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# The Catholic Register.

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

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## Register of the Week.

The following excerpt taken from the first pastoral of the new Bishop of Clifton, Mgr. Brownlow, contains most useful advice: "We are profoundly convinced that the more practically the Apostolic precept of being 'careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace' is carried out in daily intercourse, the more abundant will be the fruit in the souls of others. That unity in Faith, which is the most conspicuous note of the true Church, is sadly obscured, when Catholics indulge in free and often uncharitable criticism of each other; for the Divine word of Christ is fulfilled throughout the ages. 'By this shall all men know that you are My disciples, if you have love one for another.'"

His non-Catholic brethren his Lordship addresses thus: "We believe that our mission is not confined to the Catholics of the diocese. We are the humble ambassador and representative of Him who said: 'Other sheep I have that are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one Fold and one Shepherd.' There are many such in all the different sects into which Protestant England is split up. 'There are many who say, Who showeth us good things?' Many, weary of the endless controversies and contradictory teaching of their own leaders, sigh for a living teacher to represent Him, Who, according to the Gospel, 'taught as one having power, and not as the Scribes.' Weary of being thrown back upon their own private judgment as to what the Scriptures, or the Fathers or the Church of this or that remote century taught, they long for the fulfilment of the prophecy. 'The Lord will not cause thy teacher to thee away any more; and thine eyes shall see thy teacher. And thine ears shall hear the word of one admonishing thee behind thy back: This is the way; walk ye in it; and go not aside neither to the right hand nor to the left.' And yet this prophecy is being now fulfilled. The Catholic Church is in their midst, and they know it not. The false traditions of three hundred years have spread a veil over their hearts, and they cannot see what to us is so clear. 'The light of thy countenance, O Lord, is signed upon us.' Beloved brethren and children in Christ, let us pray without ceasing, and with great confidence, that our fellow-countrymen and fellow-citizens may cast away their errors and embrace the truth."

Another ministerial crisis took place in France when Casimir Perier's government stepped down in the way of its thirty-one predecessors. The issue

was some trivial question as to the right of men employed on State railways to attend a meeting of the Railway Workmen's Federation. The Minister of Public Works' reply gave offence to the Radicals, who with the extreme Right combined to defeat the ministry by a majority of thirty-four. So far no cabinet has been formed, but the last attempt of M. Dupuy promised success.

British politics resemble very much our present Canadian weather—occasionally a bright, warm spell, but generally rough and unpleasant. It looks as if the Liberal-Unionists were heart-sick of being gouged on by the Tories merely for the sake of annoying the Government. Numbers of these have absented themselves rather than vote against their convictions. The Welsh members are returning to the Liberal ranks. The Redmondites have split, and everything is bright for the Rosebery Government.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Nugent of Liverpool was so pleased with the American Catholic Summer School when on his visit last year, that he gave a description of it in his paper, the *Catholic Times*. The result is an endeavour on the part of several Catholic gentlemen to establish a similar institution at Oxford. Among the names of those who interested themselves were the Hon. Everard Fielding and Mr. S. Parry, who went from London to attend a meeting for the purpose of consulting with members of the teaching profession as to the advisability of establishing this English Summer School at Oxford.

A most romantic marriage took place in New York recently, when a Miss Julia Morris of that city was married by proxy to Frank F. Gearity, who was dying of consumption in El Paso, Tex. Rev. Father Halpin, S.J., performed the ceremony, and the bride's cousin Robert J. Hoey as proxy made the responses for Mr. Gearity. The necessary dispensation was secured by Father Halpin and the bans published. As soon as the ceremony was over the bride telegraphed her dying husband and the marriage notice was put in one of the Sunday papers, but the newspaper was scarcely off the press before a telegram was received by Mrs. Gearity announcing the death of her husband. They were engaged for a number of years, Miss Morris wishing to see her younger sisters settled before she married, when Mr. Gearity was attacked by rapid consumption, and ordered to Texas by his physicians. He was only in El Paso six weeks, and as he felt that death was approaching rapidly he had arrangements all made by telegraph for the marriage. To prevent against any contest of the will he had

made, leaving his property to his wife, his signature to the contracting telegram was attested by two witnesses.

An amusing misunderstanding has occurred in New York in regard to W. Bourke Cockran's address in the Grand Central Hall of that city at the opening of the parochial school exhibit. The report of the address was misleading, as a very important part of it was suppressed. Secular papers took most sensational meaning out of what was only "rhetorical fireworks" of Mr. Cockran. The part of the address which has been interpreted as "warning an Archbishop" was when Mr. Cockran "advancing toward the Archbishop with forefinger outstretched declared with fervor that he would accept the teachings of the Church from the Archbishop with the utmost reverence as befitting a son of the Church." "But if a day should ever come (Mr. Cochran's voice rose until it echoed through the big hall, and he was so close to the Archbishop that the outstretched finger almost touched his nose) when from a Catholic pulpit you utter one word hostile to the integrity of this Government, I tell you that if such language falls from your lips it will be heretical. You will be false to the Church that placed the consecrated oil upon your hands for the blessing of your children." The Archbishop, it appears, did not look on this as a "warning," but applauded as enthusiastically as anyone in the hall. Mr. Cockran wrote a friend regarding this journalistic misinterpretation of his words. He had stated in his speech "that the history of the Church was a step towards republicanism, and that no hostility between Catholicity and republicanism was possible." To emphasize this statement in the strongest possible manner, he turned to the Archbishop and used the above words, implying, that it was impossible for the Archbishop to be unfaithful to the American Government. Mr. Cockran added: "the enterprising reporter who suppressed all the context, and reported only the language addressed to the Archbishop, has, I fear, succeeded in conveying to some the impression that what was merely intended to illustrate an argument was the chief object of my speech."

In Rome on the evening of May 8th a bomb exploded in the courtyard of Prince Odescalchi. All the windows in the palace were destroyed and some of the doors. Three people were wounded, but happily not seriously so, the porter of the palace was the most seriously hurt. The perpetrator is not known, the police are searching and have made some arrests, but with the greatest secrecy. The Prince is very unpopular with the Liberals, he being one who opposed the opening of the proposed exposition in '94.

*Vera licita*, if we may rely on its authority, announces another encyclical from the Holy Father. In this letter his Holiness is calling on Christians of every profession and creed to return to the one true fold of Christ as the only saving of society, which is in a ruinous state and falling into a barbarism worse than that of the ancient world.

The suppression of the church bazaar is among the reforms that some of our religious legislators at Ottawa propose to effect. While there are some objections to be raised to the church bazaar, the amount of good done by means of them far outweighs anything that can be said against them. A bazaar can be, and, when conducted in the interests of a church or charitable institution, usually is, carried on in an entirely proper manner. The ground taken by the opponents of the bazaar is that the throws or chances taken on the articles offered is gambling, and as such is wrong. We cannot admit the point well taken. Gambling proper is where two or more persons sit down to a game of chance and lay a wager on the result, each one hoping and trying to win. In a bazaar this is not the case. The person who takes a chance on an article does so, not with the hope of getting the prize, but for the purpose of helping the institution, on behalf of which the bazaar is held. It is held that this could be done by "direct taxation," to use a parliamentary term, and that there is no excuse even for the semblance of gambling. That is not the case, however. Much of the money obtained through means of the bazaar, could not be reached in any other way. The bazaar merely takes the place of a collection bureau, so to speak, and until some better method is discovered, it would not be wise to interfere with it.

Justin McCarthy has issued an appeal for funds. In a speech at a Nationalist Demonstration held at Liverpool on the 13th, described pathetically the difficulty men had to remain in the House of Commons. They had to sacrifice time, money, even health—and in some cases their lives. "I might," he says, hesitate to make that appeal if I thought I was making it on behalf of a flagging, or a failing, or a languishing movement. But I am not speaking for any such cause. I am speaking for a cause and a movement that is as full of energy and patriotic feeling as it ever was, and which wants nothing whatever but what is called 'the sinews of war' to carry on that movement to success."

An operation was performed last week on Gladstone's eye with such success that a few days after, he was able to write several letters.

## HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

Sketch of the Great Polish Novelist.

There are bad novels just as there are bad poems and plays, nay, even bad theological books. But some works of fiction stand out foremost among literary creations, and to Catholics it is gratifying that among authors of such in these latter days one of the novelists whose works are rapidly gaining universal recognition, is not only a Catholic, but the representative, the mouthpiece, so to speak, of a whole nation, whose greatest claim to glory is and has ever been its unswerving fidelity to the Church. I am speaking of Henry Sienkiewicz, the great novelist of the Poles.

The avowed purpose of the Russian Government is to crush out every trace of a national life in Poland. In this it has not succeeded, and it is safe to say, will never succeed, for two reasons. First, the Polish people possess a radical individuality, unusually strong and indomitable, and secondly, the denationalizing influences have been brought to bear upon them too late. Before the Poles lost their independence, they had attained a high degree of culture, in some respects as high as that of any other European nation, and far superior in every way to that of the Russians. Thanks to this, the Poles have been able to produce during the nineteenth century a literature, unsurpassed in modern Europe for originality, exuberant imagination, and profound religious sentiment.

No wonder, then, that when "With Fire and Sword" and its two sequels appeared, they were greeted with an outburst of popular enthusiasm anything similar to which we should look for in vain in the literary life of any other people in this century and the publication of these romances became a national event.

The period Sienkiewicz treats of is the second half of the seventeenth century. Long before his heroes were born had the Jesuit Peter Skarga—the Demosthenes of Poland in his immortal sermon with prophetic spirit warned his countrymen that ruin was impending, were they to keep up their intestine quarrels and dissensions. In Poland the kings were elected, and could not, as in other countries, leave the throne to their nearest heir. Americans justly rejoice in their free institutions—howbeit different epochs require different forms of government, and obviously it was the greatest misfortune for Poland that at a time when its neighbors, Brandenburg and Russia, nay, even the distant Sweden, were threatening its very existence, no single strong hand guided its destiny. The very fact of the king's being, as it were, the creature of the nobles, deprived him of all effective authority, each individual prince or baron (general) considered himself as possessed of the right to sever his allegiance to the crown on any plausible occasion, in order to join fortunes with the king of Sweden or Czar of Russia. We all know that the ultimate result was Poland's destruction and subjugation under the three neighboring powers, Russia, Austria and Prussia, each of whom is now the possessor of provinces of that ancient kingdom.

Sienkiewicz does not conduct his readers so far, and when he makes us, as it were, foresee the final disaster, he does this only indirectly, by the inevitable logic of the events related by him. For although it may be safely asserted that no novelist ever possessed a sounder or taught more important lessons to the intelligent reader, yet Sienkiewicz is nowhere plainly didactic, nor moralizing.

The thing is, he is before anything else a poet and a painter. A poet who while writing in prose knows how to invest it with all enticing charm and commanding power of superbly wrought verse; a painter whose easel contains

lines as brilliant as sunbeams, as soft and soothing as moonlight. And of what infinite variety and never failing force are the scenes he unrolls on his vast canvas.

Already in "With Fire and Sword" the deep and far reaching influence of the Church is distinctly accentuated, at times with stirring pathos as where the priest makes the young lieutenant repeat "Thy will be done!" at the moment when, as he believes, all he counted it worth living for has been forever lost—at times with that touch of humor which indicates infallibly a spirit truly Catholic—such a spirit as ventures ever to play and smile before its Eternal Mother.

As a matter of fact, no greater misapprehension could be entertained in regard to Sienkiewicz than that his books were permeated by a gloom and pessimistic spirit, on the contrary, although he depicts his scenery in their true colors, always vivid, at times repulsive, no enlivens them constantly by a vein of wit, as irresistible as that of any American humorist. The irrepressible Zagloba—by an enthusiastic American critic aptly styled, a combination of Ulysses and Falstaff—has become so far, perhaps, the most popular of all his characters.

I doubt, however, whether in the long run Zagloba will be able to maintain himself as undisputed favorite by the side of Kmita (the Kmita of the Polish original) the leading character of the sequel to "Fire and sword": "The Deluge." We know of few as fascinating creations in modern literature as this young nobleman, who at the outset appears almost a brute, and winds up a truly Christian hero, who has conquered not only countless Swedes, but what is far more astounding, his own nature, so long deemed indomitable.

And this leads me back to what I deviated from: the Catholicity in these Polish novels. If "Fire and Sword" has episodes as edifying as any sermon, "The Deluge" may be said to form itself into a hymn in honor of the Church, and more particularly of the Blessed Virgin.

The deluge that gives name to the book is the invasion of the Swedes, under their king, Carolus Gustavus, an invasion that was greatly furthered by the treason of several Polish princes, foremost among whom stood the Calvinist Radziwill. At a certain time the complete annihilation of Polish independence seemed to be a question of merely a few days more or less; the country was flooded by enemies, treason reigned supreme, the king himself had fled in despair.

Then, all of a sudden, something passing strange occurred—Carolus Gustavus sent one of his most famous Generals to occupy the monastery of Chenstohova, where a famous image of our Lady is venerated. Chenstohova is situated on a mountain and surrounded by walls; yet for a house occupied only by priests and a small band of nobles and soldiers to defy the Swedish General and his regiments would obviously seem sheer madness. Nevertheless, they did undertake it. How it was carried out, how thereby courage and hope were awakened all through the country, how Kmita with all but fabulous daring, had his share in the glorious outcome, and how the noble prior, equally great as a priest and as a leader of men, had, towering above everything else, stood out for the profound faith of the people within the sacred precincts, their fervent devotion to our Lady, their Christian self-sacrifice and childlike trust—all of this must be read in the book itself, no magazine article being able to do justice to the unique pathos of these chapters.

Not long ago it was publicly asserted that every Catholic priest felt glad to receive a set of Scott's novels for the parish library, and certainly Scott was a noble novelist, and far less pro-

judiced against the Church than most Protestant writers. Sienkiewicz, though not presenting such a variety of well-drawn female characters as does the creator of Jeanie Deans, Rebecca and Julia Manning, equals him in the delineation of masculine nature, and excels him by far in general literary art and finish; he renders the spirit of bygone ages with greater correctness; he is to crown it all, a devout and fearless Catholic—all strong reasons why we should be a guest more welcome among Catholics than ever the author of Ivanhoe.

Sienkiewicz was born in 1815, studied at the University of Warsaw, went abroad, spent years in the United States, studied African natives and Catholic missions at Zanzibar, walked over the boulevards of Paris and along the Pacific slope. But he has found, as every great writer does find, that his chief work should be at home, and from Cracow, where he resides, he has sent forth those romances which have gone all over the world, arousing sympathy and admiration for the Polish heroes fought in our War of Independence—the names of Kosziusko and Pulaski shall never be forgotten by citizens of the United States. Catholic Americans, moreover, are united to Sienkiewicz and his people by yet another tie—that of the common religion. And when our author on a certain occasion quotes the text "They sowed in tears and reaped in joy," the reader feels like applying it to the entire Polish people—that people who at times have seemed well nigh submerged in streams of their own blood and tears.

It only seemed so. The day of resurrection is sure to come—the day of a harvest as rich in joy and glory as the past has been abundant in tears and in sorrow.—Joseph Alexander in the *Rosary Magazine*.

## When to Save and When to Spend.

Many years ago a venerable priest was making collections to repair his church. He called on a lady who passed for being very rich and generous. As it was already late in the day the lady called for a light. The servant took one of those long matches dipped in brimstone, which were then in use, touched it to the fire, lighted a candle in a silver candlestick, and threw the rest of the match in the fire. The lady sharply scolded the girl on her extravagance. "That match," she said, "could have been used at least eight times." The priest thought that he had got into the wrong pew, and that he might as well have saved himself the trouble of calling. What, then, was his surprise when the lady opening her bureau, counted out to him two hundred dollars. The priest, to make up for his unjust suspicion, grew warm in his thanks. "This is not much for such a good work. But perhaps you are not expecting that much after my severe lecture to the servant; but if we want to have anything to give to God and to the poor we must let nothing go to waste, it is absolutely necessary to train servants to economy in the smallest details. As the girl has been in my service only a short time, I made it a point to give her that lesson in your presence that she might better remember it."

MESSRS. NORTHRUP & LYMAN CO. are the proprietors of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost every ill that flesh is heir to, is valued by the sufferer as more precious than gold. It is the elixir of life to many a wasted frame. To the farmer it is dispensable, and it should be in every house.

When women vote it is to be hoped that they won't be allowed to bet bouquets on the election. Otherwise their husbands would certainly be ruined when the time to pay up came.

## Mgr. Satoll Comments.

When Archbishop Satoll visited New York city to take part in the celebration of the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle he manifested much gratification on hearing the music of the Church as rendered by the great sanctuary choir, consisting of 100 male voices. Last Saturday the Rev. Father Alfred Young, the director of the choir, received from the Delegate the following letter of congratulation, written in English, from the house of the delegation in Washington:

"*Rev. and Dear Father Young:* One of the most grateful impressions I retain of my last visit to New York on the occasion of the Feast of St. Paul's Conversion is that made upon me by the plain chant which I had the pleasure of hearing in your church. The grave and solemn character of the composition, the harmony of the voices of the adult choir mingled with the clear voices of the boys, and the smooth execution of the singing produced such an effect upon the hearers as to cause the soul to realize that the house where these sounds are heard is the house of the Lord.

That such were the impressions of all the people at the ceremonies could have been easily inferred, not only from the grand silence maintained all over the sacred building during the services, but also from the feelings of holy devotion created by that singing. May it please Almighty God that such edifying singing could be heard in all the churches of the country. Any effort made for this purpose would certainly meet with the pleasure of the Holy Father, who has always taken so much interest in the use of the Gregorian Music, and it would bring down the blessings of God, to whose house the plain chant is so truly becoming.

However, I do not mean by this to blame altogether the use of figured music, which by its serious and grave harmony is also becoming, although in a different way, to the dignity of the Catholic worship, as used in the basilicas of Rome, and as I have heard it in many churches of this country."

The Gregorian chant, as rendered by the choir of the church of the Paulist Fathers, was introduced into that church by Father Young in 1872. It was then that the gallery choir was dispensed with. The innovation caused much discussion, but the example thus set has been followed to greater or less degree in nearly every Catholic church of importance in the land.

Mgr. Satoll's letter of commendation to Father Young was preceded nearly sixteen years ago by one from Cardinal Martinelli, of similar import, under date from Rome, Aug. 25th, 1878.

White Baron Alphonse de Rothschild was driving to the Bois de Boulogne (Paris) on Tuesday, one of the wheels of his carriage gave way and the horses bolted. The Baron managed to escape from the vehicle without being hurt.

A large can containing a gallon of petroleum, a quantity of gunpowder and other explosives and bits of iron nails, etc., with a lighted fuse attached was found outside the main entrance to the house of Abbe Garnier, editor of *Le Peuple Français*, Paris.

In the House of Commons, on Monday, Mr. Sydney Buxton, Under Colonial Secretary, announced that the Earl of Jersey had been appointed Imperial delegate to the intercolonial conference at Ottawa. The Earl of Jersey was Governor of New South Wales from 1890 to 1893.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

## A DAY AT LOURDES.

At the present time, when the secular papers are furnishing Zola's ideas on Lourdes to their readers, the following story of a day at the holy shrine will be found particularly interesting. It is written by a Maryland Catholic lady, and appeared in the *Catholic Mirror* of Baltimore. Catholic readers will enjoy the letter because it lacks the tone of mockery used by the French novelist in his stupid and sacrilegious tale.

MY DEAR FRIEND— I will terminate my very poor description by relating the events of the most impressive day I have ever spent at Lourdes, in point of cures. The cures relate to the pilgrimage of Dijon, which every year receives some signal favor from the hands of our dear mother. I can count six cures this year, which may be considered in the light of real resurrection.

Dijon is famous for its courage in bringing to Lourdes those poor creatures whose very hours seem to be numbered. This pilgrimage arrived here Saturday, Sept. 11, at 9 P. M. The hour being late, the Ladies of the Hospitality had all left from one cause or another. I alone had no excuse for absence and was on the spot to receive the poor invalids who, after the long voyage of two days and nights, were actually exhausted. In St. Camille's ward were placed twenty-five infirm, not one being able to walk. All of them were carried in by our noble Brancardiers, and placed on beds.

"We have here two young girls in their agony," said a priest who accompanied them. "Quick! let them be placed—one is dying fast; be quick!" They were soon laid on the bedsteads while remaining on their own mattresses, too ill to be moved.

When all the sick had been carried to their respective beds and quiet succeeded, the prayers for the agonizing were begun. One Margaret Savoie had been annointed before leaving her home, as the doctors said she could not possibly reach Lourdes alive. She was accompanied by her mother and uncle, a priest.

Addressing myself to the latter, I asked:

"What disease could have reduced the poor child to such a pitiable condition?"

"Ask me rather what ill she has not. The poor child for the past six months seems to have thrown up all the blood in her body, and the physicians declare she has no more to eject. For six years she has been extended on a mattress; she has cancer of the stomach, which not only prevents her from tasting food, but which has caused a continual vomiting of blood. She has been kept alive for years only by injections of milk. Moreover, she is paralyzed on the left side, and her foot is turned."

Kissing the poor little sufferer, I told her I would put something to her feet. She smiled and nodded assent. Then I passed to the bedside of the other, whose life seemed fast ebbing away. Two priests knelt beside her, one holding a crucifix before her eyes, and from time to time pressing it to her speechless lips, whilst the chaplain was called to bring the holy oils, as the dying girl had absolutely refused to be annointed before leaving home.

"No," she said, "do not annoint me; I will not die; I know I shall be cured."

As soon as the chaplain came extreme unction was administered and holy viaticum received. This poor child brought from her physician the diagnosis of three diseases, consumption in the last stage, heart disease of long standing, and cancer of the stomach. Three years of intense suffering had made a miserable object of her; she was terribly swollen, resembling a person with dropsy. Not able to lie

down, she had to be propped up with pillars.

In the corner was another interesting young woman whose cries of anguish wrung our hearts. Her spinal bone was dislocated, they said, the very pressure of one's hands on her person caused her intense agony. In these horrible sufferings her only words were:

"Oh, Jesus, take pity on those who suffer."

I was so touched at the beautiful charity; the little darling did not think of her own sufferings, she only supplicated heaven for those who suffer. "You will be cured," I said, "your charity will touch the heart of our Mother, and she will cure you."

At a late hour of the night I left, leaving my poor dying to the care of the sisters, who watch all night in the wards, and a priest, who had to remain and give the last absolutions and indulgence in the moment of final dissolution. I spent an agitated night, seeing nothing but agonies and death before me, and was glad when the hour of morning permitted me to the bedside of the poor sufferers. On entering the hall that conducts to the ward I met a sister coming out. I asked if both were dead.

"No," she replied, "neither is dead, but they are as much as dead."

"How long is their agony?" I entered the ward and softly approached the bed of Marguerite Savoie. Her poor mother was kneeling beside her, holding her and sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Look at her eyes," she said to me, as I offered some words of comfort. "She is dead! dead!"

Turning to Marie Marsot, the second described, I found the faithful priest still by her side, with crucifix in hand. "What a fearful agony!" he exclaimed. "All night has been passed in this manner; but it will soon be over. What do you think of transporting them both to the grotto?" he added after a moment's reflection.

"Certainly," I replied, "as soon as the Brancardiers come."

The hour was early. In the meantime the doctor of the hospital arrived, and we told him of our determination. He replied:

"Of course to the grotto; but I forbid the bath. There is not enough life left in either; death will come very soon unless the Blessed Virgin means to cure them, and this she can do without the bath. All that can be done will be to bathe the forehead and hands."

Under these deplorable circumstances we sent both to the grotto, either to be cured or to die there at the feet of our holy mother. The hour was 8.30 a.m., and the last Mass of that day at the grotto was about to take place. The holy sacrifice terminated, the sacred host was taken to the church. Marguerite lay in a perfect state of unconsciousness, like the daughter of Jarius, when the Divine Master took her by the hand and told her to "arise." He had passed that morning at Lourdes, hidden under the eucharistic veils. Nevertheless, He was there as truly and really in person as He had been in the Master of the synagogue. Did the dying girl actually hear his voice? No one knows; but we do know that he spoke that never to be forgotten morning at Lourdes, and the dying child obeyed His order. As the sacred host, carried in the hands of the priest, passed the couch on which the girl was lying, she raised her hitherto motionless hands towards the King of Kings, made another move of her hitherto paralyzed body and was on her feet—a stagger, then another, and now with firm tread, followed her Divine Deliverer. The pallor of death still remained on that bloodless face, but she was cured! Cancer healed, paralysis disappeared, and foot in right position.

The crowd, wild with enthusiasm, pushed in perfect delirium on the path

of the privileged child, who still followed the Blessed Sacrament, and was kept from being crushed by the brancardiers who guarded her, and also the priest who carried the host. Now the procession reached the Pisceno where Mario Marsot had just been taken in order to apply the miraculous water to her chest and stomach. A cloth just immersed in the water touched her chest when she heard the little bell that announced the approach of the Blessed Sacrament. A moment's agony seemed to tell of the final dissolution to the ladies who were in the Pisceno. She is dead! No, it was only the tearing of her lungs to pieces, a something inexpressible in heart, as though she were the prey of a thousand wolves that devoured her intestines. One moment more and the girl stood erect, knelt to adore the God who passed, and, without a totter, bounded forward to follow the true Lamb of God.

There were not three minutes between these cures. The enthusiasm was beyond description; it can be more easily imagined than described. At 11 o'clock the scene at the hospital to which both returned was very grotesque. We were obliged to station guards at the gate and door of the hall. Many, however, forced their way to witness the miracles, who were devouring the contents of a dish of roast beef. I would not like to pass many such days; the fatigue and excitement would soon use me up. A certain calm began to be re-established when a girl with radiant face threw her arms around my neck, giving me a kiss on the cheek. Not recognizing my enthusiastic friend, I said:

"I do not remember you. Were you here last year?"

"You do not know me, mademoiselle? I was in the bed in the corner last night. You told me I would be cured because I prayed for others."

No wonder I did not recognize my little sufferer, for she was transfigured, a complete transition from intense suffering to perfect health. This is a glimpse of a single day at Lourdes.

## Shorthand Experts.

A great gathering of Indians under the directions of the Roman Catholic missionaries will be held at St. Mary's mission in June, and will be the largest assemblage of the kind ever held in the Province of British Columbia. The Indians will come from all the Fraser River reserves, Squamish, Sechelt, Cowichan, Victoria, Nanaimo, North Bend, Kamloops and other places. Particular honors are to be paid Bishop Darien by the Indians; a battery of ten cannon will be massed to herald his arrival. The Indians of British Columbia have made great progress in learning under the priests; there are several excellent brass bands among them and two or three newspapers set up entirely in shorthand characters. Shorthand is taught exclusively in the Indian mission schools, so that the majority of Catholic Indians in the Province are good stenographers.

A bag containing £1,000 worth of diamonds was stolen from an Englishman who arrived at Paris on the express from Calais. The Englishman was asleep when the bag was opened, and the diamonds stolen.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

Belle: "What an absurd man Mr. Snooks is! He told me he hoped I never giggled." Bossie: "And what did you say?" Belle: "I giggled."

## Emile Zola Hissed.

When Emile Zola went to Lourdes a few years ago to take notes most people thought his intentions were at least honest. Some went farther and thought him on the road to conversion. Now the scales have fallen from the eyes of the most credulous. As if it was not enough that his wretched *Leconte* on Lourdes now running in the *Gil Blas* was becoming more sensual and grossly realistic every day, the author has been at the pains to give a conference in Paris on the Lourdes miracles. As may be supposed it was not good Catholics who went to hear him. Probably for the most part his hearers were not Catholics at all. Zola managed to offend some of them, however, by the irreligion and immorality of his remarks, and he was accordingly hissed. Young girls, it is said, had to stop their ears. The Abbe Garnier in a newspaper article tells these young ladies that it was not for them to trust themselves in the company of such an orator as M. Zola. This good priest had been one of those who had vaguely hoped that Zola might by his own conversion be a witness to Lourdes miracles. "But no," he says upon reflection, "those who obtain miracles at Lourdes ask for them on their knees and with forehead in the dust." When Zola went to Lourdes with the national pilgrimage in 1892 his honesty of intention was not suspected. Patients, doctors, and the Lourdes missionaries laid open to him the treasures of their secrets, thinking that the Lourdes miracles would find in him at least a witness of good faith and unimpeachable integrity. The truth is, the author of "Pot Bouille" and "Nana" stands revealed a subtle would be destroyer of belief in the supernatural manifestations at Lourdes. But in trying to rend the beautiful immaterial robe of the Lourdes Madonna, woven by thousands of authentic miracles, M. Zola has overhot his mark. That he was publicly hissed the other evening is a proof.—*Catholic Review N. Y.*

## The Apartment Houses of Paris.

These houses are generally six stories high; sometimes, however, there is a seventh story with attic rooms for servants and storage. The house is divided in this manner: *rez-de-chaussée* (the ground floor), *entresol* (first flight up), the first floor (up two flights), the second floor, and so on to the attic. When engaging rooms by letter the fact should be kept in mind that the first floor in France is what would be called the third floor in America. In houses where the apartments are large, and people generally keep servants, the top floor is reserved for servants, each tenant having two or more servants' rooms. The main staircase goes only to the fourth floor, there being a back stairs from the ground floor to the top of the house. This is called a service stairs, and is used by tradespeople and servants. In the poorer houses, where the apartments are small, the service stairs are often dispensed with. In these houses the very poor tenant the attics. The small apartments may consist of from two to four or five rooms. The rooms, as a rule, are very small, and so arranged that there can be no privacy nor escape from the odors of cooking. The large apartments generally consist of entrance-hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, and four or more sleeping-rooms. The arrangement of the large apartments is such that one can have privacy and freedom from the odors of the kitchen. The French apartment does not often contain a bathroom.—*Maria Parloa in the Ladies' Home Journal for June.*

An occasional bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla does more to correct the tendency of the blood to accumulate humors, and keep the organs sound and healthy, than other treatment we know of. "Prevention is better than cure." Try it this month.

## LETTER FROM QUEBEC.

A. M. P. O.  
Blessing of the Corner Stone  
of the Chapel of  
the Blessed Virgin  
Near the Villa Mauresa, on the St. Foye Road,  
Thursday, the 1st May, Feast of the Ascension,  
at Quebec, K. A.

## Blessed Seat.

Such was the inscription—printed in French upon a card handed to me shortly after my arrival in Quebec upon the eve of the Ascension. I had not heard of the proposed church, nor even of the Villa Mauresa. The history of both, as told to me, will perhaps be of interest to some of the readers of the REGISTER.

Some three years ago the Jesuit Fathers of the Residence of Quebec feeling the need of a country house which would enable them to receive members of the secular clergy and men of the world, desirous of making spiritual retreats, and would afford to the Fathers themselves a place of quiet repose for the sick and fatigued of their community. Mr. Louis de Gonzague Baillaige, a venerable Queen's Council, and the City Attorney of Quebec, generously responded to the appeal with a donation of \$8,000, by means of which a beautiful white brick house, a short distance outside the city limits on the St. Foye road, was purchased and fitted up as a House of Spiritual Retreat.

The families resident in the neighborhood soon became possessed of the idea that it would be a good and convenient thing for them, were there a church built in connection with the Villa. Permission having been asked and obtained from the cure of the Parish of St. Jean Baptiste, and his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau having approved and blessed the project, the Jesuit Fathers set about what promised to be rather a difficult task, that of collecting the necessary funds.

Although they could scarcely expect any further assistance from one who had been so extraordinarily generous as Mr. Baillaige, still courtesy demanded that they should pay him the compliment of asking him to place his name at the head of their list of subscribers. The Reverend Pere Desy waited upon him, and received in response to his appeal a cheque for the magnificent sum of ten thousand dollars. Other friends of the good work subscribed according to their means, thus encouraged by the evident success which was attending the fulfilment of his pious project, the Reverend Father Desy undauntedly proceeded with the work of building the church, which will be roofed in this autumn.

The Feast of the Ascension was the day chosen for the solemn blessing of the corner stone. Very charming was the weather and very smiling the crowd that in fresh spring toilet thronged St. John street en route for Notre Dame du Chemin—which might be translated "Our Lady of the Wayside." The St. Foye road wore its brightest aspect, the houses had thrown off their winter gloom and donned their cool-looking green shutters and spotless lace draperies—the trees were in blossom, the crocuses and tulips in bloom—all was spring like and gay. Many of the houses in the vicinity were decorated with bunting, as was also the new church which at present consists of a basement roofed in by a temporary platform on which were chairs placed for the convenience of the invited guests. All around the edge of the masonry and lining the aisles and gangway were young spruce trees. At the extremity of the building facing the entrance a large latin cross marked the place whereon the High Altar will stand, this was draped with the tricolor and St. Andrew's cross. The whole building was shaded with a fluttering mass of bunting—the Papal, English and French flags predominating. At the head of the gangway, which led from the sidewalk

to the elevated platform, the Reverend Jesuit Fathers welcomed their guests. At three o'clock strains of martial music were heard, and the band of the Quebec Seminary appeared escorting a company of Papal Zouaves in full uniform, who marched up and grouped themselves around the cross of which it is their proud boast to be the recognized defenders. Then came his Honor Lieut. Governor Chapleau, with his staff, Chief Justice Casault, Judge Routher, and almost all the honorable senators, members of Parliament and public officials of any standing in Quebec, for the most part accompanied by their wives. At a few moments after three, the procession of clerics in surplice and baretta defiled along the avenue and under the white birch trees, chanting as they came. Monsignor Marois, V.G., was the officiating priest, and was assisted by the Rev. Father Royer, O.M.I., the Abbe Beauhieu, Chaplain of the Hotel Dieu. There were many other clergymen in the procession, among whom were the Rev. Father Guilloz, C.S.S.R., the Abbe Audet, Martel, Casgrain, Garneau, Dupuis, and the Rev. Fathers Desy, Turgeon, Hamon, Carro, French, Martineau, Caesse and Beliveau, S.J.

The procession passed up the aisle, and Mgr. Marois blessed the site for the High altar, the masonry of the foundations, and finally the corner stone, after which Rev. Father Desy read aloud in a clear and resonant voice, a French translation of the Latin document placed beneath, and of which the following is the English:

A. M. P. O.

Through the efforts of the Rev. Father E. Desy, S.J., and thanks to the munificence of M. Louis Gougague Baillaige, Q.C., a House of Retreat was opened on the St. Foye Road near Quebec on the 23rd Nov., 1891. In memory of the groto where St. Ignatius, the founder of the Society of Jesus composed, and followed for the first time his spiritual exercises, this retreat received the name of Mauresa.

The citizens of the neighborhood soon decided that a sodality chapel of the Blessed Virgin would be a great spiritual help to them. With the gracious consent of M. F. X. Plamondon, Cure of the parish of St. Jean Baptiste, they addressed themselves to his Eminence Cardinal Taschereau, who, always full of zeal for the glory of God and for the salvation of souls, approved of and blessed the project. Again we have evidence of the limitless generosity of the eminent benefactor above named. To the \$8,000 already consecrated to the purchase of the House of Mauresa, Mr. Baillaige added \$10,000 towards the erection of this sanctuary. Other citizens equally animated with an ardent piety and love for the Virgin Mary contributed largely to this work.

Finally, on the glorious Feast of the Ascension of our Lord Jesus Christ, the 3rd May in the midst of a great concourse of people, after an eloquent discourse by the Rev. Father Hamon, S.J., the corner stone of the chapel of Notre Dame du Chemin, (Our Lady of the Wayside) was blessed and placed in position, according to all the rites of the Roman Ritual, by Monsignor C. A. Marois, V.G.

The year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-four  
Of the glorious pontificate of Leo XIII, the Sixteenth.  
Of the reign of our gracious Sovereign, Victoria  
Queen of England, the fifty-seventh.  
His Excellency Sir John Campbell Hamilton Gordon,  
Earl of Aberdeen, Governor General of Canada.  
His Eminence Cardinal Eleazar Alexandre Taschereau,  
Arch-bishop of Quebec.  
The Honorable Adolphe Chapleau, Lieutenant Gov-  
ernor of the Province of Quebec.

His Grace Monseigneur Louis Nazaire Begin, Arch-  
bishop of Cyrené,oadjutor of His Eminence.

M. Napoleon S. Parent, Mayor of the City.

The Very Reverend Father Louis Martin, General  
of the Society of Jesus.

The Rev. Father Francois Xavier Renaud, Superior  
General of the Mission of Canada.

The Reverend Father Edward Desy, Superior of the  
Residence of Quebec.

The Reverend Father S. French, Director of the  
House of Retreat—Mauresa.

Eleazar Alexandre  
Father and Prince  
And you fellow citizens,  
Your concurrence and your magnificence  
Have allowed us to build  
This Sanctuary in honor of the Mother of God,  
We, members of the Society of Jesus  
On this solemn day  
Offer up our prayers  
That the Great and Good God, the  
Author of every perfect gift  
May Himself be your great reward.

(Here follow the names of the Fathers and Brothers of the Residence of Quebec.)

After the reading of this document the Rev. Father Hamon, S.J., delivered a truly admirable discourse. The subject was one which no son of Loyola could treat in an unimpassioned manner—the building of a Sanctuary of which the very name breathes forth a souvenir of the days of St. Ignatius, and in a locality so sanctified by the footsteps of the early Jesuit missionaries, as is the St. Foye Road, between Quebec and Sillery.

"In the middle ages," said the Rev. Father, "the construction of a cathedral was a work which brought with it many blessings, and all hastened to contribute to it by their alms and by their toil. The faithful understood that to build a church is to share in all the good works that will be performed therein, in the course of centuries, it is to offer alms directly and personally to our Lord, it is to give him an earthly habitation and consequently to insure for ourselves a permanent habitation in heaven. Honour to M. Baillaige, Count of the Holy Roman Empire, who, after having given to God many dwelling places in heathen lands, wished also to build for him, a magnificent habitation in the old capital of new France.

Honour to Rev. Father Desy, who, by his zeal, his perseverance and indefatigable energy, has, in spite of many difficulties, brought this noble enterprise to a happy conclusion. Honour to all the citizens, who have gladly contributed to the erection of this beautiful chapel. They have done a good work for God, and for their country.

A church is a national monument, a citadel in which is the ark of the covenant of the public rights and the nationality of a people. A nation without churches, is a nomadic nation without interest and without root in the soil. A nation with its churches and monuments is implanted firmly in the soil, and can do battle for its altars and its national traditions. "Pro aris et focis."

Here we are upon historic ground; three names are heard upon the plains of Abraham: Montcalm, Wolfe and Levis. Wolfe fell upon this plain, and the English flag waves over his tomb. Montcalm went to sleep, his last sleep in a Canadian church in the heart of the conquered city. Levis gained a last victory, brilliant but useless, a victory which however was a happy omen for the future. The Canadians were driven back to their churches, to which they were attached by the strongest fibres of their souls, in those churches where lay the bones of their ancestors, where they had been baptized had made their First Communion, and received the sacrament of marriage.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies the Villa Mauresa was visited—a spacious house in extensive grounds. The little chapel though humble is neat and devotional, and in it as well as in the parlour are many portraits of dead and gone Jesuits—the difference being that those in the chapel are of canonized members of the Order, while those in the parlour are of Fathers whose names though not upon our altars are indelibly engraven in the history of our country.

Out on the lawn is a large statue of St. Ignatius surmounting a lofty pedestal on the base of which are engraved in Latin the following texts:

St. Ignatius, when setting out on the way to Heaven took first the road to Mauresa.

If you would enter life everlasting keep my com-  
mandments.

When we left Mauresa the sun was going down—its last rays lingered on the broad green lawn, where stood the Reverend Father Desy in the midst of a group of Pontifical Zouaves in their honoured grey, who were bidding adieu to the amiable and polished young Monsignor who had so ably conducted the impressive ceremonies of the afternoon—the representative at Mauresa of the first Cardinal of Quebec.

A. M. P. BELLINCKERT.

## Confirmation at Port Colborne.

Wednesday May 23rd will long be remembered at Port Colborne, as it was the day appointed for giving Confirmation by his Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto.

Rain had fallen in torrents almost every day during the previous week, but to-day the sun shone forth in all its brilliancy. Precisely at 9 a.m. 10 candidates for confirmation, comprising children from Port Colborne and Welland, entered the church in solemn procession—the girls taking their places on the Gospel side and boys on the Epistle. His Grace the Archbishop then vested in cope and mitre, assisted by Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, and Very Rev. Dean Harris, St. Catharines. Solemn High Mass, *Coram Pontifice* was then sung by the Rev. T. J. Sullivan, P. P., Thorold, Rev. L. A. Allain, P. P., St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, Deacon, Rev. J. F. Lynett, P. P., Merriton, Sub-deacon, and Rev. J. J. McEntee, Master of Ceremonies.

After the first Gospel the Very Rev. Dean Harris advanced to the Altar rail and delivered one of his masterly pieces of eloquence on Confirmation, referring incidentally in a most happy manner to some of the various charges made by Protestants against our Holy Faith. The sermon was listened to with breathless attention by an immense congregation composed largely of Protestants.

At the proper time the children advanced to the Altar rail and received Holy Communion, a truly happy moment for them, and one most anxiously looked forward to and one that will be long remembered by the happy ones. At the conclusion of the High Mass His Grace the Archbishop, accompanied by the deacon and sub-deacon in Dalmatics, and his attendants at Mass, proceeded to examine the candidates in their Catechism. The kind fatherly way in which His Grace addressed them made the children feel at ease. The answers to all his questions came quick and fast. Now and then His Grace would soar aloft in explaining some teaching of the Church in sublime eloquence. The examination over, His Grace then proceeded to impart to them the sacrament of Confirmation—the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost. After a few words of fatherly advice, he requested all the children to stand up and lift up their right hand solemnly and pledge themselves not to touch intoxicants until the age of 21 years, a universal custom of his Grace which must be productive of untold blessings.

The children's modest deportment, dress and training, called forth many a compliment.

The choir under the able leader, Miss Mary Twohey, executed in a most admirable manner Bordes's Mass in F and other musical selections.

The three altars were one mass of the choicest exotics most artistically arranged by Miss Mary Dietrich.

A new sacred song, "Redemption," composed by Prof. G. L. Vantom and dedicated to his wife, Mdm. Rosa d'Erina, has been published recently by Messrs. Whaley, Royce & Co., Toronto. The beautiful words of this song are by the well known Catholic poetess Eleanor C. Donnelly. Price 40 cents.

## Archdiocese of Kingston.

Last Sunday, the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, St. Mary's Cathedral, Kingston, was the scene of joyous festivity. It was the First Communion day of the children, a day of spiritual gladness in the families. Parents and children were equally enthusiastic. The good little ones had passed successfully their examinations. They had prepared themselves, with much anxiety of their young hearts, by a good confession and a three days retreat for the great event of Our Divine Lord's first visit to them in His own proper person, in the reality and substance of His Godhead and His humanity, to give them, not merely the gifts of grace He sends down from heaven upon holy souls, but the plenitude of grace in His own very self, His flesh to eat and His blood to drink, that He may rest His head upon their innocent hearts and bind His life into their lives evermore. "He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me, and I in him, and I will raise him up on the last day . . . and he shall live forever." (John, 6 chap.) It was a vision of beauty, the nice, chaste, elegant appearance of the girls, attired all in white from head to foot, and the boys in their ornate First Communion costumes. The great Cathedral was filled in all its parts with watchful parents and friends of the children. The choir had been reinforced by the voluntary services of the select performers of the military band and other skilled musicians of the city, who took especial pleasure in adding sweetest music to the charms of the First Communion Day. At the conclusion of High Mass, His Grace, the Archbishop, preceded by three hundred girls and boys and surpliced choir of the sanctuary, carried our Lord's Body in solemn procession around the Church, the immense crowd of worshippers bowing down, in body and spirit, for adoration of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords, as He was borne along through the majestic aisles.

Archdeacon Kelly ascended the pulpit after the communion, and, having made the announcements, as usual, of the church services for the following week, asked the congregation to pray with him for the repose of the soul of his sister, who had died the previous day in Ireland. It was a painful moment. The good Archdeacon's voice faltered while he pronounced the invitation to prayer for his sister's soul, and every one in the vast congregation felt sympathetically for him, because he is a universal favorite, most justly loved and esteemed by the people of Kingston. The Archbishop, who was seated on his throne, was noticed turning to the priest at his side and asking questions. The fact was that the Archbishop had not heard of the death of the Archdeacon's sister, and was greatly affected, the good young lady having been familiarly known to him for many years, and having passed a couple of weeks with him, in company with her father, in the Archbishop's Palace three or four years ago. It appears that it was only after High Mass had begun the cablegram was delivered to Archdeacon Kelly, announcing his sister's death.

Archdeacon Kelly then read the Archbishop of Kingston's manifesto, which will be found in our editorial pages.

## The Archbishop at Niagara Falls.

The visit of His Grace, Most Rev. Jno. Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Toronto to Niagara Falls, Ont., gave a mighty impetus to Catholic life in this world-famed locality. His Grace, accompanied by Very Rev. Jos. J. McCann, V.G., arrived at the residence of Father Dominic, O.C.C., Niagara Falls, Ont., on Friday, May 25th. On

Saturday at 9 a.m., His Grace administered the sacrament of Confirmation to 26 children at the Church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, assisted by Very Rev. Vicar General McCann, Rev. Father Dionysius, O.C.C., Pastor, and Father James, O.C.C. of the monastery. Father Dionysius celebrated High Mass *Coram Pontifice*, at the conclusion of which, His Grace addressed the children most earnestly, in plain, yet eloquent terms. His discourse treated of the true church and what was required of the children in order to live as worthy members of Christ's Kingdom on earth. The evil of mixed marriages and marriages before civil authorities was denounced by the zealous Archbishop, whose love for his entrusted flock makes him ever vigilant over them. After Confirmation, the children all pledged themselves to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor until the age of 21 years.

After dinner, which was served at the Monastery of the Carmelite Fathers, Falls View, His Grace drove to St. Patrick's Rectory, Niagara Falls, Ont., where he was met by Father James, O.C.C., who, on account of the invariable absence of Rev. Father Dominic, O.C.C., supplies the latter's place. The children at Clifton were put to a severe examination in their Catechism, and His Grace expressed his unmistakable pleasure and astonishment at the prompt and accurate responses of the little ones. He congratulated the young people upon the blessing they enjoyed of having such a zealous Pastor in Father Dominic and such good teachers in the Ladies of Loretto.

On Sunday morning, 10.30 o'clock, Father James celebrated High Mass, *Coram Pontifice*. His Grace was attended by Rev. Jos. J. McCann, V.G. After High Mass His Grace addressed the children and their parents and friends in a most eloquent sermon. Many prominent non-Catholics were present to listen to His words of wisdom and truth, and the eagerness with which all hung on his flow of language, speaks volumes. After Confirmation had been administered to 32 children and 2 adults, all took the pledge to abstain from liquor until their 21st year. This was very favorably commented upon by the Protestant friends present. Some of the children had also the happiness to receive the Body and Blood of their Lord and Master for the first time during the 8 o'clock Mass, which was celebrated by Very Rev. Father McCann. They had prepared themselves for this by a three days retreat, conducted by Father James. In the evening at 7.30 o'clock, Father Dionysius opened the services by the recital of the litanies of Jesus and Mary, after which Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann kept the large audience spell-bound by his flow of oratory, dwelling upon the honor due to God, and the love this triune God displayed in all his works, but especially in the most Holy Sacrament of the altar. In words that can come from lips only such as the Very Rev. orator's, he pointed out how the same Jesus Christ, whose steps over eighteen hundreds years ago through the streets of Jerusalem were surrounded by manifestation of His love for mankind, was still present amongst us; now in the adorable sacrament, and that now, even as then, His divine heart was yearning for our own welfare. After the sermon, which was listened to by many strangers, the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession through the church. The little ones sang the "Pange Lingua" very impressively during this part of the ceremony. The procession being finished, they all renewed their baptismal vows in presence of their God, reciting in slow and distinct words, the formula. The choir then rendered the "Tantum Ergo," and Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament ended most fittingly the ceremonies, which shall long re-

main fresh in the minds of our people. It should be mentioned, too, that the music, both in the morning and evening, was very fine, and reflects great credit upon the organist, Miss Agnes Bowen. Mrs. Cottringer also deserves much praise for the beautiful and expressive rendition of the "Ave Maria" and "Ave Verum."

## A Magnificent Entertainment.

The splendid Academic Hall of St. Michael's College was comfortably filled on Tuesday evening last with the elite of Toronto society, on the occasion of a grand dramatic entertainment, given by the students of that institution, under the direction of Mr. H. Shaw, of the Conservatory of Music. The students have an established reputation for presenting a first class entertainment whenever they appear in public, and on this occasion their efforts were more successful than ever. A brilliant and creditable production was the comment expressed by all who had the pleasure of attending.

No trouble or expense was spared to reproduce the classic scenes of Syracusan and Roman Senate Houses. There were the flowing robes of the Greek Colony, and the manly toga of imperial Rome. Costumes used in Antigone had been kindly lent by Prof. Hutton of Toronto University for the occasion, and a large number of others put in use, so as to give the performance as realistic a character as possible. To heighten the effect a calcium light was employed. When therefore the curtain rose upon the Senate house of Syracuse from Damon and Pythias a very pleasing scene offered itself, while the acting increased the interest which the curious picture had aroused. It would be invidious to distinguish where all did well, but Mr. Doyle as Damon and Mr. Howard as Pythias deserve special mention. The other leading characters, that of Dionysius by Mr. H. Duffy and that of Damocles by Mr. F. P. Kennedy, were very well sustained.

The next scene upon the programme was the well known Senate scene from Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, which was very admirably presented. Mr. O'Boyle with a laurel crown was every inch a Caesar and acted his part very well, not even excepting the fall, a difficult thing for amateurs to do. Mr. Doyle was very good as also was Mr. Staley as Cassius. The star of the evening was Mr. F. P. Kennedy as Antony. The very difficult role which Antony plays in this scene between himself and the conspirators was admirably sustained by the young gentleman to whom it was assigned, while the soliloquy over the dead body of Caesar showed a high power of declamation. In the following scene between Antony and the mob, long and trying as it is, Mr. Kennedy kept up his part with great histrionic power, and as the curtain fell won a long and deserved round of applause from the well pleased audience. Nor should the mob be passed over, since they acted their part with marked success, now threatening Antony, now pitying Caesar and then ready to mutiny.

The third part of the programme was a piece entitled "A Race for a Dinner" in which the leading character was Sponge. This had been assigned to Mr. H. Duffy, who kept the audience in continual roars of laughter by the excellent by-play and the entire rendering of his part. Mr. Brady certainly looked and acted the fidgety old man who had a hobby and who was always in a flurry.

Taking the entertainment all round it was most creditable to the College and to the actors, and we extend our congratulations to them and especially to Mr. Shaw to whom great credit is due. We would like to see it repeated

at a season which is more theatrical than the month of May.

An excellent Orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Donville played several selections between various scenes.

## Feast of Corpus Christi.

Thursday last was the Feast of Corpus Christi but the solemnity was transferred until Sunday when the feast was duly observed. The fairest month, the loveliest flowers, the brightest skies, the sweetest music, the most brilliant lights, the most fragrant incense, and the ardent love of devout hearts united at St. Basil's to do honour to this great Feast. The Church was filled with worshippers, of whom a considerable number were strangers. The altar was beautifully decorated with rich ornaments and the Tabernacle splendidly gilt. Remembrance sparkling with jewels, and the light of a multitude of candles playing upon the whole presented a beautiful sight. High Mass was celebrated at 10.30 o'clock by Very Rev. Father Marlon as celebrant with Father Martin as deacon, and Mr. Player as subdeacon and J. E. Melroe master of ceremonies. Immediately after Mass the procession took place around the Church and was a most imposing one. The school children led the way followed by the students of the College who wore dalmatics and copes, and then came the Priests preceding the Blessed Sacrament.

The singing was of the brightest order and reflects great credit on the choir of St. Basil's.

## Personal.

We are pleased to see that at the annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, held in Ottawa last week, Dr. Ma. Cobe, Principal Ottawa Normal School, was elected a Fellow of the Society. A deserving compliment to an able scholar.

Our friend, R. Elmsey Esq., is again on his native heath—this time to stay. Welcome back. The name of Elmsey, like an old tree, is too long associated with Catholicity in Toronto ever to be transplanted without a loss both ways. His two daughters accompanied him. The rest of his family including Mrs. Elmsey follow shortly.

The REGISTER congratulates Miss Nora O'Brien, daughter of Thomas J. O'Brien of Baltimore, Md., on her receiving at Loretto Academy, Niagara Falls, the Papal medal for excellence in church history, from the hands of His Grace Archbishop Walsh. Miss O'Brien is a young lady of remarkable ability and very unassuming manners. She delivered the address to the Duke of Voragun when on a visit to the Convent and on his return from World's Fair. Miss O'Brien is also one of the Editors of the *Rambler*, their bright little school Journal of Loretto, Niagara Falls.

## A. O. H.

Two new divisions have, within the past few weeks, been added to the Ancient Order of Hibernians of the Province of Ontario. That lately established at Dixie has already a muster-roll of fifty members; and No. 5 in East Toronto promises shortly to outstrip in membership the largest of the city branches.

An interesting and instructive debate took place last week between members of No. 2 and 3. The question was: Which is more conducive to Ireland's welfare, Federation with Great Britain or Total Separation. The arguments on both sides were spirited and forcible, and the tie vote as to the victors showed that the Federationists carried their point in the teeth of a keen contest.

## Sunshine.

Much regret is felt at the Sacred Heart Orphanage on the departure of their chaplain, Rev. Father Lynch, who has been appointed parish priest of Niagara. During his stay at the Orphanage, he was devotedly attached to the interests of those under his care, and notwithstanding his poor health, labored zealously in the performance of duties entailed upon him. His many friends in Toronto sincerely wish that he may have health and strength to fulfil the duties of his new sphere; and that success may attend his every effort, in the exercise of parochial works.

The *Orillia Times* has procured for its office one of those wonderful machines, the Rogers' Typograph, manufactured by the Canadian Typograph Co., Windsor, Ont.

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## A Knight of the Blessed Sacrament.

Prominent among the two score English tourists who chanced to be in the Italian city of Livorno (or, to use its harsher name, L. ghorn), in the summer of 18—, was Lord S., a wealthy landholder, whose taste for travel drew him to the continent oftener than it allowed him to remain in his native country. A day or two after his arrival at L. ghorn, that beautiful Tuscan city put on holiday attire in honor of the festival of Corpus Christi. The spectacle that met the young Englishman's sight, as he left his hotel about 11 o'clock, was an impressive and splendid one. A sun, radiant as only the sun of Italy can be, flooded the atmosphere with golden rays, the air was palpitating with the melody of joyous church bells; palaces, stores and lesser buildings were decked with banners and streamers of every rich and varied color; magnificent repositories blazed out in exceptional splendor here and there along the route, and in the flower strewn streets the silent throng of men, women and children knelt in reverent adoration as the Eucharistic God was borne through their midst by the venerable archbishop, walking under a golden *baldaquin*, and escorted by the clergy and the nobility of the city.

An ironical smile played around the lips of Lord S., as the cortege approached the point where he had stationed himself, an amused and pitying spectator of "the poor, superstitious Romanists." He had removed his hat as an act of mere gentlemanly courtesy, but was standing erect among the kneeling worshippers—when suddenly the superstitious smile vanished from his countenance, he grew pale as death, and, falling upon his knees, burst into tears. What had happened? We shall let Lord S., himself explain.

"While I was watching with an incredulous eye, the centre of the ostensorium carried by the archbishop, it seemed to me that the Saviour cast upon me a glance in which ineffable sweetness, sorrow and reproach were mingled. Something indescribable took place within me: I fell on my knees, believed and adored."

It was another Saul struck down on the road to Damascus. Lord S., abjured Protestantism, and shortly afterward entered the Society of Jesus, of which he became a brilliant ornament.

Throughout his religious life his love for the august sacrament of the altar was admirable. He consecrated to it his eloquent tongue and able pen, spent long hours in adoration at the foot of the tabernacle, and daily made the offering of his life as a sacrifice of expiation for the outrages of which Our Lord is the subject in the holy Eucharist.

One springtime he was sent, at the approach of Easter, to help an old pastor in a mountain parish of the Sabines, a district still infested at the epoch of which we write by roving bands of brigands, and less hardy robbers as well. Very late one evening the pastor happened to be summoned on a sick call, and Father S., wishing to await his return, sat at his window, contemplating the magnificent star gemmed Italian sky in the impressive silence of a night whose serenity was undisturbed by even a passing zephyr. He glanced too, toward the modest little church, situated a few rods from the presbytery; and his priestly heart, in loving adoration of the divine Prisoner, throbbled with holy envy of the constant sanctuary lamp, whose rays shone through the chapel windows.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a shadow moving in the sanctuary; and impelled, by an instinctive presentiment of evil he hastened at once to the church, the door of which he found ajar. One glance at the altar thrilled him with horror. Two robbers were standing before the open tabernacle which they

had already rifled of the chalice and the ciborium containing the consecrated hosts. What was he to do? He knew that near by under the tower, there were the sexton's pickaxes; and for a moment his impulse was to arm himself with one, and crush the sacrilegious wretches where they stood.

"But no," he said to himself: "the hand that consecrates the Bread of Life will not be raised against these unfortunate men."

He stole noiselessly up behind the robbers; and, aided by his unusual height, had seized the ciborium before the desecrators were aware of his presence. Terrified at this interruption, the brigands were about to flee, when, seeing that they had only one man to deal with, they decided not to abandon their booty, and throw themselves upon the priest in order to wrest the holy vessel from his grasp. Bracing himself against the altar, however, holding the ciborium close to his breast, Father S. resisted all their efforts; and, although blows rained upon him, he could not be made to move or relax his hold of the sacred vessel. Furious at the superhuman strength he evinced one of the wretches discharged a pistol at his head. The generous priest sank down on the altar, wounded unto death; but by a supreme effect, still held close his divine treasure.

"Help, Lord help!" he cried; "my strength is gone."

At that moment the pastor, his sacristan, and two men who had accompanied them on the sick call entered the church.

The brigands fled at once; but what a sight met the eyes of the old priest and his companions! At the foot of the altar lay stretched, almost lifeless, he whom an hour before they had left full of vigor and health. From a great wound in his head the blood was streaming, and his enfeebled hands pressed to his heart the holy ciborium, all covered with gore. A heavenly smile wreathed his lips as he gave up the sacred vessel to the pastor, whose emotion completely overpowered him.

"Weep not, my good friend," said the dying priest, his countenance all aglow with joy and triumph; "weep not. The dearest wish of my life is accomplished; I die for the captive God of our tabernacles."

Help was hastily summoned, but it was unavailing; the bullet had done its appointed work. At the very foot of the altar Father S. received, in vaticum, the God who made himself a victim for all; and before the first blush of dawn tinged the eastern hill-tops, the glorious martyr adored the unveiled majesty of him whom on earth he had loved even unto death.—*Ave Maria.*

## A Fish With a Rubber Corset.

*Forest and Stream* speaks of a curious find in the Cape Ann fish market at Gloucester, Mass. It was nothing less than a mackerel with a rubber band around the body. The band had been put on the fish when quite small and staid there in spite of the rapid growth of the wearer. The fish's body under the band did not grow, which caused a depression in the full grown body of about 3 inches in depth. The depression was covered with a healthy skin in no way unlike that on the rest of the body. The fish measured in length 14 inches, diameter of body each side of the depression, 7 1/2 inches, diameter of depression, 5 inches. The fish was undoubtedly in a healthy condition, and the band was sound and could be stretched like any other band.

## For Over Fifty Years

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

Science is the character of prudence, the offspring of wisdom, and the mark by which to recognize a virtuous man.

## A Protestant Tribute.

From time to time we have published brief paragraphs from our Continental correspondents as to the development of Catholic workingmen's clubs or guilds, which do not exclude, but actually invite and receive the hearty co-operation of the employing classes. Though we had ample evidence of the progress of the new socialism on Catholic lines, we are astonished at the extent to which it is making itself felt in Germany. A book has just been issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, of London, from the pen of Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson, a non-Catholic, dealing with religious, social, and industrial life in that country. He has evidently closely studied the German at home. He says the Social Democrats find willing pupils among ill-paid workers who have to labour inordinately long hours, and one-fourth of whose earnings is swallowed in rent. The religion of the masses is received, he declares, not from the Lutheran Church, not from the schools, but from the Social Democracy, which is another way of saying that it is not religion at all, but its negation. In his view the two great causes of the progress of Social Democracy has been the entire want of sympathy between the land owning class and the labourers, and the extraordinary failure of the Protestant Church to keep its hold on the wage-earning classes. He cites as a curious fact requiring earnest study that "in those parts of Germany in which Catholicism has the upper hand Socialism has so far been comparatively impotent."

What a remarkable contrast is presented between the attitude of the Catholic Church to the German people and the relations between the Anglican Church and the English masses. Only a few days ago a body of Liberal clergymen, feeling that their Church was dangerously allied to landowners and capitalists, addressed a manifesto or remonstrance to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which occurred the following remarkable passage: "It is difficult enough for the clergy to convince the working-classes that the name of Christ has any meaning or message to them in their need and in their hopes." The success of the Catholic Church with the German people is no secret. It is due to a personal, thoroughly sympathetic, and Christian interposition between employers and employed, though no doubt the extreme Evangelicals and exhibitors of "escaped nuns" would find a ready explanation sufficient for all their purposes in the talismanic word "Jesuitism."—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

## Napoleon's Wooden Horse.

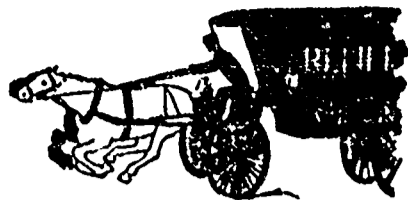
A collection of old playthings, many of which belonged to royal children, was lately sold at the Hotel Drouot, Paris. A little doll, rather less than a foot long, but clad in a paucity of steel and armed cap-a-pie, and made at the period when Louis XIII. sat on the throne of France, sold for \$125.

Even this price was exceeded by that paid for a tiny set of carriages carved in wood, and accompanied by an escort of little wooden soldiers, made when Napoleon I. was first Consul which brought \$200.

A doll, still dressed in the original faded brocade silk which had belonged to Marie Antoinette as a child, was sold for \$3,500.

A roughly-made wooden horse, with a broken nose and one leg missing, authenticated as having belonged to the great Napoleon when he was a baby, went for \$400.

Although it is not claimed that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures every ill to which flesh is heir, yet, as a matter of fact, it comes nearer doing this than any other medicine ever compounded. In purifying the blood, it removes the source of nearly all disorders of the human system.



## PROMPT RELIEF

comes to the woman suffering from any of the painful disorders and derangements peculiar to her sex, if she accepts the help that's offered. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine so certain in its effects that it can be guaranteed. In every case, if it doesn't benefit or cure, your money is returned.

Beautiful women know how much they owe to good health. If you wish to be beautiful, keep the natural functions of the body in proper state and you'll be healthy.

A train of disorders follows the derangement of the womanly functions. For nervous prostration, excitability, fainting spells, dizziness, spasms, convulsions, or "fits," this remedy relieves and cures.

Take it when you suffer from sleeplessness, backache and bearing-down sensations, for the prompt relief it imparts.

The stepping-stone to Consumption — is Catarrh. It don't pay to let it go, when the makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will give \$500 if they can't effect a permanent cure of your Catarrh.

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Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus:  
JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

**An Hour of Adoration.**

By Sarah Truener Smith.

(God is pleased with nothing but love. We can give Him nothing else. For all else is His. Our love must be our own free gift.)

I have come to Thee, O my Jesus,  
With joyful heart,  
I have waited the hour's soft pealing  
To set apart  
From the many voices of living,  
The sighs of care,  
This sweet, sweet season of silence  
With Thee in prayer

I have come to Thee, O my Jesus!  
A gift I bring,  
Very poor am I, and a sinner,  
Whose frailties cling;  
But out of a mouth whence honey  
Thy love distilled,  
I have taken a truth whose riches  
My hands have filled.

"God is pleased with nothing" (I read it)  
"Nothing but love."

There is nothing else we can give Him  
Below above  
For all is His, and He holds it  
At will to give,  
But our love is in our own—we give it  
Our own free way."

That thought! I have something to give Thee,  
My Lord—my King!  
In the very depths of my being  
Joy's palms outstaring,  
I love Thee, my Lord, I love Thee!  
Oh, take it, all!  
In love's tender, adoring yearning,  
To Thee I call.

Here, low at Thy feet I bow me,  
My words are I speak;  
Let me wait and listen and linger  
In still content,  
Oh, what am I thus to feel Thee  
My heart uplift!

"Thou art mine. In this hour I seal Thee  
A royal gift."

**St. Francis of Assisi.**

Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, New London, Conn., lectured at Sanders theatre, Cambridge, Mass., on Wednesday evening, March 21, under the auspices of the Catholic Club of Harvard University. The subject was "St. Francis of Assisi, a Thirteenth Century Reformer," and the lecture proved interesting and enjoyable to the large audience present. Mr. Lathrop spoke in part as follows:

I am to speak of one whom I call a thirteenth century reformer, St. Francis of Assisi. He was born in 1182, just at the close of that century of "mud and blood," as they call it, when darkness really seemed to prevail over light. It was the age of the crusades, those mistaken journeys, ostensibly for the good of God. Italy at this time swarmed with heresies. Evils, too, had come upon the church, chiefly on account of the alliance it had to make with feudalism. All the vigilance and authority of the Popes were needed to keep things right.

But in the midst of this trouble and confusion, political and religious, Francis of Assisi began his work. He was the son of a trader, who was far from religious, and always remained hostile to his son's conversion. His mother, however, was a noble, religious woman. From her the young man took his religious feelings. His brother, however, took after the father and publicly reviled Francis.

It was early predicted of St. Francis that he would be capable of carrying the religion of God into all the world. He received a good education for the time. He was a merchant with his father until he was 24 years of age. He was an enemy to unchastity. His generosity to the poor was his first trace of the life he was later to lead. It was after a long illness that he was impressed with the nothingness of life.

But becoming anxious to win a name he set out for the war with Sicily in 1206. He became a great captain, but not of the rich as he thought, but of the poor. He thought he had a vision which bade him go back to his native town and to do good. It was a dream, perhaps, but any rate it made him go back, even in the face of the taunts of cowardice. He gave his young revelling friends a great banquet.

They thought he was quiet, and he became so still that they were constrained to ask him if he were thinking of taking a wife. Yes, he said, meaning he should wed poverty. He retired shortly after to a grotto near Assisi. He paid a great deal of attention to the poor. He deserted all his friends. He sought only the truth of God. He finally decided to devote himself to the cause of Christ.

His father's persecutions went so far that he gave even his clothes back to his father and renounced home forever. Henceforth he wore the mendicant's garb. For some time he spent all his energies in rebuilding several small churches in the neighborhood of his native town. He refused the delicacies offered him by a priest, but determined to beg, that he might not put any man to trouble on his account. So he went to begging among the people of his native town.

Another act was to tend the lepers in a colony near by. As his poverty became customary to him, he began to realize more fully his true and broader mission. His usefulness led a certain noble to give his money to the poor. With this beginning St. Francis succeeded. His noble life has wonderfully taken hold on all who have read it even inside.

He demanded of all his followers, of all the Franciscans, the same self-sacrifice. He expelled all who were lazy or unfaithful. Within a few years the people of Umbria had ceased to scoff, and all by peace and love. He had set the current of his movement going all through Europe. His work was the regeneration of the activity of Christianity. His followers, by the thousands and hundreds of thousands, went out into all parts of the world. St. Francis especially forbade scoffing against the rich as a class. He also was the first to show the weak poor how to make themselves strong by association. But he was not a socialist. Still his great aim was the uniting of nobility and peasantry in one great religious and charitable union.

St. Francis died a great reformer, a great and good man, wonderful in faith and in works. His followers have been leaders in establishing the Christian religion all over the world.

**An Effective Protest.**

A man apparently laboring under strong excitement stepped into an insurance office on La Salle street recently and asked:

"Do you give away calendars for 1894 here?"

"Yes, sir," answered the agent.

"Printed in big black letters, with red letters for Sundays?"

"Yes."

"With a string tied to them so they can be hung up in front of you?"

"Yes."

"Got plenty of them?"

"We have any quantity of them, sir. Want one?"

"Motteez at the bottom telling you about watching out for fires and where to get insured and all that?"

"Certainly"

"How many companies do you represent?"

"Six or eight. There's the old reliable"

"Never mind. Do all of those send out calendars?"

"Yes, sir; all except one, but"

"All except one? Have you one that doesn't issue any?"

"Yes."

"Then, that's the one I'm looking for," exclaimed the other feverishly.

"That's all I want to know about it! I want to insure \$10,000 worth of property in that company. I've had twenty-seven calendars for 1894 from twenty-seven different insurance companies stuck on my desk since the first of December, and the worm has turned, sir—the worm has turned."

**A COAL MINER'S RESCUE.**

The story of a Worker in the Westville, N. S., Mine.

Suffered From Asthma and Indigestion—Unable to Work for Eight Long Months—He Has Now Regained Complete Health and Strength.

From the *McMillan N. S. Journal*.

Faith doesn't come to all by hearing. With many seeing is believing. Many when they read of what has been effected in other parts of the country may shake their heads with an incredulous air. To satisfy such people it is necessary to bring the matter home; to show it to them at their own doors. The people of this country may not have heard, or only know lit a about the places where good has been effected by the use of the medicine, the name of which is on everybody's lips, but they have heard of Westville, the second most populous town in the country, and people far and near have heard of the mining towns where in '73, twenty years ago, over fifty lives were lost by an explosion in a mine, and the people of these provinces know it to-day as the place from which they draw their supply of fuel. Hearing of a cure that had been effected in Westville through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a *Journal* reporter thought it might be of general interest to ascertain the particulars. So to Westville he went, and called at the home of Mr. Thos. McMillan, who is known to every man, woman and child in the place having taken up his home there twenty years ago. Mr. McMillan was not to be seen at the time, unless our reporter sought him at a distance of between three and four thousand feet underground, in one of the deepest coal mines on the continent, where he was at work. Mr. McMillan was at home, however, and when informed the object of the reporter's visit, said he could give all the information necessary—and she gave it freely.

"Yes," said she, "Tom was a very sick man, so sick that he was unable to work for eight months—a long time wasn't it?" she said by way of question. "He had been sick more or less for about a year. He was like a great many miners who had a work in poor air, troubled with the asthma and indigestion. He couldn't eat well and of course did not thrive. He lost flesh gradually and at length became so weak that he was unable to work. After he had been sick for some months we read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We talked the matter over and it was agreed to give the Pink Pills a trial—and it was a blessing we did. After he began to take the pills he felt himself gradually gaining strength. By degrees his appetite returned and with it his strength, and by the time he had taken six boxes he considered himself a well man. At this time he returned to his work in the mine but he continued taking the Pink Pills for some time, to make sure that the trouble was driven out of his system. He can now work steadily and is as strong and healthy as he ever was. We are both so pleased with the great good this remedy did him that we never fail to recommend it to any sick acquaintance. This statement is simple facts, and is voluntarily given because my husband has been benefitted by reading the statement of another, and so some one else may be benefitted by knowing what they have done for him.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces such as St. Vitus' dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of influenza, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of any nature. These pills are not a purgative medicine. They contain only life-giving properties, and nothing that could injure the most delicate system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, (printed in red ink.) Bear in mind that they are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and he should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

May 31—Octave of Corpus Christi.  
June 1 The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.  
2—S. Eugenius I, Pope and Confessor.  
3—Third Sunday after Pentecost, S. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.  
4—S. Francis Caracciolo, Confessor.  
5—S. Boniface, Bishop and Martyr.  
6—S. Norbert, Bishop and Confessor

## "Don" upon Archbishop Walsh.

Between two very awkward apologies "Don," in *Saturday Night* of the 19th instant, sandwiches a very coarse tirade of abuse against the Archbishop of Toronto for his Grace's discourse at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Michael's Hospital. We may tell "Don" that it is because Archbishop Walsh, to use his own language, is "a godly man, a just and wise prelate," that he spoke as he did. We thank thee, "Don," for that word. As a godly man it is the Archbishop's office to place the spiritual interests before the temporal. As a just and wise prelate it is one of his Grace's most sacred duties to attend carefully to the poor sick of his flock. In what, therefore, was the utterance unfortunate? Was it because he did not sit quiet while the shearers stripped his lambs? Was it because his remarks would rouse the already excited bigots of Ontario? Catholic prelates, being godly, just and wise, fear not the noisy demagogism of political platforms or newspaper columns. If his Grace had kept silent the Catholic people of Toronto would have had good reason to hang their head. But "Don" tells us that it is unlike Archbishop Walsh to speak so. What! unlike a leader of people—godly, just and wise—to speak out against an act which he knows to be "distributively unjust, harsh and unmerciful to our sick poor, and offensive and hurtful to our Catholic people." So far from it being unlike Archbishop Walsh to act thus, we are happy to think it is just like him. He is not, and never was, a peace-at-any-price man. He never seeks a quarrel, but never flinches when a just one is forced upon him. He loves peace, but it must be the peace of good will.

When once "Don" starts to lecture the Archbishop on the duties of citizenship he ceases to be polite, and does not begin to be argumentative. His tone becomes rude and insolent; his plea unfounded and presumptuous. To tell his readers that the Archbishop "seems to forget that in the body politic no man is forced to have any religion," is a betrayal of ignorance and bad manners. The body politic, if there be any meaning in British liberty and individual freedom, is bound to respect every man's religion. "Don" is the one whose mem-

ory is at fault, if he ever know any of the first principles of ethics. It is not only possible, but it is necessary, it is one of the great corner-stones of boasted British freedom, the cognizance and care of every man's religion.

"He asserted that the Toronto General Hospital was a Protestant institution. What ground has he for this assertion? I deny it absolutely. There are no grounds except that all of the trustees but one are Protestants; that is to say, they are not Roman Catholics. Nobody has asked what their religion is and nobody cares a continental darn so long as they do their duty. The one thing that we do care about is that the institution is under civil management."

If this extract were not coarse in style and untruthful in statement we might be amused at the phraseology of modern society. "Continental darn," we suppose, is a parlor version. But let us deal with the assertion. The Archbishop said that Toronto General Hospital was as much a Protestant institution as St. Michael's was Catholic. A very different thing from "Don's" interpretation. It was no absolute assertion, and called for no absolute denial from any one, still less for such effervescent rudeness as "Don" displays.

"I admit that I regard Archbishop Walsh's utterances as particularly unfortunate at the present time. He says that he and his people will be dissatisfied until they receive a portion of the civil funds for the use of their Church in matters of charity. I have only to say that he and his friends must always be dissatisfied if they wait for this consummation that he so devoutly looks for, and if he protests so vigorously the very large amount that Protestants now subscribe to Catholic charities is very apt to be withheld in the future, for no ecclesiastic can be permitted to adopt his tone of voice in addressing the people of this city. Unlike his ordinary utterances, what he said on the occasion referred to was a piece of special reasoning intended to mislead Catholics and to make them feel that they have been ill-treated in the matter. This is the sort of thing that embitters the other people, and not half of them are really Protestants. If the head of the Church proceeds in this fashion he cannot be surprised, nor need he express regret, if other sectarians adopt a similar tone and thus a collision of opinion results in individual Protestants refusing subscriptions towards the maintenance of valued and valuable Catholic institutions. The day has gone past for any high-handed or high-voiced proceedings in such matters. Archbishop Walsh is trying it on as a bluff and it is a mistake. Those who hear such utterances are apt to think that the nearness of an election and the political pull which a cohesive body can exercise are being held up to frighten an electorate which has been too easily buffed in the past. In the presence of such a straight demand for an undue and unequal share of public money, we find the only justification for the existence of such a body as the P.P.A. I am sorry that Archbishop Walsh spoke as he did; it is unlike him and unfortunate for his Church."

You accuse our Archbishop of *intending to mislead Catholics, that he is trying it on as a bluff, that the nearness of an election and the political pull which a cohesive body can exercise are being held up to frighten an electorate.* Begone you vulgar, insolent fellow! You have forgotten yourself entirely. Such criticism is a disgrace to your paper, which claims to be the guide and echo of Toronto society.

## P. P. Aism in Practice.

What is the purpose of the P. P. A. was well exemplified last Saturday at Southampton, a village on the shore of Lake Huron in the County of Bruce. It is not the only attempt of the kind we know of, but it is one of the boldest and most public. There is a large tannery at Southampton controlled and managed by a firm, of which Mr. I. E. Bowman, M.P. of Waterloo, Mr. C. M. Bowman in Southampton and Mr. Zinkan, Southampton, are partners. This firm employs about seventy men. All, so far as external appearances go,

ran smoothly till last Saturday morning when the teaching of P.P.A. principles was carried into practice. When the book-keeper, Mr. Fred Bowman, arrived he found everything at a standstill, while the men were around in groups discussing the situation. About twenty five of the men, who are P.P. Aists declared that they would not work unless the foreman Mr. McDermott was dismissed. The head and front of his offence is that he is a Catholic. Mr. Bowman made an effort to see to the fires, but he was told by the leaders that if he approached farther they would shoot him. The book-keeper then called up Mr. C. M. Bowman, the partner in the firm, who arrived promptly on the scene. The dismissal of McDermott was again demanded, but the men found they had appealed to the wrong court. He told them that rather than submit to their demands he would prefer to see the tannery closed, stating at the same time that Mr. McDermott was not only a capable and faithful mechanic, but kind and considerate to those under him. Before noon, however, the tannery was again at work; but Mr. Bowman in view of the action of these discord-sowers dismissed five of the leaders. The boldness of the men may be explained by the fact that the whole affair was planned and dictated by the lodge which met on Friday night.

This is the logical conclusion of P.P.Aism. Under the hypocritical cover of self-protection they strive to drive us out of public life. They will not rest satisfied, until they have hunted and driven us out of social life as their ancestors drove our fathers before us. The spirit of persecution is abroad—it is that accursed spirit which in England, Scotland and particularly the North of Ireland knew no pity, and spared no foe. Southampton is one instance—and were it not for a manly, just employer a faithful workman would now be forced away from home, and most likely from the country. The public generally will endorse Mr. Bowman's firm and noble stand. But if that spirit of persecution is to be stamped out it needs something more than mere endorsement.

## "Politics and Protestantism."

Under the above heading a western daily gives an extended report of a meeting held last week in the County of Elgin. It was a political meeting, called together for the purpose of showing reasons why a Conservative should be elected. The actual member, Mr. D. McColl, M.P.P., delivered the opening oration, in which he introduced all the arguments of Mr. W. R. Meredith in favour of toleration of worship, whether it be Catholic, Protestant or Buddhist; but he objected to special privileges being granted to any sect. He declared that in the matter of education no distinction should be made between the Jew or Gentile, Mormon or Methodist, but "the same text books, the same qualifications for teachers, the same state control should be required over Separate as over Public Schools." Personally, he said, he was prepared to vote for the abolition of Catholic Separate Schools.

Such is the cry that is now being raised all over the Province of Ontario,

especially where no Catholic is supposed to be present, and where a solid Protestant vote is required to oust a supporter of the Mowat Administration. In fact, with the exception of a very few constituencies the battle is raging all along the line on the questions of toleration or persecution of Catholics.

A parallel contest is about to open in Great Britain and Ireland. The questions at the hustings and on every platform will be toleration of Irish Catholics or perpetual Coercion. There may be a few constituencies lured over to the enemy by the old cry of "base, brutal and bloody Whigs," who will actually vote for coercion and their country's perpetual enslavement without wishing or expecting any such calamity. The truth is they are honest and patriotic, but they allow themselves to be gulled by selfish, disappointed politicians, and will not listen to counsel or suggestion from their truest and best tried friends.

We fear something similar may happen at the coming Provincial elections. The Coercionists of Ontario, who would resuscitate the penal code of Elizabeth and bring us back to the dark ages of persecution for God's sake, may find innocent, unsophisticated Protestants—aye, and Catholics—ready to listen to their lies, and put faith in their declarations of friendship for Catholic, and toleration of all creeds. But the good, common sense of Catholics in general will lead them, if not to expect privileges, at least to trust in Mr. Mowat's Government for honest dealing and impartial treatment of citizens, whether Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Gentile. At least, all Catholics are aware that there is not on the side of the Liberal party denunciations of Rome and threats of expelling from office, or of closing the avenues of promotion to all Catholics, whether they be Frasers, or Mowats, or Thompsons.

At the meeting mentioned in the first lines of this article the M.P.P. McColl, supporter of Mr. W. R. Meredith, was followed by one George Davis. "He was glad to be present at the opening shot of the campaign of the Protestant party. He would be a supporter of Mr. McColl and the party opposed to placing Roman Catholics in power. Roman Catholics were not citizens of this country. They took the oath of allegiance with a mental reservation, and that mental reservation was a mighty strong one. We could not judge Catholics by what we heard or saw of them in Canada, but must go first to other countries where from 50 to 95 per cent are unable to write their name. In Rome 95 per cent of the people could not read or write. He was a member of the P.P.A. organization; therefore they knew his politics. He had the whole shooting match in his trunk at home, showing the history of Rome and the acts of Rome, taken from Romish history."

Some Catholics who on all occasions voted with the Conservative party, and were present, were so disgusted with the coercion speeches of Mr. McColl and his henchman Davis, that they came away disabused, and swore that while persecution of this nature lasted they could never in conscience vote for a Tory.

Sir Frank Smith.

It is with special pleasure we extend our hearty congratulations to Sir Frank Smith for the honor of knighthood bestowed upon him on the Queen's Birthday. When a short time ago we threw out the suggestion, we were glad that it was well received by the press. Now that our hope is realized we are better pleased, and we express an earnest wish that our distinguished friend may wear his honors for many years to come. It is a gracious compliment to a gentleman who has won his way upward in the arduous path of commercial success by his great business talent and strong force of personal character. The early circumstances of Sir Frank Smith's life threw him upon his own inherent resources, and served to develop powers which a better education and brighter opportunities might have partially warped, if not entirely withered. These circumstances taught him the necessity of being industrious and economical. At the age of fourteen he found himself an orphan facing the great world, with a determination to succeed as his only stock and store. A determined will is more than material wealth to the youth who knows how to use it to advantage. With this for capital the future millionaire started life. That is a long time ago, for our young Knight of the 24th closed his seventy second year in March. But we must pause, as we do not now pretend to write his biography. His sagacity and prudence guided him to success; his integrity gained him credit; and his courage sustained him throughout the many difficulties incidental to a business career. His many friends throughout Canada and Ireland where he is well known for his generous support of Home Rule, rejoice at this last honor fittingly bestowed upon him. We join them all in saluting Sir Frank Smith.

#### Catholics and High Schools.

We have observed a rather untimely correspondence lately from Mr. Martin Malone of Hamilton, who claims that we Catholics are suffering a grievance of being obliged to support High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. He says: "In the year 1863 there were in this Province no such educational institutes known as Collegiate Institutes or High Schools, and they are the creation of the Mowat Government, brought into existence in the year 1873 by the Act of the Ontario Legislature of 37 Victoria, chapter 27, entitled An Act respecting High Schools and Collegiate Institutes." This is the first time we ever heard such a contention, and it is all the more a matter of surprise that it is maintained by a lawyer who is no doubt conversant with the law and the interpretation of statutes. We thought that everyone knew that the High Schools and Collegiate Institutes now spread throughout the country are the Grammar Schools which were established by law prior to the Separate School Act of 1863. Catholics and Protestants were alike liable for their support in any municipality where they were established. The history of Legislation is briefly but very well given by

"Fair Play" in *The Catholic Record* of the 12th inst. in his answer to Mr. Malone. He writes:

"For the edification of Mr. Martin Malone, and all whom it may concern, I beg leave to say that so far back as the 11th of May, 1839, an Act was passed to provide for the advancement of education in this Province (then Upper Canada), which among other provisions enacts as follows: 'And whereas it is expedient to appoint trustees for each Grammar school in the several districts, etc., be it therefore enacted that the several District schools in this Province shall be and are hereby declared to be Grammar schools, etc. (Chapter 10, section 1, 2nd Victoria.)'

"In the year 1871, when the Hon. J. Sandford Macdonald was Attorney General, the Legislature of the Province of Ontario passed 'An Act to improve the common and Grammar schools of the Province.' By that Act (34 Victoria, chapter 33, section 34) it was enacted that 'Boards of Grammar school trustees shall be designated High School Boards; and the Grammar schools shall be designated and known as High Schools.' Thus, we see that Grammar Schools and High Schools are synonymous terms, and therefore the provisions of that Act applied to all Grammar schools then in existence, some of which were established in 1851."

Mr. Malone is erring in his history of the case by attributing to Sir Oliver Mowat what is due the Hon. J. S. Macdonald. He is mistaken in the law upon the subject; and if it were tested in court, it would simply be laughed out.

"Fair Play" justly concludes: "I am at a loss to understand how Mr. Malone can reconcile his assertion with the facts I have stated, and can only account for it by a desire on his part to injure Sir Oliver Mowat's prospects at the approaching election in the estimation of Catholic electors. It is to be hoped not; let that be left to the P.P.A.'s, Margaret L. Shoppard and politicians of that ilk."

#### Archbishop Cleary's Manifesto.

We place with pleasure before our readers the manifesto of his Grace Archbishop Cleary, dealing with matters of grave interest and importance. The following is the document as it appeared in the *Empire*:

"This primary parental obligation is all the more imperative because the atmosphere of the province is poisoned just by the anti-Christian doctrines of a host of impious journals, and the lying speeches of no-popey politicians and place hunters in Parliament and out of it, who are striving to attain to power and the handling of the public purse by proclaiming a mean and dishonorable warfare against the Catholic minority, her Majesty's most loyal and law-abiding subjects. It is mean enough to make war on a minority, but it is an unspeakable outrage upon civilization to concentrate the combined forces of attack upon our innocent children, whom they are trying to deprive of their most sacred rights, in which their welfare for all time and eternity is inseparably bound up."

The document then referred at length to the manner in which Joseph and Mary cared for Jesus during his boyhood, and continued as follows: "It is the first duty of the Christian religion imposed on every parent to do this for his child by means of thorough Christian education. It is the duty of the priest to see that no Christian parent neglects the most essential of all parental obligations. It is my duty as chief pastor of this diocese to require both parents and priests to fulfill every command of God that lies upon them, and first of all, and beyond all, this command to rear the children of God for God in the likeness of the boy Jesus of Nazareth. It is the duty of every Christian man, be he parent or not, to uphold and defend in every legitimate way this inalienable right of Catholic citizens that no combination of secret societies hostile to the Christian religion, and most particularly to the Christian education of youth, shall be successfully formed against their religious and civil liberties in this province. We are loyal to our Queen and constitution; we are peace loving citizens; we desire to live in peace and harmony with our fellow men. It is a shame to Ontario, a shame to civilization, that a motley crowd of secret society men should form a conspiracy against the Catholic minority every fourth year, and just now should import from the adjoining republic an infamous anti-Christian and anti-social organization to combine with them in aggression upon our dearest religious rights and

our peace as citizens. This is subversive of good order and good-will among the citizens of Ontario. This new combination aims at turning our fair province into a pandemonium. We are fully confident the Protestant majority will show no favor in this warfare against society. We believe that the respectable Conservatives will now, as four years ago, frown down upon the effect to disgrace Conservatism in the eyes of all men by the dragging of the Conservative flag through the mire of anti-Christian bigotry and intolerance. True Conservatism repudiates the prosecution of any section of the community on account of their religious belief and practice. It holds conscience in high respect and treats it as sacred. The true Conservatives ought to be the friends of the Catholics, and we know that generally speaking they are, and have frequently given proof of their good-will and fair consideration towards the Catholics in this province as well as throughout the Dominion. It is pseudo-Conservatism that professes with the lips to respect all religious beliefs and by a mental reservation hardly disguised makes an exception of Catholic belief, and almost in the same breath calls for penal legislation and the infliction of heavy fines in the form of double school tax against all the Catholic parents of the province who dare to observe the first precepts of their religion by giving Christian education to their offspring. The very bad language of the leader of the Opposition, the open alliance between his party and the shameful organization known as the P.P.A.; the vote given by him and his entire following, with barely one exception, in favor of the McCallum Bill, which proposed the utter abolition of our constitutional right to supply Christian education to our little ones, are all in direct contradiction to the principles of Conservatism. Why should not political elections be conducted on political lines? Why should this province be periodically disturbed and neighbors forced into quarrels with one another by making no-popey the campaign cry in this, as in the elections of 1890 and 1890? Why, I repeat, should respectable conservatism be brought into disrepute and the true Conservatives of Ontario be made a by-word of reproach by tolerating the hypocrisy of a hungry adventurer, who employs the terms 'Conservative' as a blind for the deception of the ignorant and the persecution of his Catholic fellow-citizens?"

#### The Code of Dishonour.

The following came to us by post, whether from friend or foe we know not. Nor do we vouch for its authenticity, although it reads like a P.P.A. catechism:

##### CODE OF QUESTIONS

Presented to Candidates for Provincial Honors, and answers solicited.

1. Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish Separate Schools?
2. Are you prepared to insist that Separate School Trustees shall be elected only by ballot?
3. Are you in favor of placing every Elector upon the roll, as a Public School supporter, subject to his right to appeal therefrom?
4. Are you in favor of one qualification for all teachers of Public or Private Schools?
5. Will you insist that the same textbooks be used in all Schools?
6. Will you vote against granting Government aid to any Sectarian Charitable Institution?
7. Will you vote that all Institutions, whether public or private, Educational, Ecclesiastical or Benevolent, shall be open to public inspection, and that all Institutions receiving public or private aid, shall be inspected annually?
8. Will you oppose having any Roman Catholic emblem displayed in Public School houses or having Roman Catholic Catechism taught in them during school hours?
9. Will you vote for having the Union Jack placed on every school-house during school hours?
10. Will you insist that all Real and Personal property of every nature and description within the Dominion of Canada be subject to taxation?

##### CODE OF QUESTIONS

To be presented to Candidates for Dominion Honors, and answers solicited.

1. Will you pledge yourself to the Electors not to support any Member of Parliament to the position of Premier who is a Roman Catholic?
2. Are you prepared to do all you can to abolish Separate Schools?
3. Will you oppose all interference with the Legislation of the Province of Manitoba abolishing Separate Schools?
4. Will you support the abolition of Dual Language in the North-West Territories?

##### OUR PLATFORM.

1. That Separate Schools shall be abolished and the British North American Act be amended for that purpose.
2. That we are of the opinion that Section 48, Chapter 227, of the Revised Statutes be repealed so that no Roman Catholic be class-

ed as a Separate School supporter except in compliance with his own application.

3. That all Real and Personal property of every nature and description within the Dominion of Canada shall be subject to taxation.

4. That no Government aid be granted to any Sectarian Charitable Institution.

5. That the Dual Language system of the N. W. Territories be abolished.

6. That all Institutions of every nature and description, whether intended to be Private or Public, Educational, Ecclesiastical or Benevolent, shall be open to public inspection.

7. That no Roman Catholic emblem shall be allowed to be placed in the Public Schools or shall any Roman Catholic Catechism or text book be taught therein.

8. That in Ontario there shall be no Public School taught in any other language than the English.

9. That the election of Separate School Trustees be by Ballot. That no books be used in the said schools unless they have had the approval of the Minister of Education.

10. That Public School Inspectors shall inspect Separate Schools, and that Separate School Teachers must possess the same qualifications as those possessed by Public School Teachers.

11. That the Union Jack be placed on all School houses in and for the Province of Ontario during the months in which school is held.

12. That in the present state of the public mind, it is not desirable that a Roman Catholic should hold the position of Premier in the Dominion or in the Province of Ontario.

The above is to be declared secret from and not declared to the public.

#### Editorial Notes.

While the Queen's Own were at St. Thomas on the 24th, some ultra-loyal son of Canada tore down an American flag which was flying at the window of the U. S. Consul's residence. After due explanations passing between Ottawa and Washington, the affair is properly ended.

Gladstone writes to a friend in Italy expressing the highest praise of the Irish for their obedience to law. One thing, however, causes him great surprise and deep anxiety, their continued divisions on Home Rule. Not only does the Grand Old Man grieve over these splits in the party, but every friend of Ireland at home and abroad. It is encouraging to learn from such a source as Justin McCarthy that these reports are exaggerated.

#### Literary Note.

THE MEANS OF GRACE.—We have received a copy of this most useful and instructive work, adapted from the German of Rev. Herman Rolfus, D.D., and Rev. F. J. Brandle, by Rev. Richard Brennan, L.L.D., late pastor of the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York. It is a large and handsome volume of five hundred and forty-five pages, clearly printed and copiously illustrated. Any one wishing to learn, or refresh his memory on, the meaning of the sacraments, their institution, ceremonies and effects, will find in this volume all he can desire. The sacraments of the Church also receive a thorough exposition, and the treatise on mental and vocal prayer, with the explanation of the Our Father and Hail Mary, will be found an aid to the understanding and a help to devotion.

The examples and illustrative anecdotes form an element of interest that adds greatly to the value of the work. Each separate subject is treated in clear and simple language, and with as much brevity as is consistent with completeness. The book is a treasury of spiritual knowledge, and ought to have a place among the books of every pious family. Benziger Brothers, Printers to the Holy Apostolic See, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

**Catholic News.**

The students of the class of '95, Loyola College, Baltimore, gave a selection in Greek from the Greek tragedy *Oedipus Tyrannus*, on May 10th. The class was assisted in the chorus by members of the college choir.

The most important ceremony in connection with the celebration of the centenary of Pius IX. will be the opening of the monument round the tomb of the late Pope in the Basilica of St Lawrence outside the walls, which is in charge of the Franciscan Capuchin Fathers.

In Nuremberg, an old stronghold of Lutheranism, the Catholics have received permission from the Protestant magistrate to hold a procession on Corpus Christi day. This has not occurred since 1524.

The diocese of New York stands first in material importance among the diocese of the Catholic world. What might be called its "church activities" are far beyond anything known in ancient or modern times.

Fifteen thousand pilgrims annually visit St. Baume, in Provence, not far from Marseilles, where Mary Magdalene is said to have spent thirty years of her life.

Cardinal Gibbons has written to the editor of the *Franciscan Annals* congratulating him on the efforts he is making on behalf of the Third Order. His Eminence says: "Pity and love of their fellowmen, which should be the chief qualities of the Tertiaries, as they were the salient virtues of St. Francis will continue to benefit the people with whom they come in contact; and that benefit will be both social and moral."

The most beautiful volume in the Congressional Library at Washington is a bible which was transcribed by a monk in the sixteenth century. The general lettering is in German text, which could not be matched in perfection of type in the best equipped printing office. The parchment is in perfect preservation. There are two columns on a page, and nowhere is traceable the slightest irregularity of line, space or formation of letters. Even under a magnifying glass it seems flawless.

A meeting was held at St. James Hall London, England, on April 30, which will be regarded as a landmark in the Catholic revival of the present century. The gathering was comprised of representatives from every grade of social scale from the head of the English Hierarchy and the premier Duke of Euglaud, down to the humblest Catholic who toils in the sweating dens of London for daily bread. The Cardinal Archbishop opened the meeting and introduced Rev. Father Vaughan S. J., who delivered an eloquent and lengthy address on "The Patent Factor in Social Evolution."

**The Guillotine.**

The striking thing about the execution was the appalling quickness of it all. Action was so rapid from the instant the condemned appeared in the doorway of the prison to the moment the knife fell that it was almost impossible to distinguish the slight chain of incidents. He flung himself eagerly against the plank, was strapped to it, and in the flash of a glance the plank was pushed forward on the platform of the guillotine. An instant's vision of a recumbent figure, face downward. In the same moment a head, with two staring, wide open eyes, whirled almost defiantly, as it seemed, and with a slight zigzag movement to the rightward, while simultaneously the pinioned body rolled inert, convulsive, into the capacious basket, also at the right hand of the guillotine. The swiftness, the mechanical promptness of the business, fairly stupefied the spectator. It was impossible to realize that a human life had ended in less time than it would take to draw a full breath. The guillotine had done its work well. There was scarcely a sense of horror in the sight.—*New York World.*

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 Home is the origin of all civilization. It has a direct bearing on the school-life of a child. His mind can be formed a most from infancy, if what is told be true, for one truth is the basis of another. As he advances in years, he also advances in a knowledge of simple facts which will be stored up in his memory. If his mind be not overburdened or confused, he will soon be able to discriminate between objects and to observe the properties peculiar to each. His education will be thus begun even before his school-life commences, and the studies he enters upon will be comparatively easy. How necessary it is, then, that the home training should be good! How carefully should the mother watch over her child, noting the first evidence of passion of evil intent and promptly checking it, setting constantly before him good example as well as precept! Our ancestors were wiser than we in some respects, particularly in not humoring the caprices of their children. Children, nowadays, do not repose entire trust in the love their parents bear toward them; they must have evidence of it. And while the mother vainly thinks she is growing in the child's affection by yielding to his every whim, she is in reality hardening his heart in selfishness and causing him to withdraw his love from her and centre it upon himself. The fear of occasional correction is useful, but to bring up a child entirely through fear would be an act of great injustice to him. It is nearly certain to engender cunning and deceit. The influence of home is strongly marked throughout the child's entire school-life. It is a mistake to suppose that children learn only from their appointed instructors—they acquire knowledge more readily from their companions. Their characters are strongly affected and their views of life shaped by their early associates.

**Woman's Best Years.**  
 At 40, or after 40, begins woman's time for real living. Her children are beyond the need of constant care and she can, if she heroically will, reserve hours and hours for her own use and profit. It is pretty much a matter of personal choice whether one shall be old after any number of years. Age is largely a state of mind. At 50 a woman has a practical sense of the value of all those wise saws that are the meaningless words to the young. About the only thing she needs to learn is that not at any age is anybody old except from choice. Wifehood, motherhood, womanhood is, like journalism, a training for anything and the woman of 40, with leisure, for which she must struggle, but which she can gain, with a discipline of experience that is better than all book study, with the struggle for a mere living about ended, can begin with radiant hopes a contest for culture in almost any direction her choice may point. She is apt to deplore the loss of earlier advantages, to exaggerate the narrowing influence of years absorbed in purely domestic interests, to lack confidence in her ability to acquire much in the years remaining to her. Particularly, she is abashed before husband and children when she considers the question of "going in for something." Yet when she does enter an art class, a language or a history class, or joins a woman's club, or takes up a course of reading with a home study club, or anything of the kind, she is as surprised as the man who survived his own wake to find herself still very much alive, very deeply interested and very determined to enlarge her ambitions. Even outside of purely society and domestic matters, the woman over 40 can find a tremendous interest in life and an enjoyment deep and serene.  
 Lady—Do you know how to look after a bra? Now Servant—Yeoman; I always put the broken pieces in the fire, so the poor rag-pickers won't cut their fingers.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Limerick.

We regret to record the death of Coroner Sheehy, which took place on May 9th, at Shannongrove House, Pallaskeenry. He was coroner for the western division of Limerick for the past 25 years. The deceased had been ailing in health for some time, but his death was not expected.

The death of Lord Emly has placed at the disposal of the Prime Minister a pension under the Political Offices Pension Act of 1869. Lord Emly commenced the services which entitled him to the pension forty years ago, being Clerk to the Ordnance from January, 1853, to February, 1857. He was subsequently Secretary to the Board of Trade, Under Secretary for the Colonies, and Postmaster-General from 1871 to 1873. The pension was awarded to him in June, 1886.

A meeting, under the auspices of the Sarafiel League, was announced to be held at Monabrah, on Sunday, May 6th, in connection with what the League alleges as the grabbing of a farm held by Mr. Hartigan. County Inspector Moriarty and thirty police prohibited the meeting in the vicinity of the farm, and those assembled had to move away a mile distant. Mr. Donnellan, tenant in possession, and a member of the Federation, publishes a statement that in taking the farm he violated no principle of fair play, and public opinion is divided against Mr. Hartigan, who long since surrendered the farm, on which a judicial rent was fixed at £30 reduction.

Longford.

County-Inspector Lennon, of Longford, has arrived in Lisburn to replace County-Inspector Browning, superannuated. District Inspector McGee has also arrived to take over charge of Lisburn district, in room of Mr. McDermot, who has been promoted County-Inspector, and transferred to the county Longford.

Louth.

The death of Dr. Joseph M. Callan, Coroner for North Louth, took place on May 7th, at his residence, Roden place, Dundalk, under painfully tragic circumstances. On the previous night Dr. Callan had retired to rest, and, as was his wont, proceeded to read in bed by candle-light. He evidently fell asleep while reading, and, from some unexplained circumstance, the candle came in contact with and ignited the bedclothes. Before help could be rendered Dr. Callan was so severely burned that, notwithstanding that three or four of his professional colleagues did all that skill could accomplish in his behalf, he died in great agony at ten o'clock next night. Deceased was visited before his death by the Rev. H. McSherry, Adm., who administered the last Sacraments. Cardinal Logue and the Sisters of Mercy also visited him. Dr. Callan was one of the most universally respected men in Dundalk. He belonged to an old and respected family, and his charity and goodness to the poor know no bounds.

Mayo.

At their regular meeting, on May 7th, the Westport Town Commissioners were unanimous in appointing as their chairman (in room of the late Mr. Livingston), Mr. Arthur M. O'Malley, J.P., of the Quay, Westport.

Roscommon.

With deep regret we announce the death of Mr. Patrick McGreevy, which took place at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. P. Collins, merchant, Bridge street, Strokes-town, on Sunday night, April 29th, at the advanced age of 74 years. The deceased was an old and respected inhabitant of the town, and his funeral, which took place on May 1st, was very largely attended by all classes of the community, which showed the respect in which he was held. He was laid to rest in the family burial place, Derrane, Roscommon. May he rest in peace.

Tipperary.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Mr. P. Quirke, of Toom, Cappawhite, to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Tipperary.

Tyrone.

On the night of May 5th, as the special train from Enniskillen races was passing Carryclogher station, where a country road crosses the line, a man named Blakely, coming from Clogher Fair, opened the gate. The train struck the gate and flung the man so violently on the road that he was killed on the spot.

On Saturday evening, May 5th, a man named Thomas McWilliams, aged 35 years, residing on a farm with his mother, at Mullaghmore, Glenkeen, near Aughnacloy, committed suicide by hanging himself. He had been setting potatoes all day, and about 5 o'clock he went into the house and took out a pair of hemp reins saying he was going for the horse. Some men going home from their work, soon after, saw him hanging and cut him down, life being extinct. An inquest was held, when a verdict of *felo de se* was returned.

The landlords of South Tyrone must feel that they are in straight quarters. They have held another meeting to placate Mr. T. W. Russell, M. P. Three of them, Mr. H. De F. Montgomery, Lord Caledon and Mr. James Bruce, D. L., have declared there is

no foundation for Mr. Russell's statement that there is a combination against him. The fact is, the landlords cannot do without Russell, as their case is desperate; and the Scotch renegade, true to his old instincts, has put the sorrows on to his Irish landlord allies, and they have promptly "squaled." It is a beautiful alliance of parties without principle or conscience, but who feel that they must stick together, through thick and thin—or both must go down.

Waterford.

A large number of hands have been dismissed from the various bacon cellars in Waterford, in consequence of the small killing of pigs. A considerable amount of distress is thereby prevalent in the upper portion of the city.

Mr. Thomas Power, of Waterford, land valuer, has been appointed by the Dungarvan Board of Guardians to value the plots of ground for the laborers' cottages. The artisans' dwellings are approaching completion. The roofs are on five houses, and they look a comfortable and well got-up building.

A young son of Mr. E. Kirwan, T.C., Patrick street, Waterford, met with a serious accident on Saturday evening, April 28th, by falling into the hold of a collier lying at the Quay. On being taken home the little fellow was seen by two medical gentlemen, who found that he had sustained serious injuries. Since then, however, the child has been progressing as well as could be expected.

On May 2nd, Mr. Whelan, of Ballyknock, died rather suddenly at Dungarvan. He had been in town, to market, the day previous, and, feeling unwell, he went to a friend's house in William street. He gradually grew worse, and died early the following day. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family, who are much respected, and on whom so heavy a blow has come by Mr. Whelan's unexpected death.

Westmeath.

On May 4th, Mr. John Gaynor, coroner for Westmeath, held an inquest on the body of a child named Mary Ellen Parsons, who was burned to death in Preachy lane, Athlone. From the evidence it appeared that the child had been left alone in the house, and that some neighbors, hearing screams, rushed in and found the child's clothes on fire. The flames were quenched; but the child, after having the burns dressed by Dr. McCormack, died the same evening. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

On April 25th a boy named Arthur Chapman was playing on the canal bank, near the Mullingar Railway Station, where the company are making some changes. The lad was in company with some others, when they ran along the embankment erected to keep back the water while the repairs are being done. It would seem that when the deceased came to the end of the planks he turned and fell into the water. A boy named Nolan made an effort to get his companion out of the water, being unable to help himself, was drowned. Deceased was son to Sergeant Chapman of the 9th Battalion Rifle Brigade.

Wexford.

A specially summoned meeting of the New Ross Town Commissioners was held on Monday evening, May 7th, to consider what steps they should take, as representatives of the ratepayers, in view of the claim made by Mr. Daniel Murphy, Mary street, New Ross, for £145 for the malicious burning of hay, etc., at the rear of his premises, last Winter. A discussion took place on the matter; when it was passed unanimously that, in order to preserve the fair fame of the town, the Commissioners should instruct their solicitor to oppose the application, as the Commissioners believe that the burning was in no way malicious, but accidental.

Wicklow.

The *Irish Nationalist* notes that Mr. E. P. O'Kelly took his first seat on the bench at the last Balinglass Petty Sessions. The suggestion of the Chief Secretary—that the Lord Chancellor contemplated the revocation of the Commission of the Peace conferred on Mr. O'Kelly caused general indignation (our contemporary states), at such a slight being put on a gentleman so deservedly popular and so well qualified for the position. As it is admitted that the holding of a retail licence is no legal bar to being a Justice of Peace, as the Balinglass County Court Chairman and Bench refused to transfer Mr. O'Kelly's licence, it is to be hoped that the Lord Chancellor will see the inadvisability of entertaining any further objection to Mr. O'Kelly's appointment. The law is not supposed to conflict with its own decisions; but, in Ireland, the *English* law is always doing just that thing, and doing it with such a vengeance that all impartial historians justify the Irish people in resisting the application, to their country, of "*English* law."

He is truly obedient to the Divine will who does not inquire why he is moved, does not care where his placed, and does not beg to be changed.

Do your work for God alone, as He notices all the steps you take. If you are not faithful in little things you will never acquire solid virtue.—*Merc. Maria Theresa.*

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## Treasures.

SCHILLER.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;  
No night but hath its morn!

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,  
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,  
But man, as man, thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus crave those lessons on thy soul—  
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges fiercest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

## Selected Receipts.

**HOME-MADE TARRAGON VINEGAR**—Tarragon leaves can usually be obtained in market. Put half a pint into a quart bottle, fill with the best white wine or cider vinegar; let it steep two or three weeks, strain through flannel, put into bottles and seal tightly.

**DRESSING QUICK AND EASY**.—A new method of making mayonnaise sauce that saves one the trouble and caution of carefully dropping the oil, is to stir the juice of half a lemon into the yolks of two eggs until the mixture thickens; then add a gill of oil, a teaspoonful at a time, adding salt to taste and a little tarragon vinegar.

**CABBAGE SALAD**.—White cabbage makes a cheap and good salad. Use the firm, white heads only; a quarter is enough for a small family. Shred very fine, mix with some minced boiled potatoes, and cover with the French dressing two hours before serving. If the cabbage is not tender, shred and cover with boiling water about fifteen minutes, drain and dress.

**SALAD MACEDOINE**.—When you have a fresh variety of vegetables, canned or fresh, take a little of each, some string beans, some peas, some asparagus tips, boiled carrot and a couple of boiled potatoes; if to this you add celery root, boiled in salted water and cut into wheels, you have a macedoine salad, which you arrange, dress and place on ice two hours before serving.

**CAPER AND MUSTARD DRESSING**.—A variation on the mayonnaise, that sauce which many attempt but few accomplish, may be relished sometimes. Mash the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs to a paste; add gradually five tablespoonfuls of oil, a teaspoonful each of capers and French mustard, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, or lemon juice to the required acidity, a dash of white pepper, and salt to taste.

**POTATO SALAD**.—The orthodox potato salad is said to contain thirty two ingredients, but you can make a "simple" potato salad with half the number as follows: Slice enough cold boiled potatoes to make a pint, cut up pickled beets, two teaspoonfuls after mincing; add a tablespoonful each of shredded anchovies, smoked herring and tomato catsup, a teaspoonful each of finely minced parsley, chervil, chives, capers, mushroom catsup and Worcestershire sauce; three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two of vinegar, two of ice water, a salt-spoonful of salt and half that quantity of pepper; mix all these thoroughly and set on ice for two hours.

## Wit and Humor.

That most men live fast lives is evidenced by the fact that a boy born in 1864 will be thirty this year, while the average girl born in the same year will be only twenty.

Nearly every one who comes in contact with Francis Wilson gets at some time or another a good story from him, more often than not about something connected with his country place at New Rochelle, N. Y. Among those who help to make life pleasant for the comedian there is an old negro coachman, whose pride is in never allowing his employer to miss a train. One day he was driving Mr. Wilson and a guest to the station, when the latter, a bit of a wag, asked him his name "George Washington," echoed the negro. "George Washington," echoed the guest. "That name sounds familiar. Seems to me I've heard it before." Guess you has, sur," rejoined the coachman, "I's been drivin, here goin' on twenty years, tur."

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C. M. B. A.

St. Basil's Branch, No. 145, C. M. B. A., added another laurel to its long list by its very successful open meeting held in its hall on Wednesday evening last. This Branch has of late gained considerable notoriety outside the city on account of its action in connection with the proposed amendments to the constitution sent out by it, and now they are again to be congratulated on the result of this, their second open meeting. The programme while not too long was well arranged and the manner in which each number was received showed their efforts were appreciated by those present. Those who took part in the musical portion of it were Messrs. F. A. Anglin, G. G. McPherson, G. F. Shaw and J. D. Warde, each of whom, in addition to contributing solos, assisted in duets or trios. "A Little Farm Well Tilled," a trio by Messrs. Anglin, McPherson and Warde, was particularly well rendered. District Deputy Kernahan in a clear and concise address pointed out many benefits to be derived both financially and fraternally from a membership in the C. M. B. A., and his statements were endorsed by the spiritual adviser of the Branch, Rev. L. Brennan, C.S.B., P.P., as well as by the Rev. Fathers Guinane, McBrady and Murray. District Deputy Keilty, President Corcoran of No. 111, Cronin of 49, and Chancellor Lehane also made short addresses, urging those present to become members of the association.

As a result of the meeting several applications for membership have been completed, while others have signified their intention of doing likewise. Jos. C. Walsh, President of the Branch, made a good chairman, while Mr. F. A. Moure, organist of St. Basil's Church, made a perfect accompanist. St. Basil's is an energetic Branch and its members show they are alive to the interests of the Association.

## Picnic at Lakefield.

A pronounced success was the picnic held in the agricultural grounds at Lakefield on Thursday by St. Paul's Roman Catholic church. The attendance was unexpectedly large and time spent extremely enjoyably. Speeches were made during the afternoon by prominent gentlemen. Rev. Father Scollard, who is the priest in charge of the parish, in a few appropriate remarks welcomed the gathering called upon W. H. Casement, reeve of the village to preside, who did so with his usual efficiency. He first called upon Mr. H. C. Winch, the popular Conservative candidate, who explained the pleasure he experienced at being present, and made a short speech in his pleasing and happy style. Mr. Winch was loudly applauded when he took his seat.

Mr. J. R. Stratton followed with some remarks on British connection with Canada, urging all present to do their part in making the Dominion a prosperous country.

Mr. John Hull and Rev. Father Casey followed in well-timed speeches after which Rev. Father Scollard extended thanks to the assemblage.

During the afternoon games were run off to the amusement of numerous spectators. In the football match between Warsaw and Lakefield juniors the former were defeated by a score of 2 to 1 in a well-contested game.

The ladies in charge of the refreshment tables were very obliging and did a good business.—Peterborough Review.

## Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of the Catholic Literary Association of Lindsay the following resolution of Condolence was moved by R. O'Boyle, seconded by J. Primeau. That whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove by death Mrs. Tanguay, beloved wife of our highly esteemed brother member M. E. Tanguay, be it therefore

Resolved that the members of this Association whilst humbly bowing in submission to the will of Almighty God desire to express their profound sympathy with our worthy brother and his family in their sad bereavement which they bear with edifying Christian fortitude and resignation.

Resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to brother Tanguay and to the Catholic Record and CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

Signed,

M. J. KENNY, President.  
T. KEESAN, Rec. Sec.  
T. HANAGOR, Fin. Sec.

## A Catholic Almanac for Ontario.

We hear that the ladies in charge of the Annual Christmas Sale held for the benefit of the Convent of the Precious Blood contemplate issuing a Catholic Almanac for Ontario that will meet the special requirements of the Catholics of this province. His Grace the Archbishop has expressed his sympathy and hearty approval of the work.

Tottie (aged five)—"I wonder why babies is always born in de night time?" Lottie (aged seven, a little wiser)—"Don't you know? It's 'cause dey wants to make sure of finding their mothers at home."

A Detrolter's Cat.

The following story is told by a well-known Detrolter and is vouched for as true. He is also willing to show them the cat: "It would make you laugh until your sides ached to see my little girl's pet eat pickles. The only way that we can account for her liking of the strongest kind of mustard pickles is that at every meal she had to share the chair of her little mistress and have a taste of everything good on the table. Well, she started on sweet pickles, and she is now like the old toper who started drinking sweet cider and will not look at anything weaker than 'old rye.' She is a great cat to catch English sparrows. She starts out about eleven o'clock a.m., and generally within the hour she has a sparrow caught. She kills it at once, then jumps up on the window sill and makes a noise until someone, mostly always her little owner, who is on the watch for her, raises the window and lets her in. She is then shown into the back kitchen, and after tossing and playing with her sparrow just as a cat does with a mouse, she eats it, feathers and all. Now she wants her dish of pickles, and if she is not waited on at once she makes more fuss than a tramp who is asked to saw a stick of wood before he eats a good dinner. As soon as she has satisfied herself on pickles she stretches herself out before the fire and looks happier than a king. Now, the strangest part of this story is to be told. Before this cat took to eating pickles she was spotted, gray and white, but she gradually turned a rich golden colour, just as near the colour of mustard pickles as could be. To look at her when the sun shines on her she looks like old gold, and is a pretty sight."

SS. Peter and Paul's Church, Detroit, will be fifty years old June 29. The anniversary will be celebrated with magnificent ceremonies.

The Right Rev. Louis Francis La fleche D. D, Bishop of Three Rivers, Que., celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination on the 22nd ult.

The cotton mills at Hayfield, Derby shire, owned by Mr. T. H. Sidebottom, member of parliament for Staleybridge, have been shut down owing to the depression in the cotton trade. The stoppage of these mills has thrown 3,000 people out of work.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, May 30, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 61	\$0 06
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 59	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 00	0 40
Peas, per bush.....	0 64	0 65
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	6 10	6 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 55	0 65
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 12
Butter, in pound rolls.....	0 15	0 17
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 16	0 17
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 40	0 50
Colery, per doz.....	0 40	0 45
Onions, per bag.....	1 15	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 60	0 65
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 40	0 50
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	1 25	1 35
Apples, per bbl.....	3 50	5 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	11 00
Straw, shoal.....	7 00	8 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, May 29.—For choice export cattle \$4.40 per cwt. was paid, but prices ranged from \$4.00 to \$4.30 as a rule; a few picked cattle fetched \$4.50.

Stockers were plentiful at \$3.25 to \$4.00 per cwt.

The best price for butchers' cattle was \$3.50 per cwt.

The supply of milkers was small, quality indifferent, and prices weak. Good milk cows will sell.

There is more enquiry for sheep at \$4.50 to \$5.50, the latter price for sheep with the wool on. Spring lambs sell at \$2.50 to \$3.75 each; and yearlings at 4 to 4½ per pound.

The supply of calves was heavy, as quite 250 came in and sales were rather slow at from \$2 to \$3 each.

There were close on 700 hogs and prices were unchanged. All grades will sell.

Coughing

leads to Consumption. Stop the Cough, heal the Lungs and strengthen the System with

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and hypophosphites. It is palatable and easy on the stomach. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes! Scott & Bowne, Belleville, All Druggists, 50c. & \$1.

Church Pews.

SCHOOL FURNITURE

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

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



PENITENTIARY SUPPLIES.

Sealed Tenders addressed to "The Inspector of Penitentiaries, Department of Justice, Ottawa," and endorsed "Tenders for Supplies, Kingston Penitentiary," will be received until Saturday, the 9th of June proximo, at 12 o'clock noon, from parties willing to enter into contract to supply the institution with such quantities of the following articles as may be required from the 1st of July, 1894, to the 30th of June, 1895, namely: Wood, Groceries, Fresh Beef, Mutton, Hardware, Dry Goods, Lumber, Leather, and Findings, Drugs and Medicines, Milk and Strong Bakers Flour. The beef and Mutton to be equal in quality to the best sold in Kingston shops, in equal proportion of whole hind and fore quarters to match, each quarter of beef to weigh not less than 100 lbs. Samples of Groceries to be sent to the undersigned at the time of tendering.

A cheque payable to the order of the "Honourable the Minister of Justice," equal to five per cent. of the total amount of the tender and marked "good" by the bank on which it is drawn must accompany each tender.

The cheque of the successful tenderer, should there be any such, may be retained until the first order has been delivered, it will then be returned to him, but payment of first month's supply of Beef and Mutton will be retained until the close of contract.

Orders of unsuccessful tenderers will be returned to them immediately after the contract has been awarded, but any tenderer refusing, when called upon to complete a contract, at the price he names in his tender will forfeit his cheque.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. Forms of tender will be furnished on application to the undersigned.

Any tender received after 12 o'clock noon as above stated will be rejected.

M. LAVELL, Warden K. P.

Kingston Penitentiary, May 2nd, 1894.

STYLISH DRESSMAKING

MISS COFFEY,

From London, England, is open for orders. Moderate Charges. 145 BLEECKER ST., TORONTO.

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IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS from the date of issue.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE after two years.

Full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agents.

W. O. MACDONALD, ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

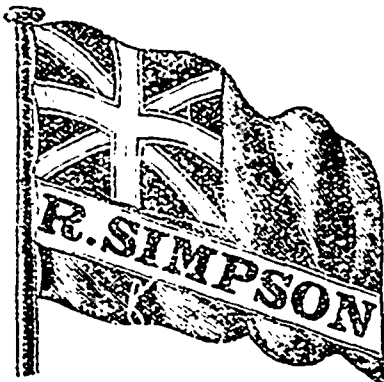
WHEN YOU STRIKE

a match, and it doesn't light—another, the same result, and so on, you waste both time and money. You don't have to . . . . .

STRIKE HARD

with Eddy's Matches—nor to strike often—one match, one light every time . . . . .

EDDY'S MATCHES.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

BUILDING SALE.

NOT a department in the house where prices are not under sacrifice. Workmen are busily engaged tearing down the corner store.

LINENS.

- 54-inch Table Cushion or Underlay, 50c yard, regular price 65c.
- 68-inch Bleached Table Linen, 60c, regular price, 75c.
- 40-inch Butchers Linen, 15c, regular price 20c.
- 18 x 36 Linen Huck Towels, 17c a pair, regular price 25c.
- 24-inch Loom Towel, 10c yard, regular price 15c.
- 18-inch Roller Towelling, 7c, regular price 9c.

COTTONS.

- 36-inch Factory Cotton, 6c yard, regular price 8c.
- 36-inch Factory Cotton (special), 8c, regular price 10c.
- 36-inch White Cotton (soft finish), 8c regular price 10c.
- 72-inch Bleached Sheetting, 17c, regular price 22c.
- 75-inch Bleached Sheetting, 2c, regular price 25c.

CARPETS and CURTAINS.

- Olefina 2k, regular price, 20c.
- Tapestry Carpets, 10c, regular price, 20c, 25c, regular price, 35c.
- All-wool Carpets, 10c, regular price 15c.
- Brussels, 7c, regular price, 10c.
- Chenille Curta, 10c, regular price, 15c.
- American Carpet, 10c, regular price, 15c.

QUILTS and BLANKETS.

- Colored Albanian Quilt, 4c, regular price, 7c.
- Honeycomb Quilt, 10c, regular price, 15c.
- Honeycomb Quilt, 10c, regular price, 15c.
- American Quilt, 10c, regular price, 15c.
- Special Blanket, 6c x 84, 22.5c, regular price, 25c.

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Where they will keep a First-class Stock of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Bass's Ale and Guinness's Stout ALSO IN STOCK.

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Directly opposite Fire Hall.

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

ALSO SICK ROOM, NURSERY & TOILET REQUISITES.

Liberal discount to Religious Communities.

Prescriptions a SPECIALTY.

Postal and Telephone orders receive instant attention. E. G. LEMAITRE.

## THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER XV.

TETE-A-TETE CONVERSATIONS.

The following morning Lord Stanmore and Sir Henry Moorland became personally acquainted; and during a tete-a-tete conversation, which led gradually to the information the former desired to obtain, he said:

"If it be not intrusive, Sir Henry, I should feel much interested to know which of two accounts published is the correct one respecting your loss of sight. At first it was said to have been on the battle-field, then that it was owing to indiscreet bleeding."

"Both are correct," replied the general. "It was at the moment of victory I fell, not from a wound, but from a stroke of apoplexy. I was carried off and carefully tended, but, perhaps, not skilfully. However, these things are in the hand of God. I suffered very little pain. I received the same reward as for the loss of limbs, and—my affianced bride was faithful."

No one better know the truth of that last assertion than he to whom Sir Henry, unconsciously, addressed it. Lord Stanmore, after a little pause, continued:

"All that you described last night in your argument with the marquis, as proving the tension of mind, the anguish of doubt, the final resolve of the general of an army to be equal to that of a minister of state—all that emotion fully accounts for the apoplexy which destroyed your sight. You were seized in the moment of victory: the revulsion of feeling from painful doubt to joyful certainty gave the stroke. The retreat of the enemy from the field of battle was the last your eyes beheld. This is, then, the truth; and I pray God you may preserve in your present cheerful courage, until you behold the final battle of the great Field Marshal, St. Michael, against our common enemy, Lucifer, and hear that band—the nine choirs of angels—sounding victory?"

"Thank you, thank you," said the general, warmly. "And in my turn, let me wish you, my lord, in the opening of your public life, true patriotism, and the same cheerful courage you wish me, with the wisdom of the serpent and the innocence of the dove."

"You speak of the opening of my public life," said Lord Stanmore; "and it is true that the marquis wishes me to represent in parliament the little town of Helkington, near here; but the people know me only through his lordship's report, and may not be disposed to accept me."

"They, virtually speaking, cannot refuse the marquis," said Sir Henry. "He can command the votes: Helkington may be termed a family borough!"

"Why that is called a rotten borough!"

"Exactly so," said the Marquis of S-aham, who had approached just near enough to hear this last exclamation. "Now, would you like to hear me defend a rotten borough?"

"Yes, indeed. I like to hear you grappling with a difficult subject, the more so that I know you have sufficient candor to pardon a listener who remains unconvinced."

"To begin, then; you are aware of all the fundamentals of our glorious constitution, the equilibrium of kings, lords, and commons, in threefold power; and that any undue increase, even involuntary, on one part, must be met by a moral barrier on the part of the two other powers, to stay the progress of this encroachment. Now, rotten boroughs form the barrier on the part of the aristocracy against the encroaching power of the commons;—Helkington is a case in point. My brother, Lord Claud, who is a commoner, and I, who am a peer, agree perfectly in politics; therefore he would, without scruple, accept to be placed, by my

interest, in the house of commons, where he would vote for the same measures as I do in the house of lords, and with all the other members of family boroughs keep the proper equipoise of power against the preponderance of the commons. My brother cannot yet enter parliament. He will be for many years in foreign courts; I have, therefore, thought of you—hoped for you; for in our many conversations together, I have ascertained that we think and feel alike on all subjects likely to engage the attention of parliament."

"And if," said Lord Stanmore, "we should, in the course of the session, find some unexpected subject on which we cannot agree?"

"Why, then, you can pair off with some honorable member of the opposition, and not vote at all."

"And suppose I should discover, as my knowledge and experience extended that we really did differ on very fundamental points?"

"Then I should await the first dissolution of parliament, to advise you to canvass for some other borough, or to stand for a county."

"I have, then, no objection whatever to accept your offer, my lord marquis, and to become a moral barrier in favor of equal rights and privileges as member for Helkington."

Marsden Park was a superb place in its own style; a style strongly contrasted to Woolton Court. It had the fine old timber of ages, a luxuriance of smaller foliage, a limpid winding river, and all that modern art could desire and supply in conservatories, orange-ries, aviaries, fish-ponds, labyrinths, bridges, temples, and hermitages; but—this objective monosyllable had presented itself to our hero, as, on the first evening of his arrival, turning his admiring gaze from the rich groups of oak, beech, and lime trees, he looked around the whole visible domain. It was a dead flat. "The moon had climbed the highest hill;" directly her beams fell beyond the raised flower-beds on the lawn; but, then—what flower-beds! and what a lawn!

"Do you love Marsden or Rockley best?" demanded Lord Stanmore of Lady Violet, as they stood together after breakfast in the conservatory, the day following his most peaceful, non-contested election to the borough of Helkington.

"Papa has given me Rockley," said she, "because I cannot inherit Marsden. This old place is strictly entailed on the male heirs, and, therefore, has remained to the Chamberlaynes ever since the first grant of the lands. I was born at Marsden; I have passed almost all my life here, and yet it must pass from me. It is very profitable to live in a place that must pass from you."

"Why?"

"Because it is a type constantly before you of all earthly possessions, and all earthly—"

"Why do you hesitate? All earthly what?"

"All earthly affections, that are not fit to be eternal. This I have been long taught by Dr. Rollings, our chaplain."

"He has an apt pupil; but all your affections, Lady Violet, are fit to be eternal. Woo be to him who would dare to engage them only for time. But, you have not yet told me which place you love the best."

"I love both."

"That is not an answer."

"Both places have remembrances."

"Very true. Who do you remember in connection with Rockley?"

"I remember the dear Duchess of Peterworth; she is my godmother. Did you know that?"

"No, indeed, I did not. That accounts for the sort of authority with which she made me the happiest of men. She made it impossible that I should be totally forgotten in the many remembrances of Rockley. But for

her, perhaps, I should have become but as a ripple of the Lake of Windermere, broken and lost in the succeeding wave."

"Oh, no," said Violet, at length, believing her companion to be very much in earnest; "I do not remember you because the duchess wishes it, although I love and respect her very much. I have my own individual being. Every one's soul is an independent creation of God, with its own faculties, and feelings, and preferences. This soul of mine must love God supremely, and then—"

"And then me."

"If you really wish it."

"If I wish it. Oh! Violet can you doubt me? This place of your birth may pass from you, but Woolton Court and the heart of its owner shall honor and adore you."

"Oh, that is too French!" cried she; "do not use that word to a poor mortal. I prefer you to any one I have ever seen; but I cannot interest and occupy your heart yet, I am so young. I try to find out the things you like, and I learn them. I have learned to draw for some time, and now I wish to paint; for I see you love paintings. But above all, I try to profit by all the wise and learned things I constantly hear from papa and his friends; for papa says you have one of the most intelligent minds he ever met with. He did not say this to please me. He said it in a low voice to the present prime minister, and I was tuning my harp; but I heard it. And now you are to enter parliament, and influence the multitude to all that is great and good. I shall read all your speeches; and, above all, I shall like to hear your first speech. If you outlive the Earl of Charleton, and speak in the house of lords, I shall always go into the peeress' box to listen. I admire eloquence and argument. I was very much interested the other night in hearing papa and Sir Henry Moreland on the respective merits of diplomacy and war. But why were you so silent?"

"Because, sweetest Violet, like you, I am very young. I am often encouraged by my superiors in age and wisdom to give my opinion on various points, and I then, being so invited, give it freely. But I cannot venture to decide weighty matters that involve responsibility, and pronounce on a theory without experience."

"If you would never willingly talk to any woman until she is five-and-twenty," said Violet, "it will be almost eleven years before my conversation can have any charms for you; and oh! what a long while that appears. What a pity to be so young."

Large tears stood in her eyes, and then overflowed, all the more because Lord Stanmore, in his usual style, as he said, of a prince in a fairy tale, had dropped on one knee, and was alternately looking up at those brimful eyes and covering her hands with kisses.

"I feel so jealous, so painfully jealous of every one who is older than myself, and then such scruples about being jealous; and then to look forward to eleven long years of jealous scruples."

The tears now rained on the hands, and were kissed away, and the question asked—

"When did I say such nonsense?"

"You said it only two days ago."

"And the lady to whom I said it was, of course, past the age of five-and-twenty?"

"Yes, she was."

"Then, sweetest Violet, I think I may rise from my knees."

"Pray rise, my lord, and never think such a posture required by me, however you make me suffer."

"I make you suffer; my angel—my seraph! How?"

"You told Miss Tolman last night that her rich contralto notes would mingle with your dreams."

"What next?"

"And you kissed Lady Mary Pul-toney's hand when she gave you one of the photographs of the late Duke of Wellington."

"What more?"

"When we all go to London, I shall still be too young to be presented. I shall be far less likely to see you. You will be conversing with and dreaming of those intellectual and well stored minds, and deep rich voices, neither of which I yet possess. I will endeavor during these eleven long years—"

"Lady Violet," said Lord Stanmore, very gently, yet very gravely, "so long as you see on this hand the ring of our betrothal, be convinced that I cherish in deep affection, ardent admiration, and fondest hope, all that is promised me by that pledge. When your father placed me at liberty to consider the engagement as merely a frolic of the warm heart and lively imagination of the Duchess of Peterworth, I obtained his consent to consider the betrothal as binding on myself, though I left you free. I have hoped, from beholding on your hand the same pledge, that your affection and respect for the marquis had induced you to listen favorably to my wishes through him. I am but too much flattered by the favorable opinion you have of me; I feel much more touched by your artless fears of having rivals in this heart. Fear nothing from that vague, general admiration of your sex, which in the country that roared me is more demonstrative than in England. As my future wife, I love you alone. Your wonderful humility is such that, perhaps, even a little authority on my part may please instead of displease you. Is it so?"

Her brightened countenance said "Yes," and he continued.

"You have justly imagined that I shall prefer to find in my wife an intelligent and cultivated mind, in preference to a proficiency in superficial accomplishments; but in you, I hope, all these qualities will be blended. I do not wish an overwise and learned wife. It will refresh me more—if, indeed, I am to launch forth into public life—to find, on my return home, a companion who can recreate my mind and please my fancy by those unspeakable graces which are natural to you. From the heated debate or prosy speech of my fellow-men, I—young, gay, impetuous, as I am—shall enjoy, after much constraint, to laugh and play a little with my young wife. After a great deal of ponderous sense, there is nothing better than a little good nonsense."

"Ah!" cried Lady Violet, "there you are, like papa, but he also says that for nine persons who can talk good sense, the tenth only can talk good nonsense. Uncle Claud can, and makes papa laugh till he cries, 'Stop, Claud; now stop.' If you remain here when the other guests are gone, you may hear a fine skirmish of good-natured wit between papa, uncle Claud, aunt Clara, and the Duchess of Peterworth, at the card table; I enjoy it all; I appreciate it all; but if I have wit, it is of a graver sort. I think that if ever I have the happiness to welcome you home from what papa calls over-tension of mind in public life, that you will be the one to talk the good nonsense, and I to laugh."

"That will do admirably well," said Lord Stanmore, "and that happy time will arrive, please God, in two years, for you are past fourteen, and your father exacts no longer delay than that you shall have attained the age of my mother at the epoch of her marriage with my father. She was sixteen, and my father three-and-twenty; exactly the age I shall be in that happy year. Ah, Violet my treasure," cried he again, seizing her hand, "do not shrink from me when I praise you; you are far more fitted to give me lessons in virtue and conduct than I you. You,

who have given me, after God, your first and pure affections; trust me, the desire of my heart is to merit them through life."

CHAPTER XVI.  
A PAINFUL DISCOVERY.

The remainder of Lord Stanmore's visit at Marsden Park was occupied with preparations for the public career that now lay before him; and by the excitement of a threatened change of ministry, which, after various endeavors to form a better cabinet under a different chief, was reinstated, with some partial modifications. The Marquis of Seaham became minister for foreign affairs, and his previous office for the colonies was filled by the Marquis of Penzance, who had, till then, held the woods and forests. Lord Seaham had been mostly in London, or at a villa he had purchased at Richmond, but which could not be termed, like the one on Windermere, "Holiday Cottage"—transfers and assumptions of office always involving additional labor. It now became doubtful whether Lord Claud Chamberlayne, instead of returning to Munich, would not be sent to Vienna, as an important step towards becoming one day ambassador. In the midst of these various plans of public and private interest, Lord Stanmore and Lady Violet had one more long and private conversation, the evening before his departure from Marsden to join the marquis in London. All guests had departed save the Moorlands, Lord Claud, and our hero; and on the evening in question, the former trio were seated together in deep private discourse near the fire, while at the further end of the room, sheltered by musical instruments, sat Lord Stanmore and Lady Violet, making some final arrangements, among the rest, a correspondence while in London, to be conducted under the names of "Arthur" and "Violet," an immediate renewal of the betrothal, by each taking off the ring of the other, kissing it, and replacing it on the loved hand; a promise of miniatures from the skilful hand of the most eminent artist of the day, the which last arrangement led, most unexpectedly, from joy to sorrow, in the following manner:—

"I have already shown you the miniatures of my parents," said Lord Stanmore, "and I have seen several portraits of your father, dear Violet; but, to my surprise, I can nowhere discover any portrait, or even sketch, of your mother, the late Marchioness of Seaham. This surprises me the more, as Lady Clara has taken pains to leave no vacuum in your family line of pictures. Is there any portrait of her—of your mother? However badly executed, it would be interesting, and we could have it copied by some skilful artist. Can you remember her?"

A long pause, then the words, scarcely audible—"I was only three years old when she left me."

"When she left you for a better world," added Lord Stanmore. "But the duchess led me to think that you were in the slight mourning preparatory to resuming colors, when I first saw you at the Lake of Windermere, a few months ago."

"I was nearly thirteen years old when she died," said Violet.

"Where did she die?"

"In Italy."

"Ah, she was taken to Italy for her health and there died. But who were with her of the family?"

"No one," said Violet, weeping; "they could not. She had obtained leave to enter the strict branch of the Franciscan Order called the 'Entombed Alive'—*Le Sepolto Viva*."

"Who gave leave?"

"Papa gave leave, and then the Pope."

A sudden light flashed on the mind of Lord Stanmore. He felt inexpressibly shocked, and could only say:

"Oh, my poor Violet!"

"Uncle Claud will tell you," whispered she; "he was very kind to poor mamma. I shall see you to-morrow before you go, if not, we shall meet in London next week; and I have requested Dr. Rollings for to-morrow's mass to be for you, Arthur."

As Lady Violet passed the still consulting trio to bid good-night, she bent to her uncle's ear the entreaty that he would "explain about poor mamma to Lord Stanmore." Lord Claud immediately complied, and found our hero with his hands clasped over his face in a state of the most painful emotion.

"My dear Stanmore," said Lord Claud, "I trust that this cruel family blot and affliction will cause no chance in your sentiments towards our angelic Violet. It is not as if she had been educated by a frail mother. She was only three years old when that unfortunate mother left her—an abandonment of duty that poor Lady Seaham expiated by the most heartfelt and severe penance. I am ready to reply to any questions."

"Thank you, Lord Claud. My first question is—Why was I never told this history?"

"I may safely reply that there has been no intention, on our part, to keep you in ignorance of a thing so publicly known that it has been taken for granted you were aware of it."

"Who was the seducer?"

"Lord Edwin Fitzjames, brother to the present Marquis of Penzance."

"Is he alive?"

"He is."

"The wretch! Oh! if I ever meet him!"

"My dear Stanmore, he has been met by one whom he has far more grievously injured than you, or any man. He was shown last year into a room where my brother was waiting to speak the first lord the treasury. These two men, the injurer and the injured, stood opposite each other as if struck motionless. At length, Lord Edwin sank on his knees and said, 'she is dead. Let me die forgiven!' My brother said, 'you are forgiven,' and fell back fainting into the chair, from which he had started up. He had an illness of three weeks; but that heroic act will send him a happy death and favorable judgment, when that supreme hour shall arrive."

Yes, yes, it was heroic—too heroic. But the marquis was already injured. And you, Lord Claud, you have known all this so many years that you are accustomed to it. With him, and with you all, the guilt, the blot is irremediable; you cannot escape from it."

"Good heavens! Lord Stanmore, escape from us if you wish it," cried Lord Claud. "Clara, will you come here?"

Lady Clara immediately arose, but Sir Henry detained her first, saying in his usual tone of voice:

"Is he worth all this?" Then adding loudly to Lord Stanmore, "come my young viscount the world has hitherto smiled a little too softly on you; some humiliation and adversity will do you no harm."

"Mon Dieu," cried Arthur, suddenly leaping from his seat and clenching his hands, while he continued, rapidly in French, "is this the man to be taunting me with being a spoiled boy, has caused the one great adversity of my life, and who continues selfishly to occupy the whole time and attention of her who used to be the 'light' the real 'Clara' of her house."

"What is all that?" inquired the general, of Lady Clara.

"Oh!" replied she, "do permit me to soothe him: the blood is going to his head. He is speaking in delirium—"

"Well, I hope so. But go to him, for God forbid that any one from want of care or skill should have a stroke."

"My cousin, Arthur," said she, gently approaching him with her hand-

kerchief steeped in eau de cologne, "sit down here, and let me lay this across your forehead. If we could have prevented this shock to you, we would have done so. God has permitted it; we must permit it. There now; is it not refreshingly cold?"

Lord Stanmore did not reply but by kissing the ministering hands; at length he said:

"It was you wished it."

"Exactly so," replied she, "I take the whole responsibility on myself. I did wish it, and I do wish it. Violet has been my child, my pupil, my congenial companion, the object of my tender solicitude and affection. I wish to make her happy by confiding her to your warm and generous heart. To-morrow, my brother Claud and I will edify you by a recital of the penitent years of our lovely and unfortunate sister-in-law. Her fault having been public, her penance became so; and the expiation has been deemed sufficient in the sight of her erring fellow-mortals. No shadow can fall on her innocent child. Do you feel better?"

"If he does not," said the general, feeling for the bell-handle, "he must be bled moderately; and if he is better, we should all go to repose, for it is past eleven o'clock."

"Of course, I feel better," said Arthur, in a low voice, to the brother and sister. "Thank you, Lord Claud, for bearing with me so patiently. And you, Lady Clara, what can I say to you?"

"Just what you have said, that you really feel better. A good night will restore you."

During the excitement in the room below, the young Violet, perfectly unconscious, in her inexperience of life, that her mother's fault could react on herself, after a few tender tears to that mother's memory, and the accustomed prayers for the repose of her soul, fell asleep amid thoughts of pleasantness and peace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co. Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE

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(ALEX. MILLARD,)  
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The person who having been cured of chronic bronchitis, an attack of inflammation of the lungs, or the primary stages of consumption, by the use of Hallam's Expectorant, and who puts himself to the trouble of bringing to the attention of another sufferer its marvellous remedial influence, is possessed of a nature which takes pleasure in performing a kind and friendly act. The distinctive reputation of this medicine has been largely obtained through the cures it has effected after being so recommended, and that it has never failed its vouchers speaks volumes in its favor. The greatest care is always exercised in its preparation, so that its medicinal excellence shall never become impaired. Sold by all druggists. The Toronto Pharmacal Co's, Wholesale Agents.

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THE SUPERIOR BLOOD-MEDICINE  
CURES OTHERS WILL CURE YOU  
PURE BLOOD  
CLEAR SKIN  
HEALTH  
MENTAL ENERGY  
PERFECT DIGESTION  
SOUND SLEEP  
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VITALITY  
STRONG NERVES

M. Hammerly, a well-known business man of Hillsboro, Va., sends the following to the merits of Ayer's Sarsaparilla: "Several years ago, I hurt my leg, the injury leaving a sore which led to erysipelas. My sufferings were extreme, my leg, from the knee to the ankle, being a solid sore, which began to extend to other parts of the body. After trying various remedies, I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, before I had finished the first bottle, experienced great relief; the second bottle effected a complete cure."

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**IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA.**  
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. and a bonus of one per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution has this day been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after **FRIDAY, 1st DAY OF JUNE NEXT.** The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders for the election of Directors for the ensuing year will be held at the Banking House in this city on Wednesday, the 20th June next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon.  
By order of the Board.  
D. R. WILKIE, Cashier.  
Toronto, 26th April, 1894.



LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., May 18th, 1894.

This is Whitsuntide and the people of England have been devoting themselves to holiday-making. They reckoned, however, without their host, the clerk of the weather, who has sternly set his face against any such frivolous employment of precious time. The merry makers have in consequence had to set about their task under the most gloomy and dispiriting circumstances, and returning from their several outings by land and sea, they remind an observant spectator of nothing so much as a flock of rain-soaked hens. The greatest good humour, however, prevailed on all sides, and it certainly takes something more than dampness, cold and mud, to interfere with an English artizan and business man's enjoyment of a holiday.

The rage for rest and recreation has invaded even the busy precincts of Westminster, the usual habitues of its halls have fled, and chamber and court are for the nonce given over to the dustman and charwoman.

The other day I had the pleasure of being a listener to one of those eloquent and statesman-like addresses with which the Hon. Edward Blake is astonishing and enlightening the public opinion of this country on the great constitutional question to which he is at present devoting those rare abilities which claims the admiration of friend and foe alike. In a subsequent interview with which I was favored I learned much of his eminent public career. His infancy and boyhood, it seems, were spent in what was at that time, the backwoods of Canada. For his early education he was largely indebted to parental training. Showing rather a dislike than otherwise for the ordinary curriculum of studies it was an inestimable advantage to him to be able, like so many other famous men, to acquire instruction in the happiest and best form at home. From very early years he possessed a passion for reading, and gifted with a very retentive memory, often astonished his friends by recalling to their recollection the contents of the volumes he had pored over. When about fifteen years of age he had the advantage of accompanying his father on a visit to Europe, and, being in Paris, was a spectator of some of the most exciting scenes of the revolution that drove Louis Phillippe from the Throne of France. On his return he entered Upper Canada College, but still did not display any particular eagerness for learning. The stimulus afforded by the competition for the Governor-General's Prize first made of him a hard student, and his application was rewarded by his winning the coveted distinction. He finished his education at the University of Toronto, where he was silver medalist in classics, and took the degree of M.A. in 1858. Having determined on following his father's profession he was called to the Bar and soon secured an excellent practice.

This is not the place nor is it my purpose to follow his distinguished public career in Canada, already so well known to your readers. It was with a thrill of joy and gratitude that Irishmen who knew him heard that in response to a call from the land of his ancestors he had resolved to give up home, family and friends and what is, perhaps, more difficult, the associations and ties of a lifetime, and to devote his talents and remaining years to what, at times, seems the almost hopeless task of securing freedom for his beloved Erin. With, as we trust, a long and successful public career before him, the occasion is not one on which to sum up Mr. Blake's distinguishing qualities or characteristics, or to pronounce the final judgment history will render of his career as a statesman. How honourable it

has hitherto been, how remarkable in its sudden transition from a colonial to an imperial sphere of action, is recognized by all who have had an opportunity of following its already lengthened course. The chastenings of experience are good for us all, and especially for those who thus step literally at one bound into a new and untried field of exertion. To this rule the most brilliant intellect, the most cultivated talents, form no exception. But even before entering his present scene of strife and labour in the cause of Home Rule, Mr. Blake had already rendered great and distinguished services to Ireland and her cause, and that country—by no means an ungrateful one—will be proud to acknowledge, should the record of the future fulfil its expectation, the right of his name to a place on the roll of the best and most illustrious of her sons.

Mr. Gladstone has received quite a budget of correspondence on his translation of Horace. Naturally he can not find time or energy to reply to all his critics, some of whom are most unreasonable in their demands. For a young University don to write a letter on the subject of a translation is easy enough; it is quite another matter for a man of Mr. Gladstone's age to take him seriously, or even to enter into an argument with him. I am told that nearly every man interested in the translation of the classics, has sent the late Prime Minister some remarks upon his *Nineteenth Century* article.

In default of news of more immediate importance, I shall no doubt be forgiven if I refer to a rather good story which appears in the German trade journal devoted to the interests of tobacco. It appears that an ingenious but economical smoker, with a weakness for cigars of the best quality, purchased a thousand and forthwith insured them. Then he set to work to smoke them, and having consumed the last, demanded 750 marks from the insurance company on the ground that the whole of the insured stock had been destroyed by fire. The Court decided in his favor, whereupon the company brought an action for conspiracy, accused him of having intentionally put fire to the cigars, and obtained his committal to prison for three months. The story may be true, but then again it may not.

I heard of another incident the other day, which is perhaps as fine an example as could be found of the determination of Englishmen not to be outdone. It occurred on the Western Railway, between Paris and Dieppe. This express, according to the time-table, stops only at Rouen, but the passengers a day or two ago were startled when the locomotive pulled up in the middle of the country near Mantes. Then the guard made for a compartment, from which he had received the signal for stoppage. He found two Englishmen in the carriage, one of whom had lighted his pipe, to the intense disgust of the other, who was a member, doubtless, of the Anti Smoking League. This is what had passed between them: "I bet I'll stop you," said the annoyed one. "No, you won't," replied the offender, whereupon his opponent coolly rang the alarm bell, and the train was stopped. The guard expressed his surprise, but received for reply "Aoh! ce gentleman fumeur son pipe, et il etait dit sur le carton qu'il etait interdit de fumer." "That is all very well," said the guard, "but the notice also says that the bel. must not be rung without serious reason. I shall be obliged to draw up a proces verbal." "Aoh! ce m'etait bien egal, je attai en Angleterre directly," was the retort of the enemy of tobacco. Then the train went on, but the determined Englishman was non-plused when he found upon arriving at Dieppe that his luggage was detained as a pledge for his appearance before the authorities when called upon to do so.



Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOODRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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J. W. LANGMUIR, MANAGER.

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

	CLOSE	DUE.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	8.00 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30 8.25	12 40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.80 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 8.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. noon	a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00
		6.15 4.00 10.30 8.20
		10.00
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00 10.30 11pm
U. S. West'n States	6.15 12 n.	9.00 8.20
		10.30

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m.; on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for May: 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 1, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 31.

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

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