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

VOL. IV.—NO. 50

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A Letter from Senator Power.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

Sir I am satisfied that you would not intentionally misrepresent the net of either friend or foe; and, as the article in your issue of the twenty-sixth instant, headed "The Manitoba Danger Signal," does not in my humble judgment correctly represent the agreement with respect to the Manitoba school question lately entered into between the governments of Manitoba and the Dominion, I naturally conclude that, owing to haste or some other cause, you have not given the terms of that agreement the careful consideration which they call for. You will, I presume, allow me to set before your readers what I believe to be the true and substantial meaning of the instrument in question, reserving to yourself, of course, the right to point out any error in my statement.

"The first provisions stated in the memorandum" (you say) "are that any Christian clergyman (why not a rabbi?) may be authorized by a majority of school trustees, on the petition of the parents or guardians of five children in any city, town or village to give religious teaching for half an hour in the afternoon, either on specified days or every teaching day."

The second, third and fourth paragraphs of the memorandum, as they appear in your last issue, are as follows:

2. "Religious teaching to be conducted as hereinafter provided: (1) If authorized by a resolution passed by a majority of school trustees, or (2) by a petition presented to the Board of School Trustees asking for religious teaching and signed by the parents or guardians of at least ten children attending the school in a city, town or village."

3. "Such religious teaching to take place between the hours 3.30 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and to be conducted by any Christian clergyman, or by any other person duly authorized by such a clergyman, or by a teacher when so authorized."

4. "Where so specified in such resolution of the trustees, or where so required by the petition of the parents or guardians, religious teaching during the prescribed period may take place only on certain specified days of the week, instead of on every teaching day."

It will be seen that paragraph (2) does not, as your editorial might lead one to believe, propose that religious teaching is to be at the discretion of a majority of the trustees of the school district, but provides for the case of their failing to act, by empowering the parents or guardians of ten children attending a school in a rural district or of twenty-five children attending in a city, town or village to secure such teaching by merely presenting a petition to the trustees. Again, religious teaching is not necessarily to be conducted by a teacher or other person authorized by a clergyman whose charge includes any portion of the school district. If there were a Catholic teacher in the school, as in most cases, he would be empowered to give religious instruction when not given by the priest would probably be given by that teacher. The three paragraphs quoted apply to all schools in the province in each of which there are ten Catholic children, and, while those do not provide for a separate school, as in my humble opinion, offer fair and reasonable opportunity for giving religious instruction to Catholic pupils in the several schools of the province. In one respect they are more general than their operation than a separate school law, because in many cases it would be impracticable to establish and maintain a Catholic separate school unless there were considerably more than ten Catholic children of school age in the district.

In speaking of religious teaching as depending on the wishes of the trustees and as to be given solely by clergymen, you appear to confound the terms of the offer made last spring to the Ottawa delegates with those of the existing agreement.

"That the same privileges which are to be enjoyed by Catholics are to be demanded to other denominations, is demanded not only by justice but by the interests of the rising generation of all shades of belief." It is surprising at your finding paragraph (3) hard to understand. The construction which one would naturally put upon it is that, where there is a school of one denomination, the same privileges which are to be given to Catholics are to be given to other denominations, is demanded not only by justice but by the interests of the rising generation of all shades of belief.

"Where the school accommodation at the disposal of the trustees permits, instead of allotting different days of the week to different denominations for the purpose of religious teaching, the trustees may, if they so desire, give religious teaching to all denominations on the same day, and in separate rooms."

same footing as to that particular matter, and I think further that, upon inquiry you will learn that the cases in which paragraph (3) will apply will be comparatively few.

Paragraph (6) of the agreement is as follows: "In any school in towns or cities, where the average attendance of Roman Catholic children is 40 or upwards, and in villages and in rural districts, where the average attendance of such children is 25 or upwards, the trustees shall, if required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such number of Roman Catholic children, respectively employ at least one duly certified Roman Catholic teacher in such school."

In any school in towns and cities where the average attendance of non-Roman Catholic children is 40 or upwards, and in villages or rural districts where the average attendance of the children is 25 or upwards, the trustees shall, if required by the petition of parents or guardians of such number of non-Roman Catholic children, respectively employ at least one duly certified non-Roman Catholic teacher."

It will be observed that the agreement says that the trustees "shall" act upon the petition of the parents or guardians of the required number of children, whereas your editorial uses the word "may," as though the matter were left in the discretion of the trustees. The difference between the two versions is neither small nor unimportant.

What is likely to be the practical working of this provision? When taken in connection with paragraph (10) which renders it necessary that where there are ten French speaking pupils in a school, the teaching shall be conducted in both French and English, its effect in the villages and rural districts will be that where there is sufficient Catholic population there will be a school taught by a duly qualified Catholic teacher, who shall devote a half hour of each afternoon to giving his pupils instruction in the Catholic religion. Such a school may not be technically a separate school, but for all essential purposes it will be; and the facts that the teacher must have the same literary and professional qualifications as teachers in the non-Catholic schools and that the school will be inspected and looked after by the same school authorities as other public schools should be taken into account as advantages rather than as drawbacks. In cities and towns where there is a considerable Catholic population the result will be to provide a practical legal right to a separate Catholic school should not be several Catholic teachers in one school—the agreement says that there shall be "at least one"—and it strikes me as being probable that, if the agreement be acted upon, the existing Catholic schools will be enlarged to include other important places which will be accepted as public schools, and that the teachers will continue to be Catholics, that instruction in the Catholic religion will be given in all of them on every school day, and that the teachers will be Catholics, and that the school will be inspected and looked after by the same school authorities as in other schools; and all this on condition only that the teachers shall be qualified and their classes inspected as in the case with other teachers.

In Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, or in any state of the neighboring Republic, the trustees shall, if required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such number of Roman Catholic children, respectively employ at least one duly certified Roman Catholic teacher in such school."

What is the duty of the present group of the friends of the minority in Manitoba? Viewing the matter from a practical standpoint, it is, first, to look at and understand the recently made agreement as it really is, neither bottling nor exaggerating its importance; and then, to consider deliberately and carefully whether it would be wise to accept the statutory provisions proposed by the agreement, as an instalment of what the Catholics should have, trusting that when the question is taken out of Dominion politics such further concessions as are found necessary may be obtained from the provincial government and legislature, or, in other provinces, or, on the other hand, to try to prevent the adoption of the agreement, and to apply to the Parliament of Canada for another Remedial Bill, with a view of bringing back the conditions which have existed prior to 1890. Before doing so, one must consider whether Parliament will pass a Remedial Bill, and realize that even if it do, the law so enacted will meet with the most determined resistance in the courts and in its administration, from government, legislature and many municipalities in Manitoba, and that the result of protracted litigation there and of disturbance and ill feeling throughout Canada, may be to leave the majority no better off than they are at present.

That the educational interests of Catholics in Ontario and other Protestant provinces will be served by keeping the Manitoba school question open, and the feelings which have ever existed for an indefinite length of time is a proposition which no thoughtful and practical man will attempt to lay down; and any such man would question the wisdom of putting these interests at risk for the sake of the possibility of a benefit to the minority in Manitoba.

Trusting that the Catholics of Canada may be guided in their action by right reason and a regard for the true interests of religion throughout the country, I remain,

Your obedient servant,
L. G. POWRIE.

Halifax, N.S. Nov. 30, 1896.

P. S.—Mr. Greenway's recently published statement that, if the Catholics so wished, a gentleman of their faith would be placed on the Advisory Board, is of no small consequence; not only because it would be a great practical step towards the minority to be represented on that Board, but also because Mr. Greenway's offer goes to show that the Provincial Government will be prepared, if the agreement become law, to administer the law in a friendly and generous spirit.

L. G. POWRIE.

A Pretty Letter from Mr. F. A. G. P.

To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

Sir—In your issue of yesterday you publish an entirely unprovoked personal attack upon me. I should not notice your article at all, were it not for the fact that with singular courage you refrain from publishing even a single sentence of the interview which appeared in the Globe of the 25th ultimo, and which you so kindly describe as "offensively partisan" and "a whitewashing of the Government" and "provocative of a smile." Your article does me a gross injustice, and to those of your readers who may not know me personally and who have not seen the interview published in the Globe, would convey an entirely false impression of my views upon the present situation of the Manitoba school question. These you may consider as the least important, and which you so kindly describe as "offensively partisan" and "provocative of a smile." Your article does me a gross injustice, and to those of your readers who may not know me personally and who have not seen the interview published in the Globe, would convey an entirely false impression of my views upon the present situation of the Manitoba school question. These you may consider as the least important, and which you so kindly describe as "offensively partisan" and "provocative of a smile."

Yours faithfully,
FRANK A. ANGLIN.
December 4th 1896.

(From Mr. Anglin's article)—Perhaps it is not to the credit of your country until it is seen whether the schools will be so administered as to make the settlement in its substantial results acceptable to the Manitoba Catholic minority. It is doubtful by the outcome, while we cannot but deplore the fact that the enjoyment of their most cherished rights by the Manitoba Catholics will be retarded to the extent that appears to depend upon the good-will of the Government, there can be no question that this agreement will prove initially more advantageous to the Catholic minority than the alternative of Catholic schools by Federal legislation, passed in defiance of the local authorities, could possibly be.

ARCHBISHOP FAIRE.

The Venerable Archbishop of Montreal writes: "MONTREAL, Dec. 8.—Archbishop Faure reported this evening to be slowly sinking. Bishop Eward of Valleyfield was a caller at the episcopal palace this morning and administered the sacrament to the Archbishop. To-day is the forty-first anniversary of the death of the late Monsignor Gagnon, and at the several Masses this morning in the cathedral and elsewhere special prayers were recited for the recovery of the venerable Archbishop. In conformity with the request of the Very Reverend Monsignor de Montclair, contained in the pastoral letter read on Sunday last in all the Roman Catholic churches of the diocese, the Blessed Sacrament is being exposed to-day in most of the churches for the veneration of the faithful."

THE CHURCH AND POLITICS.

FOR THE REGISTER.

The language of Rev. Mr. Eaton on matters pertaining to the Catholic Church has the true Protestant ring. When dealing with these matters, he, like many of his class, loses the ordinary use of reason and it gives full scope to his intense hatred of everything Catholic, especially the Pope. Has Mr. Eaton been afflicted with biliousness, and is this the cause of his having given himself over of late to such lawlessness of speech as to characterize Catholics "the worst elements of society"? If this is so, it is to be hoped that the dose which Mr. Peter Ryan has so skilfully administered, will regulate his bile, tone his liver and bring this theological desperado to sanity.

That Catholics constitute "the worst elements of society" is ordinarily the teaching of Protestant parsons and Protestant literature. It may be asked, therefore, is it desirable that Catholic children should be educated in an atmosphere where they are made to feel that this is the estimation in which they are held? It would be well for those Protestant parsons, before forcing on Catholics a system of education acceptable to themselves, to remove, instead of encouraging this feature so objectionable to Catholics. But to force the luxury to Protestant teachers children and parsons, of insulting lampooning and slandering Catholics is too much to expect from Protestant hatred.

Will this be denied in the face of the recent remarks of Dr. Langtry, Mr. Eaton, Dr. Fulton, the Very Rev. Mgr. L. Sheppard and a host of others who have drawn large crowds, and have acquired great reputation for clerical wit and learning at the expense of Catholicity?

The hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the discharge of this duty, assure the rights of Catholic people and demand for them freedom of conscience in the education of Catholic children, when they demand for them the rights guaranteed by the constitution of the country, they are characterized "as disturbing element in our national life." Mr. Eaton is greatly shocked at the statement attributed to the Archbishop of St. Boniface—"We are Catholics first and foremost, and as such we are loyal to the Government of the day." "If we will not bear the Church, says Christ, let him be to thee as the heathen and publican." Did Christ use this language in regard to an institution which could or would lend us aid? Did he say that we are to be loyal to the Government of the day, and not to the Church, and that we are to be loyal to the state above the Church? We are Catholics, that is, our loyalty in the first place is due to God, and the better Catholics we are the more we are loyal to our country, because our loyalty to the state is due to God and to His Church. Queen Victoria is not God, although there are many who maintain she is the spiritual center to whom we owe our allegiance, and to whom we owe our loyalty. We hear much more about her fidelity than we do about that of Almighty God, and although Catholics do not regard her as pope, she has no moral subjects. Religion with us goes far beyond the state, and we are loyal to God, and to the Pope as the vicar of Christ. Without the Pope the Church would break into fragments and be as contemptible as the puny Protestant sects. It is for this reason and not for the sake of religion that Protestants call the Pope the Antichrist.

These are others, and a larger number than the Pope, who believe that the claims of the successors of St. Peter are more ancient and rest on a more solid ground. Not this as it may, Rev. Mr. Eaton would seem to imply that the temporal authority is supreme, and therefore, absolutely independent of the spiritual authority. This is a bold doctrine, and it requires some one to serve in a man who believes in God to maintain, much less to defend it. If the temporal is to be supreme, then the King is above God, the state above the church.

This is all very well for those who think and act on the principle that every one has a right to manufacture a religion for himself, and that it is lawful tyranny to submit to any temporal or civil authority in religion though coming from God Himself. When this principle—that the temporal is above the spiritual—is conceded, it must be maintained that the civil government may manufacture and oppress religion, and that the spiritual authority has no right to find fault, and that God has left no authority with power to admonish. This is practically doing away with the spiritual order as Protestants do. For this they are silent contempt with which their religious opinions are received, and in their obsequious submission to the views of their congregations.

But for Catholics they may be ground to the dust; they may grope in the darkness imposed upon them; the state may dictate any system of education it

AN EMINENT IRISH PRELATE.

Most Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, D. D. Bishop of Raphoe.

Before dealing with the personality and status of Mr. O'Donnell, mention should rightly be made of some of the distinguished prelates who preceded him in the ancient See. This, however, cannot be suitably done in the space of a mere newspaper sketch. But it may be well to say that he was called at an unusually early age to fill the episcopal chair left vacant by the translation of the present venerable Cardinal Logue to the Primate's See of Armagh. Before his Eminence there sat in the episcopal chair the late lamented Dr. McDavitt, and beyond his time the venerable and beloved Most Rev. Dr. Daniel McCortigan, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, and immediately before his Grace the throne of Raphoe was filled for a long stretch of years by another venerable Bishop, McCortigan, a man of very forceful and unique character, who enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest bishop of his time, and who was looked upon as a genuine Irish wit. Nor did he fear even in the days of his episcopal glory to tell how his good mother spun the hank of yarn to pay for his schooling, or how he learned his lessons while herding the cattle in the pasture fields.

He lived in times when faction fights were common and when intemperance made havoc in social virtue and morality. The strong-minded prelate sternly set his face and episcopal authority against these vile abuses, and he did more to abate the nuisance than a regiment of soldiers could have done.

But I will stop the retrospect here and come at once to a review of the able and patriotic young prelate who now fills the throne of the venerable See. Anyone who can claim kinship, by lineal descent, with a illustrious race of the early Tyrconnell, is sure to occupy a warm place in the hearts of the Catholic people here and abroad. Mgr. O'Donnell is a direct descendant of the famous stock, and he inherits their gifts of body and mind, for he is described as having the physical form and force of a grenadier, and his voice has the force and clearness of a bugle call. Then his scholastic and theological record places him high up among the gifted theologians and churchmen of the Catholic hierarchy.

In the Church his advance has been remarkable, having attained to the purple at an age when even noted clergymen have scarcely begun to manifest their inherent abilities. Although his natural talents had brought him fame long ago, his connection with the now historic Irish race convention in Dublin, afforded wider scope for the display of his ripe intellectual powers.

He thrilled the chair with an ease, masterfulness and dignity that increased the fame and worth of the great assemblage. He handled the vast meeting with the prudence, tact and firmness of a Speaker of the House of Commons. And all who listened to his powerful opening address were charmed by the wise and statesman like words that flowed from his eloquent tongue, and his audience embraced a pious statesman and pulpit orator from various countries of the globe.

Although the prominent part played by Mr. O'Donnell at the convention may be well known to many, his most important political service to Ireland, it is by no means his first, because during the past five years at least he has taken a very active and decided—unseen—part in Home Rule politics. His far seeing views and opinions have had salutary influence and weight in the councils of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Ireland, even in her throes of political dislocation, has been fortunate in having had self-sacrificing statesmen and prelates to speak powerful words in her behalf in every succeeding generation since the day when her conquest and affliction began down to the present hour. In the earlier periods of her spoliation and persecution she had her St. Lawrence O'Toole and other saintly prelates and prelates who did not quail in the face of danger, mutilation and death. In recent times she has had in her patriotic and self-sacrificing champions as late Dr. Magin, Bishop of Derry, who applied for the designation of "Star of the North" from O'Connell, and the fearless Archbishop McFale—"Lion of the fold of Galah."

To-day among those who stand in the front rank of their country's highest spiritual defenders we have such powerful prelates as Archbishop Croft and Walsh, and the keen-sighted and patriotic young bishop of Raphoe. With such ecclesiastical leaders as these well-aided regeneration of the motherland, the cause of Home Rule need never despair, of course age and long service wear out the energies of the most active and zealous, but that will not leave Ireland without a pronounced political leader among the episcopate, for as soon as his Grace o'p

Continued on page eight.

may please to suit a logical majority; it may dictate, under penalty of death, as it has done in the past, even a system of religion; and if the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church protest against such tyranny, then interference is regarded as Roman aggression.

Suppose that the Protestant of Canada, or suppose that the Hon. Mr. Laurier were to require of Rev. Mr. Eaton to renounce the doctrine of the Baptist denomination and become a Catholic, or suppose the government insisted on his sending his children to a school where they were incessantly insulted and annoyed on account of their religious creed, how would he regard that system of civil and religious liberty? Will it be deemed that this system has been put into effect in regard to Catholics under the pretence, of course, that they were idolaters.

Does Mr. Eaton mean that the civil government is independent of the law of God? It must, if independent of spiritual law, for if it can in such cases be bound to obey that law only as it interprets it for itself, and in a law which is free to interpret for itself no law at all, but more caprice. This would be practically political atheism. God is excluded out of the constitution of the state. No God. The state is everything.

Let there be no mistake about it, it is not equal rights that Protestants require, but Protestant ascendancy. Those among those who go under the name of Protestants, and are made public exceptions. This is the spirit of Protestantism as history has amply shown.

It, in conclusion, may be asked is Mr. Eaton an atheist? If not, why express his views in such a manner, and why places the authority of God before that of the state? It is not at all probable that he would have suffered martyrdom in the reign of Nero, Caligula, Henry VIII, Elizabeth, or in fact, of any of the emperors, which proclaimed his own supremacy over the rights of God Almighty.

Archbishop at the Cathedral.

On Sunday last His Grace the Archbishop attended service at St. Michael's Cathedral. Solom High Mass, Communion, and the singing of the Mass by Father Ryan, assisted by Father Tracy and Mr. Donohoe. Immediately after the Gospel His Grace ascended the pulpit, and in beautiful soul-stirring words explained the Gospel of the day. His words were so full of meaning and increasing years justly becoming due, but strength his remarkable powers of pulpit oratory. Certainly he had done his youthful mantle of former days when he ascended the old Cathedral pulpit Sunday last. The words of the Gospel were so full of meaning and increasing years justly becoming due, but strength his remarkable powers of pulpit oratory. Certainly he had done his youthful mantle of former days when he ascended the old Cathedral pulpit Sunday last.

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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest News from England, Ireland and Scotland.

An Irish Protestant Minister Declines Pardon and Appeals to the Queen against the Freeman's-Faithful Catholics Still Old Heart Proud and Prejudiced.

A numerously signed petition is being made out to hand to the Lord Mayor requesting him to call a public meeting in the Town Hall, Belfast, for a suitable date, with the object of considering the desirability of erecting a new hospital, on a new site, in commemoration of the long reign of Queen Victoria.

At a meeting of the Belfast Board of Guardians, Mr. Robb read a letter from the Local Government Board, with reference to a resolution passed by the Guardians, practically shelving the question of the religion of a child. Richard McNally, who was admitted to the house on the 29th September. On a previous occasion Rev. Father Magill, Catholic chaplain, brought under the notice of the guardians the fact that although the woman with whom the child had been left by its mother and brought it to the workhouse had stated that it was a Catholic, the workhouse officials, on its admission, registered it as a Protestant. The guardians took no action on Father Magill's letter.

After the taking of the evidence in the case of Ivory, and the publication in the papers of a description of the principal witnesses, there was little, if any, doubt in Armagh of his identity. He was readily recognized as Morris Shaw Copeland Jones, who had left Armagh about 1888, and turned up for a day or two in Armagh about a week before his appearance as a witness at Bow street. His stay on the present visit lasted only a day and a night. His very unexpected reappearance was the subject of some local gossip. He put up at a private house in the town, but lunched in the County Club.

A public meeting of the inhabitants of Killee, county Clare, was held Nov 22nd to consider the proposal to incorporate the town under the Towns Improvement Act. The proceedings were of a most disorderly character. On the motion of Colonel Oakes, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Blood Smyth, the chair was taken by Father Sheehan. Mr. Hennessy moved that Mr. Hilliard take the necessary steps for incorporating the town. Colonel Oakes seconded, but the din was so terrific that the meeting broke up in disorder without anything being done.

A number of guardians of the Skibbereen Union are to be prosecuted by the Crown, under the Corrupt Practices Act, for their connection with the bribery scandals. Only five of them are to be now proceeded against.

The feeling over the municipal elections in Derry runs very high, and as the Unionist Party is divided into sections there is intense bitterness imported into the contests. There is no parallel in this generation for the excitement that prevails.

The celebration in Dublin of the Tercentenary of the Potato promises to be a very successful affair. The promoters have succeeded in bringing together a very representative honorary committee consisting of a number of noblemen.

A meeting of friends of the Gaelic movement was held at the Temperance Hall, Galway, for the purpose of reviewing the Irish classes taught there during the winter season. There was a large attendance. Mr. J. N. Fleming was called to the chair, and having referred in the course of his speech to the progress made in the past by the Gaelic movement, he said they should agitate in a determined manner to get the language taught in the schools, and try and force the Government to do their duty to the Irish people in this respect as well as others.

The reports which have been laid before the Lister Board of Guardians with regard to the state of the farmers and labourers disclose a very serious state of affairs. The reports have emanated by request from clergyman, rate collectors, ruling officers, and leading residents. There is a remarkable unanimity of opinion amongst all classes regarding the state of affairs, which seems to have been almost a complete failure.

At the age of seventy-one years, Mrs. Palmer, "Roxboro" passed gently away at the residence of her son, Mr. Abraham W. Palmer, Drogheda. She was a sister of the late Mr. R. Armstrong, First Sergeant-at-Law of the Irish Bar.

The Ecclesiastical Bench having decided to remove the Rev. R. H. Cotter, rector of Ardanny, Pallaskey, Co. Limerick, on charges of unorthodox proceedings, proffered by the Bishop of Limerick, Dr. Graves, proceedings are now about being taken to dispossess him. That Mr. Cotter is

determined not to relinquish his home without a struggle is at once apparent, the doors and windows are barricaded and from the flagstaff raised high from the roof the Union Jack floated. Mr. Cotter is at present the sole occupant of the house, the other members of his family having left several days ago. Upon one of the windows of the ground floor three documents are displayed, the first of which reads in the following ambiguous terms—"No parley with the agents of Turks and heathens, land harpies, and scorpions." Another was a letter from her Majesty the Queen to Mr. Cotter, in reply to a letter of his, asking her to interfere between him and the Church authorities. The letter ran as follows:—

"The Private Secretary presents his compliments to the Rev. Mr. Cotter, and in reply to his letter of the 26th inst. is directed to express the Queen's regret that she is unable to refer to one in which her Majesty is unable personally to interfere. DUBLIN, Buckingham Palace."

The third document drew attention to the Queen's letter, and pointed out that her Majesty had no connection with those who had deprived him of his benefice. A local reporter called at the glebe house, Ardanny, to-day, when the Rev. Mr. Cotter said to him through a broken pane, "I deny the jurisdiction of Freeman's. They have thousands of acres, and they kneel around those altars and offer up corn, wine, oil and incense on them, Archbishop Plunket, of Dublin is one of these Freeman's."

"I notice the Union Jack flying from the top of the house. What was the meaning for that?"

"I did that in order to show my loyalty to the Queen. My family has always been loyal to the Crown, and these Freeman's are its worst enemies."

A memorial, already very influentially signed, is being prepared for presentation to the Chief Secretary to have laid instructors appointed at Government expense to superintend the treatment and cultivation of the crop in North Mayo.

Catherine King sued George Wilson to recover £200 damages for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiff resides with her mother and sister at Johnstown and is about 28 years of age. The defendant was described as a gentleman farmer and grazier, residing at Obertown, Tara, in the same county. The jury found there was no promise.

Late in October the tenants on the estate of Lord Plunket, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, forwarded a memorial to his lordship seeking a substantial reduction of rent. In a letter from the agents, the following reply is given:—"The tenants, in the exercise of their rights, went into court to have judicial rents fixed so that at the forthcoming land audit the tenants are expected to pay their judicial rents as fixed by the court."

The reverend parish priest of Killybride, Rev. Father Brennan, is dead to the deep regret of his friends and loving parishioners. He was but fifty six years of age, thirty of which had been spent in the ministry.

The Tuam Herald learns that Mr. Walsh, proprietor of the mail cars running between Sligo and Ballina, is making enquiries with the view of placing a motor car on the road. The new mode of locomotion, thanks to the enterprise of Mr. Maughan, may not unlikely be availed of for the busy traffic between Ballina and Ennismore next season.

The organizing committee of the demonstration in Carrick-on-Suir on 20th November, formally invited Mr. John Daly to Carrick to address the demonstration in the cause of amnesty. The hon. sec. was directed to invite Archbishop O'Keefe and the Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan and the Mayors of Clonmel and Waterford to attend the meeting. It was also arranged to have a banquet after the demonstration, at which Mr. John Dillon would be asked to preside.

At the meeting of the Carrick-on-Suir guardians Mr. Kenny, M.D., applied to have a midwife appointed to take charge of the maternity ward. Mr. Rockett said there was an order on the books directing Dr. Kenny to do the work. Dr. Kenny—"You are a very ignorant old man, I am sorry to say. Mr. Rockett—I if I had you out of doors I would punch the d—n out of you. Dr. Kenny—"You can try it if you like. Mr. Rockett—"Come out, Dr. Kenny—I will be out directly. The board then broke up in disorder.

A Nationalist demonstration, large in extent and representative and intensely enthusiastic in its character, took place on Nov. 22 at Droimor. Mr. William O'Brien travelled from Dublin for the purpose of attending the demonstration. He was met on arrival at Droimor road railway station by Mr. Richard McGhee, M.P., and a number of the Droimor Nationalists and the Droimor band. He was warmly welcomed, and was escorted amid enthusiastic to the town, the band playing a number of Nationalist airs.

Lugh Campbell and his wife Catherine Campbell Stewartstown were charged on remand with the murder of their uncle, William Campbell.

O'Reilly, Adm., referred in very strong terms to the circulation among Catholics through the Post Office of certain pamphlets descriptive of the work of a certain missionary society which had for its object the supplanting of the Catholic faith in Ireland.

ENGLAND.

Death of a Catholic Lady. The funeral of Lady Huntingtower, of Ham House, Richmond, mother of the Earl of Dysart, took place in the Catholic Cemetery at Mortlake, on November 25.

A Catholic Tutor. Mr. F. Urquhart, a Catholic, has been elected to a tutorial fellowship at Balliol, Oxford. This is the first instance of a Catholic being elected to such a position, and it is worthy of special note that he is to be a tutor in history.

Home Rule not Dead. The Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury, on Nov. 25, entertained at a complimentary dinner at St. Stephen's Club, London, of which he was an original member, in celebration of his being for the third time Lord Chancellor. Mr. W. J. E. Macarty, Secretary of the Admiralty, presided, and there was a numerous gathering. Referring to the toast of his health the Lord Chancellor condemned the irresponsible utterances on the question of the Armenian atrocities, but, at the same time, deprecated the cruelties which had been committed. He denied that the present Government was responsible for the difficulties which had arisen in South Africa, and hinted that they were due to the policy of the late Government. As to Home Rule, he did not think it dead.

The Old College at Douai. A number of eminent English Catholics have accepted an invitation to attend the festivities of the old English College at Douai on the first three days in December. The occasion, which promises to be most interesting and brilliant, is the solemn opening of the new wing built by Mr. Ward, son of the famous disciple of Cardinal Newman, the Ward of the Tractarian movement. Mr. Ward has had a long connection with the old Benedictine foundation, which played such a conspicuous part in the struggle for Catholicity during the penal days, and his recent magnificent gift is only one of many tokens of his interest in the world-famed college. In addition to the opening ceremonies, which are to be conducted on a splendid scale there is to be a solemn commemoration of the English martyrs recently beatified by the Holy See. In view of the great number of Catholic, clerical and lay, who are to attend the celebration, a special train has been chartered to convey the visitors from Charing Cross on Monday, the 30th inst., en route for Douai.

SCOTLAND.

A Priest and a Presbyterian. Prominence has been given to the scathing reply given by Father McGinness, of St. Patrick's, in an address to the Catholic Truth Society of Glasgow, with reference to a lecture on certain Catholic doctrines given by Professor Orr, divinity lecturer in the University of Edinburgh. Amongst other strictures on Catholic teaching, the professor charged Catholics with worshipping the Blessed Virgin. Father McGinness, dealing with this point, said: "Catholics have no objection that their doctrines should be discussed, examined and criticized by anybody—in fact, they invited such—who insisted that their critics should know what they were talking about. They protested against any man saying that they paid divine honor to the Blessed Virgin, when every Catholic child knows the Catholic Church teaches that God alone is to be worshipped." Father McGinness also criticized the professor's statement that the Catholic Church invented new dogmas, pointing out that it was shameful to find a University lecturer ignorant of the difference between a doctrine "invented" and doctrine "defined."

Completely Knocked Out. "I was so much run down I had to give up work, and I felt as if I was not worth living," writes Wm. W. Thompson, Zophy, Ont. "I had been suffering from a nervous condition as I did years ago." Scott's Emulsion tones up the entire system, purifies the blood, and eradicates rheumatism and scrofulous poisons. Ask for Scott's and get it.

Do Gentle. Strength of character and sweetness of disposition are in nowise incompatible. Doubtless, the most welcome nature on earth is that which combines the naturalness and dependence of a child with the strength of a true woman. There are people whose nature is harnessed to us, restful persons whose companionship is a benediction—who draw out the best of our natures, whose presence we may scarce note but whose absence creates a void which the heart hungers to have filled.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pains, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for that. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

HOW John Truman Found a Friend.

"Johnny!" called Mrs. Truman. John turned his sun-burned face upon the pillow and dreamed that a magnificent chariot, to which he was driving six coal black steeds, had suddenly stopped.

"Johnny," repeated Mrs. Truman, "got up." The wagon's ready. "I am too," replied John, rubbing his eyes and tumbling out of bed and into his clothes in less time than it takes to tell it.

Ordinarily John had to be called half a dozen times, he slept so soundly, but this morning Uncle Peter, the colored man who took care of Mrs. Truman's garden and orchard, was going into town to carry a wagon load of fruit, and John was to go with him to hold the horses while Peter went into the house to deliver the fruit.

Still rubbing his eyes with one hand while he buttoned his jacket with the other, John tore down the gate like a shot, where stood the wagon filled with boxes and baskets. Dobbie and Joo, the two horses, were munching the hay spread in front of them and Peter stood by eating his breakfast from his hands. In his eagerness to be off, John had forgotten his until his mother called him back to the house. While he hastily swallowed his food, she smoothed his hair and straightened his collar. Soon he was on the wagon seat by Peter's side, a basket of lunch nicely packed under the seat, and a roll of hay in the back part of the wagon for Dobbie and Joo. Mrs. Truman was merciful to every beast and taught John to be also.

"Don't let Peter forget that the jolly apples await for Mrs. Jones and the peewee oranges for Mrs. Smith, Johnny," called Mrs. Truman as they drove off.

"No'm," answered John, holding tight to the reins and guiding the horses skillfully through the gate. For, to his great delight, Peter allowed him to drive every step of the way, only watching the wheels closely as they drove over the narrow plantation bridges.

After they had gotten into town and all the fruit had been disposed of except the pears for Mrs. Smith, Peter stopped the wagon under the shade of a green tree.

"Now, Johnny," he said, "while I take this bucket of pears into Mrs. Smith, you put the hay in front of Dobbie and Joo, so they can eat, and I'll bring a bucket of water back for 'em."

John scattered the hay and climb back into the wagon, was about to open the lunch basket when he heard a great hurrah up the street. "Kill him, kill him!" were heard and a crowd of white and colored boys came tearing down the street, pelting with stones and bricks a poor, miserable dog, which ran as fast as his tired legs would carry him. His head drooped, his tail hung helplessly down, and he panted as if he would fall at every step. A big boy who led the crowd threw a brick which struck him on the head, when, with a weak howl the poor creature fled under the wagon for refuge and for hiding.

"Let the poor dog alone—won't you?" begged John of the boy who threw the brick, and who was stooping to throw again.

"It's my dog," angrily answered the boy, "and I'll do what I please with him." The other boys crowded around, ready with sticks and stones to strike the dog as soon as the big boy should drive him from under the wagon. John dropped the basket, leaped to the ground, and, creeping close to the terrified dog, said to the boys: "You'll have to hit me first."

The poor creature cowered close to him, as if feeling he had found a friend and protector in his extremity.

A shout arose among the boys, "Knock over him, if he won't get out of the way," and hands were raised threateningly. But John stood his ground manfully. In the midst of the uproar Peter returned with the bucket of water.

"What's the matter here?" he asked. "He wants to keep me from my dog," answered the big boy, pointing to John.

"They are beating the poor thing to death, Uncle Peter!" called John from under the wagon, putting his arm over the dog to show he would not desert him.

"Now all you boys tell me what this trouble is about," demanded Peter.

"That's my dog Ponto, and he's been behaving so strange lately, I believe he's mad; and I got these boys to help me kill him," answered the big boy, pointing a brick in his hand.

Peter stooped by the side of the wagon, examined the dog carefully, then got up and said, "That dog ain't no more mad than you are—maybe not as much."

"That's so, Uncle Peter," called John, "he's just half dead with heat and thirst."

Peter reached under the wagon, lifted the poor dog out onto gently, while John followed.

"Now, boys," he said, "I'm just a poor colored man; but I'm going to stop this fuss. The first boy that hits that dog, and begin a racket, I'm going to call the police on him."

At this threat the crowd of boys began to melt away, the big boy saying tauntingly to John, "If you are so

fond of ours I'll make you a present of Ponto, and much good may he do you." And, giving a brisk dangerous look by John's head, he ran around the corner.

"Thank you," replied John, busy with pouring some water into an empty pan, which he set before the dog, the famished creature lapping it eagerly. Then he put into the pan some meat and bread from the basket.

When John and Uncle Peter had finished their lunch, and Dobbie and Joo had eaten the last wisp of hay, and the dog had lapped the pan dry, the horses were hitched to the wagon for the homeward drive.

"Good bye, doggie; I am sorry to leave you," said John, patting the grateful dog on the head.

But Ponto had no idea of being left to the cruelty of any boy who might chance to pass along. So he whined, even wagged his poor, limp tail, and, when the wagon started, trotted after it with all his might.

"Uncle Peter," said John, after vainly telling Ponto that he must go back, "the boy gave him to me. Can't I take him home?"

"I don't believe that boy had any claim on him. It's my 'pinion that dog ain't got nobody to take care of him, and he's a orphan. But I don't know what your ma will say 'bout your making a 'sylum of her house," replied Peter, gravely.

John was not afraid of his mother's objecting to any act of mercy, so, while Peter stopped the wagon, he got out and lifted the dog in. The dog stretched his tired limbs upon the straw with a deep breath of satisfaction.

Ponto evidently thought a great deal was due John. He fattened and became so sleek and handsome that no one would have believed of him. He made himself generally useful, driving the chickens from the garden and the hogs out of the fields.

In the fall the negroes carried every evening the cotton they had picked during the day to the gin-house to have it weighed by Uncle Peter. John and Ponto were always on hand. John to trot down the weights and Ponto to stand by, wagging his now strong tail in general approbation of everything.

One night John and his mother were suddenly aroused from sleep by Ponto's furious barking and bounding against the door, to find that the gin-house which stood near by, was on fire. Peter was called, and the other negroes aroused, in time to put out the flames with buckets of water. But for Ponto's watchfulness and timely warning the fruits of a whole year's toil would have been destroyed.

Anti-Catholic Zealots.

(FOR THE REGISTER.)

Sir—We have a certain class of pseudo, anti-Catholic philosophers whose constant aim is to misrepresent and calumniate us. They go about like the Wandering Jew in quest of some calumniating food congenial to their mental equilibrium. Josephus informs us that there was in Jerusalem when besieged by Titus a certain class of chronic grumblers called Zealots. These by their unprincipled peccadilloes created quite a sensation among the community by their indiscriminate falsehood spread among the people.

We trace a few of similar calibre whose flap-doodle is generally concentrated on Catholics. We respect our Protestant friends and are glad to chronicle the fact that the respectable element among them condemn this atrocious and un-Christian crusade against their Catholic neighbours. These absurdities have been repeated time after time, year after year, day after day. We thought the embers of bigotry had vanished, but still they are rekindled occasionally by the professors of religious animosities. In these tactics they degrade religion and bring contempt on themselves. These parties are like the deaf and dumb judge who condemns without hearing. Images it appears are very obnoxious to the no-popery scribes, but still they are willing to respect the image of our gracious Queen and many other images. Catholics in accordance with the doctrines of the Church entertain sentiments of veneration and respect for images as they recall to the mind the originals which they represent. In the British empire we have statues of her prominent heroes and statesmen in her principal cities. Catholics have a certain respect for sacred images. A picture of the Crucifixion reminds us of the passion and the entering into the garden and the restoration from the tomb. They inspire our minds and elevate our thoughts to heaven. They represent Christ, His apostles, and saints. They exhibit to the unbiased mind in one grand and sublime panorama what Christ suffered for our common humanity. In fact they are sermons to the heart and eye. I visited the church of the Jesuits once in Montreal where I beheld the pictures of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, St. Peter and St. Paul and other Christian martyrs. I was impressed with reverential awe at the scenes displayed before me. The impression on my mind never can be obliterated.

Copper was a Protestant. His poun on the receipt of his mother's picture is one of the best in the English language: "My mother when I learned thou wast dead, I was then conscious of the tears I shed I loved thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing soul. Watched o'er then, tho' my journey just begun, Perhaps thou gavest me though unfit a kiss."

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The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

Several acquaintances have manifested much interest in the "Needlework Guild," about which I talked the week before last.

In complete contrast to these early crudities of the days when "worsted work" was in its infancy, is the lovely needlework known as the Kensington stitch, giving all the effect at a distance of an exquisite painting.

Robinson Crusoe used large thorns as needles, according to his voracious autobiography and probably Eve made the same use of them.

Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received.

Needlework is what a variety of objects spring up before one mental vision, on the utterance of that word. Things useful and things useless, beautiful and hideous, artistic and in the worst possible taste are all combined.

The old fashioned Berlin wool work which perished so recently, and deservedly as far as the "samplers" were concerned was undoubtedly the decaying relic of the old time tapestry.

Profely soon, some got the conception of the idea of depicting scenes from tournaments, battle scenes, historical events, &c., in the multi-colored wools, and the wonderful "Bayeux Tapestry" of the work of Queen Matilda and her women, has handed down to posterity the story of the needle in the hands of the women, nearly nine centuries ago.

There is ease for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is cure for those not far gone. There is prevention for those who are threatened.

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infinitely handsomer and more graceful. There is absolutely no perspective, the warriors seem to be fighting in layers, one on top of the other.

Appliqui work, crewel work, embroidery, are only a few of the beautiful and artistic uses to which this simple little tool may be put.

Such was the resolution arrived at, at this, the first meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Canadian Catholic Needlework Guild.

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MACDONELL & BOLAND, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Office: 2 Toronto Street, Bank Chambers, No. 2 Toronto Street, Toronto.

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J. T. LOFTUS, BARRISTER SOLICITOR, NOTARY, ETC. Office: 46 King Street West, Toronto.

HEARN & LAMONT, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, PROCTORS, ETC. Office: 47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. W., Toronto.

ANGLIN & MALLON, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Office: Land Security Chambers, S. W. Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

TYTLER & McHABE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC. Office: 9 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

WILLOUGHBY, CAMERON & LEE, BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. Office: 100 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

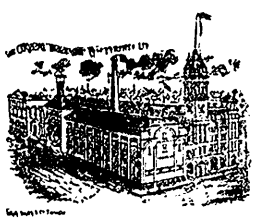
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Scott's Emulsion. Of Cod-liver Oil is for you, even if you are only a little thin.

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CHARLES J. MURPHY (UNWIN & CO., ESTAB. 1852) Ontario Land Surveyor, &c. Surveys, Plans and Descriptions of Properties.

A. M. ROSEBRUGH, M.D. Eye and Ear Surgeon. To St. Michael's Hospital. 62 Queen Street East, TORONTO.

DR. COOK. Throat, Nose and Lung, Inhalations a special feature in Consumption and Catarrh of the Throat.

DR. JAS. LOFTUS. DENTIST. Telephone 5087. Cor. Queen and Baskerville Sts., Toronto.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO. LTD. BREWERS AND MALTSTERS, QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. White Label Ale, India Pale and Amber Ales, XXX Porter.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED. ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, \$2,000,000.

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Excelsior Life Insurance Company of Ontario Limited. HEAD OFFICE—Cor. Adelaide and Victoria Sts., TORONTO.

WESTERN Assurance Company INCORPORATED 1851. CAPITAL, \$3,000,000. Fire and Marine. Head Office, Toronto, Ont.

The Reliance System OF Annuity Re-Payments. \$50 per month—or \$60 per year—paid for 10 years will thereafter return to shareholder.

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F. ROSAR, Sr. UNDERTAKER, 369 YONGE STREET. Telephone 1331.

J. YOUNG, THE LEADING Undertaker & Embalmer 369 YONGE STREET. Telephone 676.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT THE OFFICE 40 LOMBARD STREET TORONTO.

Advertisements... Subscription \$2.00 PER ANNUM.

The Catholic Register Co., 40 Lombard Street, Toronto.

Material intended for the Editor... Discontinuance: The publishers must be notified...

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1896.

Calendar for the Week.

- Dec. 10—Translation of the Holy House of Loreto... 11—Fast Day, St. Demetrius, P. 12—B. Melchior, P. and M. 13—Third of Advent... 14—S. Leonard of Port Maurice. 15—Octave of the Immaculate Conception. 16—Feast Day, East. S. Eusebius, P. and M.

What Archbishop Langevin demands is a national school system on the English model.

United Canada abuses us in language which no dictionary contains, and which no self-respecting proof-reader could inflict upon inoffensive readers.

The Presbyterian Witness, of Halifax, suggests that Mr. Laurier understands the French Liberals better than The Register. We do not profess to understand them; but we will see what next session may bring forth.

Conventry Patmore, another of the British Catholic poets "the Petrarch of England" as he was known, is dead. Aubrey de Vere is now almost alone among the true poets of the true Faith. Conventry Patmore was seventy-three.

We regret that a Catholic is not a candidate for the seat which the late Dr. Bergin occupied in Parliament. But though bad spirits may have animated party wire pullers on both sides, the Catholics of Cornwall a.s. Stormont will not forget their loyalty to fair play and to the constitution. They will see that fair play is done to the constitution which they respect, and to their fellow Catholics who want to live up to it.

The death of the Hon. Patrick McGuire, founder and editor of The Boston Republic, withdraws a good man from an active and influential post. Like M. J. O'Reilly he was a lover of mankind, and whatever he said of Ireland and the Irish people, while it was said like a lover of his native country, partook of the broadest and truest spirit of democracy. Editors like O'Reilly and McGuire have been liberal educators in the United States.

The Register wishes that good fruit may result to the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Canada from the Congress called at Quebec on the 6th, 7th and 8th days of the present month, to commemorate the 50th anniversary of the foundation of the Society in Canada. The Congress is held under the presidency of His Grace Mgr. Begin, and the programme of the gathering promises profitable discussion of various interesting questions.

For the second time in a little while an Orangeman has come into court, asking compensation for initiation into the order which claims to keep Protestantism afloat. The brand of loyalty and Christianity which an Orangeman carries about with him, is, it appears, inflated with a red hot iron. Cattle are branded so; but the Orangeman not being supplied with horns must bare his breast to the brand. Of course the cattle are dumb animals and cannot help themselves. Human beings who bring themselves to the level of the dumb creation deserve to carry the mark of their serfdom to the grave.

Catholic laymen have won not a few honors in the late municipal elections in Britain. In some of our Ontario

centres of intelligence the same feeling is shared, that religion should be no bar to civic honors, on the contrary, civic honors should seek out worthy men of all religions. In Kingston, where Catholics contribute so largely to the reputation which the city enjoys for solidity and the refinements of learning, Mr. J. J. Dehan is a candidate for the mayoralty. In Brockville Mr. Daniel O'Bryon, barrister, is looking for the same honors. Both are fine men, intellectually and socially; and their election will reflect credit on the intelligence and good will of their fellow citizens.

The Christian Guardian devotes a great deal of its space to the task of answering some of our observations in regard to Church and State in education. While it admits much of what we have said concerning the natural rights of the parent, its argument is that the State has an obligation to teach Christian Revelation. The problem, then, is to find the proper sphere of the parent. Hear The Guardian: "The individual parent cannot follow the child either into the school or into the church and assert his preferences against the proper authorities there. He may remove the child." It is not so. This is simply the logic of Protestant domination. Is not primary education compulsory? And is not the money of the parent taken by the State for the support of compulsory education without as much as "by your leave"?

First, the money with which the parent could have given his child an education is taken from him by the State. Then, the parent is told his child must have an education. Nothing else remains to him in his dilemma but to send the child to the State school. There the Catholic child finds Christian Revelation taught according to the Protestant notion. He must stand between his child and that danger. Thereupon, he is told to withdraw the child from the religious influence of the school, and permit him to get the benefit of the secular teaching. At this stage the child is in danger of growing up a heathen, to permit which would, on the part of the parent, be a grave crime against conscience. And the parent is driven to this limit of distraction because a certain class of people think a national school system must necessarily be an anti-Catholic school system.

The Christian Guardian being on that side, we once more recommend to it an outline of a just national system of popular education, which it will find described in our present issue, in the appeal of the Catholic bishops of England for fair treatment in the maintenance of Catholic schools.

Senator Power's Letter.

We recommend to the careful perusal of our readers the lengthy communication from Hon. Senator Power in our front page. We invite an impartial study of it, because it is our desire that Catholic electors should, as the Senator says, "understand the recently made agreement as it really is, neither belittling nor exaggerating its importance." Our correspondent is right when he says The Register "would not intentionally misrepresent the act of either friend or foe." We may undertake to show him that the unintentional misrepresentation of the provisions of the Ottawa memorandum is his affair, not ours. We are, of course, reading his letter as an expression of the views of a life-long Liberal, whose political sympathies must be fairly recognized. Then Senator Power we do not know any Catholic Liberal in the Dominion better qualified to say all that can possibly be said for the Ottawa memorandum, nor is there any public man upon whose opinions regarding the present phase of the Manitoba dispute we have a mind to bestow more attention.

Before we come to the essential and religious principle at stake we may devote a few sentences to showing our correspondent that we have not read the agreement hastily, and that our use of the word "may," instead of, as he says, "shall," was well advised and entirely accurate. If he will look at his own letter where he quotes paragraph 4, he will see that it reads as follows:

(4) Where so specified in such resolution of the Trustees, or where so required by the petition of the parents or guardians, religious teaching during the prescribed period

may take place only on specified days of the week instead of on every teaching day.

The word in this paragraph is "may," not "shall." But paragraph 5 reads

(5) In any school in towns and cities where the average attendance of Roman Catholic children is forty or upwards, and in villages and rural districts where the average attendance of such children is twenty-five or upwards, the Trustees shall, if required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such number, employ at least one duly certificated Catholic teacher in such a school. In any school in towns and cities where the average attendance of non-Roman Catholic children is forty or upwards, and in villages and rural districts where the average attendance of such children is twenty-five or upwards, the Trustees shall, if required by the petition of the parents or guardians of such children, employ at least one duly certificated non-Roman Catholic teacher.

In this paragraph the word is "shall"; so that in consecutive paragraphs both words are used. But, then, those words are used in entirely different connections. The word "may" is used in regard to religious teaching in the schools; whereas the word "shall" is used in connection with the appointment of a Catholic or non-Catholic teacher. Now, if Senator Power will turn up our article once more, he will see that we used the word "may" in its proper connection only, that is to say in regard to the matter of religious teaching. We said:

The first provisions stated in the memorandum are that any Christian clergyman (why not a rabbi?) may be authorized by a majority of school trustees, on the petition of the parents or guardians of ten children in rural districts, or twenty-five children in any city, town or village, to give religious teaching for half an hour in the afternoon, either on specified days or every teaching day.

So we were correct, and the Senator is incorrect. But we opine that the error on his part is accidentally due to the fact that he discusses paragraph 5 out of its place, bringing it in after paragraph 9.

We endorse, accordingly, the point Senator Power emphasizes, that "the difference between the two versions is neither small nor unimportant." But, as we have shown, he has simply put a sharper point upon the argument advanced by The Register.

Documents of this kind are not hastily prepared; and when the Ottawa memorandum merely says of religious teaching that it "may" be given, not that it "shall" be given, we must fully weigh the deliberate character of the language employed. This agreement simply treats religious teaching as a thing that is only tolerable after the parents or guardians of a specified number of children have petitioned for it. And then it is tolerable only for thirty minutes at the close of the day's work, when the children are weary and longing for freedom. Then a clergyman may come in, by the permission of the trustees upon the petition of the parents. If the clergyman cannot be sharp on time, ready to rush upon the scene the moment school is dismissed, he may authorize a teacher or some other person to do the merely tolerated duty for him. But, when it is remembered that the clergy, as such, are not supposed to know anything about the teachers, that they cannot, as such, have anything to say, or to do, with the appointment of any teacher, it is difficult to conceive how a conscientious clergyman could "authorize" a teacher to do that which the teacher may or may not be willing or fitted to do, and which there is apparently no obligation placed upon him to do in any event. The plain reading of the agreement leaves the teacher free to refuse to act in the clergyman's behalf, in which event the clergyman may call upon "any person"; Yes; "any person" is good enough to do a thing which can only be tolerated when petitioned and clamored for. The fact of the matter is that, under this agreement, no one can anticipate any such thing as religious teaching in the schools. Let us remember, too, that the author of the Manitoba school act, Mr. Martin, is a violent secularist, and that his intention is to all intents and purposes preserved in the Ottawa memorandum. Legislators of his stamp cannot drive God out of the schools with open declaration of their intention; but what they can do, and what the Ottawa memorandum actually does as far as Catholic teaching at all events is concerned, is to arrange the chance of God being tolerated in the schools upon such a

complicated set of promissive conditions as to render it exceedingly doubtful indeed for us to see how His entrance is at all possible.

Now the next point in Senator Power's letter is where he says our editorial "might lead one to believe" that "religious teaching is to be at the discretion of a majority of the trustees of the school district." But in his own excerpt from our editorial these words appear: "on the petition of the parents or guardians." We need not delay over this point further than to say that neither by omission nor implication does our editorial lead any one to bellow more or less than what the exact language of the document itself sets forth.

And now we have led up to the religious principle for which we are contending, and for which our co-religionists in Manitoba have manfully fought and sacrificed their means during the past six years. Senator Power lays down this contention:

"Again religious teaching is not necessarily to be conducted by a clergyman, but may be given by a teacher or other person authorized by a clergyman whose charge includes any portion of the school district. If there were a Catholic teacher in the school, as in most cases there would be, the religious instruction when not given by the priest would probably be given by that teacher."

Not so fast. We have just indicated the sharp condition upon which the Ottawa memorandum leaves a bare possibility visible that the Catholic teacher might be able to look to the half hour of religious instruction, on certain days or on every day. But even if we were to leave out of consideration all matter of mere possibility, we have one serious fact which there is no getting over. The whole intent and meaning of the paragraphs concerning religious teaching in the schools is hedged around and restricted by the imperative declaration that

(8) No separation of the pupils by religious denominations shall take place during the secular school work.

This "shall" Senator Power can neither overlook nor defend. He flatly admits it is "objectable." But objectable is not a sufficiently strong word. This provision is eminently favorable to promoting proselytism in common schools. No conscience clause, framed to apply to thirty minutes religious teaching at the close of the day, could operate successfully against the conditions which would thus be created. Where religious bigotry animates either a majority of the people or a majority of the school trustees is it "probable" that the one Catholic teacher in the school would wish to make himself conspicuous as a "sectarian," for that is what the trustees would call him? We will proceed to examine in the light of this clause the main argument advanced by Senator Power. He has reason to believe, he says, that the number of schools in which this clause is likely to come into operation will be small. What possible reason can he have for believing such a thing? It is expressly provided [clause 5] that in any school in city, town, village or rural district a specified number of Protestant or Catholic parents or guardians respectively can compel the appointment of a teacher upon religious grounds. And on religious grounds, there can be little doubt, the will of the general religious majority would dominate the entire system. Does not clause 5, then, make all schools within exception common schools within the meaning of paragraph 8? Even in St. Boniface the Catholics, having everything in their own hands, could turn the original Martin act to good, if not better, effect than the proposals of the Laurier-Greenway memorandum. No legislation could fill the schools of St. Boniface with Protestant children. No law could compel the trustees there to employ Protestant teachers. We must, therefore repeat the declaration, with which Senator Power finds he cannot agree, that Catholic schools are abolished root and branch in city, town, village and rural district. Were we to share Senator Power's hope that in the proposed common schools the religious teacher of the Catholic children would be looked after by a Catholic teacher, we would have little comfort therein. We pointed out in previous articles in this paper that one of the chief conditions upon which religious teaching was guaranteed in the national schools of Ireland was that the local clergyman, whether

Protestant or Catholic, should be the visiting manager of the school to which his people sent their children, and that the employment of teachers for the sake of conscience is subject to his approval, in the same way as, in the interest of efficient secular teaching, certificated teachers only are eligible for employment.

The whole spirit of British legislation, whether in England, Scotland or Ireland, is that religious conscience has an equal right in the primary schools with efficient secular instruction. In Manitoba a directly contrary law has been proclaimed. All that power, with which the religious consciences of parents have the most momentous concern, is taken over by the state machinery.

As far as the future is concerned Senator Power cannot guarantee very much. It strikes him as "being probable" that "if the agreement be acted upon" things will not generally speaking turn out as blue as The Register would paint them. In his opinion it would be wiser to take what is offered "as an instalment of what the Catholics should have, trusting that when the question is taken out of Dominion politics, such further concessions as are found necessary may be obtained from the provincial government and legislature." That is to say, to relinquish now the verdict of the Privy Council that the minority are suffering under a constitutional grievance; to relinquish now the federal power and the guarding clause of the constitution. So far Mr. Laurier's sunny may have failed to melt Mr. Greenway; but sometime in the future Mr. Greenway may begin to melt by the fermentation of his own long pent up generosity.

And then would be the time to beg judiciously of him. This plea, unpalatable and undignified as it appears to us at the best, is deprived of any sort of force it might have by all the past and present facts of this miserable Manitoba war upon the Catholic religion. The record of Mr. Greenway's government is a record of treachery to our co-religionists. If victory were to be conceded to such a policy, because Mr. Laurier through weakness or treachery is content that it should be so, that would be throwing away our weapons in presence of a relentless enemy. Furthermore all the evidence contained on the face of the Ottawa memorandum is against the expectation that future begging for mercy could do any sort of good. No: we prefer to fight when and while we are able to fight. It is Mr. Laurier's look-out if he has imposed upon the Catholics of this Dominion the necessity of sustaining the protracted battle for religious liberty in Manitoba. The Catholics of that province have long ago made up their minds concerning the character of the foe they have to deal with. They know, or ought to know, Mr. Greenway's "sunny ways."

Stand Fast and True.

Last week The Globe sent forth a fine Christianlike protest against the continuance of sectarian animosity in the politics of our land. The people, it said, have been pestered too long by anti-Catholic agitation; and, in the opinion of our contemporary, the country is now heartily sick of the whole business.

It wants to hear no more about the Manitoba school question. It wants no Ontario separate school question. It is ready, with cheerful impartiality, to shut the door in the face of the man who wants to harry and bait the Catholic citizen and of the man who wants to chase the Catholic vote.

Having great respect for the long political experience of The Globe, we are not a little relieved to hear what the political party that would attempt to break into power in Ontario with the same sectarian "jimmy" employed in Manitoba by the Hon. Thomas Greenway. The man who used the "jimmy" in Manitoba owes it to The Globe, and to The Globe's party, that he is to this day enjoying the profits of his burglary. And so it happens that not as much as the temptation to burgle, at the present writing, confronts any member of The Globe's political family. Even Mr. Greenway wants to live respectably; and his godmother, The Globe, is prepared to road the moral law to the lean and hungry Conservatives of Ontario, whose criminal instincts are well known. This spirit of respectability is truly laudable and touching, but it appears to be

lost upon those for whom it is intended. The Hamilton Spectator evidently thinks that what pays in Manitoba can be made to pay in Ontario. It calls The Globe names and it tells its friends that all they have to do is to break into the Catholic educational system of Ontario (of course under the pretence of wishing to improve it), and after they have been well fed, it will then be time enough to think of conversion to respectability. It says:

So far as the improvement of the educational system of Ontario is concerned—we mean the whole system, from top to bottom—the Conservative Party will probably make that a very important plank in its platform for the coming election. The whole thing has degenerated into a political machine, and the Conservatives propose to make a change which will be vastly to the benefit of the country.

And what are the Catholics of Ontario going to do about all this? In the last local election the Conservatives had an experience that should last them longer than four years. In the Dominion elections the Liberals had another unpleasant experience. A bye election is now taking place in Cornwall which will give both parties an additional taste of instruction. If the Catholics of Cornwall and Stormont do their duty, which we do not for a moment doubt, we will hear less rant from the fat and respectable burglars, and fewer threats from the starvelings, whom The Hamilton Spectator speaks for. If Catholic education is to have fair play, Catholics must themselves mount guard. The Catholics of Cornwall and Stormont are the men in the breach for the moment, and they are neither to be deceived nor beaten down.

The Late Mr. John McKeown.

The death of Mr. John McKeown, County Crown Attorney of Lincoln, cannot be chronicled without regret. He was a man who was held in respect and affection by all who knew him, and his life having been one of considerable activity and distinction in politics, in law and in learning, he was, of course, very widely known. But those who know him best valued him most for his kindly heart and his manly generous disposition. He was a man of the finest human sympathy, which in him was united to a sterling Christian character. These characteristics were strong in him as a young man at college, where as a Catholic he was alone, but not less respected because he enjoyed that distinction. The character of his youth was the character of his whole life. He was proud of his faith. In politics he was a Liberal, and it would be difficult to imagine a man of his heart anything else.

Mr. McKeown was an native of the county Tyrone. His father, Hugh McKeown, who came to Canada in 1806, was one of the first three surveyors and engineers appointed by the government of United Canada in 1811 to enlarge the Welland Canal. Mr. McKeown passed through the English and classical schools at one of the oldest grammar schools of Upper Canada, then known as the Grantham Academy, now St. Catherine's Collegiate Institute. In 1850 he passed his first examination before the Law Society, at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and the same year matriculated in the University of Toronto, being the only Catholic in the institution that year. He was in the same class with Hon. Edward Blake, and the friendship formed between the two men in college became a mutual life-long affection. Both took their B. A. degree in 1854, the father of Mr. Blake, then Chancellor of the Court of Chancery, and Chancellor of the University, conferring the degree upon his distinguished son, Mr. McKeown, and the other graduates of that year. After graduating Mr. McKeown entered upon the study of law, in the office of Messrs. Mowat (now Sir Oliver) and Helliwell. He remained in that office till his call to the bar in 1856. After his call he commenced practice in the city of Hamilton. In 1872 he contested, in the Liberal interest, the county of Lincoln against Mr. Thomas R. Meredith, the nominee of the Conservative party, but was defeated. In 1873, at the request of Mr. Mowat, he accepted the position of County Crown Attorney of Lincoln, and after that took no part in party politics. He was the first Irish-Canadian Catholic to take the arts degree in the provincial university, and was a favorite pupil of Dr. McCall, the first president of King's College, now University College.

DOMESTIC READING.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

Nations which preserve, as it were, a perpetual youth, should be studied from their origin.—Theband.

Do something worth living for, worth dying for; do something to show that you have a mind, and a heart, and a soul within you.

When we are in the company of sensible men, we ought to be doubly cautious of talking too much, less we lose two good things—their good opinion and our own improvement; for what we have to say we know, but what they have to say we know not.

What I want to do is to put definitely before you a cause for which to strive. That cause is the Democracy of Art, the ennobling of daily and common work, which will one day put hope and pleasure in the place of fear and pain at the forces which move men to labour and keep the world a-going.—William Morris.

We are economists with our soil, our fuel, our metals, our stones—we call them precious—but we waste fearfully the one wonderful and irrevocable motive force, life. We fritter it away, we wear it out, we break its vitality, we weary of it, we despair of it, we ceaselessly thrust it off, this one unknown and priceless possession which by its use we attain the celestial eternity.—Ella M. Mosby.

The essence of lying is in deception, not in words. A lie may be told by silence, by equivocation, by the accent on a syllable, by a glance of the eye attaching a peculiar significance to a sentence; and all these kinds of lies are worse and easier by many degrees than a lie plainly worded; so that no form of blind conscience is so far sunk as that which comforts itself for having deceived, because the deception was by gesture or silence instead of utterance.—Ruskin.

A student unacquainted with the attempts of former adventurers is always apt to overrate his own abilities—to mistake the most trifling excursions for discoveries of moment, and every coast new to him for a new found country. . . . The more extensive, therefore, your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more attentive will be your powers of invention; and what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

We hold all that we possess as a trust. That is the position which the ablest minds of to-day appear to be taking on the subject of property. We are each and all acting as stewards of society. What belongs to us is not ours to do with altogether as we please. But it is our private wealth, to be used in the service of mankind, by whose aid and assistance it has come to us, and whose sanction we call it "ours." Any person who disposes of it without keeping that fact in mind is proving himself unworthy of possessing property.—W. Sheldon.

Our home influence is not a passing, but an abiding one, and all-powerful for good or evil, for peace or strife, for happiness or misery. Each separate Christian home has been likened to a central sun, around which revolves a happy and united band of warm, loving hearts, acting, thinking, rejoicing and sorrowing together. Which member of the family group can say: "I have no influence?" What sorrow, or what happiness, lies in the power of each!

DR CHASE'S KIDNEY - LIVER PILLS CURE BACK-ACHE ONE PILL DOSE 25¢ A BOX

FIRESIDE FUN.

"Say, father, why have all the pictures got frames?" "Why, your little fool, so that the artist may know when to stop painting, of course."

A careful reading of the authorities, and scrutiny of the works of the masters, leads to the belief that when a picture looks to the ordinary observer like that which it is intended to represent it is not art.

Jugg: "I have come to ask you, sir, to refuse to permit your daughter to marry me." Father: "To refuse? Why, you—?" Jugg: "Yes, sir. If you will only be so kind, I know I can get her consent at once."

"I once," said the Colonel, solemnly, "I once, and only once, had all thirteen trumps dealt me." "Dr—I suppose you were the dealer?" suggested a candid friend. "No, sir," roared the Colonel, "No, sir, I was not the dealer!" "Then may I ask what happened to the trump which the dealer turned up?" And a terrible silence ensued.

First City Man: "Got three years, didn't he? What was it for?" Second City Man: "Well, his people are rather particular, and one day he was found in the private office taking notes, and there it was." First City Man: "There's nothing peculiar in that. Why, there are always reporters taking notes in the House of Commons." Second City Man: "But the notes happened to be bank notes."

A certain American is said to have a peculiarly interesting autograph of Lord Tennyson who, as all the world knows, had little patience with autograph seekers. The gentleman in question sent the Laureate a request for "an autograph and sentiment." No response came, and he sent another. This, too, was unanswered, and he wrote again. This time he received a sheet of paper on which the poet had written: "A. Tennyson. Sentiment: 'Ask me no more.'"

An Englishman, touring through America, went on board a steamer late one night, and on the following morning, after walking on deck and looking round him, he stepped up to the captain and asked: "I beg pardon, but would you kindly tell me what lake I'm on?" "The Lake Huron," replied the captain, and turned away. The Englishman looked puzzled for a moment, and then, following the captain, began again: "I beg your pardon; you said—"

"It's the Lake Huron," roared the captain, thinking the man was deaf. "Yes, persisted the passenger; "but what's the name of the lake I'm on?" "The Lake Huron!" shouted the captain, incensed at what he thought gross stupidity, and he turned away to relieve himself by railing at one of the hands. The Englishman looked more puzzled than ever. "The lake you're on is the lake you're on. Of course it is! The lake I'm on can't help being the lake I'm on. What impertinence! Let me look in my guide-book; perhaps that will tell me." It did tell him, and then the honour of the situation suddenly dawned upon him.

A Prominent German Pastor

After 30 Years of Rheumatism, Is Cured Completely by RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE

The Medicine Is Universally Acknowledged to be THE BLESSING OF THE AGE

HAMILTON, Aug. 10, 1896. Mr. S. S. Ryckman, Hamilton, Ont.

DEAR SIR—I take great pleasure in giving you a statement regarding my case of rheumatism with which I was afflicted for over thirty years. The pain had gradually approached my breast and affected me so that I could not sleep on my left side. Another trouble I had was a kind of Dyspepsia, known as Gastric Indigestion, from which I suffered considerably. I had to be very guarded as to what I ate, otherwise I paid the penalty. At present, since taking your valuable remedy, known as "Kootenay Cure," I am able to eat my meals without any bad effect and sleep all night without any pain or bad feeling.

In addition to me add that my Rheumatism was so bad at times that I could not move myself. I am now like a different man and conscientiously recommend your medicine, "Kootenay Cure," to anyone suffering from Rheumatism or Stomach Trouble. I am glad to have found the Remedy and willingly furnish you with this information that it may help others who are similarly afflicted. Wishing you success, I remain, Yours truly, (Signed) GILBERT BRADY, Pastor of the Evangelical Association, Residence, 140 Market Street.

Longfellow once said to Mary Anderson: "See some good picture—in nature, possible, or on canvas—hear a page of the best music, or read a great poem daily. You will always find a free half-hour for one or the other, and at the end of the year your mind will shine with an accumulation of jewels as will astonish even yourself."

Rev. Father Gearty's, Bazaar. Those holding tickets for Father Gearty's Bazaar will have the kindness to send in duplicates as soon as possible, as the drawing takes place next month.

FAIRM AND GARDEN.

From a paper on "Floral Culture in Winter" read before the National Science Association and published in the Peterborough Review, we take some interesting paragraphs:

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like a garden; nothing that educates, soothes and encourages like the culture of flowers," writes an enthusiast in floriculture. Very few houses are without something in the shape of a plant during the winter, from the soap-bell of stubby geraniums to the well appointed conservatory. It is not an easy matter for a lover of flowers to give them up with the first frost until the next May, and all sorts of unfavorable conditions. Preparations for indoor plants in winter should be made during the previous spring and summer, and proper soil and moderate amount of heat, sun and moisture are absolute essentials to their successful culture. The conditions should be as carefully observed with one plant as with a hundred, a single pot or basket in good order with healthy looking green leaves, even if without blossoms, is much more agreeable than a consumptive winter garden.

No plants should have as much heat during the day; from 10 to 20 degs. being the proper difference in temperature. On the other hand, as we all know, plants in a room where there is no heat are in danger of freezing and if left in a room of low temperature at night must be carefully protected from all possible wind-draughts. Moisture is one of the most important considerations for plants as the dry air of the average living room is fatal to bloom and beauty. Ingenious devices are some times resorted to for the necessary moisture and among these a very simple one is to suspend a large sponge (or two if there be many plants) in a window and keep it constantly wet. A successful cultivator of house plants says: "I steam my plants with steam. I heat several stones or bricks very hot in the stove take them out in an old wooden pail, set it in the room, pour on a quart of boiling water, and drop the curtain. The dampness is just what the plants like, but the insects do not." The watering of plants seems easy enough but in reality it is a very important and delicate operation.

Inexperienced growers are given to deluging their pots much more than is necessary. Some plants require a great deal of water and others very little; some atmospheres are drier than others and call for more water in proportion. To ascertain the needs of any plant in this respect it is only necessary to rap on the side of the pot. A hollow ringing sound in reply is a cry for water, while a dull heavy sound indicates that the plant is not thirsty. A thorough watering is the only beneficial one. Most plants in winter do not require watering more than 5 or 8 times a week (while in summer they need it daily) but this depends in a great measure on the plants and conditions of the atmosphere. Tepid water should be used, which is about the temperature of the atmosphere and should be applied in a fine spray as possible, a fine shower being more like nature than a steady pour. Plants should never be watered when the sun is shining on them.

Once a week the leaves of all plants should have a thorough washing and an atomizer will be found excellent for the purpose. And old cultivator recommends as a compost for pot plants one-third mould, one third rich loam and one-third river sand. Mix well and to every bushel add a shovelful of lime, ashes or gypsum. The pots for these plants must not be too large, as those of contracted dimensions will ensure more bloom. The morning sun is the great invigorator in the way of growth and bloom and a healthy appearance generally; only plants that love the shade will prove at all satisfactory without it.

An ornamental window box filled only with the low growing violet scented annual is a desirable addition to any room. A pot of magnolia and another of sweet alyssum cost nothing, and yet few things will be found more pleasant and attractive in the winter season. As late as September will answer for sowing seeds of these plants for winter blooming and from three to six plants may be put in one pot. In this short paper time will not allow me to deal in detail with the care of my plants, but I will conclude with the wish that we may all take more interest in the cultivation of flowers."

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeable taste and its quick action is a favourite with ladies and children.

Madame Bonifant O'Brien, Prima Donna Soprano, from Milan, Italy, and principal Tenors and Concerts in Europe, has vacancy for 2 more pupils for voice production and artistic singing (good voice only taken, and will be tested free of charge. Studio 114 Shuter Street, Toronto.

Chats With the Children.

'TIS FAITH I SEEK.

Holy Child! Joy of Paradise! A needed gift this morn I crave, Ere all creature of a day Fondly grant it to me I pray. Pardon past long neglect Child King of the glorious elect!

Heaven's royal Infant! Give me but Faith this blessed day,— The dark'd soul's sole ray. Thy Father's roset, purest gift, Forget my wasted youth. O most merciful Lord on high!

Bethlehem's wondrous One! I feel by my pray'r I humbly ask, Lighten my dreary task, With Faith's strong beam sublimed, Forgive past sins, past slights O patient God of Love, of Light!

O divine, O tender Babe! Near to Thy lonely crib I come This Christmas Day so fair, A grace to gain, Thy Faith I seek. Plead, plead for me a sinner weak O Mary Mother with thy Child!

FAFA DID NOT KNOW HOW.

"Babyland" tells an amusing story of a tiny little boy who one morning came trotting into his father's room with two little black stockings in one hand, and two little black boots in the other, and several small articles of clothing over his shoulder. "Papa does you know how to dress little boys?" Gummie's gone."

"Yes, indeed, my little man," said his papa, and he lifted Jack to his knee and began to pull on one small stocking. "Stop, papa! Stop!" cried Jack. "Dat ain't a-way! Gummie don't do it dat a-way."

"Well how does 'Gummie' do it?" asked his papa, pausing for instructions.

"Dis-a-way," said Jack, taking up one foot and then carefully grasping a fat toe in his chubby hand. "Here Mister Toe, you and your bruzers mus' go into your little black shoes; now don't begin to wiggle. One, two, three, dere you go." And Jack pulled his stocking over his five toes and up to his papa's face, he said, "See?"

"Yes," said papa, smiling. "Here goes the other foot. Now, Mr. Toe, you and all your brothers—"

"No, no, papa," cried Jack, "dat one is Mister Toe, and all your little sisters."

"Oh, ho," said his papa. "Well, then, Mrs. Toe and all your little sisters? One, two, three and there you go!" and the second stocking was looking on.

"Now," said Jack, you mus' put on the wool."

"The what?" asked his papa. "The wool to the house," and Jack pointed to his boot.

"Oh, the roof, very well," and his papa put on the boot, and began buttoning it with his fingers.

"Dat ain't a-way," cried Jack again. "You mus' get a hooker and look all 'e doors, so all the yittle bruzers and sisters won't get out 'o house for all day."

"Now, see here, young man," said his papa, "does grandma go through with all this rigmarole every morning?"

"Of course," said Jack, looking at his papa with surprised eyes. "Well, your papa hasn't the time, so let me get you into your clothes quick, before the breakfast bell rings."

So Jack had to submit to being dressed in a hurry, without his grand-mother's pleasant romancing. "The minute he got down stairs went to his mamma, and asked—"

"Fen's my gummie comin' home?" "She is comin' to-morrow," said mamma.

"Dat's nice," said Jack, "for," he whispered into his mamma's ear, "my papa don't know how to dress yittle boys."

BABY'S ANSWER.

Where did you come from, baby dear; Out of the everywhere into here.

Where did you get your eyes so blue? Out of the sky as I came through.

What 'akes the light in them sparkles and spin? Some of the stary epikes left in.

Where did you get that little tear? I found it waiting when I got here.

What makes your forehead so smooth and high? A soft hand stroked it as I went by.

What makes your cheek like a warm white rose? I saw something better than anyone knows.

Whence the three-cornered smile of bliss? Three angels at once gave me a kiss.

THE BEST THING TO GIVE.

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness;—an opponent, tolerance;—a friend, your heart;—your child, a good example;—your father, deference;—your mother, conduct that will make her proud of you;—yourself, respect;—to all men, charity.

A MAN'S CAT.

Children, did you ever see a manx cat? They originally came from the Isle of Man, off the coast of England. But there are many of them in this country now. They differ in many respects from the ordinary cat. The face is shorter, neck thick, and instead of the tail they have a short one, very like a rabbit. For this reason and because of their rabbit like traits they are often called rabbit cats.

Our little Susan had one given her. It was buff and white and a little baity. She is a good girl and loves animals very much, so she had made a great pet of "Benjie," as she calls it. And it, in turn, loves her very dearly, and follows her around like a little dog. They live in the country, it is a pretty sight to see the two roaming the hills and meadows, Susan gathering flowers and Benjie looking at her.

But one thing that pleases me most is to see them go to bed. Little Susan's mamma allows Benjie to go to bed with her and remain till she goes to sleep. Benjie knows her bed time as well as Susan does, and if Susan is a little late, Benjie will get on the bed and now and call just as you have heard an old cat or her kittens. If this don't bring her, then she will find Susan, look up in her face, mew and run back to bed again.

Soon as her little mistress gets in Benjie crawls down under the covers, turns around, licks her mistress's face, then puts her head on the pillow beside her, and thus they both go to sleep.

Don't you think this is a wonderful cat?—Our Dumb Animals.

HINTS TO GIRLS.

Give your best sympathy. There is no greater human power than the tenderness of woman. If you can minister to someone in sickness, lessen somebody's distress, or put a flower in some poor home you have done a thing that you will always be glad to think of. You will be remembered, and a woman asks no grander monument than to live in hearts.

Not far from Adelaide Procter's home was the cottage of an old woman and her only son—a brave young man who followed—dying of consumption contracted in the war. One day in her visit she carried to him some lovely roses. The next time she went, the mother said: "He never let the roses go out of his hand, miss. He held 'em when he died and one of the last words he said was: 'Give my blessing to the young lady for bringing the flowers,' and the desolate mother buried them with him. The blessing of that poor brave youth was a pleasant memory."

St. Patrick's School.

HONOR ROLL FOR NOVEMBER.

Form IV—Excellent—James Costello, Sylvester O'Toole, Russell Parlo, Thomas McGrath, Harry Cahley, Percy Bradley, Nando Schraibner, Patrick Flanagan, Frederick Tappinoff, George Charles Lawry, Sheppard McHenry, Joseph McGowan, Francis Elliot, John McCandlish.

Form III—Senior Excellent—Martin Dunphy, Frederick Hanna, Martin McDonagh, George O'Donoghue, William Tobin, Joseph Adamson, Francis Dillon, Louis Burns. Good—Herbert Fletcher, Juniors—Excellent—Eugene Cosgrove, Edward Meelan, James O'Hearn, William Hanna, Benson Roche, George Gliona, James Halloran, Francis Moran, John Dalton. Good—James Tobin, William Knowlton, Joseph Lawrence, John Gibbons.

Form II—Excellent—William Warren, Louis Jucanetto, Leo Mackay, Bronion Bulger, Charles Smith—Good—James Bender, Arthur Finnigan, Augustine Schraibner, Francis Dochler, Francis Cutler, John Mohan, Anthony Matorana, Joseph Konyy.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parrolle's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parrolle's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

A harsh voice in a woman is like a discord in the sweetest music. One can easily get into complaining and dissatisfied tones. Have a sunny face and nothing will do this save genuine kindness in the heart. Every girl ought to make it possible to have people say of her, "She brightens every life she touches." If you never do aught else in life, bring sunshine into every heart you meet—Orphan's Bazaar.

It appeared to be a travelling sunflower, and sure enough—it was. As it came nearer, I saw it was a squirrel with one of the largest flowers—large or, really, than himself—held in his teeth by the stem, and the flower standing up before his face, as he ran along the fence, until opposite the tree where he had his nest, which stood three or four feet from the fence, when he paused an instant, then with a quick spring, struck the trunk of the tree and bounded up the body, holding tightly his precious treasure, until he

Constipation Cured by Warner's SAFE Cure and Warner's SAFE Pills. Leading physicians throughout the world have acknowledged the fact, and thousands of people throughout the land have testified to it.

reached one of the higher branches, when he sat down himself for a nice time eating his dinner. And it was indeed a comical sight. The little fellow sitting up so cunningly, and holding the large flower in his little paws, munching away until all the seeds had been eaten, then quickly dropping the remnant, he descended the tree in the same lively way, and started for the garden again.

This time I resolved to watch him, and was greatly amused to see him spring from the fence to the stalks of the sunflowers, and climb to the very top, trying to select the best for his feast.

When he had found it, he again took his old route for the tree. This was repeated over and over, flying from stalk to stalk, rejecting the smaller and poorer, and appropriating the best until the whole row of stalks had been completely robbed of every flower that was worth looking at. But the amusement it gave me was worth more than the flowers, and I did not grudge them.—Home Guardian.

For NINE YEARS—Mr. Samuel Bryan, of Toledo, Ohio, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. F. J. Parrolle's Ointment, which has resulted after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally), in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."

Form IV—Excellent—James Costello, Sylvester O'Toole, Russell Parlo, Thomas McGrath, Harry Cahley, Percy Bradley, Nando Schraibner, Patrick Flanagan, Frederick Tappinoff, George Charles Lawry, Sheppard McHenry, Joseph McGowan, Francis Elliot, John McCandlish.

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CHIEF FAHEY'S STORY.

'Yes, sir, that was Sister Benedetta, the chief of the police remarked to me, as the gentle Sister of Mercy passed out of the police station where I was gathering items for the paper on which I was reporter.'

'You remember Col. Hutchinson that rich old aristocrat. That's his daughter, Sister Benedetta. She's just been in to see me about a poor, wild lad, in the station for fighting. The boy's sister goes to school to Sister Benedetta, just like my little Kate, and Ellen—that's my wife—thinks if there's a saint on earth it is Sister Benedetta. Well, I'll do what I can for the lad, seeing Sister Benedetta asks it as she does; and for old time's sake. If she is a saint, as my Ellen says, I saw her one time sorely tempted. She was a slip of a girl then, living in the old Hutchinson mansion. It is sold now to strangers. That's many a year ago, sir, full eighteen or twenty; but I'll give you my word Sister Benedetta is thinking of those old times to-day, for there was her own brother, the wildest of the lot. I'll give my word there never comes round a Holy Week or an Easter Sunday that she doesn't remember the week I was detailed to watch Alex after his trouble with Ned Saunders. They were a wild lot of boys in those days.'

'Toll me the story,' I suggested, seeing the chief had become reminiscent and knowing the recollections of such a man must be interesting.

Chief Fahey looked at his watch. He was the soul of punctuality and devotion to duty; but the timepiece seeming to give him permission to do so, he started out with his story.

'Yes, sir, twenty years ago this Easter. I mind the time well, for Ellen and I were married just after that. Ellen was the seamstress at Col. Hutchinson's. She's the grand hand at the needle yet, with five children to see after. Our oldest, a beautiful two-year-old boy, is dead those sixteen years. Well, I was only a policeman in the ranks those days and on my rounds I would pass by as often as I could, just to see Ellen sitting at the window sewing. When she'd come to her mother's Sundays, and I would go to see her, her whole talk was Miss Madeline, how kind to the poor and to everybody.'

Old Col. Hutchinson was a proud old codger and his wife was another; but that Miss Madeline, she was an angel, if Ellen were could make it. That was all the family, the Colonel and his wife, Miss Madeline and blaster and his wife, and by the same token, that Master Alex was a limb of Satan. However he and Miss Madeline could be the same father and mother's children was always a wonder to me. But she never could believe bad of him and she loved him better than anything else in the world, almost more than her own conscience one time. Poor Miss Madeline! If she knew the times Alex was in the police court, and the low down company he kept, maybe she wouldn't have worshipped him so, but he was her only brother.'

The old Colonel would come along proud as Lucifer, and pay Alex's fine every time and keep the papers from publishing his arrest.

But the night in Tony Andrew's bar-room when they were all hitting drunk and he and Ned Saunders got into a fight that couldn't be hushed up. Alex stabbed Ned and nearly murdered him outright; and Ned did some cutting on Alex. So when the police came along, both boys were put into carriages and taken to their homes. Ned's mother was a widow and poor, and he was her only child, so you see all the feeling went with Ned. The doctors said he was too badly out to live.

Alex Hutchinson was pretty badly out up too and had to be put to bed and have two or three doctors. They looked very solemn and said his life hung on a thread. So the chief, Captain Martin, it was then, just detailed me to watch Alex until he died or was well enough to stand his trial. It looked like it was going to be a trial for murder, the way poor Ned Saunders was sinking.

I mind now the night we brought Alex home. It was after 12 o'clock, and everybody had gone to bed in the house except Miss Madeline. Ellen said she never did go to sleep until after she heard Alex come in.

Well, sir, when he rang the bell and knocked, Miss Madeline looked out of the front window, and I told her that Mr. Alex was hurt. So she woke up Ellen and the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, and they all came down. There were doctors galore and reporters and quite a crowd. The Colonel looked disgusted at the mob walking over his premises, and so did his wife; but Miss Madeline was too distressed to notice anybody, and she was worth the whole lot for helping the doctors. And my Ellen, too, though the color all went out of her face when she saw the blood, but she was gritty.

Alex was so weak they were afraid to carry him upstairs; so they fixed up his bed in the library. Just next to the library was a little room they called the Colonel's study. This room they gave me for myself after I explained to the Colonel that

I must watch Alex day and night until he could stand his trial. 'A policeman in my house day and night!' the proud Colonel almost shouted.

'Must you really stay here?' the old lady asked. 'We could send you reports of his condition every day to the station.'

She thought it was just a sort of etiquette, my staying by the boy. 'My orders are to keep him under strict watch.'

This is all I would answer to any of their objections. Out in the hall Miss Madeline was saying: 'Please, papa, don't tell Mr. Fahey that you don't want him. He is obliged to stay here. It is his duty, and we ought not to hurt his feelings.'

So there I was planted in that little study room, with the door open between me and the sick boy. For the first few days he was that bad off he didn't need much watching, just lying there like death, with his head tied up. The doctors kept coming in and always walking east and looking very solemn.

There were two nurses. One was a big strapping fellow, for the day, and the other was a round, fat, little fellow, for the night. I mistreated the fat, little oily fellow right along. Sort of a Greek, he was all bows and politeness. He treated me with more respect than if I was old Col. Hutchinson himself. When I'd go in to look at the boy, just before turning in myself for the night, the Greek nurse would shake his head and say:

'Ah! Mr. Officer, your watch will not be for long. My poor garcon is going fast.'

All the same Alex seemed to be quiet enough, and for a day or two he seemed to be getting better.

Miss Madeline would bring me the papers to read and would always ask so pitifully: 'Is Mr. Saunders getting any better?'

Then I knew what was troubling her most, that Ned Saunders would die and Alex would be a murderer.

'She's a wearing herself out, praying for that Saunders to die,' Ellen would tell me, 'and I say—excuse me, Mr. Officer Fahey—Miss Madeline says if it was God's will, she would rather Mr. Alex would die himself than have such a crime on his soul.'

'Well, he'll be pretty sure to have it on his soul then,' I said, 'because Ned Saunders can't get well. Why, he is as good as dead now—' then I stopped short; for there was Miss Madeline standing in the door and looking white and scared.

'You horrid, cruel thing!' Ellen snapped so, and I jumped up to catch hold of Miss Madeline.

'No, Ellen dear, I am not going to faint.' Then she came across the room to where I was standing.

'You said, Mr. Fahey—I heard you, you know that Mr. Saunders could not get well!'

'But, Miss Hutchinson,' I answered, 'while there's life there's hope. He's not dead yet. There is always a chance.'

I felt like a load had been taken off me when she turned to go, for I could not bear to look at her, with the suffering in her eyes. Ellen went out with her and in a little while my girl came back. Then she, a raking over as I got, for just telling the truth; and Ellen herself a picking it out of me. But you never can get the hang of these women. After that Ellen would snap me up, just as if I was to blame for Ned Saunders dying and making it out murder for Mr. Alexander Hutchinson.

It was Holy Week and on Thursday the news from Ned Saunders was worse than usual. He was past hope. My orders were to keep a strict watch, because it really looked like murder now. I could not see that Alex was any worse. I even noticed that he could raise himself in bed, and that they were giving him considerable nourishment. But my bowing Greek kept shaking his head and saying how badly off the poor garcon was. Miss Madeline looked worse troubled than ever. When she came in from church on Thursday I was standing in the hall talking to her father.

'You see, sir,' I said, 'I must be very careful now, for they say young Saunders is dying this time.'

Miss Madeline caught the banisters of the stairs and listened with all her might.

'I am very sorry, Col. Hutchinson, but you must understand what the charge must be against your son when Ned Saunders dies.'

I never liked the proud old codger, but I could not help being sorry for him then. He couldn't speak, but just bowed. 'So you see it will be necessary for me to be extremely careful.'

'But my poor boy,' his voice was very husky—'is beyond the need of watching.'

I did not answer, but, in my soul, I believed that Alex was getting better.

That night the Greek man—Florenz was his first name—I never did know his other—came into my little poke of a room.

'I'm in for a hard night, Mr. Officer. The garcon is very weak, and I will be afraid to take even a little nod of sleep. I am going to take a couple of drinks of good Greek wine. Did you ever drink the wine of my country, Mr. Officer?'

'No, Mr. Florenz, I can't say that I ever did try it.'

'Ah! that is the drink, the wine of Cyprus. The poets sing about it. You know what the poets say of my Greek wine, Mr. Officer?'

'I can't say as I do. You see, Mr. Florenz, the poets don't go along with policing, and neither does Greek wine. Now, a toddy on a cold night, an extra cold night, or a beer on a hot day, extra hot, might do; but that Greek wine, I don't know it at all.'

'Ah, but you must, Mr. Officer. To drink it, that is to live; just a little taste, and then to-morrow night a better taste. You will soon learn to like it.'

He had put down a long-necked bottle and glass on the table, and poured out a little wine. I mistreated that long, lean bottle, that it was the same sort of dose as old Schmeider used to treat me to. It was the wine of his country too, and I always thought he ought to be leaving it to a little while longer, and it was a pretty fair wager.

'Ah! I have but one?' Florenz carried the bottle into Alex's room to find another glass.

Well, the wine wasn't so bad, a little mawkish and sickly to my taste, but that was all. The Greek kept bowing and telling me about the wine of Cyprus and the poets, till I drank two glasses of the stuff. When Florenz left me a few moments afterwards, he advised me to go straight to bed.

'Get all the rest you can, Mr. Officer. I may call you in the night, if the garcon is very bad. He is so weak and his fever is rising.'

'I'm as sleepy as a dog,' I said; but Florenz's black eyes glittered at me through the mist in the room.

'It's the spring weather makes you drowsy.'

'Well, I got to bed; but if Florenz needed me that night I never heard him call me; for I knew nothing until near eight o'clock next morning. I woke up with a splitting headache, so sick as to faint in my bed.'

'Plague take that Greek wine!' I said to myself. 'Then I looked in Alex's room. Florenz was still there, sitting beside the bed. He always lay at six o'clock. I saw the outline of the figure on the bed and the head banded up. He was lying very still. Florenz lifted his finger as if I came to the door.'

'A bad, bad night! I was afraid to go home to day, as I have longer experience than the other nurse.'

Then the butler brought me my breakfast.

'Col. Hutchinson wouldn't let you be called, sir; because he thought you were up last night, with Mr. Alex. Is he living yet?'

'Just breathing,' answered the Greek, with a mournful shake of the head.

Ellen nor Miss Madeline never came near the room that day. My girl's eyes were red from crying and Miss Madeline surely did look queer, so white and scared. That was Good Friday, Miss Madeline went to church, and after she came home just walked round the house like a ghost that couldn't be scolded.

That night I wouldn't take any wine, and Florenz just shrugged his shoulders and said I was not like the poets who loved his Greek wine; but I told him the poets had better heads for such stuff than I had. All the house was worried and distressed; and I, thinking Alex as good as dead, went to bed quietly.

Saturday morning Florenz was still there and said the garcon was still lingering. I saw the figure in the bed move slightly, once or twice; but generally it was as still as death. Strange to say now that Alex was so much worse Ned Saunders was getting better.

'Tell Miss Madeline,' I said to Ellen, 'that the doctors think Ned Saunders is out of danger and on the mend.' I thought they would like the news, but the girl breaks out crying, and when Miss Madeline comes along and I told her, she just looked at me dazed and said:

'Oh! if I had only known that before,' and went off wringing her hands.

I began to think poor Alex was lingering along a good while; but I was afraid to say anything because Ellen would snap me up or break out crying. I never did see such a set. Whatever possessed them, I couldn't tell all that day.

Well, sir, the wonder of it all came clear that Saturday afternoon. Miss Madeline had gone to confession, Ellen said:

'She's the only one in this house trying to make her Easter.'

'Why don't you go to confession? Miss Madeline would give you time.'

She shook her head. 'Miss Madeline is too good for this world. Now, mind you, Davy Fahey, whatever happens, I want you to remember that Miss Madeline was against it; though her heart was breaking and she was sorely tempted. I did what I could for Miss Madeline's sake. She doesn't know why, and if I can help her, I believe God will help me.'

'What are you talking about, Ellen, my dear?' Miss Madeline came in. She had on her street dress and hat, a prayer-book in her hand and her beads wound round her arm. The worried look was gone, and she seemed settled in her mind about something. She looked at me and then at Ellen.

I know then something was wrong, and I seemed to know that Miss Madeline would tell me the truth. I believed I could trust her even more than Ellen, for you see, sir, my girl would sometimes let her heart run away with her soul. I could trust Miss Madeline to do right if it broke her own heart or anybody else's.

'Miss Madeline,' I said, 'something is wrong. You know that I wouldn't harm a hair of the head of anyone in this house; but I am sworn to do my duty. Now, if what's wrong has anything to do with your brother and my duty here watching him you ought to tell me. You have been to church, Miss Madeline, and to-morrow is Easter. Can you go to the altar without telling me what it is right for me to know?'

'Davy Fahey! the idea of the likes of you telling Miss Madeline what she ought to do. Ellen was fairly out of her head, she was that shocked at my talking so. But I should my ground and Miss Madeline did not seem displeased with me. She smiled a sad, little smile.'

'Mr. Fahey is right, Ellen.' Then she sat down by the little table and covered her face with her hands. She was trembling like a leaf.

'Is it anything about your brother, Miss Madeline?'

'He has gone,' she said, so low I just caught the words.

'Gone? You mean he has escaped?'

'She bowed her head.

'But how can this be?' I stepped to the door of Alex's room. 'Who is that in the bed and when did Alex go?'

'That is Florenz's nephew,' she answered. 'My brother went with his other nephew Thursday night. You know you told us that Mr. Saunders would die, and my father said he could never endure to see Alex tried for murder. So Thursday night you slept so soundly they got Alex ready to go, and put the other boy in his bed. I do not know where Alex has gone. They would not tell me anything, for I was opposed to his escape, after I thought it over.'

Then I knew Miss Madeline wasn't let into all the villainy of the affair, the dose I got, the nice, soothing doctor's Greek wine.

'Thank you, Miss Madeline, I know that I could trust you to tell me the truth.' I walked into the sick room. Florenz was dosing beside the bed. I turned down the cover. Sure enough a rosy-cheeked boy looked up at me in surprise, a boy I had never seen before.

'Please, mister, can't I get up out of this old bed? I am tired to death lying here, and Uncle Florenz says I will get a big pile of money, but it's worth it lying here so long.'

'Yes, sonny,' I said, 'get right up.' The boy was puzzled what to do. Then his eyes woke up. Such a sweating as he talks to the boy. Then Florenz ran out into the hall, and presently Col. Hutchinson and his wife came in.

I never said a word about Miss Madeline, so they all just thought I had walked right in and found out the fraud for myself. It wasn't worth while to talk much. There wasn't hardly anything to say. When I was leaving the house telling them I must report right off at the station that Alex had escaped, the old lady broke down, sobbing out:

'Oh, my boy! my boy!'

Of course, the police telegraphed here and there and everywhere; and while they were keeping the wires hot with descriptions of Alex, and while the young Greek, here comes a despatch for Col. Hutchinson from a little town near by. It was sent by the innkeeper and said Alex was there at his place and was dying. It seems like the travelling round in his weak state threw him back into fever.

So off goes the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Madeline and Ellen. The priest went too. Miss Madeline wanted good old Father Judson to go along with them.

'He prepared Alex, for his First Communion,' she said, 'and if God has loved my prayers, my brother will not die without the Sacraments.'

Well, three days after that, I had a bit of a letter from Ellen, saying that Alex had died that day, 'such a beautiful death.'

So my watch was ended. They brought the dead boy home, and there at the funeral was Ned Saunders, hobbling around, with his arm in a sling. All Miss Madeline's prayers were heard. Alex was not a murderer, and he died with the Sacraments.

Well, sir, after that, my girl Ellen, always talked about Alex. Hutchinson, like he was a saint or holy martyr, just because her dear Miss Madeline was satisfied. She would snap at me for a heathen, if I said Alex would need many a prayer before he'd be loosed out of Purgatory. But that's the way of the women, sir. Alex most broke Miss Madeline's heart; but she and my girl thought he was a regular saint, just because he didn't murder Ned Saunders outright.

Ellen and I were married soon after. In a year or two the Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson both died. Miss Madeline sold the house—a regular palace it was—and took all her fortune and went to be the Sister of Mercy. She gave Ellen the pretty little home she have. When we're in trouble there's no one can comfort my girl like

Pistols and Pestles. The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of

Ayer's Cathartic Pills. The C. B. Johnson will be found in full in Ayer's Cathartic Pills with a hundred others. Free. Address J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE. FRIENDS THOUGHT THAT THE SPAN OF HER LIFE WOULD BE SHORT.

At Last With Faith a Grain of Faith Her Mother Administered Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and She is Now Cured.

There are changes that affect the constitution of the individual changes that will come, we cannot avert their coming, but we may parry the unsalutary character of their influence. Womanhood in its inception is susceptible of changes that demand the most judicious attention and prudent care to ensure perfect development and happy maturity. These changes are so vital and so subtle in their character that unless the utmost vigilance and discrimination is exercised in the choice and application of reputed remedies the worst results may accrue. The constitution may be so weakened and the germs of disease fostered. Vigorous life is at the basis of all enjoyment and success. To be weak is to be miserable. It is therefore fundamental to every interest of humanity that life's real strength be kept pure and healthy. Owing to neglect of those particulars many young women have allowed life to become a burden and a wearisome round of duties. Faint and weak very aptly describes their condition after venturing to perform an ordinary household duty. What can be done to accomplish the rejuvenation of these unfortunate ones? There is a remedy widely known and loudly applauded, whose virtues are proclaimed on the house tops and in the newspaper columns. Ten thousand mothers have recommended it and twice ten thousand daughters praise it. Read what one of them has to say. In the village of Lancaster there lives Mrs. A. J. Macpherson, widow of a well-to-do farmer. She is well and favorably known in the community. Some four or five years ago Mrs. Macpherson's oldest daughter to New York. While there she resided with her uncle and aunt, and after a stay of about sixteen years of age. 'The social life of her temporary home made rather severe demands upon her time, and being ambitious she was anxious to make rapid progress in her studies. In each parish she also cultivated the social science of success, but at a small cost. Many remarked her paleness and loss of color. She began to feel tired and weak after a little exercise, such as a short walk. Miss Macpherson's stay in New York was about a year, and during this time she also and slept fairly well. The spring of 1893 she came home, and her mother could not but remark how changed her daughter was—pale and languid instead of being bright and ruddy. This being a distressing condition, and perfect quiet with judicious exercise, would restore the lost vigor and ruddy glow, it was participated in to the fullest extent. For a month this was done, but still Miss Macpherson was as weak as before, and she could not get to sleep. At this juncture the family doctor was consulted. Iron pills were prescribed and a trip to the Thousand Islands taken, the stay lasting about six weeks, during which time everything was done to her recovery. Her friends with whom she stayed came to regard her recovery as extremely doubtful, and when she returned home her mother saw no improvement. One day while making purchases from a dealer in vegetables, she met her neighbor, the liberty of making some remarks about the health of Miss Macpherson, which was obviously not promising. He strongly urged the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Macpherson was not at all credulous of the claims of any medicine, but they were purchased and used to the best advantage. Soon after beginning the use of the pills, Mrs. Macpherson, I thought I saw a reddish tinge upon her cheek and in the course of a week or so my daughter felt better. The tired feeling began to vanish and the abnormal sleepiness began to yield to the influence of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Continuing the use of the pills the progress of her restoration was continuous and often recounted them. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nervous, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines have failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pills that do not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Prof. O'Brien. The far famed and most successful Phrenologist and scientific Palmist, is now on his second year in Toronto, and his success has been unparalleled. Don't fail to consult him for your own interest. Patronized by the Elite. Photos read free to patrons. Hours 1 to 9 and 7 to 10. 117 Shuter St., Toronto.

A. M. D. G. Thanks on the Immaculate Conception. (For The Register)

'And I keep singing in my heart Immaculate! Immaculate!'

How softly, sweetly and peacefully the words fall upon our hearts filling them with a holy and grateful joy.

In our hearts indeed, in the very depths of our hearts let us sing and repeat and ponder on the words Immaculate! Immaculate!

Mary our glorious Mother, is Immaculate! How grand, how sublime a truth! How consoling! How replete with sweetness and love!

Our Mother, our Advocate, our Refuge, she to whom we can turn in our trials and sorrows, our joys and our pleasures, she who is ever watching over us with a truly maternal care, she who is ever ready to aid and succor us, she is indeed Immaculate! No stain ever obscured the brightness of her pure soul, or dimmed the lustre of her brilliant virtues. She alone was, by a special grace of God, preserved from the taint of original sin inherited from our first parents. Oh, marvellous prerogative! But can we wonder? Was it not meet that the holy Virgin who was to be raised to the exalted dignity of Mother of God should be free from every stain of sin?

Was it not meet that the God of purity, the All-Sinless One should be born of one who was herself spotless? Surely indeed it was, and while the thought fills us with joy and gratitude let us turn to her on this great feast of her Immaculate Conception and offer her our heartfelt homage.

Truly we exclaim, And from the Church of all lands thy dear name Comes borne on the breath of one mighty acclaim.

Let us hasten to her shrine and there weave to her our wreathe of praise.'

Let soft lights adorn her altars, let rare flowers wait around their fragrance, and let music's sweetest, richest notes thrill forth her praise.

But oh! vain indeed would our homage be, fruitless our prayer, did we not imitate her virtues, her spotless purity, her profound humility, her exhausted patience which did not forsake her even at the foot of the Cross, when she saw her Divine Son in agony.

Let us on this great feast cleanse our souls in the purifying sacrament of Penance, and with hearts burning with love and devotion receive the adorable, the life giving sacrament of the Altar, and then let us turn to her with confidence and love, let us ask her to cover us with the mantle of her loving protection, to shield us from the dangers which beset us on life's tempestuous sea, and when our last dread hour shall come and the dark shades of death gather round us, to shed on us the bright effulgence of her rays and light us to our heavenly home.

Prison, Ont. JULY.

The Weather for Cold. This is the time when coldness in the fashion overtook who is anybody has one, if not himself, but a one in the family. For no complain under the sun are there more remedies than for a cold in the head, but of the thousands Chase's Cough Cure is a

'In twelve hours I was cured of a bad cold in the head by Chase's Cure,' writes Miss Dwyer, Alliston, Ont. 25c. of all druggists, with blotter free.

An Eminent Irish Prelate.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.)

Cashel drops the sceptre the rising young bishop of Tyrone...

If we turn from the more public aspect of Mr. O'Donnell's career and look at his movements in the bosom of his diocese...

The subject of this all too short sketch, Most Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, D.D., Bishop of Raphoe...

The future prelate was ordained a priest in 1870, and for the eight years following, his ripe scholarship and brilliant facilities were devoted to the interests of Mayo...

In his own personality he sheds additional lustre on the ancient race, for although he has now only turned forty he has been nine years in the episcopate...

CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

E. B. A.

St. Paul's Branch No. 8.

At their last meeting welcomed back one of their ex-members and at their next meeting others are expected to follow...

The regular meetings are well attended and great interest taken in the work of the Association.

On Tuesday evening the Branch and St. Helen's Circle held an open meeting and free concert for the purpose of laying before the members of the Branch the advantages to be gained by becoming members of the Association...

The Countess and whooping of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others.

MAGA ZINES.

Catholic World Magazine.

The Christmas number of The Catholic World Magazine is the December issue. The frontispiece is a drawing of a religious group of French peasants...

Some Articles in the North American. "The Engineer's Naval Warfare" is the title of an article...

"The Progress of the World." The editorial department of the Review of Reviews, touches in the December number on a great variety of topics of national and international significance.

A Unique Literary Experience. The Century Co. had accepted Dr. Mitchell's new novel, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," for book publication...

Condolence.

The following resolutions were passed at a meeting of Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians...

Whereas this Division has learned with sincere sorrow of the death of Mr. Thomas Brow, father of our worthy Brother, Mr. M. J. Brow...

Resolved that this Division tender the bereaved family its heartfelt sympathy in the irreparable loss of their beloved parent...

Hon. Wm. Hart.

KINGSTON, Dec. 8.—Hon. William Hart, Commissioner of Public Works for Ontario, returned to the city via the Ontario boat from New York this afternoon...

The Second Summer. Many mothers believe, in the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true...

REV. DR. CONATY.

His Election to the Rectorship of the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. We learn by telegram from Rome, says The Liverpool Catholic Times...

Dr. Conaty made his course in theology at the Seminary of the Sulpicians at Montreal. Since then he has been rector of his church in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Ayer's Pills, being composed of the essential virtues of the best vegetable aperients, without any of the woody or fibrous material waterbury...

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Anybody can tell you its puding after they have eaten it. Just so with our suits and others.

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