van Helmont, the illustrious chemist, the discoverer of the third kind of matter—gas—a word invented by him—sought knowledge; it was here that Mercator, the first one to make maps and charts by a projection of the surface of the earth in *plano* completed his studies, and prepared himself for the work in which he subsequently won such renown; it was here, too, that Jean Pierre Minkellers made use of coal gas to light his lecture rooms full eight years before it was introduced in Cornwall by Murdoch, its reputed inventor. Here, where, for five centuries, art, science, and literature flourished; where the most distinguished professors of Europe lectured; where there were as many as 6,000 students at one time; where from the year of its foundation in 1429 until the present day, Louvain has kept pace with the great Universities of Paris, Oxford, Heidelberg, Vienna, Bologna and Rome—here it was, that Van Beneden, the latest of a long list of intellectual giants, won the admiration of his thousands of pupils, and the plaudits of the world.

The future professor of science made his humanities in the archiepiscopal college of Mechlin. Here he met, among his professors, the distinguished ecclesiastic who subsequently became rector of Louvain, and who signalized the beginning of his administration by giving his former pupil the chair of zoology and comparative anatomy, which he filled with such *eclat* for nearly sixty years.

After leaving college he entered in his native city the shop of an apothecary by the name of Stoffels. This gentleman, who subsequently became known to the world by the reflected light of his talented assistant, had a small collection of shells and minerals, which at once excited the interest of young Van Beneden. It was indeed, it may be said, the examination of this collection that gave him his taste for science, and determined his future career. It inspired him with a love of Nature, and from that time forth we find him devoting all his leisure mo-

ments to an enthusiastic study of the manifold forms of the organic world. At this period of his life, however, his country was in a very unsettled condition, and circumstances were anything but favorable to the prosecution of serious studies of any kind. His country was engaged in a sanguinary war with Holland, and Van Beneden felt that he owed it to the land of his birth to take up arms in her defence. But even as a soldier, he did not forget his love for Nature and her marvels. "I always remember," he tells us himself, "that while fighting under the walls of Antwerp, that I have more than once surprised myself with a fossil shell in one hand, and a cartridge in the other."

Van Beneden's great work was the disproof of the theory, which had obtained since Aristotle, that certain forms of life are of spontaneous existence. The proof that there is no life without previous life was the longest step in the direction of the study of microscopic existence.

Until the conclusion of the researches by Van Beneden on entozoa, and of those by Pasteur on microbes, medicine was at best but an art based on empiricism. Now, thanks to the marvellous discoveries of these investigators, medicine, as well as surgery, is a science; and the physician and surgeon, instead of working in the dark as hitherto, and fighting against invisible foes, whose very existence was formerly ignored, are now able to accomplish results and effects cures which before were impossible. Diseases, that a few decades ago created such havoc among the flocks and herds of the husbandman, and exacted such heavy tributes from afflicted humanity, are now put within the power of the curative art, and the plague, far from exciting the horror it formerly caused, is no longer more a source of danger than any other undesirable visitant which can be checked or put under control. And in the bright galaxy of men of science, two luminaries will ever be conspicuous, two names will always be pronounced with benediction by a grateful race, and these are the names of Van Beneden and Pasteur.

Like Kepler, Newton, Linnæus, Louis Agassiz, Leverrier, and others in the fore-front of the world's great men of science, Van Beneden was a man of deep religious convictions, and real, unaffected piety. He loved to see the handiwork of God in the visible world, and to trace the operations of His providence in the development and conservation of His creatures. He was born and raised a Roman Catholic, and to the day of his death he continued a devoted and consistent member of the faith of his fathers.—*Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C. in the Rosary.*



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Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the Post Office at Stratford, on and after Saturday, 1st September, and tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

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