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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 43.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

D'ARCY MCGEE.

The "Register's" Suggestion Approved All Round.

What Our Contemporaries are saying.

The Sunday World

It is now nearly thirty years since the bullet of Whalen removed from the field of public affairs in Canada one of the most brilliant and fascinating figures that has ever appeared in the arena of Canadian politics. "An Exile from Erin" he came to our shores and by the witchery of art and charm of resistless eloquence won for himself an enduring regard in the affections of his chosen countrymen. Driven by adverse fate from the shores of Old



GAVAN DUFFY.

Ireland, he drifted first to American then to Canadian soil and found in the legislature of the nebulous nation a fitting field for the exercise of his gifts. At that particular period of this country's history he threw into the scale of its political forces the weight of his wisdom and his wit, and lived to see the warring forces reconciled, and class and creed and races and religions bound and blent together in the great consummation of Confederation.

It was a dark day in Dublin, where many days are dark, when the spirit of O'Connell passed away, freeing the eager agitators of the "Young Ireland" faction from the last restraint to their fatal ambition to realize visions by violence. Already the agitation for the repeal of the Union initiated by the great tribune had gone farther than his wildest dreams had ever ventured, and led by famine and strengthened by suffering had hovered dangerously near the perilous ridge of revolution. The flames his eloquence had kindled fed on the hopes his heart had cherished and the generation which echoed his denunciations to Britain rejected his counsels of peace.

The year 1848, which witnessed the occurrence of the rebellion which necessitated the departure of McGee from Ireland was one prolific of great events, not only in Ireland, but in almost every country in Europe. Throughout the whole of the Continent the smouldering spirit of revolution, so long subdued and crushed, at last burst forth with a tragic intensity which shook every throne in Europe.

And was it to be expected that Ireland, restless, emotional, impatient, would remain silent in the midst of this univer-

sal turmoil, particularly where the voice of the most eloquent orators had combined with the exaction of the land lords, and the energy of their bailiffs to convince her peasantry that they were the most injured people in the world. The agitation for the repeal of the Union inaugurated by O'Connell had, even before he died passed far beyond his control and fanned by the fiery eloquence of a rising generation of brilliant men, had developed into an impassioned agitation bordering very closely on revolution for the establishment of an independent Irish nation. And now the voice of the agitator and the zeal of the bailiff had found a terrible auxiliary in the great famine, which, sweeping over the country, completed the misery of the people and reduced the unfortunate peasants to a condition of abject destitution and poverty.

At this time D'Arcy McGee, as editor of the *Dublin Nation* was one of the most conspicuous of that brilliant band of Irish journalists who voiced the sentiments of the Young Ireland party, and vigorously incited the people to rise and emancipate themselves from British rule. They were no Home Rulers, but Nationalists out and out, and demanded nothing less than the complete independence of Ireland. They pointed with passionate indignation to the poverty of the people, to the exactions of the landlords, to the starvation of the peasantry, to the destitution of the country, and recklessly declared that all these had been caused by British rule, and would be cured by Irish independence. They painted with a glowing and poetic eloquence the future of an Irish nation with all her people rich and happy, sans landlords, sans bailiffs, sans famine, sans poverty, and the green flag over all. And the poor peasantry, hungry and ragged and driven to desperation by the terrible famine, but ever hopeful, ever imaginative and ever responsive to the voice of eloquence, prepared to arm themselves for the impending struggle, and with rusty muskets in their ragged arms go forth to fight for Ireland under the leadership of the valiant Dublin journalists. There is something strangely pathetic in the credulity of these people, who have so often failed but never faltered and knowing every mood but despair cower among their wretched huts and cherish a hope not born of idle dreams that all will be yet well. The sun forever sinking has never set on Ireland and the genius of her people is seen forever shining in the twinkle of an eye and the smile upon their lips and the unquenchable kindness of their large and loving hearts.

As time advanced, however, and his great oratorical powers, though not directed to any definite end, made him one of the most conspicuous, powerful politicians of the country. McGee began to acquire a genuine and permanent interest in those new political issues which formerly he had used as playthings. The ambition so rudely shattered in Ireland revived in his new sphere and he determined to fashion for himself a new career in Canada. He studied with much interest the short but romantic history of the new land and his poetical mind found abundant inspiration in the splendid scenery and legend-

ary lore of Quebec and the neighboring provinces. He loved to dwell on the times when the stately courtiers of Louis XIV. sailed over the sea to found a new and freer France beside the great St. Lawrence. He liked to dwell on the heroic achievements of Cartier, La Salle, Frontenac and Champlain and the heroic struggles of the red men to maintain the land against the strangers. He liked to tell of the rivalry of Saxon and Celt, of the heroism of our pioneers and the journeys of the priests and the planting of the cross in the wilderness. And he could paint in winning words a perfect picture of the great linked lakes so vast and mighty, waiting in the rustling forest for the commerce of the centuries, or tell of the broad pulsating rivers, the daring rugged mountains



THOMAS DAVIS.

the quiet fertile valleys and the forests of pine and fir and maple and the slumbering wealth of gold and silver and coal—all waiting for the wonderful days to be. With magical eloquence he would tell of chateau and hut and wigwam, seigneur and chieftain and settler, the ring of the ax, the crack of the rifle, the war cry of Iroquois, the whisper of the winds, the rustle of the forest, the birch canoe gently gliding down the musical running waters, the log cabin the forest, the settler over his fireside, the howl of the wolf in the distance, the harsh shriek from the forest, the sudden alarm, the crack of the trusty rifle, the brand of fire and burning hut, the death of torture, the requiem of the winds—the silence. All the mystery and misery, all the sunshine and sorrow, all the danger and the daring, all the turmoil and the triumph, and in it all and over all triumphant he would tell of the conquering Celt and Saxon, rulers of men and builders of nations; and so he spoke with music of thought and word and eye, music of soul and sense and sight and music of memory, mirth and myth.

And thus the brilliant exile learned to love the land he lived in, and his rich imagination going backward to the era of conflict returned to see the divergent forces reconciled, converging into the frame and form, pattern and proportion of a majestic nation, and with this brightest of pictures in his mind and on his lips D'Arcy McGee became the orator of confederation.

Never was the wayward Irish exile so supremely great as in that last pathetic struggle to rise above the darkness of the past when with full knowledge of the deadly risk he ran he told the honest truth of Ireland.

Nor will the people of this Canada, to which he gave the flower of his days, begrudge that in his dying hours his mind went back to that dear Ireland which for loving he had lost. The green grass grows on Irish soil and loving eyes turn backward to the land on whose gray hills and humble homes the sunlight of perpetual patriotism is seen forever shining and who can send her sons beyond the farthest seas and yet retain them to the very last. The debt we owe to Ireland for McGee this country has striven to repay with Blako. Over the same broad sea where fifty years ago the Irish lad came sailing to fame the fortune, now there has gone back to Irish soil a soldier well equipped with nature's choicest weapons and her wit, and let us hope that they who hear his voice and bow before the magic of his mind will feel some portion of that rare delight which thrilled Canadian hearts when the silvery voice of the "Exile of Erin" rang through our council halls.

E. HARRISON CROSS.

Canadian Freeman.

The Toronto REGISTER's suggestion that a monument be erected to the memory of D'Arcy McGee in Toronto should meet with approval all along the line. We hope at some future day to see monuments erected to both Hon. Mr. McGee and Hon. Mr. Fraser. Canadians owe the two great statesmen this mark of honor.

Halifax Chronicle.

Monuments have been erected to the memories of Sir George Cartier and Sir John Macdonald and proposals are before the public to erect a monument to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. Very good, but where is the monument that should long ago have been erected to the memory of Joseph Howe, a greater and a better man than any of the three mentioned?

True Witness.

In the last issue the CATHOLIC REGISTER of Toronto struck a key note that should not be allowed to die away in echo. We hope, for the sake of our creed and race in Canada, that the suggestion made will be taken up on all sides and that the idea expressed will soon be carried to realization. The article to which we refer speaks of the statues of public men that are to be found in Canada and of those in contemplation, and it calls attention to the fact that while great, good and patriotic men are being honored by marble busts or bronze statues to perpetuate their names, one of the brightest, grandest figures on the field of our history—the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee—remains without any fitting public memorial. Although Mr. McGee was a poet of high order, an historian of undoubted powers, an orator of the first rank, and a statesman of great acumen, it is as one of the moulders of our Confederation that Canadians in general, irrespective of creed or race, should hasten to carry out the idea that the REGISTER so happily expressed.

What sympathies there are between kindred souls! what mystic ties of melody bind inspired bard to bard! When McGee heard of this noble deed, in honor of one of the sweetest singers Ireland ever produced, he could not resist the natural impulse of snatching

up the harp he had so often turned into melody to sing the praises of the tomb-builders of the South. He recalls the olden custom of heaping a cairn of stones upon the sod beneath which a poet or bard was at rest.

"A thousand years ago—didst thou
Had such a harp in thine hand
The cairn had not the cairn of stone
By every passing hand increased
God bless the brave! not yet the grave
Could e'er have passed his restful place."

"And surely that 'Ancient Race,' that 'Celtic Race,' that 'Noble Island Race'—as in another poem McGee described them, could not allow this generation to pass away nor this century to expire without leaving a monument such as would hand his name and fame down to future years.

* *

We are very thankful to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for having touched upon this question. The day is at hand when another generation will step in, and unless we, of to-day, rescue from oblivion our historical relics and perpetuate the names of our great men, the world moves so rapidly that they may all be forgotten. "It is not death alone—but Time and Death, that canonize the patriot," said Duffy, in speaking of Davis,—so is it true of McGee. The longer men live, the more time elapses, the more potent events that transpire the more triumphantly will his greatness be vindicated and the more evident will it become that he was a political prophet as well as a mighty minded patriot.

The Emigrant

The proposal of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER that the Canadian people should erect a monument to the late Thomas D'Arcy McGee meets with acceptance in all parts of the country, if we are to judge by the comments of exchanges. This great and gifted Irishman was a forceful figure in our public life, and it would be a graceful tribute to his memory to publicly recognize his worth in this way. He died when he was at the zenith of his powers, but not before he had rendered signal service to his adopted country. He was one of the bright minds that carried Confederation to accomplishment and he shares with Sir John Macdonald and the brilliant men of that day the distinction of being one of the chief promoters of that movement. He was the orator of his day, and he brought to his duties in parliament a mind replete with the knowledge and wisdom which makes a statesman. With the opinions of his youth we have nothing to do. He was of an impetuous and emotional disposition, whose fiery nature finds its best outlet in action and that the stormy political scenes of his young manhood should have tempted him to participation, as they tempted John Boyle O'Reilly, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and many other impressionable youths to perilous extremes is not surprising. But it was in this country that his full talents were brought out. He found here a system of government which suited his views, and entered the political field with zest. Of fine attainments, he was but a short time in reaching the first rank, and no city could have a more distinguished representative. His countrymen, who regarded him with affectionate pride as one who reflected lustre upon his race, were among the deepest mourners at his ultimately death. Although a faithful adherent of the Church of Rome, the Protestant element saw in him a phenomenal man for whom they held a warm friendship and still revere in memory. We hope that the proposal of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER will be acted upon, and that if his statue does not adorn Capital Hill at Ottawa as a national work, the people of Canada may place one somewhere else.

We know whereof we affirm when we state that Ayer's Pills, taken promptly, at the first symptoms of colds and fevers, arrest further progress of these disorders, and speedily restore stomach, liver and bowels to their normal and regular action.

A Criticism and an Answer.

The following letter appeared in the *Globe* of October 11th:

SIR—THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, in its issue of Sept 13th, reproaches the Hon. Mr. Laurier with having attended on Sundays during his trip to the west churches that are not Catholic. Will THE REGISTER state whether Mr. Laurier is, as a Catholic, forbidden to listen to an able speaker, to enjoy a touching and eloquent discourse, because the speaker happens to be a Protestant clergyman, and his discourse, delivered in a Protestant Church? Is it to be told by this model Catholic paper that Catholics are to deny sincerity to Protestants, when the latter preach that same gospel of love and peace that the Catholic Church held and taught long before the Reformation? Out upon such narrow and pitiful Catholicism! It is such pretensions to true religion on the part of Catholics (so called) more Papal than the Pope, that feeds and strengthens the P. P. A. and kindred associations. Give us, say the patriotic Catholics of Ontario, not the puny Catholicism of THE REGISTER but the broad, virile and generous Catholicism of a Daniel O'Connell, a Richard Lalor Sheil, a Bishop England, who frequently preached in Protestant churches, an Archbishop Hughes who often did likewise; an Archbishop Ireland, who goes as far with his Protestant fellow-Christians as he can go, glad of their company so far; give us, say all true Canadians, that spirit of patriotism which lately prompted Archbishop Cleary of Kingston to speak, as *The Canadian Freeman* reports him as having spoken at Carleton Place. Let us, sir, cite *The Freeman's* own words: "He spoke of the angel's song of peace and good-will, and rejoiced that the spirit of that message was so beautifully exemplified in Carleton Place. He inculcated the observance of the practice of bearing and forbearing with each other, particularly with respect to the differences which creeds create, and charged that the obligation lay with first period of conscious activity to be gentle and loving. He emphasized the spirit of toleration by counselling Protestants and Catholics to live side by side, in concord. No man had a right to quarrel with another because of his religion. All were aiming for the golden shore, and the injunction of the Great Master to 'Love one another' was the first lesson of Christianity, by whatever name it might be called. As one listened to the Archbishop in this he instinctively began to hum the beautiful symphony from Burns: 'It's coming yet, for a' that; that man to man the world o'er shall brethren be for a' that.'"

THE REGISTER, so solicitous for Mr. Laurier's conscience, has not by the way, one word to say on a subject that ought to give lively concern to so strict a religionist—a subject dealt with by the *Hamilton Times*, edited by a Protestant Liberal as follows:—"Mr. Clarke Wallace has decided that Canadians will not be corrupted by reading 'Maria Monk' and other P.P.A. books seized at Montreal. How thankful Canadians ought to be that they have holy and devout customs officers to decide for them what they should and what they should not read."

If the precious space of THE REGISTER cannot afford room for the *Times's* opinion, it might for that of the *Brantford Expositor*, also edited by a Protestant Liberal:—"Mr. Clarke Wallace's decision that 'The Awful Disclosures by Maria Monk' is a book fit for importation under the customs law shows that that law is powerless to prevent the ingress of obscene literature. A more gratuitously obscene work, as well as a more false one, could not be presented for Mr. Wallace's opinion. But the P. P. A. must be good humored even if it should be at the expense of Sir John Thompson's feelings."

There are thousands of Catholic voters in Ontario who deplore the spirit

manifested by THE REGISTER in its criticism of Mr. Laurier.

A CHURCH GOING CATHOLIC.
Sept. 20.

The Reply.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

SIR—In the *Globe* of the 11th instant a "Church-Going Catholic" takes the REGISTER to task for its attitude towards Mr. Laurier for attending services in a Protestant church during his trip through the North-West. Were the writer what he says he is, "A Church-Going Catholic," and did his early training prepare his mind to master a single sermon such as is heard every Sunday from any of our pulpits he would not have lost his time penning such inconsequent trash as he treats his readers to. If I notice him at all it is not for his sake nor because of any point he has made, for he has made none except to show clearly his deplorable ignorance of Catholic teaching and of principles. This church-going Catholic asks: "Will the REGISTER state, whether Mr. Laurier is, as a Catholic, forbidden to listen to an able speaker, to enjoy a touching and eloquent discourse because the speaker happens to be a Protestant clergyman, and his discourse delivered in a Protestant church?" Fudge! "Is it to be told by this model Catholic paper that Catholics are to deny sincerity to Protestants?" What drivell! Where and when did the REGISTER ever state or hint at anything so preposterously absurd? Had this church-going Catholic ever mastered a single principle of our religious belief and claims he could not have so widely missed the point for which the REGISTER contends? Protestants like Catholics are in the habit of going to church on Sundays to worship God. That they are in earnest in what they do one is quite prepared to admit. That we as Catholics can join in their worship we are not prepared to admit unless we also admit that there is no real necessity for the existence of our religion—its beliefs, its practices, its worship, etc.—at all.

I am not now dealing with the facts whether the Catholic religion is the true religion established by our Lord Jesus Christ—whether there can be more than one form of the true religion—whether all kinds of worship are equally pleasing and acceptable to God. From my standpoint as a Catholic all these questions are settled beyond a doubt. So too should they be settled in so far as Mr. Laurier or any other Catholic is concerned. With us they lie outside of the field of discussion. They are first principles essential to the possibility of our claims. As Catholics we believe with implicit faith that Jesus Christ established a Church—one Church; that that Church is the pillar and the ground of truth; that the gates of hell cannot prevail against her; that she has her sacrifice and her great sacramental system and her legitimate form of worship and of prayer; that she like her founder is one, essentially one—the bride of the Lamb; that her nature and constitution preclude the possibility of the existence of other friendly or rival institutions equally acceptable to God. Admit our position, I say, and then, regarding the situation from my standpoint, tell me if any child of the Church is free to leave the true worship of the true God and join in one which on first principles he is bound to believe cannot possibly be a true worship any more than there are two Gods.

The Church herself has spoken plainly and distinctly on this question. No Catholic need go far to discover her sincere teaching. We are not responsible for the conscience of Protestants, nor accountable for their forms of worship, nor have we a word of blame or of criticism to utter against them. It is none of our business at all, nor are we called upon to interfere. They have their conscience and their way of

looking at things. We have ours. What their conscience will permit them to do our conscience and our principles may not permit us to do. We may, however—we think we are within our rights when we do it—lift our voice in protest when a public man on a public occasion sins against the first principles of the religion common to both of us.

But in the name of common sense what has all this to do with "eloquent discourses" and "able speakers" and "touching appeals" and the "gospel of peace and brotherly love" and "Maria Monk's awful disclosures" and such clap trap. If the Catholic religion is the true religion set up by our Lord Jesus Christ, its worship should be quite sufficient for Mr. Laurier and a "Church-going Catholic." Surely religious principles are not so elastic that one can believe himself free to pass at will with guiltless conscience from one form of worship to another, or will anyone claim that God is so indifferent about His rights that all systems of religion and forms of worship are equally pleasing, and acceptable to him.

No one can take this stand and be true to principle, and it is for this reason fault was found with Mr. Laurier's worshipping with a Protestant congregation. Neither he or any other Catholic can without running against Catholic belief and teaching, join in any form of worship except that sanctioned by the Church. In justice to their position Protestants can hardly be expected to admit our claims. But let them place themselves in our shoes—admit our principles, and then it seems to me they can have no quarrel with our conclusions. For Catholics there is but one logical stand possible—the one you have taken.

READER.

Lord Dufferin and Disraeli.

Two excellent stories of Disraeli told by Lord Dufferin are not to be found in the copious preface to Lady Dufferin's poems. "One of my earliest encounters with Mr. Disraeli," writes his Lordship, "was in Brook street, the afternoon of the day he had won his Buckinghamshire election. I stopped to congratulate him on his successful campaign, when he said to me, 'Yes, I said rather a good thing on the hustings yesterday. There was a fellow in the crowd who kept calling me a man of straw, without any stake in the country, and asking what I stood upon, so I said, 'Well, it is true I do not possess the broad acres of Lord So-and-So or the vast acres of the Duke of A—, but if the gentleman wants to know upon what I stand I will tell him.—I stand on my head.' Many years after I passed him again as he was strolling up hatless from the House of Commons to speak to some colleague in the House of Lords. Happening to enquire whether he had to read a certain novel, he said, 'Oh, I have no time for novel reading now. Moreover, when I want to read a novel I write it.'—*London Public Opinion.*"

As a consequence of the Pope's invitation to Eastern Catholic Patriarchs to visit Rome next month, the Congregation of the Propaganda Fide is preparing a detailed programme of the conferences to be held with a view to facilitate the return of the Eastern dissident Churches to the Church of Rome. The negotiations are receiving active support from France.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

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

Agents Wanted

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

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

A Sketch of the Boston Editor-Poet.

By Eugene Davis.

Mr. Roche is one of those literary Irish-born men, like John Boyle O'Reilly, Dr. Joyce, and Privato Miles O'Reilly, whose brilliant talents converted the Puritan mind to a kindly appreciation of the Irish intellectual power. Halpino, who wrote under the pen-name of "Privato Miles O'Reilly" for the Boston press in the early part of the sixties, though he proclaimed his Fenian principles in



JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Puritan circles in the "Hub," was honored by Puritans for the strength of his intellect. O'Reilly, ex-Fenian convict, became the idol of the native Americans in Boston, thanks to the geniality of his character, his personal magnetism, and, above all, and beyond all, to his magnificent ode on the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers in New England.

CAREER OF MR. ROCHE.

James Jeffrey Roche was born at Mountmellick, Queen's County, Ireland, forty-six years ago. He emigrated when an infant with his parents to Prince Edward Island. His early education was conducted under the tutorage of his father, Mr. Edward Roche, a talented scholar and teacher. He pursued a classical course of studies at St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, where as a boy he edited the college journal. A few months ago he returned to his old Alma Mater, where he delivered an eloquent harangue before the assembled professors and students, and a large audience of the students' relatives and friends. His honored name and fame were for years known to the professors and students. St. Dunstan's College was proud of her distinguished alumnus, the result being that the large audience which he addressed at the commencement exercises, tendered the poet and editor a most enthusiastic ovation.

Early in life he studied the best authors of America, England and France. Coming to Boston in 1866, he was engaged in commercial pursuits for seventeen years, but he did not in this period of his life forget to write, and became a favorite contributor of prose and poetry to John Boyle O'Reilly's *Pilot*. In his early married life a great misfortune befell him, nine years ago, in the loss of his young wife. He is the father of a girl and two boys. He was for several years the Boston correspondent of the *Detroit Free Press*. In 1883 he was called by O'Reilly to the position of assistant editor of the *Pilot*. On the occasion of O'Reilly's death he was nominated to the vacant post.

In physique, Mr. Roche is of medium height. His brilliantly hazel eyes bespeak the poet. He has a habit of conversing with graceful gestures, and his lively, quick and impulsive temperament is that of a true-born Celt. He is of a very cheery disposition, and is very popular in the various literary clubs of which he is a member, such as the St. Botolph, Round Table and Papyrus. In the latter society he filled the office of secretary for several years and became its president in 1870. Last summer,

Gov. Russell appointed Mr. Roche a member of the Metropolitan Park Commission.

AS EDITOR AND PROSE WRITER.

In editing the *Pilot* he is critically judicious as to the original poetry in M.S. which he receives. None but excellent poems are inserted in the *Pilot*. He and his associate editor, Miss Katharine E. Conway, render the pages of that journal as brilliant, and interesting, as when it was under the editorial management of the late O'Reilly. Mr. Roche is at his best, as a prose writer, in his paragraphs. They are as keenly ironical, witty and sarcastic as those of Dean Swift. Mr. Roche is a humorist also. John Boyle O'Reilly wrote on one occasion: "Since Dr. Holmes' early and inimitable papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* no humorist has appeared in America equal in quality and quantity to Mr. Roche." His first volume of prose was entitled "The Story of the Filibusters," a carefully prepared work, and, from a literary point of view, the most excellent of his prose writings. It was a labor of love—this chivalrous "epitaph of the brave, lawless, generous anomaly on civilization," and it filled his scant leisure of over twelve years. Throughout this narrative we find gems of epigram, and unexpected turns of thought and expression, like the following: "The annals of Central America are the Newgate Calendar of history."—"The American Revolution meant the people defending their rights. The French Revolution meant the people avenging their wrongs."—"Franklin Pierce was not the man to turn his back upon a friend in prosperity."—"His fault was ambition. It was a fault with him, because it was a failure."—"The most intolerable of all wrongs, the wrong unprofitable." "The Story of the Filibusters" was published in 1891 by T. Fisher Unwin of London. It was a financial success. His next prose work was "The Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," which was published by the Cassell Co. of New York in the early portion of 1891. This volume was written by its author in ten weeks in the fall of 1890. "Nevertheless it shows no trace of haste, or high pressure," as the editor of the *Weekly Journalist* of Boston observes. Mr. Roche received a few years ago the degree of LL.D. from the Notre Dame University, as a reward of his brilliant Catholic and secular writings in prose and poetry. Mr. Roche lectures on "His Personal Recollections of John Boyle O'Reilly." He was invited by the Knights of St. Patrick of St. Louis on St. Patrick's Day, 1893, to lecture, and was greeted with hearty applause by his audience.

MR. ROCHE AS A POET.

Some of his minor songs, society verses, are contributed to *Life*, *New York*. The best of his poems are contributed to the *Century*, *Scribner's* and *Atlantic*, and other leading American magazines. His requiem for the *Kearsage* was as talented, and as musical, as one of Tom Moore's sweetest melodies. Mr. Roche's genius in the arena of poetry is the ballad. His ballads of American naval victories in the *Century* magazine have made him known widely to the American public. Thousands of American dailies and weeklies copy his poems. He is as well known throughout this land as James Whitcomb Riley or Thomas Bailey Aldrich. A new volume, containing his latter-day poems and ballads, will be published in the Christmas season this year. He was selected as the poet of the "High-Water Mark Monument," at the national dedication on the field of Gettysburg, June 2, 1892. In October 6th of the same year, this Irish and American poet was chosen by the Woburn city council to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the founding of that city. Two hundred and fifty years ago, an

Irishman and his family located in Woburn. They were evicted from their home, and expelled from the town by its Puritan inhabitants for the crime of being Catholic and Irish. "Time at last makes all things even." On October 6, 1892, the Woburnes chose a Catholic and Irishman to celebrate the founding of this city.

The "Fight of the Armstrong Privateer" is the best ballad ever penned by James Jeffrey Roche. It more than rivals the best ballad of Ancient Rome by Macaulay.—*Catholic Columbian*.

A Successful Life.

Success cannot be measured by fame, wealth or station, writes Edward W. Bok in an article on what constitutes a successful life for man or woman in the *October Ladies' Home Journal*. The life of the humblest woman in the land, if well lived is as successful as is that of the woman who with greater opportunities, is unable to make the results of her works reach farther. Some of us must live for the few, as others again must live for the many. But both lives are successful. Each of us in this world influences some other being, and it is the quality of our influence, and not the number we influence, which makes our lives successful in the eyes of God. We may believe that we go to our graves unknown and unsung, but not one of us goes out from this world without leaving an impression, either for the good or for the bad. And the kind of impression we make while we live, and leave when we die, is the difference between successful and unsuccessful living.

Hon. Edward Blake.

Philadelphia sympathizers with the Irish cause should unite most heartily in tendering a cordial greeting to Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., who will make his first appearance before a Quaker City audience on Thursday evening, the 25th inst. They have always been foremost in displaying devotion to the land of the birth or ancestry of most of them, and they should strive on the coming occasion to maintain their well earned reputation. Particularly should they make an exceptionally strong effort to honor the man who is now about to visit us, as, though of Irish origin himself, he has had to become an Irishman by adoption in order to assume the duties of an Irish representative in Parliament, leaving for this purpose the country in which he was the leader of a great political party in order to give the service of his fine debating power to the Irish cause in Westminster and that of his eloquence to awaken sympathy for Ireland in every English-speaking country.—*Catholic Standard*.

Cardinal Vaughan's magnificent address on the Reunion of Christendom, before the recent convention of the Catholic Truth Societies at Preston, Eng., has been the subject of much bitter criticism from the organs of the Protestant Episcopal body in England, and has also gravely offended the Churchman, chief organ of the same body in America. Indeed, the Churchman, which is always courteous save where the Catholic Church is concerned, having neither theological argument nor historical fact to use against Cardinal Vaughan, calls him, referring to the conclusion of his discourse, "a half-witted ecstatic." This would be funny, if it were not also pitiful. But calling the Church or her bishops names, will not avail to stop the steady drift of strong-headed, logical men into the church from Anglicanism.—*Pilot*.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order of half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

E. D. A.

The Toronto Branches have held very successful meetings. At the regular meeting of the Advisory Board on Wednesday the Talent Committee reported that some of the best talent of the city had been secured for the concert; and all arrangements being now complete, every means will be adopted to make it a grand financial success, so as to render material assistance to His Grace the Archbishop in his great and noble undertaking.

WEDDING BELL.

On Wednesday the 3rd, Hospice Meville, Vice President of No 12, and Helen Patton, Vice President of Circle No 1, were united in Holy Wedlock at St. Patrick's church, Toronto, by the Rev. Father Grogan C.S.S.R. chaplain of the Branch and Circle. A large number of friends were present, and if the hearty good wishes are fulfilled, their married life will be all they can possibly desire.

SARFIELD BRANCH NO 23, OTTAWA.

Their regular meeting was held on Tuesday last, President Patrick Rankin in the chair. There was a large attendance of the brothers, in fact each succeeding meeting shows an ever increasing attendance. There were two gentlemen elected to membership in the Branch, and four names proposed, as a result of the efforts of the President's "Special Committee" for the good of the Association, the members of which are just beginning to work, and hope as the season advances, to add largely to the Branch's membership. Bro. J. A. Hanrothy was duly installed Organizer for the Ottawa District. The appointment of Bro. Hanrothy as Organizer has given great satisfaction to the Brothers of Sarfield Branch, who have sent expression of their warm approval to the grand President and grand Secretary-Treasurer Lane. W. LANE, S.T.O.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's sodality of the above League held its regular weekly meeting on Sunday afternoon in their hall on Power street, Mr. W. H. Cahill, President, in the chair.

The Rev. Father Hand was present and, after administering the total abstinence pledge, referred to the growth of total abstinence principles among the Catholics of the United States, as evidenced by the monster parades and celebrations throughout that country on the recent anniversary of Father Mathew. He hoped that still further progress would be made in future, not only in the country south of us, but also in this "Canada of Ours." Catholics owed it to themselves to do all in their power to stem the tide of drunkenness and were in duty bound to discountenance the traffic in every shape and form. The President also delivered a short address, exhorting the members to bring as many new members as possible to every meeting.

A committee was appointed to confer with the Rev. Director in the matter of having temperance addresses delivered by prominent clergymen at stated times throughout the winter.

A choice programme of vocal and instrumental music brought another very successful meeting to a close. The young men of St. Paul's cannot find a more profitable way to pass their Sunday afternoons than by attending the meetings of the League.

At the meeting of the League last week Father Hand in the course of his address expressed satisfaction with the course of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER in assisting in the work of temperance.

C. M. B. A.

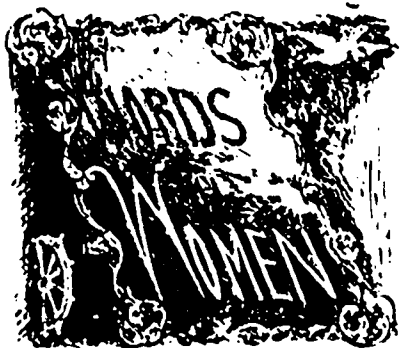
From reliable sources we learn that some time before the last convention a movement was begun with the intention of making the late Hon C. F. Fraser an honorary member by special resolution of the convention. It was thought that this step would be a fitting tribute to Mr. Fraser and a recognition of the magnitude of his services to the Catholics of Ontario. His sudden death prevented the accomplishment of the movement, which met with much favor.

It has been determined that each of the city branches shall hold an open sociable meeting during the coming season. This will do much to assist the practice of inter branch visits. Branch 49 have already fixed their date, having decided to begin on the evening of their second November meeting.

A. O. H.

Members of the A. O. H. are no doubt aware that the Archbishops of the United States were to consider their status, and will be glad to learn that the Order has received their approbation. Some discrimination was made between the Order over which Bishop Foley is, and another Order whose membership is largely in Ireland.

Dr. S. C. Webb, Liberty, Miss., says: "I have been using Ayer's Pills for over twenty-five years, and recommend them in cases of chronic diarrhoea, knowing their efficiency from personal experience, they having cured when every other medicine failed."



By Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan.

The second open meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Society will be held in their Hall on McCaul street, on Monday, Oct. 29th, when a lecture on the young Irish poet and patriot, Thomas Davis, the head of the young Ireland movement, will be delivered by Mr. J. C. Walsh, editor of the Catholic Register.

It seems to me there are two things lamentably lacking in the young girl of to-day, accuracy and originality, and that any system of education that would train in accuracy and stimulate in originality should receive the warmest support.

All children may not be born geniuses, though fond mothers may believe they are, but all children have come into the world with the stamp of originality impressed upon them by the Creator. No two persons, no two souls are exactly alike. Now, if we can content ourselves by treating this child that comes to us as we would the block of wood that is put in at one end of the machine and comes out at the other the smooth finished spool, we should not complain if the result be uninteresting and unattractive. But if mothers, the natural educators and teachers of the children, could understand that power is given them from the cradle to train and develop the child's mind and soul, as well as its body, how different would be the results.

Now this is what the Kindergarten system teaches. Before the child is obliged to learn words—bookwork—and to fill his mind with other people's ideas, you can train him mentally and physically by directing his plays and stimulating his creative efforts, and awaken his own ideas by supplying him with the Kindergarten material through which he learns the most important mechanical manipulations, and by which his sense of form and beauty is cultivated. What mother is not familiar with the little one's cry of "Play with me!" and what mother does not know the delight with which her little ones greet her when she becomes a playfellow. What opportunity does not the Kindergarten see of making use of their wonderful little plays and songs so calculated to develop and in so interesting a manner the child? If mothers would only be alive to the wonderful help in bringing up their children that can be found in the Kindergarten!

I was made by the compositor to speak of the little children whose simplicity was reached by a picture—a creation of Christian art—as locked in each other's arms when I would have said sobbed in each other's arms. Are we not all familiar with such expression of our best feelings—tears.

I was amused to read a writer's lament over the few opportunities given us for quarrelling after we have grown up. When we are small, in large families and at school we can have all we want of it, but it is a luxury in which we can rarely indulge when we reach that age in which it is bad form to give way, even in the privacy of one's home, to a "jolly good row." He goes on to say that it clears the mind

of vapors, as thunder clears the air—it is a natural function of the body, and its disuse makes us neurotic and anemic. He congratulates those whose condition of life gives them the privilege of much quarrelling.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.—There are two things which the mistress of a house should never be without; these are cement for glass and china, and strong paste, which can be made at home as follows: Make a pint of flour paste in the ordinary way, and while hot stir in thirty grains of corrosive sublimate which has been rolled to a fine powder. This will keep good any length of time if well covered; it is poisonous, and must be kept away from children. This answers well for mending wall paper, while for broken china the following is an easily made cement: Dissolve an ounce of gum acacia in as much boiling water as it will absorb, then beat it up with plaster of Paris to form a thick cream. Applied with a brush it is most effectual in cementing broken pieces of china or glass.

Do you know that a handful of screw eyes, assorted sizes, are worth their weight in silver for kitchen use? Try screwing one into the end of your breadboard and your ironing board, your brushes, brooms and clothsticks. Put one at each end of your kitchen wall, on ironing day stretch a stout cord between and see what a convenient place you have to air your clothes. When the wooden handle comes out of your favorite saucepan lid, do you know that a screw eye screwed into a cork on the inside makes an admirable substitute?

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week Mrs. Roderick Ryan held her post-nuptial reception at her residence, 863 Spadina Ave., making a charming hostess. She was supported by her sister, Miss Sadie Burns, Mrs. Percival Green, and Miss Irwin of Montreal. Another young lady, a favorite in Toronto, also a September bride, Mrs. Walter Shanley Daley, nee Miss Lizzie Moran, received her friends in the drawing room of the Seymour House, Ogdensburg.

The C. Y. L. A. met in the hall, McCaul street the president in the chair. Catholics, throughout the province, interested in literary work, will be pleased to hear that the Society is steadily increasing in numbers, so that it will soon be the strongest association in this respect as well as in talent. The literary part of the programme was opened by Miss O'Rourke with a reading from "Books and the Art of Reading Them," by Bro. Azarias, selections from whose works are read before each meeting. But the chief feature of the evening was the discussion of the "Spanish Inquisition." The president, Miss Lane, read a clear and concise account of the origin and objects of the famous tribunal and other speakers followed. When the ladies had given their opinions, the Rev. Director, Father Barrett, gave a brief synopsis of the Inquisition, giving valuable hints how to approach the subject and what authors to consult, pointing out, in a special manner, the inconsistencies of such historians as the Spaniard Florento, Lymburch and Prescott. The meeting then closed after a profitable and enjoyable evening.

Choral practice, under the leadership of Miss Hillary, will commence in the hall next Thursday evening. All wishing to join the choral club are requested to be present.

Cold in the head.—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, defeated in his attempt to manage the politics of the Seventh Massachusetts Congressional District, is said to have pledged his support to the A. P. A. ticket. He has become an Orange Lodge.

"The Register" in Allumette Island.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—Many of his old friends were glad to see the original and only "Rambler" looking hale and hearty at Chapeau on yesterday, and to learn that he was engaged in the good work of enlarging the circulation of that highly respectable and ably conducted newspaper, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. Our able and zealous parish priest, Father Leduc, gave him a good "send off" in both languages from the pulpit of his church, in the course of which he announced that Mr. Mungovan would address the people outside after Mass, and advising them to remain. We did remain, and soon the clarion notes of your representative were piercing the air. He urged a liberal support of the Catholic press at this crisis of our history; scored the P.P.A. lodges, whose doctrines, if universally accepted, would render it impossible for any Catholic, no matter how capable to do his duty to his country. He predicted the early collapse of that organization, which would wither beneath the contempt of the enlightened and tolerant Protestants of Canada, and closed by eloquently urging the closest union between the various races who profess the old faith in this Dominion.

The proceedings were most interesting, and should be more so, had it not been for some silly interruptions offered by an Omadhaun named McCrea, who occasionally murders the Queen's English through certain "penny-whistles" published in remote villages of this county.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours,
Oct. 22d, 1891. PONTIAC.

Publications.

We have received an advance programme of the musical and dramatic entertainment to be given on the 28th inst., by the students of Ottawa University, in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of Mgr. J. T. Duhamel, Archbishop of Ottawa.

The November number of the Kamloops *Waka* contains an excellent half tone portrait of Very Rev. Louis Soullier, Superior General of the O. M. I. This interesting little paper is in English, French and shorthand, in which manner of writing the missionaries propose to instruct the Chinook Indians.

The Life of Mary Mcholland Mother Francis of the Sisters of Mercy, is a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the Church in North America. Mother Francis went to Chicago in 1842, during the administration of that city's first Bishop. The place was then nothing but a swamp. The story of her labors and of the trials of the Sisters of Mercy in those pioneer days is a thrilling account of dauntless perseverance and heroic self-sacrifice. The story of the services of the Sisterhood in the epidemic and in the war of the R-bellion is graphically told. The work is written by a member of the Order who is evidently personally cognizant of the events of which she writes, and is one that should be found acceptable in every Catholic family, as it breathes the self-denying spirit of the Catholic Sisterhoods from first to last. J. S. Hyland & Co., Chicago.

C. O. F.

Sharp at 8 o'clock Chief Ranger John J. Moran called the members of Sacred Heart Court to order, the attendance being large and enthusiastic. Shortly after the meeting opened, it was decided to postpone the regular business of the Court until our next regular meeting, to give ample time for our concert which took place immediately. When the doors of the large and spacious hall were thrown open, over two hundred ladies and

gentlemen flocked in to enjoy the performance of the evening.

Bro. J. Malloy, President, opened the evening's amusement with a few remarks explaining the object of holding open meetings, to encourage our young Catholic gentlemen to take advantage of the Society's insurance, by becoming members. A lengthy programme consisting of thirteen numbers, was carried out by the following ladies and gentlemen: Miss Leo Degruchy, Madame Blagdon, Madame Belanger, Miss L. Dufour, Mr. A. Belanger, Mr. H. Fletcher, Mr. J. Judge, Mr. T. M. Harris, Mr. F. Richard, Mr. J. Reed and the Bissonette brothers, after which Rev. Father Lamarche and Bro. W. T. J. Leo delivered thoughtful addresses on Forestry, thus bringing a very enjoyable evening to a close. The court passed an unanimous vote of thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the entertainment. The next meeting of the court will take place Friday Nov. 2nd, at 8 p.m.

ANDREW KEENE,
Rec. Secretary.

A Pleasant Re-union.

On Monday evening the members of the old St. Basil's Literary Union assembled at a dinner at Webb's, for the purpose of felicitating Mr. W. McBrady, B.A., Barrister of Fort Arthur, one of the founders and first officers of the Union, who was in the city on his wedding trip. There were present Rev. L. Brennan, O.S.B., Rev. R. McBrady, C.S.B., H. F. McIntosh, W. Mcbrady, J. A. Amyot, M.B., J. C. Walsh, T. Winterberry, W. O'Connor, Alex. Robertson, W. T. Kernahan, W. Moylan, J. K. Kernahan and D. J. Walsh. Letters were read from Mr. J. C. Robertson of Los Angeles, California, and Mr. D. I. Sickelsteel, Barrister, of Windsor. The toast list was a short one, including Our Guest, The Fathers of St. Basil, and Absent Members. Mr. McBrady has already become one of the most prominent men in the Algoma District, and his friends look forward to the time when he will attain the prominence for which his great ability fits him.

Obituary.

Another soul was called to heaven on Saturday last, when Mrs. Rose Nolan, wife of Michael Nolan, Queen street west, passed peacefully away. The deceased had only been ill for a few days, so that it was quite sudden, the spirit being released even as she slept, and when loving ones who were with her came to awaken her, they found the soul had taken its flight. The deceased lady was an ardent and pious member of the Sacred Heart League.

The funeral took place from St. Mary's Church on Tuesday morning at nine o'clock. High Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated by Rev. Dr. Treacy, assisted by Rev. Fathers Coyle and Cruise as deacon and sub-deacon. A large concourse of friends accompanied the remains to St. Michael's cemetery for interment.

Hon. John W. Goff who is mercilessly prosecuting the corrupt administration of New York City is an Irish Catholic and was one of the Fenians who planned and carried to success, the daring rescue by the Catalpa, of John Boyle O'Reilly's prison comrades in Australia in 1876.

There seems to be but one open question about the McGeo statue—where it is to be. The Empire, World and True Witness think it should be in Ottawa. No doubt if the Dominion Government proposed a grant for the purpose the Opposition would readily concur; but if it is to be erected by subscription, Toronto, to which the youth of the country gravitate, seems to us the preferable place.

ALONG THE OTTAWA VALLEY.

FROM THE "RAMBLER."

Finding myself in the flourishing town of Pembroke after a most successful canvass in the interests of THE RAMBLER, and feeling in good humor and on the best of terms with the whole world, I thought I would gratify a wish which I had long cherished, namely, that of visiting the priest and people of Sheen, in the county of Pontiac and Province of Quebec. My course being decided upon I boarded the handsome steamer *Ottawa*, Capt. Duggan, commander, at the somewhat early hour of 7 o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 13th inst., and was soon ploughing the waters of Allumette Lake in the direction of Fort William, which was my point of debarkation.

Of our graceful and trim little craft much can be said by way of praise. During the season of navigation she runs daily between Pembroke and Des Joachims, a distance of 45 miles and return, and it is no exaggeration to say that it is to her well-earned reputation for speed, comfort and safety, not less than for the enchanting scenery which at every side obstruct the vision, this charming route has become so widely popular. Nor must I omit alluding to her worthy commander as one of the forces naturally contributing towards bringing into general favor this navigable link in the great chain of currents, water falls, lakes and rivers of which the ever majestic "Upper Ottawa" is composed.

The bearing of Captain Duggan to myself had more the appearance of friendship than of ordinary courtesy. Every object of interest on both sides of the river was pointed out and dilated upon, whilst most tempting inducements were held out for my consenting to continue on the journey to its farthest point north. With a mind so perplexed as to be unable to decide whether to reject or accept his generous offer I am landed at Fort William, where I part company with the genial Captain Duggan, not, however, before that gentleman, with due form and ceremony, introduces me to Mr. James McCool, the owner of the city in embryo, and of much of the rich lands adjoining.

Before modern civilization had stamped those regions with some of its blight, and before the Indian had fully gone through that process of evolution which made him as finished a rascal as the white man who purchased the proceeds of his chase, Fort William was a Hudson's Bay Trading Post, but some years ago became the property of Mr. McCool. Convenient to here, at a place called "Ferguson's Point," it is proposed to erect a bridge over which the Pontiac and Pacific Junction Railway will effect an entrance into the Province of Ontario. Nature intended that the chain of islands which, with singular uniformity, cross the Ottawa River here, should be the abutments of a great railway or other bridge, and Mr. McCool must have an eye to the everlasting fitness of things, when he presented this view of the question to the promoters of that great scheme. But I am bound for Sheenboro which, I am told, is four miles off, and cannot dwell any further on this pleasant topic.

I wonder if any of my readers has ever met with a woman in distress—I mean a woman who has to lug a dozen or more parcels? Well, I have, and until the hour of my death, I will not forget the experience. Crossing the line which separates Fort William from a broad expanse of country, I overtook a woman who appeared to be seriously handicapped with parcels of every imaginable description, some of which had fallen on the road, which she was picking up, but whilst doing so others had fallen in their places. I solemnly declare that I felt for that woman. The richest current of my sympathies was flowing out on her be-

half when, realizing that I was an Irishman, and as such belonging to a race renowned the world over for its gallantry, I stepped up to her, and in my blandest style said, "Madam, pardon me. I will carry your valise." She did pardon me—she was willing to pardon me a thousands times over. We jogged on together, she picking up parcels as rapidly as they had fallen, and I changing the valise from hand to hand, the fact having about this time dawned upon me that, from its immense weight she must have it filled with smoothing-irons. "We will take a short cut now," said she "and that will take us much nearer to Sheenboro." "All right" said I with the stoical air of one who resigns himself to any punishment that comes along. We did take a "short cut," and after climbing over half a dozen fences, and jumping across twice as many ditches, we reached, pretty well "broken up," the Village of Sheenboro where without a throb of regret I part with the valise.

Sheenboro' contains a well filled store, a post office, a hotel, blacksmith's shop, shoemaker's shop, a Catholic Church, and presbytery; besides about half a dozen other buildings of various styles of architecture. Although at the confines of civilization, and close to the northern limit of white settlement, the village and surrounding country bear unmistakable evidences of prosperity. The land is of a quality, not often excelled in fertility, by the most favored sections of the Dominion, whilst the farmers are industrious, progressive and strict adherents of the doctrines promulgated by Father Matthew. Mr. Hayes, besides being leading merchant as well as Postmaster fills a variety of other positions of more or less prominence.

Over twenty years ago, I made the acquaintance of a strange compound of humanity named W. H. Ryan, who kept the Post Office at Elginfield in the County of Middlesex. Mr. Ryan was a howling Orangeman, although why a man bearing the name of "Ryan," and a native of Tipperary to boot, should be an Orangeman at all much less a "howling" one, was something which puzzled more brains than my own. Besides being a brother in good standing Mr. Ryan was also Master of the Orange Lodge, which was held in a room of his own house. In addition he was a Magistrate, Clerk of the Division Court, Township Councillor, pound keeper, path-master and hotel-keeper, besides being affiliated with half a score of the societies having mystic signs and symbols. It was said of Mr. Ryan that his magisterial jurisdiction never went beyond the threshold of his own bar room. Here he held court, those upon trial being invariably men whom he had encouraged to fight, and fines in all cases not exceeding "the drinks." This latter charge may be a calumny; and if so I withdraw it in advance, as I have no animosity towards Mr. Ryan.

Of my friend, Mr. Hayes of Sheenboro, I would observe that whilst he does not hold such a multiplicity of offices as that of his fellow-countryman of the west, yet it will be readily conceded that for all practical purposes he carries as many as can comfortably rest on modest shoulders. He is a Magistrate, he is Mayor of Sheen, he is president of the Agricultural Association, he is game-keeper, he is merchant, Postmaster and farmer, and last but not least he is now—with uncovered head I make this announcement—Local Agent of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. Subscribe for it!

It was about the year 1840 that Sheen was thrown open for settlement, the land being held by the Government at \$1 per acre, and amongst the first settlers who pierced those northern forests in search of homes were Michael Hayes, father of the present popular merchant of Sheenboro'; Andrew Keon, John Downey, Foster

Armstrong, Thomas Harrington, who lumbered and kept store at the mouth of "Deep river;" Augustus Perreault, John Shea, Oliver Laplante, John Meers, Edward Carlin, Edward Henry, Martin Berrigan, William Ryan, A. Mannery, John, Patrick and Edward Kelly, William Jennings, Robert Donnelly, Owen and John Smith, Donald McGillivray, Timothy and John Sullivan, Mrs. McKay, George Morris, Jas. McCrea, James McCool, Bryan McCool, Patrick Hussott, Pierce Costello, Patrick Masterson, James Walker, John Stone, Patrick Flynn, John Meehan, who is now 97 years of age and walks to Mass every Sunday, a distance of 3½ miles; Jas. Holden, Wm. Tallon, Patrick Brennan, Patrick Michael and John Gavin, William and Denis Darcey, etc.

The first priest who visited those settlers in their forest houses, was the late Rev. James Lynch of Chapeau saying mass in the house of Andrew Keon. This he continued to do until the year 1871 when Sheen became a district parish with Rev. Father Meehan as its first regular pastor. In 1864 the modest little log church which was erected as far back as 1818 gave place to the present handsome frame edifice. In 1874 the present pastor, Rev. M. Shalloe was placed in charge of the parish of Sheen and well and faithfully has that good priest discharged the duties of his high calling ever at his post, always cheering the indifferent and the apathetic toward to the performance of deeds of greater perfection, ever ready with words of hope and of consolation for the afflicted. Father Shalloe stands before all as the living embodiment of those ennobling qualities which distinguish the faithful *Soygarth Aroon*. No wonder that such a man is enthroned in the affections of his people, and that the day on which he entered upon his charge is regarded as the dawning of an era of happiness for the people and parish of Sheen.

And now a few words in a sense personal to myself, and I am done. My mission to this place was eminently successful, indeed, far exceeding my most sanguine expectations. The priest who met me with a hearty *Cad Mille Fialthe*, gave me a most handsome introduction from the pulpit of his church, in the course of which he urged his hearers, in well-chosen language, to support the Catholic Press as far as their means would permit. Subsequently, I addressed the people from the steps of the church whilst my ever faithful coadjutor, Mr. Michael Hayes, took down the names of the solid men of the parish as they were announced. With a sort of a sorry-to-part and happy-to-meet-again kind of feeling, I now bid adieu to the good priest and people of Sheen. RAMBLER.

SEND TO-DAY.

Ladies and Gentlemen, be alive to your own interests. There has recently been discovered and is now for sale by the undersigned, a truly wonderful "Hair Grower" and "Complexion Whitening." This "Hair Grower" will actually grow hair on a bald head in six weeks. A gentleman who has no beard can have a thrifty growth in six weeks by the use of this wonderful "Hair Grower." It will also prevent the hair from falling. By the use of this remedy boys raise an elegant mustache in six weeks. Ladies if you want a surprising head of hair have it immediately by the use of this "Hair Grower." I also sell a "Complexion Whitening" that will in one month's time make you as clear and white as the skin can be made. We never knew a lady or gentleman to use two bottles of this Whitening for they all say that before they finished the second bottle they were as white as they would like to be. After the use of this whitening, the skin will forever retain its color. It also removes freckles, etc., etc. The "Hair Grower" is 50 cents per bottle and the "Face Whitening" 50 cents per bottle. Either of these remedies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any address on receipt of price. Address all orders to, J. C. RYAN, 350 Gilmour Street, Ottawa, Ont.

P. S.—We take P. O. stamps same as cash but parties ordering by mail confer a favour by ordering \$1.00 worth, as it will require this amount of the solution to accomplish either purpose, then will save us the rush of P. O. stamps.

Confirmation at Uptergrove.

UPTERGROVE, Oct. 23.—His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto confirmed 65 children here yesterday. There was an immense turn out of the residents of Mars and Rams, Protestant and Catholic. The crowd was so large that fully 100 were unable to gain admission to the large church. His Grace delivered an able, practical and learned discourse on Confirmation, and the duties in general of all good citizens. Rev. Fathers Duffy, Orillia; McRae, Brechin; Hogan, Uptergrove, and Walsh, Secretary to the Archbishop, were present and assisted the Archbishop. His Grace was pastor of this whole north country forty years ago. It was he who dedicated St. Columbkil Church here thirty-eight years ago. His Grace can relate some wonderful trials and hardships of the early days.

At a meeting of the Conservative members of the Ontario Opposition held on Tuesday, Mr. G. F. Martor, M.P.P., was selected leader of the party.

Chief Justice Meredith was formally sworn in the council Chamber of the Ontario Legislature on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor in Council. The members of the Government who were present were Sir Oliver Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. J. M. Gibson, Hon. John Dryden and Hon. Wm. Harty. Sir Thomas Galt, the late Chief Justice, was also present. After the administration of the oath, which was read by Mr. J. R. Cartwright, Deputy Attorney-General, Mr. Meredith was heartily congratulated by all those present. He left the Council chamber in company with his predecessor in office.

Speaking at Montreal the other day, Mgr. Satolli referred to the P.P.A. in the following terms: "But you have other provinces," where the Protestant element predominates. You have the province of Ontario, which has taken up the ideas of the American Protective Association to a large extent. I do not think that these associations, which would bar the Catholics from every position of profit and of honor, constitute a permanent or serious danger. Like the know-nothing movement, they are founded on ignorance and prejudices which will be dispelled and they will pass away. They will have a beneficial effect in this way, that they will make Catholics more zealous for the defence and propagation of their faith, but such movements also indicate the necessity on our part of being prudent and moderate, and the danger to all which appeals to sectarianism may cause in a mixed country like America."

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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER XII.

HAMILTON, February, 18—.

DEAR—Last week we were at a very pleasant afternoon party at Mount Langton, the Governor's Residence. Government House is a handsome edifice built of white stone, now very large from the numerous additions which have been made to it by its successive occupants. There was some lawn-tennis, a little dancing and a good deal of promenading through the beautiful and extensive grounds. A military band provided music for the company, and ice cream and strawberries, cake, etc., were served on the wide verandahs. Government House is situated on an elevated ridge of land, and commands a fine view of the sea coast all along the north shore of the island from St. George's to Ireland Isle. From the grounds we could see the town of Hamilton, Pembroke Marsh, the waters of the Great Sound, studded with islands of every size, and, by the aid of a marine glass, the hills of Port Royal, with the Lighthouse crowning the summit of the highest, blending softly with the rose-tinted clouds into the blue haze of the distant horizon. The demesne of Government House now contains about 70 acres. The garden, in which are to be found many interesting specimens of foreign trees, shrubs and plants, stretches out on the southern side of the hill below the house, the descent to which is precipitous, but rendered pleasanter by a series of steps from successive terraces constructed by Governor Reid for the purpose of preventing the surface soil from being swept away by heavy rains. On these terraces are planted trees and shrubs of many varieties, now all growing well. It was here that Lady Turner planted the first weeping-willow ever seen in the island; the species is now very common. Governor Reid planted the India rubber trees which stand near the steps leading down to the garden. The wampee and lichen trees were also planted by him. There are a number of large silk cotton trees in the garden. There is also a pretty conservatory, which contains numerous specimens of rare and delicate tropical plants.

Being near Hungary Bay on our way home we drove over to one of the curiosities of Bermuda—the mangrove swamp there. A strange sight it is; the mangroves with their unwholesome leaves and slimy roots, the cradles of young alligators and sharks. These trees grow thickly together, the trunks as tall as oleanders, but the branches turn down and take root in the soil, looking like large serpents twisting and turning up and down. The top branches are covered with leaves. The seeds vegetate amongst the branches, while still adhering to the foot stalk. Moore thus describes it in his fanciful and poetic style:

"They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which howso'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom wide and high,

Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life that fills and warms
Its grateful being first had birth."

Fortunately the denizens of the Bermudian mangrove swamps are not the dangerous creatures usually found in like localities in the tropics—crocodiles, alligators and serpents. The crocodiles of Egypt usually are thirty feet long and are frightfully ferocious. They are, like alligators, a species of lizard, though Milton writes thus of the crocodile of the East:

"The river-horse, the scaly crocodile,
Amphibious between both sea and land."

The alligator, which is indigenous to America, attains the length of eighteen feet. America is most fruitful in crocodiles and possesses more species than Asia and Africa put together.

Spenser gives us the following pen portrait of a crocodile after dinner taking a siesta:

"Inside the fruitful shore of muddy Nile,
Upon a sunny bank outstretched lay,
In monstrous length, a mighty crocodile
That, crammed with guiltless blood and
greedy prey
Of wretched people traveling that way,
Thought all things less than his distasteful
pride."

Herodotus, the father of history, says that as the crocodile lives chiefly in the river and amongst rushes it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; and although all birds and beasts avoid it, there is one tiny bird called the *Tedula*, "The least of thousands which on earth abide," and which goes into the crocodile's mouth and eats the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who takes care not to hurt his tiny friend. Moore also mentions

"The puny bird that dares with teasing hum
Within the crocodile's stretched jaws to
come,"

and feed within the mouth of the
"AUTOCRAT OF ALL THE RUSHES."

Herodotus speaks of crocodiles as fighting with dolphins at the mouth of the Nile river, but in those latter days none are ever seen below Mineyah. A traveller from that place tells the following story of a crocodile hunt: "A prize was offered for the first man who detected a crocodile. After watching for two days at length the cry of *Timseach! timseach!* was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize. They pointed eagerly to a point of sand on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Our intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and indeed as I approached them there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and in their winking eyes. Slowly they rose one by one and waddled to the water—all but one; he lay still till I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his fin like legs he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of contempt that seemed to say he can do no harm, but we may as well have a swim. I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute. I could hear the thud of the bullet as it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck; his waddle became a plunge; the waves closed over him; as I reached the brink of the shore there was blood upon the water, and he rose for a moment to the surface. 'A hundred piastres for the timseach!' shouted I, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream; but he was gone, alas! I never saw him again. 'To shoot at crows and crocodiles is powder flung away.' I realized the truth of the adage. It is very difficult to obtain a crocodile by shooting it. The Arabs make an ambush in the sands where they resort, and take aim when within a few yards of them. A sad incident occurred near Kench; a crocodile watched an old woman who was drawing water, encircled her with his tail, brushed her into the water, then seizing her by the waist, held her under the water as long as she continued to struggle. When lifeless he swam with the body to the opposite bank, where he was seen devouring her as an otter might feed upon a salmon. Perhaps the wretch was shedding tears over her, crocodile tears! *Crocodyli lachrymæ*. But the long arm of Justice reached the assassin. The Arabs shot him soon afterwards."

"A story should, to please, at least seem
true,
Be apropos, well told, concise, and new."

Do you think mine has these
qualities,

"For some copious stories oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done."

The king of the crocodiles is said to reside in Denderah, and the queen some forty miles higher up the river. This *separatio a mensa et thoro* of the royal pair does not appear to have any injurious effect on the interests of the

grim community; there was scarcely a sunny bank between those regal residences whereon a crowd of crocodiles was not to be seen, hatching eggs or plots against passengers. The parent crocodile deposits her eggs to the number of from 80 to 100 in the sand, which is a sort of foundling hospital for her race.

"I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

"Men say the times are strange—'tis true,
'Cause many strange things hap to be;
Let it not then seem strange to you
That here one strange thing more you see."

One thing more, and stranger still, I have to tell about crocodiles. Ovid says: "The entrails of crocodiles are excellent to take freckles or spots from the face and to whiten the skin." As Pharos, an island in the mouth of the Nile, abounded in crocodiles the poet advises those who are swarthy and freckled to use the "*Pharian Wash*." What an elegant, charming cosmetic! recommended and offered to fashionable beauties in the days of Ovid, who was 48 years old at the birth of Christ. Voila! "*The Pharian Wash, sold by all perfumers, &c.*" "If swarthy to the Pharian Varnish fly."—Ovid, Art of Love, III. (B.C. 2.)

Crocodiles are not an interesting or a pleasing subject, but they are a fact, and we might at some time meet with one (but at a safe distance I trust). If you ever should be chased by a crocodile on land I will give you a "pointer" thereon. Turn round and round in a long circle. In scientific terms I shall explain why. The vertebrae of the neck bear upon each other by means of small false ribs, which render lateral motion difficult. Crocodiles, therefore, change their direction not without trouble, and they may be easily avoided by doubling and escaping while they are in the laborious operation of turning round. They have no true clavicles, but their coracoid apophyses are attached to the sternum, as in all the other Saurians. After this useful and lucid information

If you ever meet a Saurian face to face
Alone in a lonely place

you must remember that he cannot
turn quickly, and that is your only
chance of escape.

The monotony of Bermuda life is not varied by experiences such as the following, which sometimes occurs in the West Indian Islands, viz.: One of the olive branches of the house crying out, "Papa, there is a crocodile on the lawn," or a rattle-snake coiled up in sissy's bed; or perhaps a centipede crawling up the wall in the summer house.

But here in Bermuda there are no cruel crocodiles and no alarming alligators to seize the too inquisitive explorer by the leg without warning, or boa constrictors to entwine his person with their hideous folds. There are only the harmless crabs which climb the trees. We cannot here gaze upon the playful gambols of the young alligator basking in the sun; or playing hide and seek with infant crocodiles, or, in the happy innocence of childhood, learning from a tender mother to catch any rash being or unwary animal which ventures too near their play ground, thus assisting her in providing dinner for the "table d'hôte," at which festive board crocodiles and alligators meet *en famille*. As this last effort of mine to shine in metaphor, with only the *words* of rhetoric from which to cull, has completely exhausted me, I will say
Adieu. PLACIDIA.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor, 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."

Painted in Church.

THE DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF A YOUNG LADY IN BROCKVILLE.

A Case that Created Much Interest—Weak Almost Bloodless and Frequently Confined to Her Bed—Again Enjoying Complete Health.

From the Brockville Recorder.

Readers of the *Recorder* have no doubt followed with interest the many instances related in these columns of recoveries—sometimes of a very remarkable nature, of persons affected with diseases of different kinds, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Apart from the marvellous recoveries, the accounts were interesting to the people of Brockville and vicinity from the fact that this town is the home of the Dr. Williams' Co., and the place where the celebrated medicine is made. The family of Mr. Thomas Humble, residents on Park street north, furnish a case of such recovery no less notable than many previously published, that will be of particular interest in this community. Mr. Humble is an employer of Bowie & Co., brewers, and is well known and highly respected by many of our citizens. The member of his family whose cure we have mentioned, is his eldest daughter Carrie, a girl of about nineteen years of age. The facts in the case were first brought to the notice of the *Recorder* by Mr. Wm. Birks, a well known merchant tailor, who on one occasion assisted in removing Miss Humble, who was attacked with a fit of extreme weakness while attending service in the George street Methodist church. The other evening, a reporter visited the home of the family in question, and upon stating his mission to Mrs. Humble, the story of the case was briefly related, not however, with any desire for notoriety, but rather a determination on her part that it should be given if it might in the least be of benefit to others similarly afflicted. According to her mother's story, Miss Humble's illness dates back to the summer of 1889. Her trouble was extreme weakness and exhaustion, caused by weak and watery blood. She was subject to severe headaches, heart palpitation and other symptoms which follow a depraved condition of the blood. Often while down street on business the young lady would become so exhausted by the walk as to be scarcely able to get home, and she was frequently confined to her bed for weeks at a time, and had to have meals carried to her. For a period of over three years she was almost continually under medical treatment. The doctors' medicine would prove of benefit while being taken, but as soon as the treatment was discontinued, the patient would become worse. Her friends were much discouraged and feared she would not recover. In the winter of 1893 Mrs. Humble read of a similar case where a cure was brought about by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This prompted her to give them a trial in her daughter's case, who was at the time so weak that she could not leave her room. The result was remarkable. There was soon a marked improvement, and by the time two boxes were used Miss Humble appeared to be so much recovered that the treatment was discontinued. But it later became evident that the patient had not been fully restored for after a few months there was a return of the trouble. Miss Humble was sent on a visit to some friends in the United States in the hope that a change of air would prove beneficial, but she returned to her home worse than when she went away. Her mother was then determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a further trial, and the result proved most gratifying, as the girl's health has been completely restored, and she is to-day as well and strong as any girl of her age. Mrs. Humble told the story of her daughter's illness and recovery with an impressiveness that carried conviction of its absolute truthfulness. Miss Humble also corroborated her mother's statements, to her friends in the churches, the Sunday school and others.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

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SETTLEMENT IN MUSKOKA.

Information for Catholics.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR—As the capacities of the Free Grants as a settlement cannot be too fully discussed, and as you have so generously afforded me space in your valuable paper, I again venture to contribute my mite towards assisting those of my co-religionists who entertain the idea of seeking new ground for their labors, and to aid them to form some opinion of Muskoka and to familiarize them to some extent with its characteristics.

Timber rights is a point upon which many, no doubt, are not conversant, and as it is a subject of much importance to the well being of the settlement, I would like to say a few words to the intending settler on the subject. The settler when he locates a lot has possession of the timber with the exception of pine, which the Government reserves for its own disposal. The object of the reservation is to protect the bona fide settler and to ensure the settlement of the land. It is to prevent persons going upon it under pretence of settlement, but in reality for the purpose of stripping it of its timber, which is very valuable. If this reservation had not been made, I feel convinced that the Free Grants at the present moment would have but few settlers.

What would have been our condition if the pine had not been reserved? We would have no colonization roads, no locks built, no works for the improvement of navigation, no mills erected, settlement could not go on, as it would be almost impossible, for want of roads to get back into the bush, and the vast extent of good and profitable land would have remained in statu quo, with the exception of a few spots here and there where the venturesome pioneer would have made his home, travelling by canal, and settling on the lake shores. And what would have been his state, especially if a man of family? Buried in the wilderness, no market for his produce, no education for his children, and great difficulties in getting in his stores, his condition would be most wretched. But what have we in place of this to encourage the settler? The pine is reserved by the Government and sold; the settler gets a present of the land, and a large portion of the proceeds of the sale of this timber is appropriated for procuring means of ingress and egress to his property; colonization roads are made, penetrating as far north as Lake Nipissing and beyond, and running as far as the shores of the Georgian Bay, throwing out branches in every direction in the most convenient places; roads are continued into the very heart of the forest; new roads are made and the old ones repaired every year by the Government. These works employ a great many settlers when they are free to engage in them; bridges are constructed and other local improvements made.

The lumbermen come in, erect their shanties and give an immensity of work both to man and beast during the winter months. They buy up hay, oats and other produce from the settlers, thereby bringing a market to the very doors. They circulate a great deal of money through the district, and enable the settler to hold his ground when otherwise he would feel discouraged, for many settlers when they come in have very little money, and for the first few years have to go out to work. The lumbering, therefore, going on in our midst is a great boon to the workingman, especially to those in the neighborhood where it is carried on. Many of the free grant lots have very little pine on them, others have an abundance, and settlers agree in saying that it is far better that the value of the pine should be equally distributed in road-making,

etc., for the benefit of all rather than be monopolized by the greedy few to the detriment of the many; and such would be the case if the pine were to be the property of the actual settler. In fact lumbermen carry settlement with them and greatly help to open up the country.

If reservation of the pine were to be relinquished what would happen? Great jealousies would arise, discord would reign supreme, settlement would be impeded and become scattered, as lots to a great extent would be chosen for the sake of the pine. Pineless lots would be left severely alone; appropriations for colonization roads and other improvements must cease; the present roads would soon be impassible, for statute labor could not keep them in repair, and new roads into new townships would not be opened. Not long ago, if I am rightly informed, a meeting was held, passing a resolution, asking the Government to sell the limits and open at once new townships for settlement in the vicinity of the Magnetawan River, a neighbourhood abounding in good land of a rich clay loam. Again, if the pine were not reserved by the Government, railways could not be subsidized, and without railways the material interests of any pioneering country must suffer. Then, again, if I were choosing land for farming purposes and a permanent home, I would not make a choice of land upon which much pine grow, for it is generally of a light sandy character, and when the timber is cut, you will never forget having cut it, for the stumps remain as an everlasting monument of the fact, and in clearing your land, when you get your logs piled in readiness for burning, you will find that pine gives you more trouble than any other kind of wood, as it is less inflammable.

I have dwelt at some length in this letter on the justification of the Government in regard to the reservation of pine, contrary to the views of many outsiders who would seem to have no hesitation in taking up free grant land if the pine were not reserved; and I contend against such views for the reasons I have given, that the Government is not only justified in this respect, but that it has done an incalculable good in safeguarding the rights of old and new settlers against the intrusions of grasping speculators.

I remain yours truly,
T. F. FLEMING, Priest.
Bracebridge, Oct. 10, 1894.



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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Oct. 26—St. Evarist.
27—St. Ives.
28—St. Simon and Jude.
29—Venerable Bede.
30—St. Alphonsus Rodriguez.
31—St. Quentin.
Nov. 1—All Saints.

Principal Grant and the Bible.

At the Christian Endeavour convention, held in Kingston Oct. 11th, Principal Grant delivered an address on "Present Activity in Bible Study." Considering the vast amount of interest taken of late years in Biblical history and criticism, one would be prepared for an expression of perfect satisfaction and self-glorification as a Protestant on the part of the Rev. Principal. The very contrary is what appears in the whole course of the otherwise eloquent address. "There is a great deal of Bible study in our day," Principal Grant said, "and there is a general complaint that the Bible is not read as it used to be in former days. There is a constant stream of volumes about the bible issuing from the press, and there must be a brisk demand to warrant such a supply; while on the other hand one has only to examine a class in Sunday school, or even in a college, to note how seldom the Bible is read by people, and how great, widespread and actually appalling is the popular ignorance of and indifference to it."

It has been the habit and practice of bigoted controversialists to taunt Catholics with ignorance of and indifference to God's Word. We have it now on very good Protestant authority that with all the insistence of Protestant divines on the necessity of salvation "with the Bible, the whole Bible and nothing but the Bible" certain classes of Protestants, and they appear to be the most numerous, turn to other channels of grace and to other sources of information. To hear some Protestants talk one would fancy they were the most constant and persevering Bible readers in the world, and that they believed every thing in the Bible, and nothing except what they learn from it. Experience teaches, however, that religion is the work of God, or those holding authority from God to teach God's truth. The children of Protestants do not become either Baptists or Methodists through the reading of certain portions of Holy Scripture. They get their religion, whatever it be, from their parents or from the Sunday school teachers in whom they for the time being put their trust as having authority from God.

Protestants all must do in practice, what they condemn in Catholics—they must turn away from a Book which

they cannot interpret, and seek information from living authorities—or from those who, erring themselves, make pretence of teaching with authority. No matter what they profess, in practice, none of the sects place, or can place, their dependence on the written word to teach the faith without the aid of a living preacher. They all know, or might know, that they use the Bible, not as a source from which the simple believer is to draw his faith, but as a shield to protect the teachers of one sect from those of another; and they assert its authority only as enabling each preacher to find some plausible pretext for preaching whatever comes into his head. As Brownson says: "They place their dependence not on a dead book, which, when interrogated, can answer never a word, which lies at the mercy of every interpreter—but on a living teacher—and do without authority, and against their avowed principles, what they condemn us for doing, and what we do at least, consistently, and in obedience to our principles."

Principal Grant enumerates the various ways in which the Bible is read: "There is the irrational or superstitious way; the method which regards it as a treasury of proof texts, with which every man, sane or otherwise, may defend his system: then there is the devotional use of the Bible, parts of which, as they do not lend themselves to edification, are spiritualized, or latent meanings are read into older books—strained principles of interpretation being sometimes adapted—then there is the use, by which the Bible is looked upon and sought to be understood, as the literature of Israel. This is sometimes called the higher criticism," says the Rev. Principal, "it would be just as wise to kick against undoubted conclusions or against those of higher mathematics."

Unfortunately the passages that do not lend themselves to edification are those selected by the young and foolish when granted free use of the whole Bible, with no authority appointed by God or man to spiritualize for them, or draw out the mystic meaning, the principle of Protestantism being that the sole rule of Faith is the Bible, interpreted by every man according to his own lights, or in other words, his own whims, fancies and passions.

Kicking against the conclusions of literature or higher mathematics is a dangerous process, no doubt, but God's mysterious ways are above and beyond both, although not opposed to either. If the Rev. Principal Grant cannot see his way clear to overcoming some objections of high literature or of still higher mathematics, he may some day share the fate of Colenso, Bishop of Natal, who was converted by the calculating Zulu to Agnosticism.

Principal Grant passed a very high eulogium on the Biblical erudition of the sixteenth century Reformers—Erasmus, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin and Colet—who were the higher critics of their day, disgusting the adherents of the Latin Vulgate by their Greek and Hebrew researches." When those reformers were cut adrift from the moorings of Catholic Faith and Papal authority, their researches did not avail much. Luther denounced his former friend, Erasmus, as a time-

server, a coward and a foe to true Religion. Melancthon denounced Luther for not abandoning his belief in the real presence which the latter maintained as being too well founded on Holy Scripture. Luther himself professed the doctrine of justification by Faith alone and rejected the Epistle to the Hebrews, that of St. Jude and the Epistle of St. James, which he declared to be an Epistle of Straw. In Luther's estimation Reason was a Stupid Ass, and Human Nature totally depraved. Both Luther and Calvin preached the complete moral inability of man, who never concurs with grace, but in faith and justification is wholly impotent and passive.

According to these higher critics, man can think only evil, and the works he does prior to regeneration, however honest and benevolent, are not simply imperfect but positively sins.

These are the models of Bible readers and expositors, whom Principal Grant holds up for the admiration of all Christian endeavorers. "We must now be children of the reformers," he continued, "as no permanent advance ever has been made, or can be made, by the church that does not rest on thorough study and appreciation of the Bible." So long as such study and appreciation is according to the light and guidance of Apostolic authority, we are in perfect accord with the Rev. Principal, but certainly not when men are permitted to misinterpret the words of Scripture and wrest their meaning, as St. Peter declares, to their own destruction.

The Root of the Mischief.

There is always a disposition to forsake the study of social problems and to render unto prominent men the meed of interest that more properly belongs to the cause they seek to advance. While we are criticizing the method adopted by the various leaders of the Irish party, there is some danger of overlooking the conditions which make their exertions necessary, conditions which constitute the only justifiable reason for appeals to the generosity of the race on this side of the ocean.

The select committee of the House of Commons appointed to examine the condition of Ireland have made their report, a report which will make necessary yet another addition to the list of Land Bills, if in the meantime the Home Rule Bill does not become law.

It appears from the report that the committee are satisfied as to the relative real interest of landlord and tenant in the welfare of the country. It has been established that the practice is for the tenant to make the improvements. The report goes so far as to say, "It is certain that the tenant alone is willing to make the improvements, or will in the future make them. The public interest demands, therefore, that he should be encouraged by being secured in the advantages.

In the year 1892 the births in England were 1 in 33 of population; in Scotland, 1 in 32.7; in Ireland, 1 in 44. The deaths were, in England, 1 in 53; in Scotland, 1 in 54; in Ire-

land, 1 in 51. The marriages were in England, 1 in 180; in Scotland, 1 in 140; in Ireland, 1 in 210. This enjoyment of the value arising from expenditure and labor."

Some comparisons of the vital statistics of England, Ireland and Scotland indicate very clearly the disparity in the matter of social statement effectively dispels the illusions which the enemies of Ireland's claim to self government love to cherish. The Irish people are accused of recklessness in marrying without prospect of maintenance; but this proves beyond dispute that the same unbending law operates in Ireland as in all other countries. Where the amount of food available for consumption increases, population increases with fit; where that supply diminishes, there is the corresponding falling off in population. The lower birth rate and the marriage rate lower yet when found to apply to a people like the Irish, are proof of unbearable social surroundings. When added to this is the higher death rate, the answer is at once given to such as lazily say the condition of the Irish is the same as that of their neighbors. After half a century of more and more enlightened, but still English government, Davis' words, "In a climate soft as a mother's smile, on a soil fruitful as God's love, the Irish peasant mourns," are as true as on the day they were written.

Yet another test. In England the police are 1 in 732 of the population; in Scotland, 1 in 430; in Ireland, 1 in 340. A more damning commentary upon the efficiency of foreign rule than is this could not well be found. John Philpot Curran once remarked that Ireland's being forced to abide by laws dictated by Englishmen, was like to wearing shoes made without knowledge of the foot for which they were intended, a comparison which well suggests the unavoidable discomforts of such government.

Emigration is the last protest against impossible conditions. It is the universal tendency to remain in the haunts endeared by associations as long as it is possible so to do. The emigrant is not one dissatisfied with his country. He is one unable to remain. The necessity of maintaining life it is which makes him an outcast. Let us see how stands the reckoning. In 1892 there went out from England as emigrants, 1 in 222; from Scotland, 1 in 161; from Ireland, 1 in 87. Could anything display more uncompromisingly the wretchedness of the condition of the peasantry. Meantime the landlords are leading lives of pleasure abroad and voting with their sympathizing brethren against measures of relief for evicted tenants.

One thing more. Since 1881 the population of England has increased 12.9 per cent.; that of Scotland 6.4 per cent. In the same period the population of Ireland has decreased 10.4 per cent. And yet in the middle of the century the estimate was made by Dr. Kane that if Ireland were cut off from all the world she would be capable of sustaining a population of many millions.

So she might—if she might. These things, and not vanity, make Home Rule necessary.

Reasoning from Facts.

Mr. Zangwill's observation that "society is an organized wink" might be applied with greater justice to the political world.

The judgment of the Privy Council has been accepted by the friends of the secular and Protestant systems of education as having disproved the existence of any rights or privileges to which the Catholic Schools of Manitoba could lay claim. In face of the facts this constitutes simply a colossal "organized wink," be it never so complacent.

We have already pointed out how Lord Selkirk sought the aid of Mgr. Pleassis, the great Bishop of Quebec, and how Lord Sherbrooke lent the weight of his authority to further the work; how land had been given the missionaries to place them beyond the ordinary risks; how these lands are in great part still held for the advance of education. But the co-operation did not end there.

In 1821 the Hudson's Bay Company were sole masters of the country. They wisely continued the policy of their predecessors and assisted the schools, Catholic and Protestant, by grants of land, of passages for teachers on the company's boats and of money. It was within the personal knowledge of Archbishop Tache that nearly every Catholic school was built on lots given for the purpose. Among these were the schools of St. Vital and St. Norbert on the Red River; those of St. Boniface West, St. Charles, St. Francis Xavier, and Bay St. Paul, on the Assiboine. These lands were not an acre or two, but in each case a whole lot.

Without the passage on the Company's boats, so freely accorded, it would have been impossible to open these schools, as the teachers would be had only from Canada, England and France, and the journeys were long and costly.

Again, Sir George Simpson, witnessing the privations to which Mgr. Provencher subjected himself for the advantage of the settlement, recommended that the sum of £50 per annum be given toward the support of the mission, a recommendation with which the governing body in London immediately complied.

The Council of Assiniboia also gave, although its means were small, valuable aid to the schools by way of exemptions and donations. At the meeting of May 1, 1851, the following motion was made and carried:

"That one hundred pounds be granted from the public funds to be donated equally between the Bishop of Rupert's land and the Bishop of the North West (St. Boniface) to be applied by them at their discretion, for purposes of education."

The impartiality of the Council's treatment of religious bodies is further shown by their manner of dealing with the application of the trustees of the Presbyterian church at Frog Plain, who, not deriving any assistance from the sum in the hands of the Anglican Bishop of Rupert's land, were given a grant of £15. That grant was made on July 14, 1852; and on the 19th of December of the same year, the distinction was made as between Catholics on the one hand and all Protestants on the other, a further grant of £15 being made to "the Bishop of St.

Boniface for the purposes of education," the Bishop of Rupert's land and two other councillors dissenting.

From all this it is hard to gather that all schools of that time were anything else than denominational.

When the time came for Manitoba to be taken into Confederation, the rancor in the older provinces had long been such as to make the settlers in the territories look well to the security of their rights. Arms were indeed taken up. Only through the good offices of Bishop Tache and the Imperial Government was a peaceable solution arrived at. At last a Bill of Rights was sent to Ottawa. All its conditions that could be accepted were accepted. The uprising was at an end; the Manitoba act was passed.

Clause 7 of the Bill of Rights reads: "That the schools be separate and the public moneys for schools be distributed among the different religious denominations in proportion to their respective population."

This demand was met by clause XXII. of the Manitoba act, sub section 1 of which reads:

"Nothing in any such law (made by the legislature) shall prejudicially affect any right or privilege with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons have by law or practice in the province at the union."

This was indeed in accord with Sir John Young's assurance that "right will be done in all cases." But the times have changed, and an overbearing majority have been able not only to impose their will, but apparently to be sustained in its unholy exercise.

On March 6, 1893, Hugh John Macdonald, member for Winnipeg, said in the House of Commons: "The manner in which the Separate School system was abolished (in Manitoba) was barbarous, brutal and butcherly. I believe as has been explained by my honorable friend from Provencher (Mr. LaRiviere) that the proceedings taken by the local government of Manitoba to pass and carry out the school act were such as to give the impression that it was their intention to add insult to injury and to hurt in every way in their power, the feelings of the Roman Catholic minority of the Province from which I come."

Editorial Notes.

During the week His Grace Archbishop Walsh confirmed large classes at Utergrove and Brechin.

It is to be hoped that "A Church-Going Catholic" will find in the reply to his letter such stimulus as will increase the practice from which his distinctive title is drawn.

To err is human. How else could the Philadelphia Catholic Times make such a statement as the following? "Monsignor Toner, Missionary Apostolic, was the guest of Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, a week ago."

Mr. J. P. Macdonell writes: "It occurred to me while witnessing the dedication of the monument to Sir John Macdonald, that I was probably the only one in all those thousands who had participated in his early political career. I voted for him for city councillor of Kingston in 1842; was present at the meeting held in a hall on the market square, over which John R. Forsyth presided and which nominated John A. Macdonald to represent the city; I worked and voted for him in that election, 1844, and again at the election which took place after he was appointed Receiver-General at Montreal.

A WESTERN SHRINE.

Relic of St. Anno at St. Catharines.

A Novena Accompanied by a Remarkable Display of Devotion.

It will be remembered that some months ago Father Allaino of St. Mary's Church, St. Catharines, procured from Cardinal Tachereau a relic of St. Anne, the mother of the Blessed Virgin.

Three weeks ago it was quietly announced from the altar that a novena of special devotion to St. Anno would begin on October 8th. On that day Dean Harris preached a very instructive sermon on the use of relics, and on St. Anno. During the time of the exercises, special sermons were preached by Father Sullivan of Thorold, on the Rosary; Father O'Malley of St. Catharines, on relics; Father McEntee on the Holy Communion; Father James of the Carmelite Order, on the invocation of Saints and the veneration of St. Anne. On Monday, Oct. 15th, Father Coty of Hamilton, secretary of his Lordship, Bishop Dowling, delivered an eloquent discourse on the life and virtues of St. Joseph, and on Tuesday the 16th, at the close of Novena, Mgr. McEvay of Hamilton, gave a description of the home of St. Anno and the Blessed Virgin, which was not only highly edifying, but full of interest and information.

The Novena had been opened in the quietest way possible, but as the exercises progressed the throngs became too great for the capacity of the church and hundreds were unable to obtain admission. The church was so filled that the advance of the congregation to the altar became impossible and Father Allaino was obliged to facilitate the veneration of the relic by conveying it along the aisles.

Many there were who went in the hope of being relieved of physical infirmities, and at the close several truly remarkable cases came under observation. The great success of the novena, however, was observed in the almost unprecedented numbers who approached the holy Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist. Services during the week were at 9 a.m., 4 and 7.30 p.m.

"There are far-reaching and most important departments of human life—those directly connected with the family for instance—in which the Catholic Church denies the competency of the State. Education is one of them. Generally, it may be said, that in matters primarily secular, Christianity regards with approval the endeavors of Governments for the amelioration of suffering, for the diffusion and enhancement of physical comfort, for intellectual and moral elevation, provided the means pursued for these ends involve no injustice to classes or individuals, no interference with man's rightful freedom as a person."—W. S. Lilly.

We are pleased to be able to announce that the efforts of the St. Alphonsus Club have been successful; Mr. T. D. Sullivan has been secured to lecture in Toronto on Nov. 29. It is to be hoped the public spirit displayed by this energetic body of young men will be fittingly seconded by the people.

The Bishop and the Rose.

By FRANCIS HERBERT FOWLER.

I carried the old Bishop a bunch of roses this morning. And when I handed them to him he said: "Wait, daughter, there are thorns upon them!" Then he took out his knife, saying: "Give me one at a time." I watched him as he carefully cut away each thorn. "Do you always cut off the thorns, bishop?" He glanced at me with an appreciative twinkle in the dark of his eyes, set deep under the shaggy brows, and said: "Yes; don't you?" "No," I said. "I am a woman. I only hold my rose tight, and smile, and let the blood trickle, and say: *My rose has no thorns!*"

Life's History.

As our first parents, when the World was young, Under the branches of the Tree of Life, Wearied of toying in the noon-day sun, Sought the deep shadows of that tree that gave A fuller knowledge; so in these later days Youth ever seeks amid Life's tangled paths To clutch the rose, unmindful of the thorn, And eat that fruit our Mother gave the World. So it must ever be that sharp Experience Brings us to know that perfect peace Comes not until Life's journey's end, When all is hushed in painless, dreamless sleep.

T. DOVE KRICHLEY.

Unknown.

'Twas a wild vine uncultured, That covered a wayside tree; But the fruit was royal purple, And beautiful to see. The river was dark and shadowy, With only a ray of light; But the lilies that starred its surface Were always pure and white. The clothing was torn and ragged, The shoes were worn and thin; But the heart beneath that jacket Was free from the taint of sin. 'Twas a life unknown, unnoticed, That bloomed in the crowded town; But the angels above have blessed her, And her's the unfading crown. Some ways are bordered with blessings, Some lives like a zephyr fleet; But only God and the angels Know of its perfume sweet. —The Angelus.

They All Were Glad to See Him.

When Holmes passed through the golden gate They all were glad to see him, And when he joined the good and great They all were glad to see him. And Homer great came forth to say, "I've read your works for many a day; Just come with me and step this way," Ah, he was glad to see him. And Homer 'mid the great produced him, And they were glad to see him. To famous ones he introduced him, And they were glad to see him. Samuel Johnson's big right hand Made him welcome to the land, And all that splendid, glittering band, Were very glad to see him. "Here are people that you know," They were glad to see him: "Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe," Ah, they were glad to see him. Said Scott, "Your blooms will never wither," Said Pope, "Thou modern man, come hither," Quote Burns, "I know you for a brither," And Burns was glad to see him. And Dante bowed his reverent head, For he was glad to see him. "Remember that we are not dead," Ah, he was glad to see him. Let no one weep, let no one sigh, Tho' Autocrat is in the sky, Amid the folk who never die, And they are glad to see him.

THE KHAN.

That Irishman, who is to be found wherever anything worth while is going on, has now put in his appearance in Japan. For fifteen years John and Cornelius Collins were respectively nautical instructor and gunnery instructor while the fleet was undergoing the modernising process, and to them much of the present efficiency of the Japs is due.

HENRY VIII'S FIRST DIVORCE.

A Scathing Denunciation.

The *Bookman*, a literary journal, in its October number reviews Dr. Gasquet's edition of Mrs. Hope's work, "The First Divorce of Henry VIII, as told in the State Papers." The article is signed "Y. Y." The following extract will show the latter day opinion of facts long perverted.

"The Divorce was only a single department—at one moment important, at others quite secondary—in what was about the most infernal, yet after all the most beneficial scheme which the Devil ever carried through on this poor earth. We must seek elsewhere for the causes which induced a free people to assist almost in silence at the orgy of tyranny, vice and hypocrisy which we call the Blessed Reformation. The Protestant legend of our nursery days, fantastic beyond the dreams of the Bollandist, is now finally exploded. Pious Henry and his immaculate Anne are now materialised as a bloated ruffian and his snappish, vulgar, scheming *blase* courtesan. A viler adventuress than she never borrowed her manners from France and her principles from a still worse place. With a Bullen for her father, and for her mother one of the least respectable of the upstart Howards, she had certain pretensions to ladyhood, but in the days of her triumph she never attained even the level of the Pompadour or the Du Barry—in feeling a mere crowned scullion wench, in principles a Becky Sharp of coarser and less attractive mould. When at last in her desperate anxiety to avert her fate by producing a male heir she reverted to wholesale profligacy she sealed her own doom, and the story of her fall and execution must be delicious reading for every sound-hearted British matron. In splendid contrast to this nauseous female stands the Martyr Queen, who deserves all the chivalrous pity and enthusiasm which the English have preferred to lavish on Marie Antoinette. The child of the great Isabella, the possible heiress to the crown of Spain and the Indies, the darling of the Catholic Church and of the English people, she was insulted, and trampled to death by the tyrant and his gang, and history has passed her by as a querulous, too womanly woman. Her one offence is that she was not a Protestant. But nevertheless she was a lady of high spirit, of unswerving principle, of sincere piety, of eminent parts, a wise counsellor, a faithful friend, a true wife, a devoted mother, and a good queen. Trace her conduct in the State Papers, not in partisan histories, throughout her trying ordeal, and in no single instance will you find her falter in dignity, prudence, and tact, save perhaps in her exaggerated estimate of wifely submission. And what says still more for her, she was the only woman Henry respected, probably the only one he ever loved. Her one mistake was her premature death. That Henry ever married Anne at all I do not believe, though no doubt spurious certificates were ready to be produced on the birth of a Prince of Wales. When the hope of a male heir had grown faint Henry, who was heartily sick of the divorce complications, would probably have turned Anne off and returned to his wife, as indeed he once seriously contemplated doing. The Queen's death was therefore a turning point in the history."

A Chinese Solomon.

The Danish-Norwegian paper *Nordlyst*, New York, publishes this week an interesting story, very characteristic of Chinese literature in general. It is entitled: "The Stolen Onions."

"A poor man made his living by raising and selling white onions. He was a hard-working man, and his toil brought an extra fine crop. One year, when his field was particularly rich in

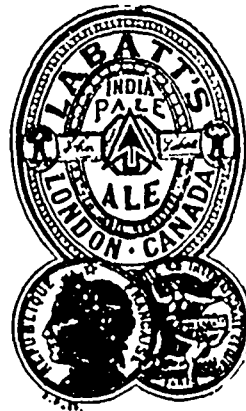
large and excellent onions, he brought his cot-bed out into it, that he might sleep at night on his field and protect his property against thieves. A few nights' experience showed him that no thieves were in the neighborhood. He therefore, gave up sleeping out-doors, but left his cot-bed behind him as a precaution, as he thought. In the morning he found all his onions gone. In sorrow and consternation he ran to the nearest justice and made known the robbery. The judge demanded that he should bring either the thieves or witnesses. The poor man, unable to do so, explained that only his cot-bed had been left; nothing else was there to bear witness against any thief. The judge ordered the cot-bed brought into court. This was done. As the cot gave no answer to the questions put to it, the judge ordered that it be beaten for 'contempt of court.' As this the attendants at court and spectators began to laugh loudly. The merriment rose to an uproar when the bed went to pieces. The judge declared all present in 'contempt' and caused the doors to be closed. He then sentenced each to pay one pound of onions and to arrest till payment was made. Escorted by officers of the court each was allowed to go out to buy onions with which to pay his fine, and upon payment each made an affidavit where he had bought his onions. When all had paid their fine, the poor gardener was called in and requested by the judge to examine the onions, to determine, if he could, if any of them were from his garden. He declared that undoubtedly most of them came from his field. As they nearly all had been bought from the same dealer, the judge issued a warrant for the arrest of that dealer. At first the thief denied his guilt, but soon confessed. He was condemned to be flogged, and all the onions paid as fine were given to the gardener, who was thus richly paid for his trouble. The judge's wisdom was recognized everywhere, and his judgment was asked for in all important cases."

When a Man Is a Success.

Let a man in business be thoroughly fitted for the position he occupies, alert to every opportunity and embracing it to its fullest possibility, with his methods fixed on honorable principles, and he is a successful man, writes Edward W. Bok in the October *Ladies' Home Journal*. It doesn't matter whether he makes one thousand dollars or one hundred thousand dollars. He makes a success of his position. He carries to a successful termination that which it has been given him to do, be it great or small. If the work he does, and does well, is up to his limitations, he is a success. If he does not work up to his capacity, then he fails, just as he fails, too, if he attempts to go beyond his mental or physical limit. There is just as much danger on one side of man's limit line as there is on the other. The very realization of one's capacity is a sign of success.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical advisor and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

Signed, JEAN VALOURET,
Wolton, P. Q. General Merchant.

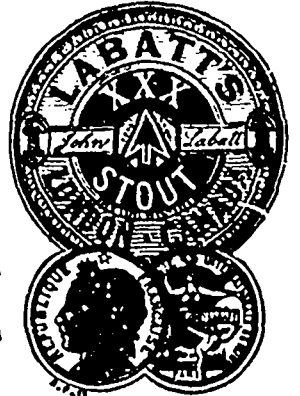


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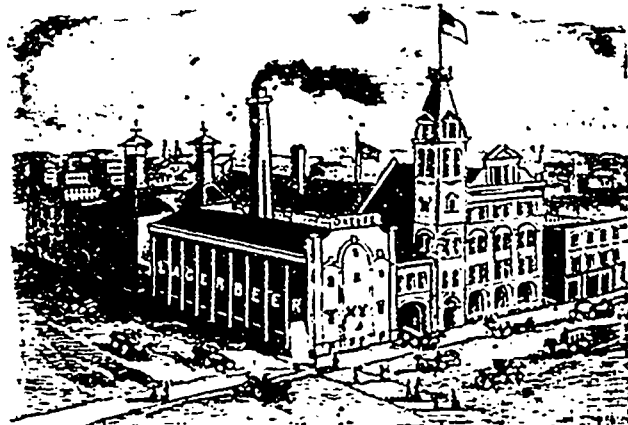
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

The Henry Joy McCracken Nationalist Flute Band of Greenacastle was assaulted in a most ruffianly manner by the Orangemen and Unionists of the district while on an outing. One member of the band was seriously injured with a stone. As usual no arrests were effected by the constabulary.

Carlow.

On Tuesday, Sept. 11, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary, the Bishop of Kildare officiated at the solemn and impressive ceremony of reception in the pretty chapel attached to the Brigidine Convent, Tullow, County Galway. The young lady received, Miss Julia Lardner (in religion Sister Patricia), is daughter of the late Laurence Lardner of Athenry.

Cavan.

Dr. Eugene W. McQuaid, Drogheda, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the county. A more popular selection could not be made.

Clare.

Mr. John Walsh, Ayle House, Feakle, has been appointed a Justice of the Peace for the county.

The tenantry of Deer Island, situated on the Fergus, Kildysart District, have completed arrangements for the purchase of their holdings under the Land Purchase (Ireland) act. Negotiations have been carried on for some time back on behalf of Lord Leconfield the landlord, through his agent, Mr. J. W. Scott, Rosslevin, Ennis, and the tenants, with a view to a settlement on the Land Purchase principle, with the result that the terms have been arranged for fourteen years' purchase and the wiping out of all arrears. Deer Island is the largest island on the Fergus, and consists of 450 acres, half of which is held by an extornt tenant, the remainder let to six tenants, resident on the island. Previous to the tenants taking the benefit of the land act, the land, which is entirely limestone and of good quality as pasture, paid upward of £2 an acre. Since then it has been considerably reduced, being now on an average about £1 5s. per acre. The tenants feel thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement.

Cork.

The late Archdeacon Irwin, whose death we have already recorded, was born at Tourano, Blouerville, Tralee. He was sent to Maynooth College, and at 24 was ordained priest. His first mission was as curate in the parish of Currane, and after a short term there he was sent to Tralee, where he spent three years under Dean Mawo. He was then transferred to the parish of Castle Gregory, and was again transferred as curate to the parish of The Mines. He only spent a short term in this parish, when he was appointed in pastoral charge of Castle Gregory in the year '74. He spent eleven years there, during which his labors were untiring from a spiritual and temporal point of view. He erected many schools in the parish and expended a large sum of money in improving the church. The archdeaconship of Castle Island becoming vacant, Father Irwin was appointed, and that important sacred position he held until his demise.

Derry.

Two very popular appointments have just been made to the Commission of the Peace for County Derry, viz: Mr. Robert Ferris, chairman of the Coleraine Town Commissioners and father of Rev. Daniel Ferris of Sutton, Surrey, England; and Dr. William H. Cardwell, Waterford, Coroner for Coleraine. Mr. Ferris is one of the oldest and most respected Catholics in the neighborhood, and at the last election of Town Commissioners stood at the head of the poll. Dr. Cardwell is a highly esteemed member of the Presbyterian Church and a staunch Liberal.

Donegal.

Rev. Dr. Casey of Fanning Island, Pacific Ocean, is on a visit to Ireland. He is a native of Dunkineely, where his father still resides. Mr. P. S. Cassidy of the New York Mercury is his brother.

Down.

The Vincentian Fathers are conducting a mission in the united parishes of Newtownards and Bangor.

Last week a shocking accident occurred to a little girl, resident of High street, Newry, named Ellen Rodgers. She is only 10 years old. At the time of the accident she was riding on the shaft of a cart through Kilmoy street, when her leg got in between the spokes of the wheel, and the limb was nearly torn from the body. The driver immediately stopped the horse and relieved the child. Were it not for his prompt action she would have been killed.

Dublin.

The Tories made an attempt to have Mr. Michael Davitt's name erased from the list of Parliamentary voters in the Ballybrock district of the county, but so far have been unsuccessful.

Last week a Mr. O'Sullivan of Tolka View, Richmond road, was driving toward Ballybough Bridge. A cyclist coming in the opposite direction collided with the vehicle, causing the pony to plunge onto the foot-path, and across the wall into the adjoining field, throwing the occupants out of the trap. Mrs. O'Sullivan fell upon her head, and

when taken up was in an unconscious state. She will recover.

Fermanagh.

To mark the services of Mr. Plunkett to the town of Eniskillen, it is proposed to erect on the Fort Hill a Plunkett memorial, which will cost £400.

Father McMeel, administrator, Monaghan, has been promoted to the pastorate of White Hill. The people of Monaghan will present him with an address.

Galway.

A sad accident occurred at the Claddagh on Tuesday last, by which two young children belonging to a fisherman named O'Donnell were very seriously injured. It appears that the two children were playing at the end of their father's house, when a neighbor let out two pigs, which ran against a young horse which was yoked to a cart of turf near where the children were playing. The horse became frightened and bolted knocking down the two children, and the cart rolled over the oldest, a little boy about 5 years old, smashing his thigh near the hip and otherwise injuring him, while the younger child received a frightful scalp wound on the head. The oldest child was conveyed to the workhouse hospital, where it was attended to by Dr. Lydon. The other child lies in a precarious way at the father's house. There is much sympathy felt for the parents of the injured children.

Kerry.

With sincere regret we chronicle the death of Mr. Patrick Cremins, Boherbeco. He was a member of an old and respected Kerry family, and for many years was with his brother at Gurtmullen, near Kinnaree, closely identified with the Fenian movement. He was also a member of the Papal Brigade, as was his brother John, now of Killarney, and who wears conspicuously the Papal medal. Deceased was to the last a staunch and consistent Nationalist. He was father-in-law to Mr. E. Harrington, Kerry Sentinel. The funeral took place from St. John's Church after high Mass for Kilcummin, the family burial place.

Kilkenny.

On Tuesday, at Ballylusky, near Mullinavat, John Doherty, aged 59 years died suddenly. Deceased was a mason by trade, and worked up to his last day with his usual vigor and assiduity. Dr. Denis Walsh, Coroner, Graigueamanagh, did not consider an inquest necessary. The interment took place at Mullinaharrigle, the funeral being numerously attended.

King's County.

History records many miracles wrought in Clonmacnoise in the early ages of the Irish Church, and tradition records numerous miracles from time to time down to a very recent period. The pattern day falling on Sunday this year, and the day being beautifully fine, attracted to the Seven Churches thousands of excursionists and pleasure seekers, in addition to the thousands who went there to do a station. All night on Saturday night cars were going by every road leading to Clonmacnoise with "per formers," those pious people who went there to do stations. On Sunday the roads were covered with side cars, traps, phaetons and brakes loaded with pleasure seekers and performers. Every available vehicle in Ballinasloe was requisitioned, and even the donkey car was used to carry the people to that ancient place, which seems to lose none of its attraction by lapse of time. On every St. Kieran's day mass is celebrated in a stone covered church off the Cathedral Church known as Coghlan's Church, and also masses in each of the two chapels of the parish, so that no Catholic visiting "The Churches" loses mass. Everything passed off nicely and decorously at the pattern this year.

Litrim.

We regret to chronicle the death at the Convent of Mercy, Ballinamore, of Miss A. Heloghah, born at Cahir, County Tipperary, in 1819, and professed in religion as Sister Mary Joseph in 1858. The interment took place in the Convent grounds, Ballinamore.

Limerick.

One by one the memorials of William of Orange's siege of Limerick are disappearing for lack of sympathy from some antiquary or archaeologist. No one in the city apparently takes much heart in the preservation of such matters, and so, like the Garryowen of the song, they are going to "rack" and from that to non existence. The ashlar pillars at Singland, on which King William's standard floated disappeared some years since, the ass boy having carted it off the stone-work for ballast. Now, the old earth fortifications on the King's Island, behind which cannon were planted to check Gen. Ginkle, are also giving trouble, and are being leveled to afford exercise to the military recruits who are led out to the sward when the weather is fine and the ground favorable for hacking with pick and shovel.

Louth.

The new Catholic cemetery at Drogheda was consecrated recently by His Eminence Cardinal Logue. The old Chord cemetery, where the Catholics of Drogheda were buried, belonged to the Dominicans, and many eminent members of the order have found within its walls their last resting place during the last couple of centuries.



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Mayo.

In the list of successes published by the Ursuline Convent, Sligo, the name of Miss Daisy Boghlan, Brize, Claremorris, passed with distinction in the middle grade, securing first place in all Ireland in natural philosophy.

Meath.

The bazaar in the aid of the new church at Feim was opened last week, and proved so far a most unqualified success. Mr. Michael Kiney, Glenarm, County Antrim, has contributed £50 to the building fund. Rev. P. Callary is pastor of Feim.

Monaghan.

Rev. B. Duffy, P. P., Ballybay, has been transferred to the parish of Fintona, vacant by the demise of Very Rev. Canon Clifford. Father Duffy is an ardent Nationalist and a vigorous advocate of the claims of the tenant farmers.

Queen's County.

A young man named William Mortimer was killed recently on the down track of the Great Southern and Western Railway, near Maryborough. Much of the evidence given at the Coroner's inquest by his companion at the time of the accident was so unsatisfactory that the coroner rebuked him. A verdict of accidental death, with no one to blame, was rendered by the jury.

Sligo.

At a special court in Sligo a servant named Bridget Glendonning was returned for trial on a charge of attempting to poison a fellow servant named Jane Curran at Cloghorevagh.

At Collooney Harvest Fair there was a very large supply of stock, and the attendance of buyers was equally satisfactory. As a result business was extremely brisk and close upon 1,000 cattle changed hands. Prices showed a considerable advance, though not so high as they were at the same fair last year.

Tipperary.

Father Michael O'Brien, who died recently at the French College, Blackrock, was a native of Clogher, County Tipperary, and was only 25 years of age. For the past couple of years he had been ailing. He was for several years a student at Rockwell College, Cahir, and he finished his studies at the College of the Holy Ghost in Paris, France.

Waterford.

Last week, in Kilmacthomas, in a woolen factory, a teaser got choked with matted wool and Thomas Power put in his hand to pick out the matted wool, when his left hand was caught by the teeth of the machine. The forefinger was completely snapped off and other three fingers were split through to the palm. He was immediately removed to the Workhouse Hospital. Amputation followed. His condition is serious.

Westmeath.

At recent meeting of the governors of the Mullingar Insane Asylum the expenses were so heavy that an investigation was made, and it was found that the apparent increase was caused by having purchased an extraordinary quantity of coal, of which 341 tons were on hand.

Wicklow.

Right Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory, on Sunday preached an eloquent and impressive sermon in St. Joseph's Church, Baltinglas.

Nationalists all over the county had added many names to the Parliamentary voters' lists by being careful to get their friends on and their adversaries off. Their strength has been appreciably increased.

For the last seventeen years J. Clancy has supplied the East End with coal and wood of the best that could be got. He is now in a position not only to supply the East End, but all parts of the city with the very best of coal and wood, at the lowest prices. Also the best Flour that McLaughlin and Co. make at 10 to 15 per cent less than any place in Toronto. Call up 2063, take a car, or drop a card to 421 Queen street East, and you will be attended to.

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Napoleon's Early Days.

His father, having obtained a place for him in the Government military school at Brienne, took him and his elder brother Joseph, in December, 1778, when he was nine and a half years of age, to a preparatory school at Autun, where the boys, who up to this time had spoken nothing but Italian, were to learn French. Three months at Autun gave young Napoleon enough of the new language to do his exercises; thereupon he was separated from his brother and sent alone to Brienne.

From the first the atmosphere was hateful to him. His comrades were French, and it was the French who had subdued Corsica. They taunted him with it sometimes, and he told them that had there been but four to one, Corsica would never have been conquered, but that the French came ten to one. When they said: "But your father submitted," he said bitterly, "I shall never forgive him for it." As for Paoli, he told them, proudly, "He is a good man. I wish I could be like him."

He had trouble with the new language. They jeered at him because of it. His name was strange; *la paille au nez* was the nickname they made from Napoleon. He was poor; they were rich. The contemptuous treatment he received because of his poverty was such that he begged to be taken home.

"My father," he wrote, "If you or my protectors cannot give me the means of sustaining myself more honorably in the house where I am, please summon me home, and as soon as possible. I am tired of poverty and of the smiles of the insolent scholars who are superior to me only in their fortune, for there is not one among them who feels one hundredth part of the noble sentiments by which I am animated. Must your son, sir, continually be the butt of these boobies, who, vain of luxuries which they enjoy, insult me by their laughter at the privations which I am forced to endure? No, father, no! If fortune refuses to smile upon me, take me from Brienne, and make me, if you will, a mechanic. From these words you may judge of my despair. This letter, sir, please believe, is not dictated by a vain desire to enjoy expensive amusements. I have no such wish. I feel simply that it is necessary to show my companions that I can procure them as well as they, if I wish to do so.

Your respectful and affectionate son,
"BONAPARTE."

Charles Bonaparte, always in pursuit of pleasure and his inheritance, could not help his son. Napoleon made other attempts to escape, even offering himself, it is said, to the British Admiralty as a sailor. In the end he saw that there was no way for him but to remain at Brienne, galled by poverty and formalism.

At the end of five and one-half years Napoleon was promoted to the military school at Paris. The choice of pupils for this school was made by an inspector, at this time one Chevalier de Keralio, an amiable old man, who was fond of playing with the boys as well as examining them. He was particularly pleased with Napoleon, and named him for promotion in spite of his being strong in nothing but mathematics, and not yet being of the age required by the regulations. The teachers protested, but De Keralio insisted:

"I know what I am doing," he said. "If I put the rules aside in this case, it is not to do his family a favor. I do not know them. It is because of the child himself. I have seen a spark here that cannot be too carefully cultivated."

De Keralio died before the nominations were made, but his wishes in regard to young Bonaparte were carried out. The recommendation which sent him up is curious. The notes read:

"Monsieur de Bonaparte; height four feet, ten inches and ten lines; has passed his fourth examination; good constitution, excellent health; submissive character; frank and grateful; regular in conduct; has distinguished himself by his application to mathematics; is passably well up in history and geography; is behindhand in his Latin. Will make an excellent sailor. Deserves to be sent to the school in Paris."

The circumstances which brought Junot and Napoleon together at Toulon were especially heroic. Some one was needed to carry an order to an exposed point. Napoleon asked for an under officer, audacious and intelligent. Junot, then a sergeant, was sent. "Take off your uniform and carry this order there," said Napoleon, indicating the point.

Junot blushed and his eyes flashed. "I am not a spy," he answered; "find some one beside me to execute such an order."

"You refuse to obey," said Napoleon.

"I am ready to obey," answered Junot, "but I will go in my uniform or not go at all. It is honor enough then for these — Englishmen."

The officer smiled and let him go, but he took pains to find out his name.

A few days later Napoleon called for some one in the ranks who wrote a fine hand to come to him. Junot offered himself, and sat down close to the battery to write the letter. He had scarcely finished when a bomb thrown by the English burst near by and covered him and his letter with earth.

"Good," said Junot, laughing. "I shall not need any sand to dry the ink."

Bonaparte looked at the young man, who had not even trembled at the danger. From that time the young sergeant remained with the commander of artillery.—*Ira M. Tarbell, in McClure's Magazine.*

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Late Telegrams.

Dublin, Oct. 28.—The Freeman's Journal announces to-day that the Irish party Paris fund has at last been released, and is now in the hands of Mr. Justin McCarthy.

Hon. Mr. Laurier attended St. Mary's Roman Catholic church in Winnipeg on Sunday, and it happened that a special collection in aid of separate schools in Manitoba was taken up that day.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 28.—Hon. Edward Blake, Irish member of Parliament, addressed a large and representative audience in this city to-night. Governor Northern and Mayor Goodwin occupied seats on the platform, in addition to many prominent citizens. His speech lasted two hours.

Rome, Oct. 28.—Information has been received at the Vatican that a number of mission stations in China have been destroyed and their inmates massacred. Other Christians also have been threatened. The powers will be requested by the Vatican to take steps for the protection of its workers in the Chinese mission fields.

Rome, Oct. 28.—The Conference at the Vatican on the proposed union of the Eastern Church with the Holy See will open to-morrow. Cardinals Rampolla, Ledochowski, Vanmutelli, Galinberti and Langenieux, and the Patriarchs Jusuff and Renni will be presented. The Maronites also will be represented. It is uncertain whether or not the Pope will be able to attend the first sitting.

Knights of St. John.

At the last regular meeting of Leo Commandery No. 2, the question of forming a battalion in the city was discussed, and a committee appointed to meet a like committee from the other city Commanderies for the purpose of considering ways and means. Capt. Lonergan of St. Patrick's Commandery, was present and addressed the meeting. Two propositions for membership were received. Leo Commandery propose paying a fraternal visit to Columbus Commandery on Thursday evening next.

St. Helen Sanctuary Boys.

The annual election of Officers for St. Helen's Sanctuary-Boys Society was held on the 7th instant, and resulted as follows.—Wm. Cullen, president (by acclamation); Jas. Boland, Vice-president; John Malloy, Secretary-Treasurer.

Organized only last April, the Society has grown rapidly in numbers and efficacy. The members intend at an early date to begin a library which will supply them with good and interesting reading matter. With their own limited means they can hardly expect to do more than merely to begin. But they have reason to believe that, once begun there are many persons in the parish, who knowing the value and influences of good books and the necessity of commencing to read in youth, will, if solicited, be glad to assist the boys.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like wheat, oats, peas, turkeys, etc., with columns for price per bush, per lb, etc.



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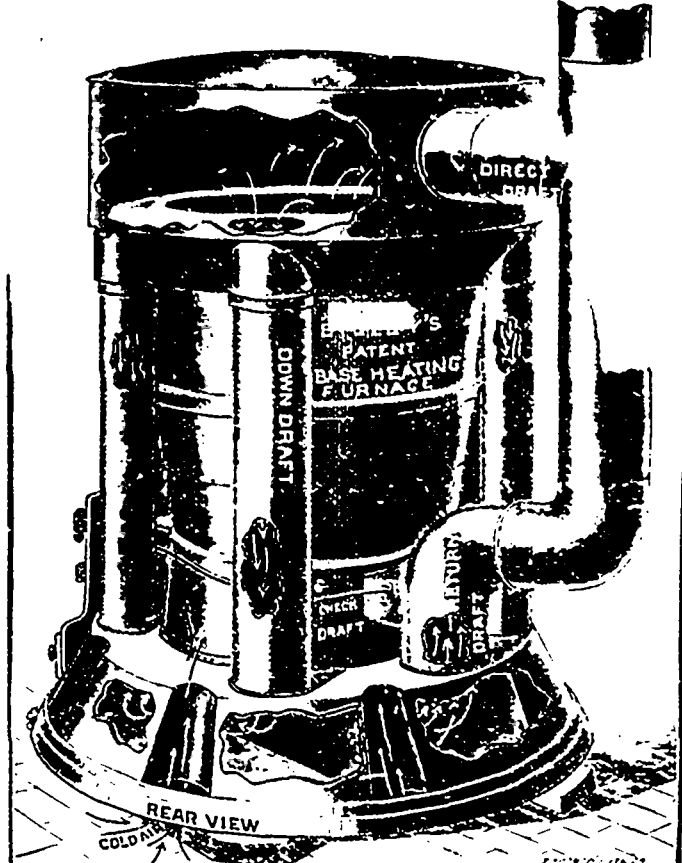
Lemaitre's Pectoral Syrup advertisement for coughs and colds, sold by Lemaitre's Pharmacy at 256 Queen St. W., Toronto.

Advertisement for M. J. Crottie, a store selling staple and fancy dry goods, men's furnishings, hats, caps, ties, shirts, and cuffs. Located at 338 and 344 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Toronto Postal Guide for October 1894, listing mail times for various routes like G.T.R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc., with close and departure times.

Advertisement for Wyeth's Liquid Malt, a food for consumptives, strongly recommended by physicians. Price 40 cents per bottle.

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The Abbe Constantin.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

CHAPTER I.—(CONTINUED.)

That night the village was taken, and the next day the body of Doctor Reynaud was deposited in the cemetery at Villorsevel. Two months afterwards, the Abbe Constantin brought his friend's coffin to Longueval, and, following the coffin, as it was borne out of the church, walked an orphan. Jean had lost his mother, too. When the news of her husband's death came, she remained for twenty-four hours prostrated, crushed—without a word, without a tear. Then fever set in, then delirium, and then, at the end of a fortnight, death.

Jean was alone in the world. He was fourteen years old.

There remained of this family, in which, for a century, every one had been good and honest, only a child kneeling by a grave, who promised to be, what his grandfather and his father had been, honest and good. There are such families in France, and many, many more than one ventures to say. Our poor country is cruelly misrepresented, in many things, by certain writers who draw startling, exaggerated pictures of it. It is the true that the history of good people is often either monotonous or sorrowful. This story is a proof of it.

Jean's grief was the grief a man. For a long time he was sad, for a long time silent. The evening after his father's burial, the Abbe Constantin took him home with him to the parsonage. The day had been rainy and cold. Jean was sitting by the fire; the priest was reading his breviary. Old Pauline went in and out. An hour passed in silence, when Jean, suddenly looking up, said:

"Godfather, has my father left me any money?"

This was such a strange question, that the abbe, amazed, thought he could not have heard aright.

"You ask me if your father—"

"I ask you, godfather, if my father left me any money?"

"Yes, he must have left you money."

"A good deal, did he not? I have often heard people say that my father was rich. Tell me, as nearly as you can, how much must he have left me."

"But I do not know. You ask me about things—"

The poor priest was distressed. Such a question at such a moment! He believed that he knew Jean's heart; and in that heart, there should be no place for such thoughts.

"I beg of you, godfather, to tell me," continued Jean gently. "I will explain to you, afterward, why I ask you this."

"Ah! Well! Your father was said to have two or three hundred thousand francs."

"And is that much money?"

"Yes, that is large sum of money."

"And all that money is mine?"

"Yes, all that money is yours."

"Ah! So much the better; because on the day when my father was killed, over there, the Prussians on the very same day, killed the son of a poor woman at Longueval—mother Clement—you know her. They also killed Rosalie's brother, whom I used to play with when I was little. Well, since I am rich, and they are poor, I want to divide the money my father has left me with mother Clement and Rosalie."

On hearing these words, the cure rose, took Jean's two hands, and drawing him close, folded him in his arms. The white head rested upon the blonde head. Two big tears broke from the old priest's eyes, rolled slowly down his cheeks, and crept away into the wrinkles of his face.

The cure, however, was obliged to explain to Jean, that, although he was the heir to his father's property, still, he could not dispose of it as he pleased.

There must be a family council—a guardian.

"You, doubtless, godfather?"

"No, not I, my child; a priest has no right to hold a guardianship. I think, Monsieur Lenient, the notary at Souvigny, who was one of your father's best friends, will be chosen. You can talk with him—you can tell him what you wish to do."

Monsieur Lenient was, indeed, selected by the family council to assume the duties of a guardian. Jean's entreaties were so urgent, and so touching, that the notary consented to deduct from the income the sum of twenty-four hundred francs, to be divided between Mother Clement and little Rosalie, every year until Jean was of age.

At this juncture, Madame Lavardens acted very generously. She went to see the Abbe Constantin.

"Give Jean to me," said she, "give him entirely me, until he has completed his studies. I will bring him back to you every year for his vacation. It is not a favor I am doing you. It is a favor that I ask of you. I can desire nothing more fortunate for my son. Paul desires to enter St. Cyr, to be a soldier. I can find the necessary masters and appliances only in Paris. I will take the two children there; they will be brought up together, under my eyes, like brothers. I will make no difference between them, I assure you."

It was difficult not to accept such a proposition. The old cure would have been glad to keep Jean with him, and the thought of the separation almost broke his heart; but what was for the child's interest? that was to be considered. The rest was nothing. Jean was called.

"My child," said Madame de Lavardens, "will you come and live with me and Paul for a few years? I will take you to Paris."

"You are very kind, madame, but I would so much rather stay here."

He looked at the cure, who turned away.

"Why go away," he continued, "why take us away, Paul and me?"

"Because you can finish your studies, steadily and profitably, only in Paris. Paul will prepare for his examination at St. Cyr. You know that he wants to be a soldier."

"And I, too, madame; I want to be a soldier."

"You a soldier?" said the cure, "but your father never thought of such a thing. Your father often spoke of your future, your career, to me. You were to be a doctor, and like him a country doctor, at Longueval; and like him help the poor, and like him take care of the sick. Jean, my child, remember—"

"I remember; I do remember."

"Well, then, you must do as your father wished. It is your duty, Jean, it is your duty. You must go to Paris. You would like to stay here. Ah! I can understand that; and I, too, would like it very much, but it cannot be. You must go to Paris, to work, to work diligently. That does not trouble me. You are your father's own son. You will be an honest man, and an industrious man. One is rarely the one without being the other. And some day, the poor will find in your father's house, in the very place where he did so much good, another Doctor Reynaud who, too, will help them. And I, if I am still in this world, will be so happy when that day comes—so happy. But I ought not to speak of myself. It is wrong—I am of no importance. You must think of your father. I tell you again, Jean, it was his dearest wish. You cannot have forgotten it."

"No, I have not forgotten it; but if my father sees me and hears me, I am sure he understands me, and forgives me, for it is on his account."

"On his account!"

"Yes; when I heard that he was dead, and when I know how he died, in a moment, without being obliged to reflect, I said to myself that I would be a soldier. Godfather, and you, madame; I entreat you not to prevent me."

The child burst into tears, in an agony of despair. The countess and the abbe quieted him with kind words.

"Yes—yes—it is understood. Everything shall be as you wish; everything that you wish."

They both had the same idea. "Let us leave it to time. Jean is only a child; he will change his mind." In which they both were mistaken. Jean did not change his mind.

In the month of September, 1876, Paul was rejected at St. Cyr; and Jean stood eleventh at the School of Polytechnica. On the day, when the list of successful candidates were published, he wrote to the Abbe Constantin:

"I have passed, and passed too well; for I want to go into the army, and not into the civil service. However, if I keep my rank at the school, it will be good for one of my comrades. He will get my place."

But Jean did better than keep his rank. The final classification made him number seven. But instead of entering the School of Engineers, he entered the School of Practice at Fontainebleau in 1878. He was just twenty-one. He was of age; master of his own fortune, and the first act of his administration was a large, a very large, expenditure. He bought for Mother Clement and for little Rosalie, now grown up, two annuities of fifteen hundred francs each. They cost him seven thousand francs.

Two years later, Jean carried off the first prize at Fontainebleau, which gave him his choice of vacant places. There was one in the regiment stationed at Souvigny, and Souvigny was very near Longueval; Jean asked for the place and obtained it.

This is the way that Jean Reynaud, lieutenant in the 9th Regiment of Artillery, came, in the month of October, 1880, into possession of Dr. Marcel Reynaud's house. This is the way he found himself again in the country where his childhood was spent, and where every one had preserved the memory of his father's life and death. This is the way that the Abbe Constantin was not denied the happiness of seeing his friend's son again. And, if the truth must be told, he no longer regretted that Jean had not been a physician. When the old cure went out of church, after saying Mass, if he saw a cloud of dust blow along the road, if he felt the earth tremble with the roaring of cannon, he stopped and took as much pleasure as a child in seeing the regiment pass.

But the regiment, for him, was Jean! In the features of this sturdy, robust officer, he could plainly read integrity, courage and goodness.

As soon as Jean saw the cure at a distance, he would put his horse on a gallop, and stop to talk a little with his godfather. Jean's horse always turned his head around to the cure, for he well knew that there was always a lump of sugar for him in the pocket of the old soutane—worn and pieced—his morning soutane. The abbe had a handsome one which he saved to go into company—when he went into company.

When the trumpets of the regiment sounded through the village, every eye was watching for Jean, little Jean. For to the old people of Longueval, he was still little Jean. One old peasant, wrinkled and decrepit, could never break himself of the habit of saluting him as he passed, with a "Good morning, boy!" The boy was six feet tall. And Jean never went through the village without seeing at two windows, the old parchment face of Mother Clement, and Rosalie's smiling features.

The latter had been married the year before. Jean was her witness, and danced merrily the evening of the wedding with the young girls of Longueval.

This was the lieutenant who, on Saturday, the 28th of May, 1881, at about five o'clock in the afternoon, dismounted in front of the parsonage gate. He entered; his horse quietly followed him, and made his own way toward a little shed in the yard. Pauline stood at the kitchen window. Jean went up and kissed her on both cheeks.

"Good day, my good Pauline. How do you do!"

"Very well. I am busy with your dinner. Do you want to know what you are going to have? Potato soup, a leg of mutton, and a dish of eggs, *au lait*."

"Excellent! I like it all; and I am starving."

"And I forgot to mention a salad, which you can help me pick presently. Dinner will be ready at half-past six exactly; because to night, at half-past seven, Monsieur le Cure has his service for the month of Mary."

"Where is my godfather?"

"In the garden; Monsieur le Cure is very sad on account of the sale yesterday."

"Yes; I know, I know."

"It will cheer him up a little to see you. He is always so happy when you are here. Take care, Loulou wants to nibble the rose-bushes. How warm he is, poor Loulou!"

"I came by the longest way, through the wood, and I rode pretty fast."

Jean caught Loulou, who was going toward the rosetrellis, took off his saddle and bridle, fastened him in the little shed, and rubbed him down with a bit of straw in a twinkling.

Then he went into the house, took off his sword and his cap, put on an old five-cent straw hat, and started for the garden to find the cure.

The poor Abbe was, indeed, very sad. He had not closed his eyes all night; he who usually slept so peacefully, so sweetly, the untroubled sleep of a child. His heart was heavy. Longueval in the hands of a foreigner, of a heretic, of an adventurer! Jean repeated what Paul had said the day before:

"You will have money, plenty of money for your poor."

"Money! money! Yes, my poor will lose nothing—perhaps they will gain. But I must go ask for this money, and I shall find in the salon, instead of my dear old friend, this American with red hair—it seems that she has red hair. I shall certainly for my poor people, I shall go; and she will give me money, but she will give me nothing else. The marchioness gave in different way. Her heart and soul were in the giving. We went together, every week, to visit the poor and the sick. She knew all their sufferings, and all their miseries. And when I was confined to my arm chair with the gout, she made the rounds, all alone; and as well, or better than I."

Here, Pauline interrupted the conversation. She carried an immense, china salad bowl, decorated in big, staring, red flowers.

"Here I am," said she, "I am going to pick the salad. Jean, do you want lettuce or endive?"

"Endive," replied Jean gayly, "it is a long time since I have eaten endive."

"Well! you shall have some to night. Here, take the salad bowl."

Pauline began to cut the endive, and Jean stooped down to receive the leaves into the big salad bowl. The cure looked on. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LITTLE JARVIS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(CONTINUED.)

Nothing could be seen on deck except the constant deadly flash of the guns as they were rapidly fired. Up on his perch Jarvis could hear the frightful thunder of the guns, the hoarse orders of the officers, the fierce cheering of the men as every shot struck the Frenchman's hull, the sudden, wild shriek of a wounded man, and the cries of the Frenchmen, who fought their ship bravely and skilfully, but who found, as others did later, that there was no standing up against the matchless gunnery of the Americans.

"I allers said that 'ere little reefer didn't have no more dodge in him than the main-mast," said Jack Bell to the men in the top, watching little Jarvis, who couldn't do any fighting, but who was cheering as loud as anybody and waving his dirk frantically.

"Give it to her, men!" bawled Jarvis, entirely forgetting that there was no more chance of his chirp being heard than of a sea-gull's cry in the roar of battle. "Let her have it! Hooray, hooray!"

For three long hours of the moonlit night the battle raged. The Frenchmen had the loss of the Insurgente to avenge, and the Americans were inspired by remembering that, with the same ship and the same captain, they had been victorious in one of the greatest single-ship fights ever fought, and against one of the most gallant enemies in the world. Part of the time both ships were running free, side by side, exchanging broadsides, but at last the Constellation shot ahead, and, luffing up short under the bows of the Vengeance, was ready with every gun to rake her. The Frenchman, terribly disabled and his decks encumbered with his wounded, made a desperate effort to sheer off, but the Constellation only moved up closer for a yard-arm-and-yard-arm fight. One by one the guns of the Vengeance were being silenced, her decks were running with blood, and she rolled a helpless hulk in the trough of the sea. But the brave Frenchmen gave no sign of surrender and apparently were determined to go down with their ship. Three times had her ensign been shot away, and twice had a young French sailor sprung aloft, braving the fire of the American sharpshooters, to lash another tricolor to the mast, for there were no halyards left to run a flag up on. As he went up the first time, with the flag wrapped round his neck, the sulphurous smoke was drifted in a sudden gust of wind, and Jarvis, with all the men in the top, saw him plainly in bright moonlight. Jack Bell raised his musket to fire at him, but Jarvis laid his hand upon the sailor's shoulder.

"Don't, Bell! he's such a brave fellow," he said.

"It would be a pity to kill that 'ere chapnow," said Jack, nevertheless keeping his musket at his shoulder. "E'll be a sailor sure enough one o' these days, when he's growed up, if I let him be."

The young sailor, who saw Jack Bell deliberately taking aim at him, took off his cap and waved it defiantly before he lashed the flag to the mast, amid wild cheering from his comrades on the Vengeance. But when he saw Jarvis's gesture, and that Jack Bell did not fire, he lifted his cap, and bowed and smiled. Jarvis was delighted, and lifted his cap too.

"Lord, Lord!" said Jack Bell shaking his head solemnly, "may be we ain't a-fightin' for our lives and our countries, and these 'ere planks that is all we've got between we and Davy Jones. May be we're at a dancing-school, where we larns manners and sich."

The second time the ensign was shot away the young sailor climbed up

again to replace it. This time he waved the flag at Jarvis, and Jarvis took off his cap and waved it round and round a dozen times in response. The third time the flag disappeared there was no one to replace it. The young sailor lay dead in his blood on the deck of the Vengeance, and so many of her men were killed and wounded that there were scarcely enough left to work those of her guns that were not disabled. But the Frenchmen stood gallantly to their ship, the officers encouraging the men by word and by example. Little Jarvis saw a grizzled officer, bareheaded, his face grimed with blood and powder, and one epaulet gone, rush up to a gun, of which half the crew lay dead around it, and with the help of several other officers the gun was manned, and well manned, for an instant later a double shot came crashing through the Constellation's rigging and struck the mainmast. A shout went up from below as the mast tottered, and the men rushed aloft to secure it. But it was too late. As the tall mast swayed frantically, Jack Bell turned to little Jarvis and said, coolly:

"Mr. Jarvis, she's a-goin'!"
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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MR. SATOLLI.

The Papal Legate at the Grand Seminary.

Register Correspondence.

In the whole history of the Grand Seminary never has there been such a day of rejoicing as the one just closing. For over a week Rev. Father Danguy and a staff of men have been festooning walls, hanging banners, wreathing pillars and making the most unusual preparations for such a solemn place as this. Their efforts have met with success; the whole building seems to have put on a new dress. The walls are gay with draperies of red, white and blue. Drooping palms and cloth-of-gold vie with each other in making the long halls and corridors wear a smile of welcome. The flags of Ireland, Canada, United States, France and the Papal States are grouped lovingly together, and despite the rain and darkness outside, all within goes merrily.

The Papal Legate, Mgr. Satolli it was expected would arrive at half-past nine a.m., but long before that hour, waiting to receive him. The day having been proclaimed a holiday the time was entirely at their disposal, and they whiled it away by singing with good-will, national and patriotic songs. But when one of them stepped to the wall and took down the Irish flag, the "God save Ireland" that was sung, and the cheers that greeted the "Harp and Sunburst" must have been heard across the Atlantic and made heart of Erin throb with joy, and it was an assurance, that sons of Irishmen, no matter how many generations removed from the old stock, have as great a love for the "Green Isle" as their forefathers had.

At half-past nine Mgr. Satolli, accompanied by Archbishop Fabre of Montreal, Bishop Lascelles of St. Hyacinthe and about a hundred and thirty of the priests of this and neighboring dioceses arrived. A selected choir of the theologians, under the leadership of Mr. S. Lemfelder, made the hall ring with "Vivat Pastor Bonus." After all had seated themselves, Rev. Father Colin, the head of the Order of St. Sulpice, in a few chosen words bade the representative of His Holiness a hearty welcome to the Grand Seminary. Mr. A. Law then read the address. Next followed a disputation on the "Prescience of God" between Messrs. Kenny, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and Fenier, of the Archdiocese of Montreal. It was conducted in true scholastic style, and was apparently much enjoyed by the distinguished guest judging by the smiles with which he greeted every hit made by either of the contestants. Now came the treat of the day. Rising from his seat, Mgr. Satolli advanced to the centre of the platform and for three-quarters of an hour the learned and eloquent prelate poured forth a stream of Ciceronian Latin, the like of which is not heard many times in the course of a life. Of good stature, rather slightly built, a commanding presence, it needs only the high forehead, fine thin lips and square massive chin, to remind you that when before Mgr. Satolli you see one born to rule. His theme was one he loves, a panegyric on the life and work of St. Thomas of Aquinas, and in impassioned language, punctuated with the most expressive gestures, this disciple of the Angelical Doctor sang the praises of the great master of Dogma. Nor were his entertainers forgotten. The modest Fathers of St. Sulpice must have felt, notwithstanding their humility, highly delighted at the words of commendation which were heaped upon them. Amidst a burst of applause Mgr. Satolli took his seat.

All then proceeded to the dining-hall, where covers for five hundred had been laid. This part of the performance was carried out with as much zest as could be expected.

Many distinguished laymen were present, among whom were, the Mayor of Montreal, Senators Murphy and Tasse, Judge Jette, Dr. Rothot, M. Kleckowski, Dr. Hingston, Mr. C. Geoffrion. A number of former pupils of Mgr. Satolli came from different parts of the country to greet their old master.

Later in the afternoon Mgr. Satolli paid a visit to the other departments of the Grand Seminary, where he was presented with Latin and Greek addresses. He leaves to-night for the city of Quebec. All the evening here the subject of discussion is our late guest, and the unanimous opinion is that this has been the greatest day that the old building ever looked upon.



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San Elzear, Tex., June 12, '01. Two years ago you were kind enough to send me some of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, which I gave to two poor girls who were suffering from febrile sickness, and they got well after using your excellent remedy. My parish is poor to the utmost, but your charity will be your crown. For your remedy has been generously given to the poor and is excellent, cannot but be an eternal reward.

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of four hundred dollars (\$400.00) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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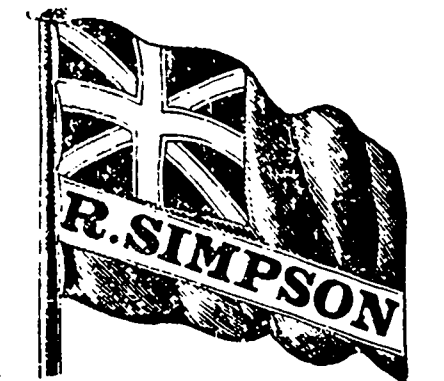
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