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The Catholic Register.

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

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Register of the Week.

When secret associations are attacking the Church from the outside, it is to be deplored that attacks are made upon it from within by a press and a knot of lawyers who wish to be *renovatores clericorum*. Montreal presents this spectacle. It is a consolation to find one writing in the tone of Mr. Tarte, who, while he does criticize the clergy rather severely, concludes with the following truthful statement and excellent advice: "The Canadian clergy, taken as a whole, are the most important and useful branch of our organization as a people. I will add that a separation at the present time between the clergy and the people would be an irreparable disaster; and it is because there are numerous signs and precursors of this separation that the religious and civil chiefs of our society ought to speak and act."

The Church lost a valiant champion in the venerable Archbishop of Milan, Mgr. Luigi di Calabiana, who died at the advanced age of 85. A Bishop in 1847, he was nominated Senator soon afterwards by the King, Charles Albert. For years he steadily opposed the invasion of the State in the question of civil marriage and the project of forcing seminarists into the army. When the Piedmontese Government wished to pay the budget of worship out of the suppression of several communities Mgr. di Calabiana upon the advice of all the bishops and with the consent of the Holy See, offered to make a yearly payment to the Government of the sum required. Although this satisfied the financial requirements it did not satisfy the ambition of Cavour, who passed the Bill. Thereupon Mgr. di Calabiana retired from politics. When the war against the Temporal States of the Pope was begun he wrote a book upon the subject. "The temporal power of the Roman Pontiffs defended in its integrity by the suffrages of the Catholic world during the reign of Pius IX."

The Holy Father has placed a portion of the Palazzo Altemps at the disposal of the students of the new Spanish College established in the Eternal City. These students, some forty in number, are distinguished by the blue trimmings on their soutanes, and they attend the Gregorian University.

The *Riforma*, a Roman newspaper and Crispi's organ, says of the new paper money issued by the Italian Government: "We can boast of having the ugliest metallic money, the ugliest stamps, and the ugliest coupons in the world. The new progeny takes after the family."

For some time a Miss Ellen Golding was lecturing in England upon convent life, and relating the usual

tales of ill treatment, &c. Her sister, a lady living at Hull, has published the following statement: "I am not myself a Roman Catholic, nor have I any desire to favour them, but for the sake of truth and justice I consider that the facts should be made known. My sister joined an Order in England, and went abroad to a Convent at Calais belonging to the same Order. While she was there I used to go once or twice yearly to see her. The Nuns were always most kind to me, and I usually stayed in the Convent. On one occasion I was there for a week, and had full opportunity to see how the Convent was conducted. I never saw the slightest suspicion of anything objectionable. My sister and I had plenty of opportunities for private conversation, and she always said she was happy in the Convent. It is nonsense for her to say she had difficulty in getting outside the walls. She went about the town with me, and once when leaving she came with me to the boat, and was actually on board till the very moment of starting. I said to her, 'Now, Nellie, if you want to leave you have nothing to do but to come along,' but she refused. After leaving the Convent she stayed with us for six months and wanted for nothing. She told me about her life in the Convent, but never said one word about the poisoning or immorality she speaks of now. I am positive that if there had been any foundation for these statements I would have heard of it. She told me that in her Order punishments, except in the stricter application of the rules, were unknown. The dark room she now speaks of is an invention, and as for the steel belt she says they were forced to wear, she never saw one in her life until she visited the offices of the Protestant Alliance."

Hitherto all civil servants in the Isle of Man were obliged to take the oath of religious supremacy. This ruled Catholics out of all offices. A deputation waited lately upon the Governor with reference to these disabilities, when they were gratefully informed that a minute had been passed by the Council doing away with them, and declaring that only the oath of allegiance and that prescribed for any particular office would be required.

Judging by the tone of the Italian press, as far as it can be gathered from the extracts we see in English exchanges, King Umberto is no exception to the adage: "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The blame for many of the misfortunes now resting upon Italy are laid at the door of the House of Savoy. There exists a feeling amongst the majority of the nation that Umberto should have acted with greater force of will and

not have allowed the ministers to offend the national conscience, especially in religious questions. The idea of united Italy was always as hollow as a drum, and just as noisy when beaten by anti-clerical Jews and Free-masons. It is not in the character or history of the Italians from the days of Rome's republic down to the present; and it looks as if Umberto would have to pay for his own and his father's faults and shortcomings, and the countless blunders of unprincipled ministers.

After twenty years of service the chief cashier of the Bank of England, Frank May, has been requested to resign without a pension, on account of involving the Bank in heavy losses. He was entrusted with almost unlimited powers in making investments, and had availed himself of this power to invest large sums of the Bank's funds in companies in which his son was deeply interested. Although, according to the *Daily Telegraph* of London, the sum is not more than £20,000, still the Directors could not fail to condemn very strongly the use of their money for concerns which were doubtful in prospects as well as in method. According to the *Herald* correspondent the retiring cashier has not a penny to his name.

The English House of Commons is still in Committee on the Parish Councils' Bill. On Thursday last Walter McLaren, Radical and pronounced advocate of woman suffrage, moved for the enfranchisement of women who would be entitled, if they were men, to vote in local government and parliamentary elections. The President of the Local Government Board opposed for the ministry the proposed amendment. A division of the House being taken, the Government was defeated by a vote of 147 to 126. Amongst those who voted against the ministry were the Hon. Edward Blake, Justin McCarthy and Wm. O'Brien.

A conference was held on the 17th between the Mine Owners' Association and delegates from the Miners Federation under the chairmanship of Lord Rosebery, and the long standing difficulty was settled by a compromise. The men agreed to go to work at the old wages until February, when a Conciliation Board will be formed. This Board will hold its first meeting on Dec. 13, and will be constituted for one year.

Emperor William opened the German Reichstag in person on Thursday last. After thanking the members for the course they look in regard to the increase of the army he explains that the first task before the house is to provide for the expense which it entails. A new and more satisfactory relation in matters of finance between

the empire and the various states is to be discussed, by which the present vacillations in the empire's demands may be abolished. Taxation is to be levied on tobacco in order to raise the revenue. An extraordinary increase of the tax on imports from Russia is proposed in the hope that Russia will abandon her policy of protection.

The Bishops of Hungary have spoken upon the civil marriage Bill through one of their number, Bishop Schlauch of Grosswardein. This Bill requires that a civil ceremony should be performed first. The Bishop maintains that the law of the Church against divorce is the best for the community. If Catholics live together as man and wife without being married according to the rites of the Church the sacraments are to be denied them, and their children are to be regarded as illegitimate.

It was reported the other day that Mello's fleet in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro and his friends on shore were about to combine in order to strike a decisive blow before the arrival of Peixoto's fleet. The Government is trying with great difficulty to prevent any communication of the insurgents with the Provinces, as many of them seem ripe for an outbreak.

At a Protestant Episcopal Congress held in New York the other day a discussion was held upon the duty of the churches of Anglican communion, towards Roman Catholic countries. With becoming modesty the chairman maintained Rome to be schismatic. Thanks, awfully.

Political events in the Hawaiian Islands have turned completely round, by the American Government restoring the monarchy which last January they had been instrumental in removing. United States troops had been landed during the troubles, but the question was whether they were merely to protect American citizens or to aid the provisional Government. For the former purpose they were ill stationed, for the latter well stationed. Secretary Gresham concludes that the continued existence of the provisional Government was due to the belief of the Hawaiians that if they made an effort to overthrow it they would encounter the armed force of the United States. This was the Queen's view, who submitted under protest. The *New York Times* sums up the argument for restoration: "The two contingencies upon which the establishment of the provisional Government and the submission of the deposed Queen rested are now to terminate. The provisional Government was to exist until terms of union with the United States had been negotiated and agreed upon. That contingency has failed, and the Government's reason for existing is at an end. The Queen yielded her authority until such time as the Government of the United States should undo the action of its representatives and reinstate her. That contingency is now to be realized."

THE BISHOP OF BUFFALO.

Silver Jubilee of His Consecration.

In the city of Buffalo on Wednesday the 8th inst., the silver jubilee of the Episcopal consecration of its Bishop, Right Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, D. D., was gloriously celebrated, and ideal Indian summer weather favored the celebration. In the early hours St. Joseph's Cathedral bells rang out peals of joy which echoed and re-echoed in the thousands of hearts that soon began to gather in the vicinity.

As the hour for the Jubilee Mass on Wednesday, ten o'clock, drew near, a vast crowd had filled the streets near the Cathedral. Those having the coveted cards of admission had early secured seats in the church, and those without had to content themselves with waiting to see the gorgeous procession of dignitaries of the Church, priests and acolytes that filed from the Cathedral residence promptly at ten o'clock.

The entire front of the residence was covered with graceful groupings of American and Papal flags. The front and side of St. Stephen's Hall was likewise decorated. If display of national colors be an evidence of patriotism, then indeed must Catholic Buffalo be patriotic, for the Stars and Stripes appeared from every point of vantage—outdoors, inside the Cathedral, even to the very altar, on private residence and Catholic school, at Music Hall in the evening, on the Bishop's residence, and along the line of march.

A glance about the Cathedral showed that the decorator's had done their work tastefully and well. Endless lengths of red, white and blue hung in graceful folds about the interior. High up on the pillars on either side of the sanctuary were large National flags flanking shields which bore the dates of "1808," "1898." In the centre of the organ loft rail a large golden eagle, with wings extended, held in its beak the Stars and Stripes. To the right and left the colors of the Nation draped against those of the Pope—white and gold. On each pillar, from choir loft to altar, hung between Papal and United States flags, a shield on which was inscribed the important events in the life of the Bishop: "Born, Almonte, Can., 1825." "Student, St. Charles Seminary, 1840." "Enters Congregation of Missions, Barrens, Mo., 1844." "St. Louis, Mo., ordained Priest, 1849." "Cape Girardeau, President Seminary, 1855." "Paris, France, appointed Visitor of Congregations, 1857." "Germantown, Pa., founds St. Vincent's Seminary, 1864." "Buffalo, consecrated Bishop, 1868." Upon the rail and around the pulpit was a drape of purple and gold.

Within the sanctuary rail on the epistle side were three thrones of red and purple. The centre throne was for Mgr. Satolli, to his right Archbishop Corrigan, and to his left Bishop Ryan. On the Gospel side was a single throne entirely of cardinal red for His Eminence the Cardinal. Palms, cut flowers and potted plants were in artistic profusion. The altar decked with trailing smilax and bright blossoms, its scores of candles, its glistening white marble, and its golden candelabra made a picture beautiful and imposing.

A few minutes after 10 o'clock the grand organ and orchestra began the "Marche Celebre." A moment later at the door of the broad centre aisle appeared a crucifer bearing aloft a golden processional cross. As he entered the vast audience stood up. He was flanked by acolytes carrying tapers. Following were the choir boys, 65 in number, dressed in scarlet, purple, and black soutanes and lace surplices. Behind them 150 priests in black soutanes and lace surplices. Then came the Bishops and Archbishops in robes of purple, and last of all His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons

clad in the cardinal and ormine of his office, his mantle of rich red silk flowing many yards behind and upheld by tiny pages.

Besides His Eminence there were present from out of town the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan of New York, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, the Most Rev. Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, the Most Rev. Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, Ontario, the Most Rev. Archbishop Cleary of Kingston, Ont., the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane of Washington, D. C., President of the Catholic University; and the Rt. Rev. Bishops McNierney of Albany, O'Farrell of Trenton, N. J., Ludden of Syracuse, McDonnell of Brooklyn, McGovern of Harrisburg, Pa., O'Hara of Scranton, Pa., Mullen of Erie, Pa., Phelan of Pittsburgh, Pa., Foley of Detroit, and Bishop Conroy of Ourium.

As the processionists reached the high altar each made a genuflection and passed to the right and left. The Bishops, Archbishops, and Cardinal entered the sanctuary. They knelt for a moment in silent prayer and then took their places.

At this point the Most Rev. Mgr. Satolli, accompanied by the Deacon, Subdeacon, and other officers of the Mass, entered the sanctuary. Mgr. Satolli was clad in full pontifical vestments of a Bishop, a gift from the priests of the diocese to Bishop Ryan. The vestments were made in Lyons, France, and were worn for the first time on this occasion.

The musical programme was unquestionably the most elaborate and perfect that ever graced a religious celebration in Buffalo. For weeks Dr. Borget, the organist of the Cathedral, had been drilling his composite choir, and nobly did it respond to his baton.

At the conclusion of the Mass the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, who, as Father Ryan, preached Bishop Ryan's consecration sermon from the same pulpit a quarter of a century ago, mounted the pulpit and delivered the Jubilee sermon. The Archbishop brought tears to the eyes of many of those who have learned to love the Jubilarian during his twenty-five years of life in the city. All were prepared to hear a sermon worthy of the occasion, but it is safe to remark that many were disappointed—most happily: for we venture to say there were hundreds present who never expected to hear in all their lives so superbly-grand an outburst of human eloquence. We present herewith the sermon—but cold type cannot give to those who did not hear it the faintest conception of the depth of feeling, the impressiveness of delivery, the marvelous magnetism of the speaker. It was indeed something to charm the heart and remain a pleasant memory for many a year.

The Archbishop's sermon was as follows:

"Sing joyfully to God, all the earth: serve ye the Lord with gladness."

"Come in before His presence with exceeding great joy."

"Hear ye that the Lord is God. He made us, and not we ourselves."

"We are His people and the sheep of His pasture. Give us, O Lord, thy gates with praise into His courts with hymns and give glory to Him."

"Praise ye His name, for the Lord is sweet, His mercy endureth forever, and His truth to generations and generations."—PSALM xcix.

Most Eminent Cardinal. Your Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, Most Reverend Metropolitan, Right Reverend Jubilarian, Venerable Fathers of the Episcopate and the Clergy, Dearly Beloved Brethren of the Laity—The capacity for joy in the religious as in the purely natural order is a recognized element of our nature; and hence the Psalmist frequently calls on us to rejoice in the Lord, and be glad and cry out in jubilation to the Lord our God. Certain times and festivals were occasions of such jubilee under the old dispensation. The same spirit now animates the Church of God. Custom has made the twenty-fifth anniversary of a priest's ordination and a Bishop's consecration such a time of jubilee and thanksgiving. It

is for such a celebration we have assembled to-day.

This has been a year of several episcopal jubilees, because of the great number of Bishops consecrated in this country in the year 1808, most of whom, thank God, still live and rule. To some it may possibly appear as if there was too much of mere man worship in these splendid celebrations. But we must bear in mind, whilst the tribute is offered to the individual who has faithfully discharged his duty for a quarter of a century, yet it is because of the sublime nature of his office that tribute is so public and impressive. There is little place for vanity in the recipient of such honors. He is gradually approaching the time when God and not man shall judge him, and the outburst of popular affection and praise serves but to humiliate him, as it shows him, perhaps, not what he was, but what he should have been. The Catholic churchman, no matter what his personal merits may be, is overwhelmed by the consideration of how little is his individuality in presence of the great Church which has made him what he is. He is but a small fragment in the great and splendid mosaic of the Christian ministry.

Again the discipline of the Church is such that it humbles the man, whilst his ecclesiastical office is exalted. Nearly six years ago it was my privilege to witness in St. Peter's Church in Rome the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the present glorious Pontiff. I could well understand how the superficial observer might tremble for the humanity of the man thus exalted. He seemed almost a demi-god. Borne aloft above the vast surging ocean of humanity, this triple-crowned king received the tribute of the intellect, the heart and the ready obedience of the Catholic world. The sovereigns of all nations, Catholic, Protestant, and even Mohammedan, had laid their royal presents at his feet. In St. Peter's, on that day, all the arts seemed as if were to do him homage. The sculptured Apostles, martyrs, doctors, and virgins of nearly nineteen centuries seemed to congratulate him from their niches. Music—glorious music, that link between the natural and supernatural, the survivor of the other arts, when the sculptor and the painter and the poet and the architect shall become the children of song, Music added her highest earthly glory to the scene. Truly of him thus lifted up, with every eye in that vast cathedral of the universe fixed upon him, might it be said: "Oculi omnium in te sperant."—"The eyes of all hope in thee." And as he lifted up his hand in benediction over the kneeling multitude, the words of the Psalmist might be applied to him: "Thou openest thy hand and fillest every living creature with thy blessing."

We can scarcely imagine a man on a more dazzling and dangerous pinnacle of glory. But let us contemplate another scene on the next morning. A poor monk with a purple stole around his neck is seated in a plain apartment. An old man bent down with years and cares comes tottering to his side and falling on his knees before him says: "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I have sinned through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault." He confesses his sins and asks for forgiveness and penance for them. Who is this feeble penitent, suppliant old man at the monk's feet? The same whom you saw scattering the benedictions amidst the glories of St. Peter's Church yesterday, the demi-god of that wonderful scene! Oh, marvellous Church of God! Oh, wisdom of the Most High! Oh, exalter of the office! Oh, smasher of the man!

This occasion has also another significance. It is one of thanksgiving to the Most High for blessings bestowed on the Bishop and on his spouse, this diocese, on the anniversary of their

mystic marriage. We often forgot the duty of thanksgiving for favors both personal and general. This, however, is not the spirit of the Church. In her public prayers we cannot but observe how prominent a place the expression of praise and thanksgiving occupies. In the "Gloria in Excelsis" how little appears of the mere prayer of petition, and how much of the sublime canticles of praise and thanksgiving. And so of the glorious "Preface" of the Mass, the words and the very musical notes of which have been ringing through the Church for over 1,400 years. To help us to fully appreciate this occasion let us consider some of the reasons why we should rejoice and give thanks to Almighty God for the favors bestowed on this holy Bishop and his diocese, and let us carry away from this impressive scene some lessons of practical wisdom for our own edification.

There are several persons here to-day who shared with me on this morning twenty-five years ago the privilege of witnessing in this sanctuary the consecration scene of which this is the silver jubilee. Some twenty years before this event this diocese was founded, and had for its first Bishop a man to whose memory and merits I think the American Church has scarcely yet done adequate justice. He was certainly one of the greatest and most zealous prelates that ruled the young Church of these States. Thoroughly imbued with the old ascetic spirit of a Christian Bishop, Bishop Timon possessed all the push and progressiveness of the young nation of which he was a representative. This is a rare combination, but it was found in its perfection in the venerable Bishop. He heard and acted out the great charge of the Apostle: "Take heed to yourself and to the whole flock over which the Holy Ghost has placed you, a Bishop to rule the Church of God, which He has purchased with His own blood." He took heed to himself first of all, because he well knew that on his personal sanctification the great results of his mission would be to a great extent dependent. In the spirit of recollection, prayer and zeal born of that inner life, the "Life hidden with Christ in God," of which the same Apostle speaks, he laid the foundation and directed the splendid superstructure of this diocese. He built and adorned this beautiful Cathedral, which is a symbol of the moral structure of the diocese he established and left to his successor. That successor, the present Jubilarian, was trained in the same school as himself, and had the proper aptitude for such training. He was a man after his own heart, the model of both being their spiritual Father, St. Vincent de Paul. This Saint, though generally known but as a great philanthropist, the founder of the Order of Sisters of Charity and many other associations of beneficence, was also the great reformer of the French Church, both in its episcopate and clergy. No man knew better than he the spirit and the qualities requisite for a Christian Bishop. He acted as a sentinel, and no priest could be presented for the French episcopate without his permission. His congregation of the Mission has given us in this country men like Bishops Rosati, Odin, Tizon, and the present Bishop of Buffalo.

It is not necessary for me to mention in detail the great works of the Jubilarian of to-day during the last quarter of a century. "His works praise him in the gates." Institutions of learning and charity, schools, colleges, asylums, the increasing Christianity of your churches, all speak aloud. And amongst the institutions of beneficence there is one that only yesterday, though dumb, spoke out its praises—the institution for the deaf mutes.

In every department of charity he has shown his spirit of devotion to

charitable works. I need not enter into any statistics on this point, because these have been published or will be published in the public print, and you yourself have been the witnesses of it. But there are the invisible works which statistics cannot show, the intellects enlightened, the hearts comforted, the prodigals converted, the seeds sown of future great works, and the deep impress for good left on clergy and people. These are works recorded only by angel hands in the archives of Heaven.

What shall I say of his fatherly love for his priests? Bound to them by ties stronger than those of human kindred, knowing the sacrifices they have made of human love and human ambition and all that the world holds dear, his paternal heart has always gone out to them, even as the heart of our divine Lord went out to the young man of the Gospel whom "when He saw, says the Evangelist, 'He loved.'" Hence his priests are now so deeply devoted to him, and rejoice on this day of Jubilee and pray that God may leave him to them for yet many years.

The little children—such as were represented in Music Hall yesterday afternoon—how his fatherly heart went out to them! The old Bishop has no children or grandchildren like a man of the world, but he has a father's heart and the children of those to whom he has ministered for years, the little children become as it were his grandchildren. He loved them as they gather around him. Those assembled together yesterday were of different nations, speaking their own peculiar language, yet united in one language, when by the Catholicity and unity of the Church each heart was stirred and the confusion of Babel seemed in a manner remedied in that Pentecost of children. Though they spoke in divers languages they were united as young Americans, they exemplified a political Catholicity with a unity in the same country, were proud of their country, and were made to feel one by their unity in the Church of God. After his priests he has loved most tenderly the lambs of his flock and shown that love by the best of all criterions, his zeal for youthful Christian education. I remember with gratitude that many years ago when he and I were priests together in St. Louis, I invited him to preach on occasion of the opening of a parochial school which I had erected, and he delivered one of the best and most telling addresses on Catholic education that I have ever listened to. This zeal for the education of the young has characterized him during his entire episcopal career.

But how shall I describe the impression that he has made on you, his beloved people, "his joy and his crown?" You know and feel in your heart of hearts, how deep and salutary is this impression. It takes some time to know genuine, though at first undemonstrative, natures like that of your beloved Bishop. But once found out they grow into the daily life of the people, who express their feelings on great occasions like that of the present jubilee. Such a prelate must also impress most favourably the world outside the Catholic Church, and this is evident from the attendance in this Cathedral to day.

You know him, you love him, and to-day you rejoice to express by your presence here your appreciation of his twenty-five years of devoted interest in you and yours. And the outside world, the honest straightforward men who may misunderstand the Catholic Church, who may be prejudiced against the Catholic Church, but who, when they find a man of self-sacrifice, when they find a man who for twenty-five years has been always the same—ministering to the poor, laboring without human reward and without human ambition except for God, and the sublime motive exalting his actions during a quarter of a century—men of

the world honor such a man. They will know his influence upon society, first his influence on his own people and then indirectly, because if there are a number of good people in any society they must necessarily influence the whole mass.

The names of Bishops Timon and Ryan are inseparably connected with the city of Buffalo and Western New York. Non Catholics feel that their influence, though primarily religious and intended to affect but their own flocks, has not been without great indirect benefit to the whole community. They were broad enough to take in their charity every fellow creature. They were progressive, but with the conservative progress of the old Church a progress which never loses what it has once gained. The human spirit, bold, impetuous and imprudent, too frequently looks not so much at principles as at present results, but the Church, with the accumulated experience of ages, and with a maternal instinct for the preservation of her children, future as well as present, clings above all things to great directing principles of action. Hence her influence and the influence of her present Pontiff and representative ecclesiastics on the thinking men of our age and country. The best thought and the best men of our age will be found in sympathy with Catholic teaching when fully understood, and with Catholic episcopate and clergy. The prophecy shall be fulfilled, "the children of them that afflicted thee shall come bowing down to thee, and they that slandered thee shall worship the steps of thy feet and shall call thee the city of the Lord and the Zion of the holy one of Israel."

And now, Right Reverend Father in God, it remains for me to say but a parting word to you on this memorable, I may say historic, occasion. In the presence here to-day of the Most Eminent Cardinal of the American Church, whom I know to be your friend and admirer, in the presence of the august representative and Apostolic legate of His Holiness, our most beloved Father Leo XIII., and of your admirable Metropolitan the Archbishop of New York, and of the prelates who have come in such numbers to manifest their love and admiration of your episcopal virtues, in presence of your beloved priests, religious Orders, people and children, I congratulate you from the depth of my heart on the record of a quarter of a century of work in God's holy service in the episcopate of this diocese. Twenty five years ago this morning it was my privilege to address you on occasion of your consecration, and made certain promises as regards your future career, which I rejoice to say to-day have been more than fulfilled. And now, as the evening of both our life-days is upon us, and we cry out with the disciples at Emmaus to the great Bishop of our souls, "Mane nobiscum, quoniam advesperascit" Remain with us, Lord, for the day is nearly past and the night is at hand so your priests and people say to you, "Mane nobiscum"—stay with us that our hearts may continue to beat within us as you speak by the way of life of the things of God. "Mane nobiscum" that we may continue to know our dear Lord in "the breaking of bread until all shall be accomplished in the kingdom of our Father and our God."

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Gleeson, the venerated Vicar General of the diocese, followed with an address reviewing the self-sacrificing and devoted labors of Bishop Ryan during the last quarter of a century, which had endeared him to the people of his diocese, and closed by presenting to him a purse containing over \$10,000 in money with many good wishes.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop returned thanks in a speech marked by gratitude and that modesty which has always been among his distinguishing

traits. He was overwhelmed with gratitude and quietly remarked that in his humble way he had merely striven to do his duty.

After the services in the church were concluded, the procession left in the same order in which it entered, and all repaired to the Cathedral residence. After a brief respite, the Bishop, his distinguished guests, and nearly all the clergymen who attended the Mass, passed under a canopy from his residence to St. Stephen's Hall, where the banquet of the clergy was held. The hall had been turned into a veritable bower of beauty. The entire ceiling was composed of alternate lengths of white and yellow, and the stage and side walls were literally covered with the American, Papal and Episcopal colors. An orchestra hidden in a bower of palms and ferns on the stage discoursed sweetest strains throughout the dinner. A long table across the front of the stage was occupied by the members of the Hierarchy, and five tables ran side by side down the length of the hall. There was no formal list of toasts, but between the courses calls were made on several of the gentlemen and an informal but delightful programme resulted. Father Cronin was selected as toastmaster and in a few appropriate words of greeting and welcome called on Bishop Ryan, who made a brief response, welcoming his brethren of the Hierarchy. To this the Cardinal responded in a charming manner. The toastmaster next gave "Our Holy Father Leo XIII.," to which Archbishop Corrigan made feeling reply. At this point the Bishop again rose and spoke touchingly of the generosity of his priests as evidenced by their splendid offering of the day, and their hearty co-operation throughout his episcopal career. He warmly welcomed the priests from other dioceses and closed with a reference to the part the priests of the diocese of Buffalo took in the matter of the fund for procuring a residence for the Apostolic Delegate. This brought the Most Rev. Delegate to his feet. He was greeted with an effusion from Prelates and priests which left no room for doubt as to the place he held in the hearts of everyone present. Mgr. Satolli in the course of his brief remarks paid a glowing tribute to the worth of the diocese of Buffalo and its splendid priesthood. "Our Country and Our Faith" was next given, and who could more eloquently reply to it than the Archbishop of St. Paul? It can be well imagined that he did full justice to the subject. The last toast was "Our Sister Church of Canada," to which the venerable Metropolitan of Toronto replied in fitting terms.

Invitations were issued for public reception in the Music Hall Wednesday evening, when crowds, both Catholic and Protestant, paid their addresses to the Right Rev. Bishop and his eminent guests.

The Apostolic Delegate took a position at Bishop Ryan's right, while Cardinal Gibbons sat at his left. Each was attired in the robe of his high rank. Mayor Bishop sat at the right of Cardinal Gibbons, while Archbishop Ireland occupied a position to the left of Mgr. Satolli. Other members of Bishop Ryan's party were Archbishops Walsh of Toronto, Cleary of Kingston, and Corrigan, of New York, Mgr. Farley, of New York, the Rev. F. R. Rooker, Vice-President of the American College, and Bishops O'Farrell, of Trenton, Foley, of Detroit, Ludden, of Syracuse, McGovern, of Harrisburg, O'Hara, of Scranton, Phelan, of Pittsburgh, McDonnell, of Brooklyn, Conroy, of Curium, and Mullen of Erie.

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Mrs. Winkler's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winkler's SOOTHING SYRUP.

Forming an Herbarium.

As is well known, an herbarium is a collection of pressed and dried plants, commonly of more interest to a person engaged in botanical pursuits than to others though it may easily be made so attractive as to give pleasure to every one. Having had a year's experience in the herbarium of a State university, I hope that a few popular suggestions in regard to the method of preparing and mounting such a collection may not come amiss.

The first thing, of course, and the pleasantest, since it involves an outing, is to procure the specimens, and herein will appear one of the many advantages of being a country boy or girl, for such have abundant material close at hand.

To the enthusiastic collector no hill is too steep to climb, no wood too wild or path too tangled to explore, and consciously or unconsciously as he adds new plants to his herbarium he also adds images that, stored in memory, are drawn forth in after time when turning over his treasures of wood and field, so that in looking at them he sees not only a plant as others see it, but the whole setting of earth and air and sky. The deep, swift brook sings again for him, "the unregarding grasses away," the shadows cast by the trees and shrubbery, and pierced with light, move back and forth in leafy patterns, the clouds sail slowly overhead. There is a pleasure in these memories that money cannot purchase. In his excursions the naturalist has learned to look and listen long and closely where nature's ways are wild, and has found one of the keenest and one of the most innocent enjoyments of life.

In the work of collecting, few implements are needed, and those may be readily procured. A tin box in which to place the specimens, a garden trowel, a knife, and a note book will complete the outfit. The note-book is for the reception of such items as may seem of interest or value, and which cannot be trusted to the memory. The details of soil, moisture, and associated species may be recorded, and such notes should be perfectly accurate. Science is always exact. Nothing must be left to conjecture, and no loose methods must creep in.—Harper's Young People.

Stocking an Ocean Steamer.

People who cross the Atlantic on one of the palatial steamships rarely appreciate the cost of running one of these boats. For instance, the steward, if stocking his ship, would store away 10,000 pounds of fresh beef, 5,000 pounds of lamb and mutton, 1,000 pounds of corned beef, 200 pounds of smoked hams, 1,500 dressed chicken or hens, 3,000 pounds of fish, and 600 pounds of bacon, besides big sacks of smoked tongues, dried beef, smoked fish, 30,000 pounds of tomatoes, pears, oranges, peaches, watermelons, &c. Then there are always stored away several tons of sardines, potted meats of various kinds, thousands of pounds of tea, coffee, chocolate, 5,000 bottles of ale, 200 bottles of champagne, 1,000 bottles of claret and sour wines, 200 bottles of brandy and whiskey and 4,000 bottles of table water; they would use up, also, three carloads of potatoes and other vegetables, 1,000 dozen eggs, 20 barrels of sugar, two tons of butter, half a ton of lard, and at least two hundred barrels of flour. It is estimated that in a busy season forty pounds of meat are consumed every minute from dock to dock. It costs \$25,000 to propel a steamship across the Atlantic.

Aunt (shocked)—Do you and your sister quarrel over your candy this way when at home?"

Little Johnny—No'm. Mamma always gives us so much we both has plenty." Neighbor—"Does your father rent that house you live in?" Boy—"No, indeed. It's his own house, every bit of it. It's been bought and paid for, insured and mortgaged and everything."

REV. FATHER REDDIN'S ADDRESS.

As promised in last week's REGISTER, we give as follows the address delivered before the St. Paul's Catholic Young Men's Literary Association by its President, Rev. Father Reddin.

To-night, gentlemen, we are assembled for the purpose of installing the newly-elected officers. To-night the officers of the past year give up their places and the officers of the present year assume their duties. The weighty responsibilities of President of the Society have fallen upon my shoulders. I know well how incapable I am of discharging them. But the thought that my efforts will be ably seconded by the worthy Vice-President and the other officers gives me courage. It is a hallowed custom of this Society that the President, when he assumes office, say something. Bear with me then, gentlemen, and I shall try to lay before you some ideas that seem to me worthy of your consideration.

During my connection with this Society I have longed to see it prosper. I have longed to see it cast a powerful and benign influence, not only over its own members, but over the city at large. Since I have belonged to the Society two Presidents have sat in the chair. They had hard work to do. The way was to be cleared, the paths marked out, the work of the Society defined. All this work was beset with difficulties. Amidst these difficulties the officers of the Society worked nobly and well; and, let us add, they have succeeded. They were the pioneers of this Society. Let us, who are taking office to-night, remember we have much to be thankful for. Let us try to acquit ourselves of our duties in a manner worthy of our dauntless predecessors, worthy of the pioneers of our Society.

One of the great objects of a Society such as ours is to make men good members of Society; to educate men, to impart to the mind accuracy of thought, to remove the original dimness of the mind's eye, to strengthen and perfect its vision, to enable it to look out into the world right forward, steadily and truly, to give the mind clearness, accuracy, precision, to enable it to use words aright, to understand what it says, to conceive justly what it thinks about, to compare, to analyse, to reason correctly—in a word, discipline in accuracy of mind. Listen to the words of Cardinal Newman: "When, for instance, as he speaks at public meetings declaiming about freedom of conscience, liberty, the labor problem, private property, or any other popular subject of the day, we are far from denying that some of them know what they are talking about; but it would be satisfactory, in a particular case, to be sure of the fact." This, I conceive should be one great aim of the Society: to impart to its members accuracy of thought, clearness of idea—to make them understand what they are saying.

But what special object should we have before us in this city—the Queen City of Ontario? We have around us so many who are not one with us in religion. We have around us such institutions of learning. We see around us such intellectual activity, culture and refinement. We see men displaying such zeal in furthering their special object. We have here the great University of Toronto, that yearly sends out hundreds of men into the different walks of life. We have many at the Colleges. What then are we, the Catholic men, to do amidst so much intellectual activity? Are we to be laggards in the race? Are we to sit quietly down and let them forge ahead? Are we to yield to them the palm of learning? No, gentlemen; we must be up and doing. We must be able to meet them. We must take no second place, we must be in the advance guard of learning. The Catholic men have a mission to fulfil in this

great city. We hear on all sides that Catholics are not good citizens of the State. We must show that this idea is false. We must show this by our lives. We must be good Catholics, and we must be good citizens of Canada, our fair Dominion. We must be loyal citizens, and uphold the flag and institutions of our country. We must teach them by our lives that a good Catholic must be a good citizen of the State, that a good Catholic must be the most loyal citizen. Show them that a good Catholic lives out in practice the divine precept "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's." We must be able to point to facts in our own country's history—facts that tell that Catholics have proved themselves good citizens. Whose were the athletic arm that bore arms in the war of 1812? Whose were the heroic efforts to convert the Indian in Canada? Who were the Colonizers of Canada?

Moreover, gentlemen, we see around us so much intellectual activity. Many false ideas are afloat, but doubt it not there is progress in this city. We hear it said the Catholic Church is a foe to progress. The Catholic Church a foe to progress? The Catholic Church opposed to enlightenment! The Catholic Church an enemy of science! Doubt it not, gentlemen; the Church has nothing to fear from enlightenment, but has everything to gain. She is a lover of science, the mother of letters. Here, then, gentlemen, is our mission. Show this great city that the Church has never been and is not a foe to progress. Tell them that the present Pope has thrown open the doors of the Vatican library to all seekers of knowledge. Tell them that she has established a university in the capital of the United States. Point to St. Michael's College on Clover Hill, and ask if this proves that the Church is opposed to learning. Go to Blantyre and see the new industrial school. Become as learned men as our neighbours. Be able to meet them on their own ground. Challenge them with their own weapons, and since the truth is with us the victory will surely fall on us. Study thoroughly the living, burning questions of the day. Go into the workshops and what do you hear? The rights of workmen, the effects of machinery upon wages. Go along the street and mark what is written on the brow of the poor laboring man. You see written there a dissatisfaction and discontent with the present relations between labor and capital. What are the snatches of conversation you may hear in passing along the streets? The monetary question, bi-metalism, mono-metalism. Read the paper, that great engine for putting forth current thought. You see the educational problem, the Church behind the age, the Church opposed to knowledge, occupy much space in the papers and reviews. These are some of the questions uppermost in the minds of men to-day. Catholics should acquire true ideas of these mighty problems. They should have true, clear and well-defined ideas on these questions. Be ready to state our ideas with clearness and precision. When we can do this, gentlemen, we can command the attention and respect of our fellow-citizens. This is our mission. Be true Catholics, good citizens and educated men. The object of our Society should be to fit men to fulfil this mission, a mission noble, high and meritorious; a work that every Catholic man can share in; a work that makes every man an apostle of truth in this great city of culture and refinement, a work that shall cast glory and lustre on the Church in Toronto.

Can Catholic young men not do this work? Try it, gentlemen, and you shall not fail. Know not how to spell the word fail. See what the Catholic young men of the States are

doing. See the work of their Literary Societies. Are we unable to do a like work? Are the men of Toronto, the city of learning, inferior to our neighbors? No, gentlemen; we can do this noble work. I do not believe the days of chivalry died with the ages of the Crusades. Let us resurrect the spirit of chivalry among our young men. The spirit of manliness is not dead, but sleeping; and the spark of chivalry in the hearts of young Canadian Catholics might be fanned into a flame that would develop knights as true as ever gave up their lives in the cause of righteousness or for the possession of the Holy Sepulchre. True, we shall not carry swords of steel, but we shall bear the sword of intellect—a sword that holds every way in the nineteenth century. Let us be knights true and bold, and fight the good fight in this city. We are met with the cry: "No Popery." Let our cry be the same, but spell it: Know Popery.

With the Trappists.

A postulant fetched me and led me through a labyrinth of passages to the church. Although the building was almost in darkness, I could see that it was marked by a cold elegance befitting its special purpose. The nave was divided near the middle by a Gothic screen of wood artistically carved, although the ornamental motive had been kept in subjection. The half that adjoined the sanctuary was somewhat higher than the other, and here the Trappist fathers had their stalls—the brothers' stalls were in the lower part.

I was led to a place below the screen. The office had already commenced. The monotonous plain chant by deep-toned voices had reached me in the corridors. Perhaps it was half an hour later when the chanting ceased. The lamps were darkened in the stalls above the screen—in the lower part there was but one very small light suspended from the vault—then the monks knelt each upon the narrow piece of wood affixed to their stalls for this purpose, and for half an hour with heads bent down they prayed in silence, while the thunder groaned outside and the lightning flashed through clerestory windows.

To the Trappists, who day after day, year after year, at the same hour had been going through the same part of their unchanging discipline, heedless whether the stars shone overhead or the lightning glittered, there was nothing in all this to draw their minds from the circle of devotional routine; I alone felt as if I was going down into my grave. The gray light that was now making the ribs of the vaulting dimly visible was like the dawn of eternity breaking through the brief night called death, which is not perhaps so dark as it seems.

At 3 o'clock the chill and awful silence was broken by the white-robed priest, who rose from his low posture like a dead man in his shroud, and began to chant in another tone and measure from what had gone before, and which had in it the sadness of the wind that I heard moaning in the pine tops on the moor before the storm broke. The voice was strong and clear, but so solemn that it was almost unearthly, and it seemed in some strange way to mingle with the purity of the cold dawn that comes when all the passions of the world are still, but which makes the leaves tremble at the crime and trouble of another day.—*Temple Bar.*

A Simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. F. M. Barral, Hammonton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammonton Missions.

Ward's natural science collection at the World's Fair was bought for the Columbian Museum for \$100,000 cash, which is the largest sum ever paid in America for a natural science collection.

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LUNCHEON will be served DAILY.

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St. Anthony of Padua.

By EDWIN B. RUSSELL.

[The author of this poem was for many years a clergyman of the Protestant Church, but is now a member of the Catholic Church.]

If all ' gentle saint, whose blessed face
Shines on us from the holy height!
Vouchsafe to us the loving grace
With thee to serve our God aright!

Thine arms the blessed Saviour held,
An infant pure, in sweetest guise!
To thee He gave His dear embrace,
And turned on thee His holy eyes!

Twice when against thy name they spoke,
He came to thee and proved thee true;
Oh glorious power, whose precious love
Thy honor and thy fame reveal!

On Jesus' cheek thy face is laid,
On Jesus' breast thine arms repose;
There, we no more may be afraid,
But seek protection from our foe.

The Sacred Heart that beats for all,
For thee beat off, thou blessed saint!
And with its merits, thine we plead,
Thou who dost hear the soul's complaint!

Thou givest help in time of need,
Thou aid in spirit thou canst bless,
Thou bring'st bright hours in woful times,
And remedy for each distress.

With Mary's prayers, we ask for thine,
At Jesus' feet to lay them down;
He hears thee, for He loves thee well,
Thou who hast worn the crown 'a bright crown.

Catholic Young Ladies' Lit. Association.

As inquiries are often made by outsiders as to the working of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, it is thought that the present time may not be inopportune to give a resume of the work of the Society from the time of its inception to the present.

The Association held its first meeting at St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul street, on Nov. 6th, 1890, under the direction of its founder and first Director, Rev. Father Henning, the then Rector of the Redemptorist Fathers at St. Patrick's. At its second meeting on Nov. 11th, twenty-five members were present, and a staff of officers, consisting of President, 1st Vice-Pres., 2nd Vice-Pres., Financial Secretary, and Librarian, were elected. When we add to this that the literary and scientific Rev. Father Henning was appointed Director, and Miss M. A. O'Reilly and Dr. Alice McLaughlin filled respectively the office of Pres. and 1st. Vice-Pres., it is at once apparent under what favorable guidance the Society was inaugurated.

A Constitution was shortly afterwards drawn up by the Rev. Director, in which the ends and aims of the Society are described as the "Religious, mental and physical development of the Catholic Young Ladies of Toronto." Further, that any respectable Catholic girl having attained her seventeenth year, on payment of the initiation fee of one dollar, and having been proposed and seconded by two members of the Association, may be accepted as member. It will be seen by this that no line is drawn as to any particular literary standard, it being taken for granted that those desirous of entering the Association will have sufficient literary taste to appreciate and take an interest in the work done.

The work of the Society is, in accordance with its constitution, varied; Religion, Art, Science, Poetry, Prose, Music, Elocution and Physical Culture being at different periods studied or touched upon. Lectures and papers have from time to time been delivered or read upon the following subjects: Logic, Photography, the Art of Printing, Art, Sculpture, Catholic Culture and Catholic Education, Shakespeare, Mrs. Browning, Longfellow, Lady Fullerton, Father Ryan, Adelaide Proctor and Literature—in short, on many modern writers and subjects, and even the classical days of Greece have not been forgotten. Classes have been conducted under the ablest teachers procurable in the city, in the subjects of Reading, Elocution, Calisthenics, Delsart and French. Debates and Essay

contests have diversified the usual order of study on recreation.

Many public entertainments have been given and always generously patronized by the Catholics of Toronto. Among the many who have on different occasions shown their good will and interest in the Society by delivering lectures or addresses are the following: Rev. Fathers Henning, Molnemoj, Krino, McCarthy, Ryan, McBrady, Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Very Rev. Dean Harris, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, Thos. O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., Miss Gertrudo Lawlor, M. A., Miss Carolino Hart and Miss M. F. Hart.

In November of last year the Society showed itself in touch with the times by holding an "Evening With Columbus," when the countries instrumental in the discovery of America were eulogised and represented by words, music and tableau. On the same occasion an eloquent lecture on "The part taken by the Catholic Church in the discovery of America" was given by the graceful and finished speaker, Vicar General McCann.

The spring of this year saw a representative literary and artistic audience at the Academy of Music—amongst whom were his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and the representatives of Royalty in this city—to welcome and listen to one of Canada's foremost poets, Thos. O'Hagan, M. A., Ph. D., of whom Catholics may feel justly proud, and who on this occasion charmed and instructed his listeners in his lecture on the "Genius and Character of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow."

The greatest work of the Association, however, was achieved on a February evening of 1892 when the most intellectual men and women of Toronto filled the Pavilion to honor the person and receive the words that fell from the lips of the "Silver Titled Orator," the Hon. Daniel Dougherty. On that occasion were seen on the platform with the renowned speaker his Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, the Hon. Mr. Ross, Minister of Education, clergymen of many denominations and other prominent gentlemen from within and outside the city. When we add to this that the expenses of the undertaking, which amounted to something in the neighborhood of six hundred dollars, and a surplus besides, were cleared, the financial success of the enterprise is assured.

Had the O. Y. L. L. A. done nothing more since its foundation than the work of bringing to Toronto the world-renowned orator of the "Silver-Tongue" it would not have lived in vain; on the contrary, its mission would have been great.

In conclusion, the Society cannot be gratified with the knowledge that the fame of its success has gone abroad, that "the sound has gone forth," nor "to the uttermost ends of the earth," it is true, but throughout Canada and many places remote from it, as was instanced a week or two ago when a copy of its constitution was requested by a Society in one of the Western States. M. L. H.

A Sure Cure for Languid Stomach.
Almoxia Wine is especially recommended for constitutional debility, and particularly where the blood grows poor and thin, and for persons suffering from languid stomach, and where their sleep is agitated and uneasy; also for mental exhaustion and bodily weakness. Giannelli & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

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

Many people suffer for years from troublesome and repulsive sores, boils, and eruptions, without ever testing the marvelous curative properties of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The experiment is, certainly, worth trying. Be sure you get Ayer's Sarsaparilla and no other.

An Optical Phenomenon.

A correspondent of *Nature* in Christiana gives an account of a very curious phenomenon witnessed from the top of Gausta Mountain (height 6 000 Norwegian feet) in Telemarken, south of Norway. "We were a party," he says, "of two ladies and three gentlemen on the summit of this mountain on August 4. On the morning of that day the sky was passably clear; at noon there was a thick fog. Between 6 and 7 o'clock in the afternoon (the wind being south to west) the fog suddenly cleared in places so that we could see the surrounding country in sunshine through the rifts. We mounted to the flagstaff in order to obtain a better view of the scenery, and there we at once observed in the fog, in an easterly direction, a double rainbow, forming a complete circle and seeming to be twenty or thirty feet distant from us. In the middle of this we all appeared as black, erect and nearly life-size silhouettes.

"The outlines of the silhouettes were so sharp that we could easily recognize the figures of each other, and every movement was reproduced. The head of each individual appeared to occupy the centre of the circle, and each of us seemed to be standing on the inner periphery of the rainbow. We estimated the inner radius of the circle to be six feet. This phenomenon lasted several minutes, disappearing with the fog bank, to be reproduced in new fog three or four times, but each time more indistinctly. The sunshine during the phenomenon seemed to us to be unusually bright.

"Mr. Kveiland Torkildsen, president of the Telemarken Tourist Club, writes to me that the builder of the hut on the top of Gausta has twice seen spectacles of this kind, but in each case it was only the outline of the mountain that was reflected on the fog. He had never seen his own image, and he does not mention circular or other rainbows."

Some Plain Truths.

To those connected with the Catholic press and to God only can be known the sacrifices made for it. Practically there is no commensurate return made by the beneficiaries from so much labor and unappreciated toil. The dollar or two a year, even if paid—which many are unjust enough to fall in doing—is but a feeble and altogether inadequate compensation for all the benefit a Catholic paper brings. Yet an easy, generous and effective means of compensation is within reach of all.

Recommend the paper to your friends. Mention to the merchant with whom you deal that you saw his advertisement in the Catholic paper, as a reason why you deal with him. Loan it to some one who does not take it. Don't be always censorious concerning its size, make up, the matter selected, the subjects omitted; it is impossible to suit everybody in these things.

But above all, remember the paper has to be paid for; the printers must get their wages; the writers are entitled to remuneration for their work, which is far harder than that of your lawyer, physician or any other professional. These are paid—alas! how often those connected with Catholic papers are refused their just, though hard-earned pittance. The collectors who make his living for himself and family by the commission on collections is ruthlessly told to call again—to earn many times the quarter or half dollar he is already justly entitled to by calling once.

He gives double who gives promptly, and is blessed by the receiver, whom he thus blesses; therefore let our courteous collector have his labors lessened by being thus blessed and blessing.—*Western Crusader.*

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor O'Riordan, P. P., V. G., has been for some time past lying dangerously ill at the parochial residence, St. Patrick's, Cork. On October 27th his death was hourly expected.

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HOME RULE!

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

ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

P. MUNGOVEN.

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Mr. Lawrence O'Byrne.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Nov. 23—St. Clement, Pope and Martyr.
- 24—St. John of the Cross, Confessor.
- 25—St. Catharine, Virgin and Martyr.
- *26—Twenty-seventh Sunday after Pentecost. St. Sylvester, Abbot.
- 27—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, Widow.
- 28—St. Gregory III., Pope and Confessor.
- 29—St. Gelasius I., Pope and Confessor.

Who Are the Favored Ones?

To every thoughtful man the signs of the times are anything but encouraging. Turn which way we will, the spirit of unrest is abroad, and what is worse a cry of man against man, and neighbor against neighbor, is raised with a determination which augurs bitter trial to our people and evil to the whole country. In political, commercial and social life forces are at work which will not fail to be boomerangs, and recoil on the heads of those who first use them. To what is this Province coming that the Government is on its trial for the patronage given to Catholics? Let any fair critic examine the records for years, and see if Catholics received their share. Take the figures given by the *Globe*:

	Prot.	Cath.
Executive Council and Attorney-General's Department..	11	2
Administration of Justice.	53	7
Education.....	34	16
Crown Lands (inside service).	28	5
Crown Lands (outside service)	29	5
Crown Lands (occasional).	17	4
Public Works.....	20	3
Treasury.....	28	6
Secretary's Department.....	31	6
Agriculture.....	82	8
Agricultural College.....	31	6
Public Institutions.....	206	39
Assembly.....	22	8
Sheriffs.....	41	3
Clerks of Peace and County Attorneys.....	43	4
Local Masters in Chancery.	28	1
Clerks of Court.....	41	3
Registrars (Surrogate Court).	39	3
Registrars of Deeds.....	54	9
Salaries Stipendiary and Police Magistrates.....	32	7
License Inspectors.....	83	16

According to the returns obtained in June, 1893, (the last returns obtained), the Division Court Clerks appointed by the Government were 166; of these 154 were Protestants and 12 were Catholics. Old Division Court Clerks appointed by Judges under the old law were 151; of these 144 were Protestants and 7 Catholics. The proportion remains about the same.

Of bailiffs, 191 were appointed by the Government, viz.:—164 Protestants and 27 Catholics, and 140 were appointed by Judges under the old law, viz.:—126 Protestants and 14 Catholics. The proportion also remains about the same.

Better would it be for the Protestant Persecuting Association to turn round and tell the Government they are not doing enough for Catholics. It would be more truthful and they would have more chance of success. Do they think that we are going to be satisfied with less patronage or with none at all just as they choose? It may be that they are going to bring it to the test. Men bound by secret oaths such as that of the Protestant Persecuting Association will not stop

at much; for they are distorted by passion and not guided by principle. It looks as if they would force a battle upon a portion of the community that desires peace. If so, the responsibility be upon them. Let it come when and where it will, we do not court it, but we do not shirk it. Government after Government will have to go; we stand by our rights and the privileges which follow them. Party leaders even in this Province have learned the lesson, *Noli me tangere*, when it was a question of Catholic rights and conscience. A Catholic party, if formed in Ontario or in the Dominion, would be as powerful as the German Catholic party in the Reichstag, and that removed worse obstacles from the statutes of the Empire than we would have to contend with.

Another attack they make is against our hospitals—that we are the potted children of the Government. Let us examine the figures as given by Mr. Chamberlain, the Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities:

The total sum paid during the present year was \$164,535.78, namely, to hospitals and charities controlled by Protestants, \$101,703.65, and to those controlled by Catholics, \$62,782.13. The number of the former institutions in 1893 is 35, of the latter 34, made up as follows:

Protestant—Hospitals, 10; refugees, 23; orphanages, 15; Magdalen asylums, 1; total, 55.

Catholic—Hospitals, 13; refugees, 0; orphanages, 11; Magdalen asylums, 1; total, 34.

Apportioning the money according to the day's work done over the entire system, the grant per day per inmate to hospitals and charities controlled by Protestants was 12.33 cents, while to the institutions controlled by Roman Catholics it was 7.63 cents.

It is a mistake, however, to class either one of these institutions as strictly Protestant or strictly Roman Catholic. All the institutions controlled by Protestants receive as inmates Catholics as freely upon their application as Protestants, and on the other hand, all institutions classed as Catholic receive Protestants as freely upon their application as Catholics.

As the attack is aimed against payments to Catholic hospitals particularly, I give you the proportion of Catholics to Protestants in each of these institutions under control of the former:

ROMAN CATHOLIC HOSPITALS.	
	Prot. Cath.
St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton.....	64 to every 100
Hotel Dieu Hospital, Kingston.....	24 to every 100
Roman Catholic Hospital, Ottawa.....	3 to every 100
Lying-in Hospital, Ottawa	48 to every 100
St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph.....	25 to every 100
General Hospital, Pembroke.....	14 to every 100
General Hospital, Mattawa	15 to every 100
St. Joseph's Hospital, Port Arthur.....	109 to every 100
St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville.....	96 to every 100
St. Joseph's Hospital, Peterboro'.....	12 to every 100
Hotel Dieu Hospital, Windsor.....	68 to every 100
St. Joseph's Hospital, Chatham.....	147 to every 100

It will be seen from this list that in every case a considerable percentage of the inmates was Protestant, while in some instances the Protestants outnumbered the Catholics. This is a very different story from that told the public by designing men. In the case of the Toronto General Hospital the Catholics were twenty to every one hundred of Protestants.

The very bitterness of gall must be in the veins of the man who would blame a Government for its charity to the sick, and wormwood in the fibres of his heart. If such rancor is to spread what a subject for serious reflection. Is this the result of all the public school education that we have had at such an expense and for so long a time? Have our schools taught no political or social virtues? Either these people are ignorant or not. If they are ignorant it is a standing blot and a crying shame upon our educa-

tional system. If they are not ignorant, the teaching has been woefully deficient, that they know nothing but selfishness, bigotry and hatred. Just imagine a district like the County of Simcoe, where, after nearly thirty years of schooling, the same bitterness exists, the same blind prejudice shown itself, and the same ignorant ghost stories find credence, as when, in the times of the Fenians, people thought their Catholic neighbors were going to pike them. What, woeak, have our schools taught our people? If we may judge by newspaper reports of the Protestant Persecuting Association, nothing but selfishness and error.

Half ashamed of themselves these P. P. Aists are hiding their brazen face under a very thin veil, and deny that the aim of the Association is to boycott Catholics. According to an authoritative statement: "It is, in our opinion, unwise and unsafe to appoint or elect to civil, political or military office in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate or any ecclesiastical power, and who are sworn to obey such power."

The *Globe* well replies that: "It were quibbling to contend that this is not a proclamation of a 'civil, political and military' boycott of Roman Catholics."

The Schools of the North-West.

Another cloud in the form of a school difficulty appears on the horizon west of Manitoba. The Bishop of the North-West Territory has prepared a protest, which his Lordship intends sending to Ottawa, against the Ordinance of the Legislative Assembly.

Up till the first of January, 1898, the schools were organized and conducted under an Ordinance passed in 1888, which established a Board of Education of eight members, five of whom were to be Protestants and three Catholics. Provision was also made for the division into two sections, Catholic and Protestant. The former section had power to manage their own schools, Separate and Public alike, make regulations for them, prescribe text-books, appoint inspectors and control the teachers. The Church has, therefore, full power over the Catholic schools. Churches were exempted from assessment for school rates.

By an ordinance which came into force last January all this is changed. It provides: "There may be established, subject to the provisions of this ordinance and to the regulations of the Council of Public Instruction, the following classes of schools: Public schools, for pupils between the ages of five and twenty, in which instruction shall be given in the elements of an English and commercial education; Separate Schools, for pupils between the ages of five and twenty, in which instruction shall be given in the elements of an English and commercial education."

The law further establishes a "Council of Public Instruction," consisting of the Executive Committee, viz.: the four advisers of the Lieutenant-Governor, and four persons, two of whom must be Catholic, ap-

pointed by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, the appointed members to have no vote in the Council. The Lieutenant-Governor in Council is authorized to appoint a Superintendent of Education. The powers of this Council are very extensive. It may: "Appoint a Board of Examiners to grant teachers' certificates, make rules and regulations for the conduct of schools and prescribe the duties of teachers and their classification, select and prescribe text-books to be used in the Public or Separate Schools, arrange for the proper training, grading and licensing of teachers, determine all disputes and settle appeals from trustees or inspectors. Under authority of the Council of Public Instruction it shall be the duty of the Superintendent to see that the text-books adopted by the council are used in all the schools of the Territories, Separate Schools not excepted, and that all schools, both Public and Separate, are conducted according to law. The Superintendent is also empowered to suspend any teacher and to call any school meeting where the authorized parties neglect or refuse to do so. All matters connected with the erection of a school district are vested in the Council of Public Instruction."

These changes are sweeping. The authorities of the Church have nothing but advisory power, when before they controlled text-books, teachers and all else connected with school management. Another serious regulation concerns religious instruction. "No religious instruction, such as Bible reading or reciting, or reading or reciting prayers (except as hereinafter provided), or asking questions or giving answers from any catechism, shall be permitted in any school in the Territories from the opening at 9 o'clock until one half hour previous to the closing of such school in the afternoon, after which time any such instruction permitted or desired by the trustees may be given."

As the new Council of Public Instruction is entirely in the hands of Protestants, and as all Public Schools are governed by the Council, and as the Catholic Separate Schools are only Separate in name, the lot of our co-religionists calls for the protest of Bishop and people.

A Warlike Bishop.

We learn from our esteemed contemporary, the *Republic* of Boston that war has been declared by Bishop Cox of the Episcopal Church against the Jesuits until that "corrupt society," as he is pleased to call it, shall have been banished from these shores. Whether his Lordship belongs to the Church Militant or not we shall not discuss, but certain it is he will not belong to the Church Triumphant in the war he has undertaken. It is a long time since war began on this continent against the Jesuits. We wonder how many scalps Bishop Cox will be carrying in his belt, now that he is on the path, and walking in the footsteps of the early Indians and persecutors of the Jesuits.

Under the banner of religion and country, "Religione e Patria," a new Catholic association has been started in Calabria, Italy.

The Christian Sacrifice.

It is an undeniable fact, that to favor the respectability which they appropriate to themselves, most human families appeal to antiquity. To be old, they would say, is to be respectable. This, in our opinion, is not alone characteristic of social life, but is decidedly more pronounced in the establishment of any truth, whether artistic or scientific. What science appeals not to the early ages for *data* to support, confirm or else confute the theories and hypothesis of modern reasoning, and what art so perfect and developed whose only plea for present recognition rests solely on its success at imitation of what is past? Is not purity of diction a still stronger proof of what we advance? Whoever dreams of writing strict classic Latinity whose phrases are not rounded, whose constructions are not turned after the manner of a Tullius or a Tacitus? They were the representative writers of the great age, and as such must be followed by those who wish to acquire the true purity and virile force of the language which these represent.

What is true of antiquity in the profane world of thought is ever applicable to the revealed truths of Christianity. Antiquity of dogma is, and has ever been the mark and seal of orthodoxy in the Church of Christ—while novelty of doctrine has ever been regarded as the most evident proof of heresy and error. The old formula laid down nigh sixteen hundred years ago by Stephen is over true—"antiquitas retenta, novitas explosa"—and we to-day echo that voice. Whatever is old in dogmatic truth, that we embrace and obey, and what is new, and has not come from Christ and the early Christian Church, that we despise and reject.

If we examine conscientiously the *modus agendi* of every Council, from Nicaia to the Vatican, we shall see that dogma has ever been defined, and heretical teaching anathematized, according to the testimony of the early Christian Church and the *Dicta* of the early Christian Fathers. The Church never did, and never can, teach *new* doctrines of dogmatic truth; and never appropriates to herself any other right than that of *proposing* to her children the truths which God revealed to the Jews in the Old Covenant, and which Jesus Christ made known to His Apostles and disciples in the New Law.

How, then, shall we find what God has revealed and what Christ communicated to mankind except from Himself or His Apostles, or else their successors lawfully consecrated and appointed by God? Who had a better right to know what Christ did reveal, if not the men whom He appointed ministers of the Word, or else their successors, the early Fathers and Christian Bishops of the first ages? "What," exclaims Tertullian, "did the early Christian Church believe unless what the Apostles preached, and what Christ revealed?"

"All the doctrines of the early Christian Bishops must be believed," continues the same Father "because they received those doctrines from the Apostles, the Apostles from Christ, and Christ from God."

To whom, then, shall we have recourse for the divine truths of Jesus Christ, if not to the men who talked with Him, walked with Him and ate with Him while on earth—who were the lawfully constituted ministers of His word, or else their successors—the men at whose hands the faithful of Christ, in the early ages of the Church, received the milk and bread of Christianity. They assuredly expounded no false doctrine, nor needed a modern reformation, who were the spiritual guides of Christ's flock, the living-light fountains which enlightened the rising City of God in the darkness of dying paganism—the guardians from within and from without, the repellors of the attacks of heresy and infidelity, and who, being no mercenaries, confessed unto death that self-same faith which they had received, believed and communicated to the succeeding generation, to be in turn *their* Christian heritage.

It will not, then, be amiss if we cast our eyes for a moment on the belief of the early Christian ages on the subject of a Christian Sacrifice. Did the early Christian Fathers accept the dogma of the Eucharistic oblation which the Catholic Church to-day recognizes, or did they rather uphold, in accord with "modern principles," a metaphorical Sacrifice of Thanksgiving? The question will be easily solved by giving the *ipsisima verba* of the early Tradition. We read in the acts of martyrdom of St. Andrew, compiled by the deacons of Achaia, that the holy Apostle, being arraigned before the Proconsul Aegaeus, confessed his faith as follows: "I sacrifice each day on the altar to the only true and omnipotent God, *not* the flesh of oxen nor the blood of goats, but the Immaculate Lamb of God Himself, who, even when the true believers have partaken of His Body, yet remains living and entire." Such are the words of the first disciple of Jesus Christ; and surely, if ever human testimony is to be believed, if ever human witness can add force to an argument, then here is the strongest possible proof of the Christian Sacrifice of the Lord's Supper.

In the early part of the second century lived St. Justin, the philosopher and martyr, who, in his youth, was contemporary with St. John the Evangelist. He says (*contra Tryph*, 41): "Of our Gentile Sacrifice, which is offered up in every place, that is, of the Eucharistic Bread and Chalice, Malachy prophesied when he said that we glorified the Lord of Hosts whilst you (the Jews) profaned His holy name." In another place he says: "Christ instituted a Sacrifice in Bread and Wine, which the Christians offer up in every place." We have here not only the clearest possible belief in a Christian Sacrifice, but moreover its prophetic connexion with that foretold by Malachy.

The Christians of the third century firmly adhered to the same dogma. St. Cyprian who at that time represented the greatest ecclesiastical and doctrinal authority in the African Church, says in his epistle to Caecilius (*Lib* 2, c. 8), when speaking of the priesthood of Jesus Christ typified by Melchisedech. "Now who is more a priest of the Most High than our

Lord Jesus Christ, who offered to His Eternal Father a Sacrifice similar to that of Melchisedech, *i. e.*, Bread and Wine, His true Body and Blood." And in a letter (*L*. 14) to the Pope, St. Cornelius, the same Father remarks that, being priests: "They daily offer to Almighty God the Sacrifice of the Eucharist." Nothing, certainly can be more explicit than these words; their force can never be gainsaid, and no interpretation can distort the sense of such extracts into signifying aught but the Eucharistic Sacrifice of the Lord's Supper.

Here we must pause, for we have already taken up more space than was allotted to the subject. In our next issue we promise to examine how modern exponents answer the arguments we have advanced from the Fathers.

Popularizing Catholic Worship.

The first article in the September number of the *Quarterly Globe* of Chicago is written upon this subject by the editor, Mr. W. H. Thorne, who gives thereon his experience and views in his usual piquant style. It is treated in a hap-hazard, common sense way which makes quite a number of hits, but in several shots misses the target.

He tells how, while still a Protestant, he visited a Dominican Convent one Sunday afternoon, and heard a Sister play the air of that touching hymn: "Nearer my God to Thee." All the bitter feeling of his nature, all the memories of early years were roused within him, and: "Ladies and gentlemen," he writes to his readers, "I need not tell you that in one heart at least that Sunday afternoon there was a temple, and in it an altar and a holy of holies, in the innermost shrine of which some worship was attempted, although mayhap utterly unworthy of the altar and the hour." We agree with Mr. Thorne. Of all the English hymns we know, not excepting the beautiful ones composed in honor of the Blessed Virgin, none approaches this; and as, in the early morning, we stand by the altar and its strains come swelling upon our ear and sinking into our soul, we feel just one step nearer the great Throne of mercy by reason of the boys' chant of the holy song. Is it so with all? We cannot tell. Many a devout soul loveth the silence of a Low Mass, within whose quiet whispers the Spirit of God speaks adoration and praise and prayer, interrupted only by the silver bell and the single voice of the favored priest. But there is much in the children's Mass, when to the peal of organ the throng of young worshippers send forth their hymn of praise, and thereby join the Church's sweet morning sacrifice.

That Catholic worship may work along these lines, that in some respects it had better be rendered more congregational, is becoming more and more an acknowledged fact. But why must the language be changed? Latin is the language of the Church. When at Benediction a people are in adoration while the choir chant the "O Salutaris Hostia," and the incense rises, there is more than the ordinary language of every day life, there is the

solemn cult of the great Church. The language is no dead tongue. It is a living homago whose solemn meaning comes home to every one with his own individual spiritual needs. But why cannot a congregation take hold of the few Latin hymns which the liturgy requires—those hymns composed by the saints, which have never been equalled for theological power or poetic sentiment by any modern English hymn? Listen to a large congregation in one of the Churches of Rome—*e.g.*, the Gesu—singing the *Te Deum*. How well it displays the power and the Catholicity of the Church, while the use of any other language would make it little better than a dumb show. Concerning the services other than Mass and Benediction much more latitude may, with good effect, be allowed by proper authorities. But it all takes time; the seed must be planted in the schools before fruit of this kind can be gathered in Church. It will need constant persevering effort on the part of the clergy, and willing co-operation on the part of the laity.

We turn to another point in the *Globe's* article. Mr. Thorne says:

"I am utterly, totally and eternally opposed to all the secular business undertakings of the Church; hence, most unalterably opposed to all gymnastic and other amusement affording provisions of the Church. I think there is an essential and an eternal difference between what a Church is in this world to do and what a gymnasium, a theatre, a tavern, or a gambling hall is in this world to do, and I think it is the first and last business of a priest to make that distinction as sharp, albeit as charitable as possible. I think further that those pastors, Catholic or Protestant, who have not piety or intellect or industry enough to make the established services of the Church so interesting and profitable that their flocks will be glad to attend them without any of the winning accessories of gymnastics, pious dancing parties, amateur theaters, etc., etc., had better resign their business of the priesthood and go to bootblacking, or money grubbing, or theaterizing, according to their several tastes and abilities; and that the sooner the Church is rid of this infernal incubus of worldly priests and parsons who understand everything better than they understand how to preach or practice the Gospel of Christ, the better for the Church and the world."

This is a case in which the clever Editor of the *Globe* has missed the mark. Catholic pastors do not advocate amusements in connection with the Church to make the devotions more attractive. The great difficulty in modern times is that between religion and social life there has been too great a breach—more like a divorce. Religion did, and dare do nothing. As a consequence saloons took hold of nearly every amusement, and made them proximate occasions of sin. A quiet game of billiards, a rubber of whist, a little gymnastic exercise, were out of all question to young men who were neither too ascetic to give up such things altogether nor so careless that they would spend their time in the dangerous surroundings afforded by club rooms and saloons. The question, therefore, with the priests was to draw the young men away from the danger, and to have them associate with those whose ideas, tastes and sympathies were kindred and more likely to exalt than degrade. That good is coming out of the gigantic efforts made by the clergy in the large cities of the United States in this matter we have no doubt; such work cannot fail in its purpose. That it will no fulfil all hopes about it, is equally certain; but its work in the cause of religion, temperance and other social virtues will yet win golden opinions from thoughtful men like Mr. Thorne.

Weekly Retrospect.

Days pass so quickly, and in the rush of business and pleasure we give very little of our time to our Lord, who so patiently reposes in the Tabernacle; but if we are neglectful the good Sisters of the Precious Blood are constantly making reparation for this neglect of ours. It is the rule of their order to rise at midnight, and before the Blessed Sacrament offer prayers for the sins committed at this hour.

The devotion to the Precious Blood of our Lord is one of the sweetest and most consoling in the Church. Father Faber says: "The Precious Blood was one of God's eternal thoughts. It was part of His wisdom, part of His glory, part of His own blessedness from all eternity." "One of God's eternal thoughts," how wonderful to think of it! "Part of His glory," how dazzling!

Let us join these good Sisters in this wonderful devotion by assisting them in our poor way, and we will share more than ever in all their good prayers. "It is devotion to the Precious Blood which fills the angelic realms with jubiles when a sinner is converted." Now these good Sisters, who never cease to pray for us, are endeavoring to free their monastery from debt, as their means is not sufficient for this, although they are engaged in various industries which aid in their maintenance. For this purpose they hold a Christmas sale every year of fancy and useful articles. This year it opens Nov. 27th, a few days earlier than usual. It will be held in the same place as last year, the hall of the Confederation Life Building, corner of Yonge and Richmond streets. The different tables will be presided over by several of the Catholic ladies of the city. One great attraction will be the decorated china offered for sale, which consists of vases, jugs, plates cups and saucers in Doulton, Royal Worcester and old Dresden, such as our great grandmothers used. All this beautiful china has been painted specially for the sale, by a lady whose exquisite taste and work is beyond criticism. There will be a table of useful and fancy articles, one of books and religious objects and also one of candies and sweetmeats. The latter will please the children, both great and small. We must not forget to mention the doll table, or Santa Claus would know nothing about it. Dolls of all descriptions will be here for sale, some dressed in silks and satins, and some in their common every day garb. Lunch will be served daily from Tuesday, in a room for this purpose, the menu of which might compare with Delmonco's.

A Concert, free of charge, will be held Monday evening, when the following ladies and gentlemen will take part: Vocalists, Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mrs. O'Hara, Miss Amy Berthon, Mr. P. Costello, Mr. Hogan and Mr. Tomley. Mr. Donald Herald, A. T. C. M., Pianist; Mr. W. J. Kirkpatrick, violin; Sig. Luigi Petti, Mandolin; Miss Annie Johnson, A. T. C. M., accompanist. Mr. V. McBrady will preside as chairman. The piano to be used has been kindly lent by Messrs. Heintzman & Co.

How pleasantly and happily our Archbishop deals with children. This was manifested the past week, when each of the two convent schools gave little entertainments in honor of his Grace's 26th anniversary of the episcopacy.

The visit of the Russians to Paris has increased the taste for everything Russian; laces, furs and velvets prevail in materials. The Russian turban is the most stylish thing in the shape of hats; it is profusely trimmed with sable tails. Rough tweeds are still in great favor, and the most suitable trimmings are the military braids. Tailor made gowns for afternoon wear are of smooth cloths in dark damson

colors, terra cotta, or corn flower blue, trimmed with narrow edgings of black Persian lamb on the waist, and four lengthwise rows on the skirt. Black cloth coats, with a long victorine of ermine and a huge ermine muff, are being made by tailors to wear with any handsome black skirt. The coat is closely-fitted and single breasted, with a great fullness in the skirt, which extends to the knee. A very pretty hat is of black satin with under lining of golden tan felt, trimmed with rosettes of black feathers, a Russian sigrette, and black osprey tipped with jet.

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The Angel's Bidding.

ADELAIDE A PROCTOR.

Not a sound is heard in the Convent,
The Vesper Chant is sung,
The sick have all been tended,
The poor nun's tolls are ended
Till the Matin bell has rung.
All is still, save the clock, that is ticking
So loud in the frosty air,
And the soft snow falling as gently
As an answer to a prayer,
But an Angel whispers, "O Sister,
You must rise from your bed to pray;
In the silent, deserted chapel,
You must kneel till the dawn of day.
For, far on the desolate moorland,
So dreary, and bleak, and white,
There is one, all alone and helpless,
In peril of death to-night.
"No sound on the moorland to guide him,
No star in the murky air;
And he thinks of his home and his loved ones
With the tenderness of despair.
He has wandered for hours in the snow-drift,
And he strives to stand in vain,
And so lies down to dream of his children,
And never to rise again.
Then kneel in the silent chapel
Till the dawn of to-morrow's sun,
And ask of the Lord you worship,
For the life of that desolate one;
And the smiling eyes of his children
Will gladden his heart again,
And the grateful tears of God's poor ones
Will fall on your soul like rain.
"Yet, leave him alone to perish,
And the grace of your God implore,
With all the strength of your spirit,
For one who needs it more
Far away, in the gleaming City,
Amid perfume, and song, and light,
A soul that Jesus has ransomed
Is in peril of sin to-night.
The Tempter is close beside him,
And his danger is all forgot,
And the far-off voices of childhood
Call aloud but he hears them not;
He sayeth no prayer, and his mother
He thinks not of her to-day,
And he will not look up to heaven,
And his Angel is turning away.
Then pray for a soul in peril,
A soul for which Jesus died,
Ask, by the cross that bore Him,
And for her who stood beside,
And the angels of God will thank you,
And bend from their thrones of light
To tell you that Heaven rejoices
At the deed you have done to-night."

Selected Receipts.

VANITIES.—Beat two eggs together very light, add one teaspoonful of salt with flour enough to roll thin. Take pieces of the dough the size of a hickory nut, roll as thin as paper, fry in hot lard.

DAISY FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sour milk, one cup raisins, one cup brown sugar, two and a quarter cups of flour, five tablespoonfuls melted butter, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, allspice, ground cloves and nutmeg.

MINCED CHICKEN.—Take the breast of cold chicken and mince it finely. Add half a teaspoonful of fine flour, together with five or six teaspoonfuls of broth. Season with a pinch of salt. If broth is not at hand substitute new milk.

BAKED HASH.—One pint of chopped cooked meat, one pint of chopped raw potatoes, one-half pint of gravy or water, one tablespoonful of butter, melted, salt and pepper to taste. Mix all the ingredients together, turn into a mould and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

BOILED EGGS.—The fresher laid the eggs are the better. Put them in boiling water. If you like the white set about two minutes' boiling is enough. A new-laid egg will take three minutes if you wish the yolk set. To boil hard, for salads or made dishes, will take ten minutes.

COCOANUT BISCUIT.—Mix well together one grated coconut, half a pound of white sugar and the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Break off, with a fork, pieces the size of a walnut, place them in a pyramid form on well buttered paper. Bake them in a very slow oven, as they must dry out without becoming discolored.

NEW GERMAN DISH.—Mix four ounces of grated beans with one pound of mealy potatoes, well beaten till quite

light, with a little butter, cream, and two eggs; be careful not to make it too moist; form into small loaves or balls, and fry in butter a light brown. Serve either with a good brown gravy or plain, piled high on a napkin and decorated with fried parsley.

Farm Notes.

The by products of the farm are matters that we cannot afford to slight. The best stock for any farmer to keep is that which is best adapted to his farm and his market.

The loss sustained by carrying produce to market over bad roads is a direct tax upon our agriculture that farmers should be unanimous in having done away with.

The only effective way to fight weeds is to keep everlastingly at it. The husbandman must keep his eye on the gun, to use a homely expression, at all times of the year.

For ordinary wounds on horses a clean bandage of soft cloth, to keep out dirt and flies, and free applications of extract of witch hazel, made through the bandage, is the best treatment.

Most farmers are very particular to catch on to the saving question. Save clothes, save tools, save wagons, harness, time, money, this is all right. But how is it about saving wife?

Horses as well as other stock, will relish an occasional meal of roots with their dry winter rations. Carrots are especially beneficial, and a supply should be stored when they may be easily drawn upon.

No lawn is complete without well-kept ornamental trees, and variety and novelty in this respect will also lead to interest. As to the woodpile, there should be none. Any farmer can construct a woodshed.

Toil, either mental or bodily, requires daily rest, and how can the toiler be better refreshed than by the rest to be acquired amid tasteful surroundings, in a home made attractive with trees, shrubs, vines, and the landscape views and effects which are formed thereby.

The farmer necessarily lives so much in the future that plans for work must be laid out months in advance, and during the year note is to be taken for necessary work as soon as the crops are gathered in. The soil cannot do its share in producing crops if it is wet.

Dairy Notes.

The wide-awake dairyman keeps his best cows and sells those that do not make him profit.

The milk cow should have plenty of good feed, and should not be compelled to work hard to get it.

It probably costs about as much to feed a cow which produces 150 pounds of butter as one which makes 400 pounds.

A tube which reaches from the top to the bottom of a can of milk is the best sampler. It should be inserted with care.

In fattening animals seeing to their health and comfort is just as important as giving an abundance of good, nourishing food.

FAGGED 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.

"Have you any lobsters to-day?" asked Mrs. Honey-moon.

"Yes, ma'am," said the fisherman. "Here is a fresh lot."

"Oh, dear me, I don't want them. They are green. Haven't you any ripper ones than those?"

On October 21st, Patrick Grennan, a National School teacher, at Ballybog, County Carlow, fell from his bicycle, and broke his neck.



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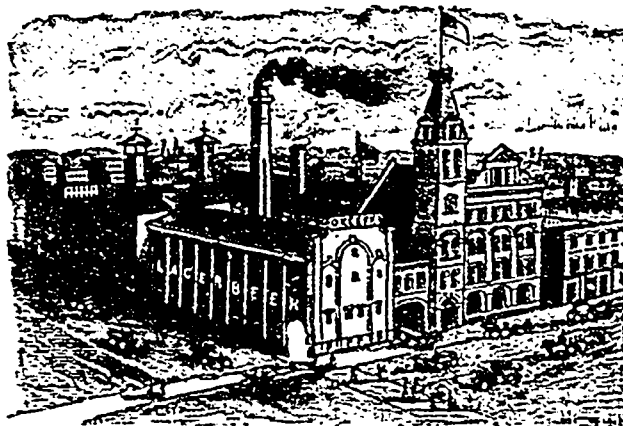
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The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

Felicitas's calmness now utterly deserted her.

"Heavenly Father!" she cried, clasping her hands in frantic despair. "Must my misery never end? Am I to be forced to live on forever in this wretched state of dependence? For years I have been supported by the thought that my eighteenth birthday would release me from this thralldom. This thought alone has enabled me to seem outwardly calm and unmoved while suffering secret tortures. No, no, I am no longer the patient creature who will allow herself to be trodden under foot out of respect for the memory of the dead. I will not! I will have nothing more to do with these Hellwigs! I will shake off these hateful fetters at any cost."

The professor seized both her hands—his face had grown ashy pale as she uttered the last words.

"Calm yourself, Felicitas!" he said, soothingly, though his voice was almost inaudible. "Do not rage like a helpless little bird that would rather dash out its brains against the bars of its cage than submit to what is inevitable. Hateful fetters! Do you not even know what intense pain your harsh, reckless words are giving me? You shall be free, perfectly free in thought and act, only guarded and protected like a tenderly beloved child! Felicitas, you shall now learn what it is to be loved and cherished. Only this once more will I appear in the character of the imperious guardian, do not make my task harder by your resistance, which must be unavailing—that I assure you. I shall take matters into my own hands, and break any engagements you have made."

"You will do that?" cried Felicitas, almost hoarsely, with quivering lips—every drop of blood seemed to have left her face. "But I, too, can act, and you may be sure that I will defend myself against you to my last breath."

Never, in all her young, sorely tried existence, had such a tempest raged in her soul as at this moment. Suddenly new, unfamiliar, voices rose there, appealing powerfully amid the uproar—they seemed like the echo of his tender words of entreaty. A terrible danger hovered like a dark thunder-cloud over her head, and she felt it instinctively—she must tear herself away from him at any price, if she did not wish to succumb to this threatening peril. Already he seemed to possess some incomprehensible power over her whole being, every harsh word she addressed to him recoiled painfully upon her own heart.

Until now he had held her hands firmly in his clasp, and while she was speaking his eyes rested intently upon her features, which for a moment unconsciously reflected the fierce conflict raging in the young girl's soul. The eyes of the physician, who so well understood mankind, had doubtless read far different secrets of the humer heart from that of the proud young girl whose very purity and innocence left it unguarded. "You cannot do it," he said, suddenly, with recovered calmness. "My eyes are open, and my arms will reach a long distance. You will not escape me, Felicitas. I will not, under any circumstances, leave you here in X—, nor will I return to Bonn without you."

The garden gate had creaked some time before, but the noise had not been noticed. Rosa now came up to the professor and told him that Frau Hellwig was waiting for him in the summer-house, and the councillor's widow also begged him to come at once.

"Is she ill?" asked the professor, harshly, without turning toward the maid.

"No," she answered, in evident surprise, "but the coffee will soon be

ready—my mistress is making it herself—and she wants the Herr Professor to have it while it is fresh. The Herr Professor's friend, the young lawyer, is in the summer-house, too."

"Well, I will come," said the professor, but he made no move to go. Perhaps he hoped Rosa would retire again, but he was mistaken. She began to talk to little Anna, who was making a great ado over the "flowers trampled to death" on the grass. At last, evidently annoyed, he walked down the side of the dam. "Don't stay here long," he called back to Felicitas. "The wind is rising and may possibly bring a thunder-storm. Come into the summer-house with Anna."

He disappeared behind the cypress hedge, but Felicitas walked rapidly along the whole length of the dam. Her thoughts, usually so clear, were in a chaos. She struggled in vain to win the composure necessary to serve her present situation and acquire a mastery of its complications. So she must continue to wear the yoke, and besides being denied independence for a long period to come, she would be compelled to live in his immediate vicinity, hold daily intercourse with him for years, as if this was not the most terrible task that could be imposed upon her! Had she not done everything in her power to show him that she hated him with her whole soul, that she would remain implacable as long as she lived? Was it not, therefore, the very refinement of cruelty to try to bind her in this way? No, she would rather a thousand times continue to endure Frau Hellwig's ill-treatment for years than to remain even a single month longer with the man who was developing a demoniacal power over her. His mere voice could already disturb the calm current of her thoughts—the indescribably tender, gentle tone he now always assumed, stirred every fiber of her heart and made it throb more violently—of course it was the old hatred roused by his approach, but must not a feeling so constantly evoked, and which caused such terrible emotion, at last destroy both mind and body? The tale of the fir-tree had given her much food for thought, now the only possible explanation was confirmed by his words: "Felicitas, you shall now learn what it is to be loved and cherished."

So, spite of her resolute declaration that she would herself decide all questions concerning her future, he intended to dispose of her hand; she was to marry any husband he might choose—in this way she would be cared for, and the wrong done her, which he now admitted, repaired. Her heart fairly shuddered at the thought. How presumptuous, how wicked was the plan! Could he compel a man to love her? He himself cherished a hopeless passion and therefore meant to lead a solitary life—thereby permitting his heart the right to determine his whole future career. He should see that she claimed the same privilege, that she would not be sold like merchandise. What prevented her from instantly going to the lady who had engaged her as companion and beseeching her protection? Ah, the little gray box bound her more firmly to this hated house than any human will would have had the power to do—for its sake she must endure till the last moment.

CHAPTER XXIII

Little Anna interrupted the young girl's torturing reverie. Taking Felicitas coaxingly by the hand, she tried to lead her away from the dam. The wind was already blowing violently through the trees—sharp gusts even reached the more sheltered regions of the garden—and the timid little flowers bent before their persecutor. Ever and anon clouds swept across the sun, casting shadows like huge dark wings on the graveled paths and lawn, rose petals were whirled aloft, and

even the stiff cypresses bent like stately, grave old ladies of the court.

It was pleasant to be within the shelter of the summer-house. Felicitas seated herself in a garden chair in the hall, and took out her sewing. The door of the little kitchen, and also that of the drawing room, stood wide open. It was difficult to fancy anything more charming than the councillor's widow in the character of an active housekeeper. She had tied on a richly trimmed black silk apron, a deep crimson rose peeped out from among her fair curls just over her left ear—she had evidently pulled it from the bush as she passed and placed it unconsciously in its present position, where it produced a most charming effect. Under the dress festooned above her petticoat her dainty little feet clad in cinnamon-colored boots tripped about with child-like lightness and grace, and the expression of the blooming face was also that of a happy innocent child zealously performing some momentous duty. Who would have given the name of "widow" or "mother" to this embodiment of child-like artlessness?

While Adele was bustling about the fire in the kitchen, Frau Hellwig and the young lawyer were eagerly talking together in the next room—the subject of the conversation was the old mam'selle's will. Heinrich and Frederica had already told Felicitas that their mistress no longer talked or thought of anything that was not connected with this unlucky affair. Felicitas caught a moment's glimpse of her face—she thought it strangely haggard and altered, and there was an unwonted degree of haste in her speech and manner. Wrath and resentment had evidently retained the upper hand in this woman's soul.

The professor took no part in the conversation; nay, it seemed as though he did not even hear what was passing. He was pacing up and down the room with his hands clasped behind his back, apparently lost in thought, only raising his eyes as he reached the open door, to gaze intently at the girl sewing in the hall outside.

"I shall never be at ease about it, never so long as I live," Frau Hellwig repeated. "Every penny of it was earned by the Hellwigs! Now, perhaps some worthless fellow will come and squander in a short time the savings of an honorable family—what a source of blessing that money would have been in our hands."

"Oh, aunt," said the young widow, soothingly—she had just entered the room with the coffee-pot and was filling the cups—"how you are worrying again over that wretched will, which so plainly wears out your strength; you will be ill. Think of your children, of me, dear aunt, and for our sakes try to forget."

"Forget?" cried Frau Hellwig, angrily. "Never! No one could do so who had any strength of character, which, however the young people of the present day lack strangely"—she cast a furious look at her son, who was still pacing up and down. "The disgrace of such an injustice stirs my blood and makes my nerves quiver—I can not subdue it. How can you say such foolish things to me, Adele? You are often terribly frivolous."

The young widow's face flushed, a defiant expression appeared around her mouth, and the cup she was passing to her aunt rattled in her hand, but she possessed sufficient self-control to repress the sharp answer that was evidently hovering on her lips.

"I certainly do not deserve your reproach," she said, very gently, after a moment's silence. "No one can take this provoking affair more to heart than I. It is not only that I regret the pecuniary loss to you, dear aunt, and to my cousins, but it gives my womanly nature the keenest pain to be forced to encounter such moral depravity. Here has this spiteful old

creature lived half a century under your roof, all the while plotting how she might most deeply injure her nearest relatives. She quitted the world unrepentant to God and man, with a list of sins upon her soul that must forever shut her out from heaven—it is terrible! My dear John, shall I give you a cup of coffee?"

"Thank you," replied the professor, continuing his pacing to and fro.

The work had dropped from Felicitas's hands. She listened breathlessly to the words uttered by that slandering tongue. True, she heard from Heinrich that the world had judged the mysterious old mam'selle most harshly, but this was the first time that she had herself listened to the condemnation. How the blood pulsed in her temples! Every word pierced her heart like the stab of a knife, the anguish she now suffered for the dead was keener than the pain of parting.

"Whether the old lady was guilty I do not know," said the young lawyer. "From all I hear, no one can prove anything positively—the gossip of our good town is content with spreading dark hints. Her will, however, unmistakably shows that she must have been an original woman, endowed with remarkable strength of intellect."

Frau Hellwig laughed scornfully, and contemptuously turned her back upon the bold champion.

"My dear sir, it is the office of your profession to white-wash the blackest crimes, and discover angelic innocence where the whole world has righteously condemned—from that point of view one can understand your opinion," said the councillor's widow, with unmistakable malice. "But I know of another opinion which, pray pardon me, is far more convincing to me than yours. Papa knew her. She had such unparalleled obstinacy that she literally fretted her father to death. Her indifference to her own fair fame is sufficiently attested by her scandalous visit to Leipzig, and her 'remarkable strength of intellect' led her into the downward path—she was a free thinker, an atheist."

At this moment Felicitas started up and approached the threshold. With her right hand authoritatively extended, her pale face suffused with a crimson flush, she stood there for an instant, beautiful as an avenging angel. The rosy lips which had so thoughtlessly and lightly made such terrible accusations were involuntarily silenced by this vision.

"She never was an atheist!" said the young girl, resolutely, fixing her flashing eyes upon the face of the columnist. "A free thinker! Yes. She searched the works of God without fear for her future salvation, for she knew that every path leads to Him. The conflict between the Bible and Science never disturbed or perplexed her. Her faith was not rooted in the mere letter of the law, but in God's own creations—in her own existence, in the divine gift of thought, in the independent activity of the immortal human soul. She did not, like thousands, go to church to worship God in an elegant bonnet and robe of silk, but when the bells rang, she too, stood in humble devotion before the Most High, and I doubt whether He set more value on the prayers of those who hourly call upon His name and with the same lips speak evil of their neighbors."

The young lawyer had involuntarily risen. Resting his hand on the back of his chair he gazed almost incredulously at the brave hearted girl.

"Then you knew this mysterious lady?" he asked, fairly holding his breath, as Felicitas paused.

"I saw her daily."

"This is most charming news!" said the councillor's widow. The remark was intended to be sarcastic, but the voice had perceptibly lost its steadiness, and a strange pallor had overspread the beautiful face. "Then you can doubtless tell us many a piquant little

anecdote in Cath past life of your outeemed fri. he added, in a tone of studied inapp ice, while she carelessly played w. er spoon.

"She never spoke to me of her early life," replied Felicitas, quietly. She knew that she had aroused a terrible storm; she must now await it calmly with cool self-possession.

"What a pity!" lamented the young widow, satirically, shaking her fair locks—the bright color had already returned to her cheeks. "But I particularly admire your rare talent for acting, O-roline. You managed to conceal this secret intimacy wonderfully. Dear John, do you still repent your fancied false opinion of this girl's character?"

The professor had stood still in astonishment when Felicitas first appeared on the threshold. The words of vindication—sharp, caustic, yet full of enthusiasm, had fairly poured from her lips—her keen, logical intellect never lacked the power of instant and forcible expression. The last question of the councilor's widow remained unanswered. His eyes rested steadily on the young girl, and he smiled, as, in spite of self-control, he saw her shrink at this sting.

"Was this your secret?" he now asked.

"Yes," replied Felicitas, and her earnest eyes sparkled; strangely enough, at the sound of his voice, she suddenly felt that she was not to stand alone in the inevitable struggle.

"You intended to live with my old aunt; this was the happiness you were anticipating?" he continued.

"Yes." Had not the councilor's widow been so much absorbed in the sight of the "unmasked hypocrite she would have been startled by the joyous light that now sparkled in the professor's eyes and transfigured his grave face.

These questions and answers had succeeded each other with such lightning-like rapidity that Frau Hellwig had had no time to recover from her surprise. She leaned back in her chair as though she had turned into a stone statue, the stocking she was knitting had dropped from her hands, and the ball of white yarn had rolled into the middle of the floor.

"This is an extremely interesting discovery for me," said the young lawyer, hastily approaching Felicitas. "Do not fear that I shall try to discover the secrets of the dead; far be it from me to have such a thought. But, perhaps, you may be able to give me information concerning the incomprehensible absence of certain articles bequeathed."

Good heavens! She was to be questioned about the missing silver. She shuddered from head to foot, her face grew whiter than snow, she cast down her eyes in evident confusion; at that moment she was the very embodiment of conscious guilt.

"As a passionate lover of music and eager collector of autographs, I have been in a state of delighted anticipation ever since the reading of the will," the young lawyer continued, after a momentary pause occasioned by his surprise at the girl's sudden change of expression. "The will expressly mentions a manuscript collection of the works of famous composers; hitherto we have searched for them in vain. Many persons assert that the deceased lady was unscound in mind, and this portion of the bequest was a mere delusion, a chimera. Have you ever seen such a collection in her possession?"

"Yes," replied Felicitas, drawing a long breath, but deeply incensed by the assertion. "I knew every sheet of it."

"Was it large?"

"It comprised the names of nearly all the famous composers of the last century."

"An opera by Bach—but I believe there is some mistake in this point—is also frequently mentioned in the will.

Can you remember the title of the work?" the lawyer added with the keenest interest.

"Oh, yes," replied the young girl, quickly. "There was no mistake there either. It was an operetta. Johann Sebastian Bach composed it for the town of X—, and it was performed in the old town-hall. The title was 'The Wisdom of the Magistracy in Establishing Breweries.'"

"Impossible!" cried the young man, fairly starting back in the intensity of his amazement. "Then this composition, which has been a sort of myth to the musical world, actually existed?"

"The partitur was written by Bach's own hand," Felicitas replied. "He gave it to a certain Gotthelf von Hirschsprung, and the deceased afterward received it as a legacy."

"These are priceless disclosures! And now I beseech you to tell me where the collection is to be found."

She suddenly confronted a precipice. Indignant that Aunt Cordula's soundness of mind should be doubted, she made every effort to refute the horrible slander. In the zeal of her defense she had not considered the point to which her revelations were necessarily leading her. Now she must give a direct answer to this difficult question. Should she tell an untruth? No, that was impossible.

"So far as I am aware, it is no longer in existence," she said, in a much lower tone than before.

"No longer in existence! I suppose you mean that it no longer exists as a whole?"

Felicitas was silent—she wished herself miles away from this eager questioner.

"Or," he continued, anxiously, "can it have been destroyed? In that case you must tell me how the accident occurred."

This was indeed a painful situation. There sat the woman who would be compromised by her statement. How often, in moments of passionate excitement, a wicked longing for revenge upon her heartless tormentor had flamed fiercely in her soul! She had then thought it would be sweet to see this detestable woman suffer. Now the moment had come—she could humble the great lady, convict her of an illegal act. How little she had known the nobility of her own nature! She was utterly incapable of vengeance! She cast a glance at her foe, and encountered a look like the glare of a tigress—it made no impression upon her.

"I was not present when the collection was destroyed, and can therefore give no information whatever on the subject," she replied in a tone so firm and resolute, that it was evident she could not be induced to make any further disclosures. But this act was to cost her dear, for the tempest that had been muttering over her head now burst in all its fury. Frau Hellwig had risen, and resting both hands on the table before her, stood there with a colorless face and eyes flashing with satanic wrath.

"Miserable creature, do you think you must spare me?" she cried, in a voice quivering with rage. "Do you dare to imagine I desire to conceal any of my acts from the world, and you can aid me in such concealment—you?" She turned scornfully away and fixed her gray eyes, with all her former coldness and proud superiority, upon the young lawyer. "I am accustomed, it is true, to account for my actions only to God, my Maker," she said. "Whatever I do, is done in His name, for His honor, and for the maintenance of His Church. Nevertheless, you shall learn what has become of your 'priceless' papers, mainly for the purpose of preventing this person from cherishing, even for one moment, the delusion that I could possibly make common cause with her. The late Cordula Hellwig was an atheist, a lost soul—whoever defends

her morely proves that he is following the same path. Instead of praying for the restoration of her lost peace of mind, she deadened the voice of her conscience by the poison of worldly music, full of sensual allurements. Even on Sunday she profaned my quiet house with her wicked practices. All day long she sat over those evil books, and the more she was engrossed by them the more obstinately she rejected my efforts for her salvation. Since that time I have had no desire more ardent than to forever efface from existence these worthless devices of the human mind, in which God has no share, and which are mere lures to attract the soul from the path leading to true salvation. I burned the papers, my dear sir!"

The last words were uttered in a raised voice, and with an expression of the utmost delight.

"Mother!" cried the professor, in a tone of horror, hastily advancing toward her,

"Well, my son?" she asked, motioning him back. Drawing herself up to her full height, she stood as though clothed in brazen armor. "You evidently intend to reproach me for having deprived you and Nathanael of this valuable bequest," she continued, with inexpressible scorn. "Calm yourself; it has long been my intention to replace the few paltry thalers from my own property. You will profit by my act."

"The few paltry thalers?" repeated the young lawyer, trembling with astonishment and anger. "Fran Hellwig, you will have the pleasure of paying your sons five thousand thalers in cash."

"Five thousand thalers?" Frau Hellwig laughed. "That is a comical idea, indeed! Those miserable soiled papers! Don't make yourself ridiculous!"

"Those miserable soiled papers will cost you dear enough. I repeat," replied the young man, trying to control himself. "I will hand you tomorrow a statement, written by the testator herself, in which she values the collection at five thousand thalers, not including the Bach manuscript. As to the latter—pray understand me, Frau Hellwig—no one can yet tell in what difficulties you may have involved yourself with the Hirschsprung heirs by the destruction of this priceless work." He struck his forehead with his clinched hand in the extremity of his dismay. "Incredible!" he cried. "John, at that moment let me remind you of the assertion I made a few weeks ago, you could not have a more striking illustration of it."

The professor made no answer. He had gone to a window and turned his face toward the garden. No one could tell what impression had been produced by the excited words of his friend.

It seemed for a moment as though Frau Hellwig understood that she had probably exposed herself to an endless succession of annoyances; her bearing suddenly lost its air of infallibility and immovable confidence, the scornful smile she strove to retain was a mere distortion of the lips. But how could anything occur to make the great lady repent of any step she had taken? She did everything in the fear of the Lord, so no mistake, no error was possible. She quickly recovered her composure.

"I will remind you of the remark you made only a short time ago," she said in a cold, formal tone. "There is good reason for the statement that the dead woman was of unsound mind—it would not be difficult for me to adduce sufficient proof of the fact. Who will then declare that the absurd valuation was not written under the delusions of insanity?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Nov. 10th, 1893.

Politically matters this week are dull as dull can be. This is accounted for by the fact that the bulk of the Irish members are still absent from the House. Parish Council and Employers' Liability Bills have little in them to charm, despite the urgent whip which has just been issued by the leaders of the Irish Party to secure their attendance at Westminster. Parliamentary debate, in consequence, has sunk to the level of a parish vestry meeting. One of the strongest arguments I have heard used in favour of the retention of the Irish members under the present Home Rule Bill was that the occupation of reporters like myself would be seriously endangered.

One who has not been an eyewitness has no idea of the utter demoralization of the Press Gallery on a night when purely English bills are up for discussion. The official stenographer, who, because of the importance of his duties, must be in a constant state of wakefulness, looks round from time to time upon a scene fit to delight the heart of the most devoted disciple of Morpheus. The representatives of the Fourth Estate lie stretched around him in every conceivable attitude of blissful repose; and if the division bill, or an occasional faint cheer arouses them for a moment, it is only to lapse again into their enviable state of utter unconsciousness to what is taking place below them.

Sir Andrew Clark, the trusted friend and medical adviser of Mr. Gladstone, is dead. The Prime Minister first enrolled him in 1864 when he himself was fifty-five years old. "I found him," said Sir Andrew "the most wonderfully strong and active man, mentally and physically, that I ever examined. Even in 1864, however, Mr. Gladstone had a very strong defined 'arcus senilis' in both eyes. Some of my professional brethren regard this as a sign of decay; but it is a great mistake. I remember that Sir George Burrows, my lately deceased neighbour in Cavendish-square, told me the following story: One day he met Mr. Williams, one of the ablest physicians in London, who said to him: 'Burrows, is it true that you have taken a big house in Cavendish-square?' Sir George nodded assent. 'Then,' continued Dr. Williams, 'you are indeed a brave man, for you will not occupy it long: 'arcus senilis' in your eyes presages that your end is near.' 'Perhaps,' replied Sir George, gaily; 'but I take short views of life, and as long as it lasts, shall do my best to enjoy it.' He was spared to occupy his new home for thirty-five years, while in less than half that time Dr. Williams passed away.

Sir Andrew then proceeded to say that Mr. Gladstone was one of the most docile and submissive of patients, and reposed unbounded confidence in his medical adviser, whose orders he was always ready to obey. "The most remarkable thing about him," he added, "is not so much the universality or the accuracy of his knowledge. I have also observed that in him there has been a marked increase of humour as he has grown older. No greater mistake is committed by Mr. Gladstone's political critics than in believing that he is lacking in humour. His appreciation of a joke is intense, and his laugh is the heartiest I ever listened to."

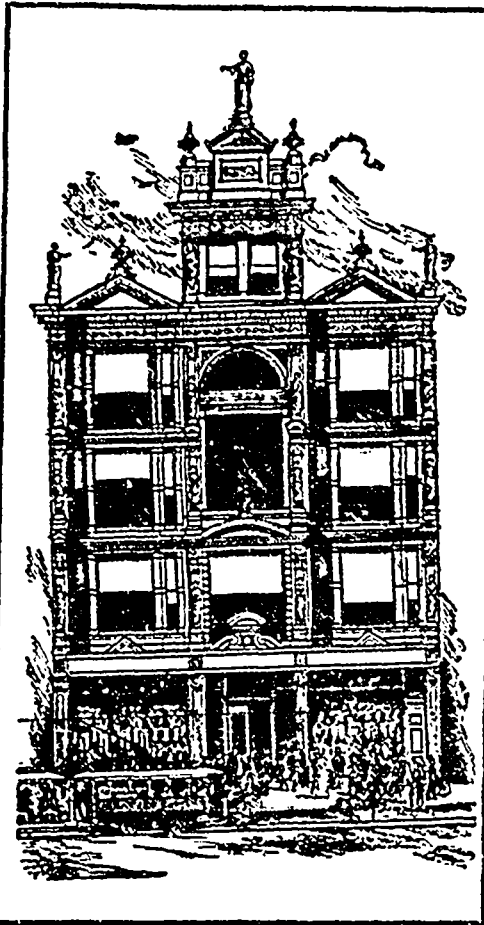
The monotony of English weather is proverbial; but this year is proving an exception to the generally received rule. It is still dry and fine, with a clear atmosphere; but for a week now the wind has been in the N. E., and, though the weather is clear and bracing, it is bitterly cold, the wind being very keen and cutting. At night the sky is beautifully clear, though the air is very cold and icy, accompanied, as it is, by a sharp frost. The fields in the early morning present a very wintry appearance, being covered with white frost to a depth never seen in Canada. The superabundance of acorns, beech nuts, and holly-berries betokens, according to the old folks, a severe winter. If the present cold weather is to be taken as a criterion, then their prognostications are likely to be fulfilled. The cold has certainly increased in intensity this week, the thermometer yesterday morning in my room falling as low as 35 degrees Fahrenheit—the lowest temperature I have ever seen in England.

A late publication was sent to me the other day. It is "The Life of Mr. Gladstone, told by himself in speeches and public letters," and is one of the most ingenious books I have ever seen. The compiler, Mr. H. J. Leech, an enthusiastic admirer of "the Grand Old Man," has, by dint of great research and much perseverance, produced a very interesting autobiography of the Premier. The story of his life is set forth in Mr. Gladstone's own words, and the date and delivery of each speech, together with the time and medium of publication of each letter from which the extracts are made, are duly recorded at the foot of each page. The Prime Minister has had nothing to do with the undertaking, but he cannot fail to be pleased that anyone should have been willing to devote so much time and industry to a compilation of this kind. The index is not the least valuable feature of the work.

One of the clever young ladies who do interviews for the Press here has been writing

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The dry goods stores say that the clothing which they offer is bought from manufacturers which are always hard up and forced to sell cheap. It's a chronic old story, but they have to drum up some sort of excuse for the ridiculous assertion that they are able to sell clothing for less money than Oak Hall.

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for the *Westminster Gazette* some "Recollections of Sir Andrew Clark." She gives an interesting account of her visit to the great physician in search of details as to Tennyson's death. "Shall I tell you," Sir Andrew asked his interviewer, "why Tennyson's death was so peaceful? This is not to be put into the papers to-day; probably it would not interest them to-day. But the secret is this: he lived a quiet, laborious, simple life. It is a secret which few men learn in time to profit by it. I was his friend before I was his physician. Metaphysics drew us together. Gladstone, too, is deeply interested in that subject, and we all three agreed in our taste for a simple life and a life of work. Half the disease of this generation is due to people's idleness."

The *STAR Almanac* of Montreal for 1894 is so far advanced towards completion that the publishers are able to announce it to the trade for the 21st November. An enormous demand has grown up for the *STAR Almanac*, not only in Canada but in the United States and Great Britain.

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