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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 15.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

A warm debate upon the schools arose in the Senate on Mr. Bernier's motion for papers in the North-West Schools. Senator Scott of Ottawa glanced retrospectively at the subject, dwelling upon the pledges given to the minority, in which the whole Dominion concurred. The provision in the British North America Act and the Manitoba Act, providing for an appeal to the Governor-General in Council in regard to the educational clauses was due, said the Hon gentleman, to a similar provision in the Ontario School law which he drafted. It was unfortunate in his opinion that such questions as the Manitoba School question should be taken to the Privy Council. If all the documents had been laid before the Queen and by her perused, he believed her decision would have been the opposite of that of the judicial committee, and more in accord with that of the Supreme Court of Canada.

The Rosebery Government is passing through a storm which, if not violent, is testing the new craft and its pilot. A private bill dealing with East London water was brought up last week for its second reading and was opposed by the Government. Notwithstanding the energy of the endeavors to rally their forces they were defeated by one vote.

Monday last witnessed a different result in the British House of Commons when Mr. Morley's motion came up to appropriate the day fixed for the debate on the question that the House of Lords be deprived of their veto power. The Radicals supported the Government and a full vote of the McCarthy branch of the Irish party was also given for it. After a brief discussion the Government motion was carried by a vote of 268 to 244 to the surprise and disappointment of the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists.

Sir Charles Russell introduced lately into the House of Commons a Bill providing for the carrying out of the Behring Sea Commission. It gives power to English or American guarding the sealing grounds to seize vessels of either nation that may be found poaching.

At a conference between Lord Kimberley and Mr. Bayard the clause referring to vessels which sailed from port prior to the passage of the bill, and whose commanders were unaware of the act, was satisfactorily agreed upon, freeing these masters from the fines and regulations. With the understanding that this clause to which objection was made at Washington would be amended in the House of

Lords, Sir Charles Russell's Bill passed its third reading on Monday night.

The Right Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, Bishop of Liverpool, Eng., who has gradually been sinking, died on Monday.

Henri Le Caron, *alias* Beach, the notorious spy was reported as having died. A later despatch claimed that he had not died, but that he was removed to safer quarters, and the rumor was spread abroad to shield him from those who have every reason to hate him if they cannot despise him.

The city elections in Chicago have resulted largely in favor of the Republicans. Twenty-two out of thirty-four aldermen are Republican, the rest being Democratic. The *New World* accounts for this anomaly in a city which is really Democratic, by attributing it to the personal character of the candidates. "The saloon element," it adds, "was far too heavily represented on the Democratic ticket this time, and so long as that continues to be the case, the Republicans will hold their majority in the Council."

At a large political meeting held at Nenagh in the County of Tipperary, Ireland, on Monday, addresses were delivered by Timothy Healy, John Dillon, Arthur O'Connor, and other McCarthyite members. Mr. Healy declared that the Liberals had kept their pledge in regard to Home Rule and expressed his belief that they would carry out to the letter their agreement concerning legislation for the benefit of evicted tenants.

The *New York Herald* of the 6th inst. says: "News has been received from Desterro, the seat of the Brazilian rebels' provisional Government, that Admiral Mello arrived there last week from Pasangua." Several war ships with three torpedo boats and two transports are assembled there, carrying in all about 4,500 fighting men. Admiral Mello commanded the squadron in person and sailed from Desterro on the 4th to meet President Peixoto's fleet, and give battle.

The Rt. Rev. Michael Joseph O'Farrell, Bishop of the diocese of Trenton, N.J., died at his episcopal residence at half-past five on the morning of April 2nd in the sixty-second year of his age. He had been suffering for some time, but his disease was not considered serious till a few weeks before his death. On Easter Sunday, he was present at Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral, Trenton. The body was laid in state in the Cathedral, and was viewed by fully 10,000 persons. The funeral took place on Thursday the 5th ult. and was attended by many dignitaries. Archbishop Corrigan, of

New York, celebrated a Pontifical Requiem Mass at 10.30, and Very Rev. Thomas Campbell, President of St. Francis Xavier's College, of New York, preached the funeral sermon.

Michael Joseph O'Farrell was born in Limerick, Ireland, December 2nd, 1832. His studies were commenced at All-Hallows College, but finished at the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris. He was ordained August 18th, 1855. He became a member of the Sulpician Order, and entered their novitiate in Paris, and was made professor of dogmatic theology there. While teaching in Paris, that dreadful scourge the ship-fever was raging here in Canada. Montreal was in great need of English-speaking priests to attend to the spiritual wants of the poor emigrants, who were dying in hundreds. Father O'Farrell at the request of his Superiors in Paris, sailed at once for Montreal. He held the chairs of Philosophy and Dogmatic Theology at the Grand Seminary for some time after the abatement of the fever. He was very eloquent, and is remembered as preaching the funeral sermon of poor D'Arcy McGee. He had always a desire to live in the United States, and this wish was gratified when he was put in charge of St. Patrick's, New York. He was transferred from there to St. Peter's, and in 1872 became pastor at Rondout, N.Y. In 1881 the diocese of Newark, N.J., was divided, and Trenton was to be the centre of the new See, and Father O'Farrell was chosen as its first Bishop. He was consecrated by Cardinal McCloskey on November 1st, 1881, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

Archbishop Gross sent a letter to be read in all the churches of Portland, Ore., recently, advising his people to keep away from the A.P.A. Larragues. He said: "The misrepresentations and calumnies which you hear on such occasions might arouse you to say and do things which are improper, and which, in cooler moments, you would repent of. Let us love our enemies, return good for evil, and pray for those who persecute and those who revile us. Let us trust to the good sense of the American people to discern the slanders and falsehoods uttered against us, and imitate the splendid civic virtues of a Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a Commodore Barry, General Sheridan, and the hosts of Catholics who have won universal esteem by their excellent citizenship."

His Honor Lieut. Governor Howlan paid a visit to St. Dunstan's College, Charlottetown, P.E.I., on the evening of March 30th. A congratulatory address was read by the pupils, and a most entertaining evening was spent. The glee and dramatic clubs of the

college united to make it one of the most enjoyable evenings ever spent at the college. Mr. Howlan replied in a most happy manner, thanking the students for their good wishes and congratulations.

On the anniversary of his coronation and on the occasion of the Easter solemnities the Holy Father, by his apostolic almoner, distributed the following sums of money in charities: 12,000 francs as alms to poor families; 8,000 in bedding for the poor; 5,000 for the widows and orphans of the Pontifical army; 3,000 for poor priests; 8,000 for poor nuns; in all the handsome sum of 31,000 francs.

The documents lent by his Holiness to the World's Fair have been allowed to remain on exposition in Chicago for a further length of time.

The Roman correspondent of the *Irish Catholic* says, "There has been very serious rioting at Cantu, near Como. The cause of the tumult is to be found in the fact that, owing to the confiscation made by the Government of certain funds left for the feeding of the poor, the half-starved inhabitants were deprived of some charities which, according to the will of a pious benefactress, have been distributed to them every year on Holy Thursday since 1856.

The magnificent Cathedral of Montreal which was blessed on Easter Sunday, was begun by Mgr. Bourget 24 years ago. The building has been erected wholly by voluntary subscriptions, raised by the clergy, headed by Mgr. Bourget, and then by Mgr. Fabre, and by handsome donations from the citizens of Montreal. This beautiful church has been built upon the plans of St. Peter's at Rome, and is about one-third the size. The dimensions of this structure are: Exterior, 333 feet long, interior, 295 feet; 150 feet width in its widest part; 114 feet in its narrowest part; 216 feet width in the transept; the facade of the portico is 176 feet and its width 90 feet. The extreme height of the dome and cross is 256 feet. The sanctuary is immediately under the large dome, and extends from one side of the church to the other. The clergy will sit behind or beside the altar, not in front. It is said there will be thirty marble altars in it, when completed.

Hon. Patrick Walsh of Augusta, Ga., has been appointed to the United States Senate, to succeed the late Hon. A. Colquitt. Mr. Walsh is a Democrat, and represents the New South. He is an Irishman by birth, and came to the States while still young. "He had no advantages of wealth or position to rely upon. His pluck, determination and perseverance constituted his only capital. But he rose steadily, step by step, to the highest honor that the American nation can confer on a foreign-born citizen."

ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.

Sons of the Gael who Won Fame on the Continent

From the *Revue*. Boston

There is nothing so pathetically picturesque in the history of Irish exiles on the continent of Europe as the pilgrimage of Hugh O'Neill, the venerable chieftain of Tyrone and Dungannon, O'Donnell of Tyrconnell and their families and camp followers to the Eternal City. Driven from their native land by the persecution and treachery of their English enemies, they had to seek refuge in a French bark riding on the waters of Lough Swilly, which bore them safely to the friendly shores of France. They left Ireland in the fall of 1607. They landed at the port of Quillebeuf on the Seine twenty-one days after they had caught the last glimpse of the headlands of Donegal. O'Neill received an enthusiastic reception from the inhabitants of that town. The fame of his military glory had preceded him all over Europe; and when Henry IV., King of France and Navarre, one of the bravest warriors of Europe, heard of the visit paid to his country by the Dungannon chief, for whom he had always conceived a profound admiration, he is reported to have said with a certain excusable dash of egotism:

"There is not another soldier in the world outside the skins of Tyrone and myself."

The Irish exiles proceeded to Rouen, where O'Neill paid his respects to the Governor of Normandy, who received him very courteously. The English ambassador at Paris resented this conduct on the part of the Governor and requested Henry IV. to hand over to him as England's representative these "traitors to the English Crown." The King indignantly refused to accede to such an impudent request. "From Rouen," writes Rev. Father C. P. Meehan, the historian of the "Flight of the Earls," "they travelled as rapidly as they could to Amiens, and visited the splendid cathedral in that city, where they were shown the head of St. John the Baptist. All who had heard of their flight and arrival gave them a cordial welcome, especially when they learned that the English ambassador had done his utmost to get possession of their persons." From France they proceeded to Belgium, where they were greeted with the friendliest of welcomes. A deputation of Irish and Spanish officers was the first to hail their arrival. At Antwerp the burgomeister and ecclesiastical dignitaries received O'Neill with open arms. In Brussels a public banquet was tendered him at the expense of Spinola, the generalissimo of the Spanish army in Flanders. Among the distinguished invited guests who were present on that memorable occasion were the Duke d'Ossuna, viceroy of Sicily, Cardinal Bentivoglio, the nuncio of Pope Paul V. in the Lowlands, and the Spanish ambassador. The entertainment must have been carried out on quite a Lucullan style, for O'Keenan, the Gaelic historian, states that "it was a banquet of which a king might well feel proud, and there was gold and silver plate of which any crowned head in Christendom might not have been ashamed."

From Brussels the exiled group proceeded to Louvain, where by orders of the Archduke Albert, representative of the King and Queen of Spain in Flanders, the Castle of Caesar, as it was called, situated on the summit of a gentle slope overlooking the town, was placed at O'Neill's disposal, while his followers were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants. Tradition has it that this historic pile was built by Julius Cæsar after he had conquered the Belgæ, whom he designated as "bravest of the Gauls." Here O'Neill received a deputation of Irish students of the university. "When the Christ-

mas of 1607 came around," writes Father Meehan, "the burgomeister and the leading citizens of Louvain waited on O'Neill, and paid him and O'Donnell all the usual compliments, making them presents and sending them minstrels to perform in their residences." Another Irish writer, Rev. Father Treacy, adds that "the heart of O'Neill must have gladdened, as he sat in the palace of Charles V. and listened to Irish martial airs played in his honor by the countrymen of Godfrey the Great, 'the shining western star.'" Before leaving Louvain O'Neill addressed the burghers as follows: "I leave you hostages of my affections in my son Henry, who commands the Irish regiment, and my two younger sons, who, I pray God, may grow up worthy of your esteem and admiration." Some years after his father's departure one of these lads, Bernard O'Neill, met a tragic fate. When he reached his 9th year he was appointed one of the pages of the Archduke of Spain in Brussels. Bernard was, it seems, a very bright and handsome boy, and, according to Brother Mooney, a Franciscan, who was his tutor at the time, "a young rosebud redolent of the choicest virtues." He was found in a chamber of the archduke's palace one morning with his hands tied behind his back, strangled on his bed. Brother Mooney attributed the brutal murder to some secret enemy of the O'Neill family, who was jealous of the talented juvenile. "Alas!" he adds, "it is the fate of genius to be looked on with a jaundiced eye; while no one envies the dunce that crawls its slimy way along." The boy's remains were conveyed to Louvain, where they were interred in the Irish Franciscan convent in that city.

O'Neill and his companions passed through Bastogne and other towns in Spanish Flanders, and reached Pont-a-Mousson, where they were received by the Duke of Lorraine at Nancy. Joustings and tournaments, in which the exiles took part, were given by the Duke in their honor. Their next destination was Lucerne, Switzerland, where they were entertained by the Papal nuncio, who was dispatched from Rome by Pope Paul V. for that purpose. The nuncio provided the "good lie compagne," as they are called in the quaint old annals of the period, with guides for the passage of the Mount St. Gothard into Italy. The mountain road at that time was much more jagged and dangerous than it is to-day, and several members of O'Neill's little contingents met with serious accidents high up among the eternal glaciers. When they reached the summit of the mountain the good monks of the monastery of St. Bernard gave them food and shelter for several days, at the expiration of which period they descended into the sunny plains of Lombardy. They were received with much enthusiasm in Bellinzona, the first Italian town on the southern side of the Alps. Milan illumined itself in honor of the exiles, and the governor of that city, the Conde de Fuentes, and his staff met them at the gates. Milan being at that time in the possession of the Spaniards, the English ambassador, Cornwallis by name, remonstrated with the Spanish King at Madrid, but that monarch, who was a devoted friend of O'Neill and O'Donnell, treated the remonstrance with silent contempt, whereupon Cornwallis wrote a complaint to the lords of the privy council, London, in which he used the following outrageous and lying language in reference to the exiles: "Having remonstrated with the King over the welcome accorded in Milan to these Irish fugitives, people condemned and contemned by those of their own nation (!) and such as could not but daily expect the heavy hands of God's justice for their so many and detestable crimes. . . . For my own particular, I made no mere account of

them than of 30 many fleas; neither did the King, my master, otherwise esteem them but as men reprobated both of God and the world for their facinorous (sic) actions towards others, and inexcusable ingratitude to himself." Cornwallis was an adopt in cant, as well as in the use of language that reached perilously near the confines of indocency. He was a bitter enemy of everyone and everything Irish.

The only state in Europe that barred its gates to the exiles was the republic of Venice. This interdiction of Venetian territory was due to English influence with Donato Leonardo, the leading Doge of that day, who was anxious to keep on friendly terms with England. This scurvy treatment of O'Neill and his companions is the blackest spot on the escutcheon of the Queen City of the Adriatic.

When they reached Rome in the early summer of 1608, they were met at the gates by Dr. Lombard, Archbishop of Armagh, who was accompanied by several cardinals. A palace was placed at the disposal of O'Neill and O'Donnell, and accommodation was also provided for the others. Cardinal Borghese, the brother of the then reigning Pontiff, Paul V., visited the chieftains and welcomed them to Rome in the name of His Holiness. "The day after their arrival," writes Father Meehan, "they proceeded to the Papal Palace on the Quirinal, and were cordially received by the Holy Father, who questioned them minutely about all the incidents of their flight and journey, and then gave to each his apostolic blessing. His Holiness was deeply affected by the story of their adventures, and congratulated them on their escape from the hands of those who were determined on sacrificing their lives." The Pope and King of Spain settled pensions for life on the Irish exiles, which were paid monthly. On Trinity Sunday, 1608, Paul V. received O'Neill's wife and other Irish ladies in the gardens of the Quirinal, and addressed words of the most heartfelt kindness to each of them.

O'Donnell did not long survive his escape from the hands of the English Philistines. He contracted malarial fever, a deadly summer visitant from the swamps of the Roman *campagna*, and died on the 27th of July, 1608. His remains were laid out in state in the Salviati palace, and were finally deposited in the church of St. Peter's on Montorio. Other members of the exiled colony, including O'Neill's eldest son, succumbed shortly afterwards to the same deadly disease. O'Neill was left almost alone in the twilight of his career. His only companions were the genial Dr. Lombard and Right Rev. Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam. The old chieftain of Ulster was struck blind in the spring of 1616, and expired of intermittent fever on July 20th, 1616. Thus perished an exile far from the green isle which he loved so well and served so devotedly, one of the greatest of Irish military commanders and one of the most unselfish and chivalrous of patrons. He had the satisfaction at least of defeating the English battalions on several storied fields, and of compelling England to fear him; but he was not responsible for the defeat and disasters that subsequently overwhelmed him and his faithful companion-in-arms, O'Donnell.

I cannot help reproducing the eloquent description given by Father Meehan of the funeral of the great Irish chief. It runs as follows: "Clothed in the Franciscan habit, and laid on a bier, his corpse was borne by twelve stalwart Irishmen along the Longara, the Spanish ambassador and several members of the leading Roman nobility holding the pall. Religious of all orders with lighted torches preceded and followed the bier, chanting the psalms with

which the Church accompanies her departed faithful to the confines of eternity. As the long procession slowly ascended the acclivity of the Janiculum, the tolling of a hundred bells, the throb of muffled drums and the minute guns of Santa Angelo announced to the imperial city, to the shepherds on the campagna and the vine dressers among the Alban hills that an illustrious personage was then about to be laid in his last resting place. In obedience to the Pontiff's command, the Church of Montorio was draped in mourning, and nothing was omitted that could lend deepest solemnity to the funeral gloom. Cardinals, Roman patricians and ambassadors from foreign courts assisted at the Mass of requiem; and when the last absolution was pronounced the hands of his fellow exiles deposited the remains of their great chieftain beside those of his son, the Baron of Dungannon, and 'The O'Donnell of Tyrconnell.'"

The slabs of marble which cover these remains are on a level with the floor of the church, and are situated in front of the high altar, behind which hangs that remarkable painting, "The Crucifixion of St. Peter," by Guido. The edges of these slabs are pavements of green, black and white colors, within which are engraved the epitaphs in Latin to the memory of the deceased chieftains. The inscriptions on these tombs would have been effaced years ago, were it not for Mr. James Molyneux Caulfield, afterwards Lord Charlemont, who, in 1843, had the words on the slab reproduced, and the previous reliefs, which were much worn, replaced. All this he did at his own expense. Mr. Caulfield's mother was a member of the House of Tyrconnell. The slabs would have been removed some time afterward by workmen who were ordered to renew the entire floor of the church were it not that a Dominican priest, Father Russell, reminded the proper ecclesiastical authorities of the vandalism that was about to be perpetrated—with the result that the slabs were left untouched.

One of the direct descendants of Hugh O'Neill is the Viscount O'Neill de Tyrone, who is at present one of the leading members of the ancient Irish colony in Paris. He lives in a sumptuous residence on the Champs Elysees, and is constant attendant at the annual Patrick nights' banquets in the French capital. The Viscount has translated into good French verse many of the Irish melodies of Thomas Moore.

EUGENE DAVIS.

Crabs That Dress Themselves.

It is not generally known that there are some crabs that actually dress themselves. Professor Weldon, in a recent lecture upon crabs and their habits, stated that some species array themselves elaborately by gathering bits of seaweed, chewing the ends, and sticking them on the shell, so as to look like a stone covered with weeds. They spend hours, with the utmost perseverance, in making these pieces adhere by trying the same piece over and over again till they succeed. They have a fine sense of symmetry, and always put a red piece on one limb to match the red piece they have put on the other, and a green piece to match a green piece, though how they know red from green in the dark pools where they live is hard to say, unless it is by taste or smell. When once their dress is completed, it improves the older it becomes, as the weed actually grows on them.

Benzler's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25c., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER Publishing Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

SOME STRANGE AVOCATIONS.

Strangers are the shifts to which humanity is sometimes put to earn the whorowithal to supply its daily needs; and many are the ways of getting a living not to be found catalogued in any known list of trades. Few are the ills to which flesh is heir for which a remedy or palliative may not be obtained, if one only knows where to seek it. For instance, what a medical witness lucidly described as a "contusion of the integuments under the orbit, with extravasation of blood and ecchymosis of the surrounding allular tissue" may now be so dextrously manipulated as to defy observation by having recourse to a professor of the art of doctoring black eyes—an avocation recognized by Mr. Dickens in his dictionary of London, wherein anyone unfortunately afflicted with an accidental black eye, but obliged at the same time to go into society, is advised to betake himself to a certain "artist in black eyes" equal to concealing the most aggravated specimen at a cost of half-a-crown, or double that fee if the patient must be attended at home. Said a witness under cross-examination: "I am an Early-caller. I call different tradesmen at early hours, from one till half-past five in the morning, and that is how I get my living. I gets up between twelve and one; I goes to bed at six, and sleeps till the afternoon. I calls bakers between one and two—the bakers are the earliest of all." What sort of a living he made is not recorded. A pound a week, we should say, would be the outside figure, and to earn that he would need a couple of score of customers. The early-caller's fee is well earned, since, but for his intervention his clients would often lose a day's pay, if not be thrown out of work altogether, by failing to keep time. Not so deserving of encouragement are the "tup-pennies," carrying on their vocation in those quarters of London where pawnbrokers and poor people abound. They are feminine intermediaries between the pawnbroker and folks anxious to raise a loan upon their belongings, who, rather than transact such business for themselves, are willing to pay two-pence for every parcel conveyed to everybody's "uncle" or redeemed from his clutches. These go-betweeners, it is averred, also receive a quarterly commission from the tradesmen they favour with their patronage: and so one way and another contrive to make a comfortable living out of their neighbour's necessities.

Convinced that duplicated presents were burdensome and unprofitable possession to newly-married folks, a cute New Yorker hit upon the happy notion of reliving them of such superfluities; and success begetting imitation, there are now some half-dozen traders in the Empire City dealing in wedding-gifts; one limiting his dealings to china; another to silver and plated ware; while all is fish that comes to a net of the third, who keeps a large store ostensibly devoted to the sale of unredeemed pledges. Said this worthy to an enquiring gentleman: "When a young couple belonging to good families get married, nine times out of ten they find themselves in possession of certain kinds of household stuff enough to last several generations. One bride, for instance, received eight pairs of opera-glasses; of course she did not want them all, and I bought five of them. When a marriage between two rich folks comes off a list of the presents generally finds its way into the newspapers. I don't go to them as soon as they are married; they'd kick you out of the house if you went on such business for the first few weeks. You have to let them settle down to housekeeping, and find out for themselves how much useless stuff they have got; and even then, the wife generally objects to sell; but after seeing them a few

times, they fall in with the idea, and are willing to sell what they don't want and then a bargain is soon struck. Young married people seldom know the value of the presents they receive, and besides they cost them nothing, so its all profit to them." And probably not far from all profit to the shrewd purchaser, who takes their superfluities off their hands on his own terms. There are men in Paris, birds of a feather with chiffonier, who go from hospital to hospital collecting the linsed plasters that have served the turn of doctor and patient; afterwards pressing the oil from the linsed, and disposing of the linen, after bleaching it, to the paper-maker. Others make a couple of francs a day by collecting old corks, which, being cleaned and pared, fetch, it is said, half a franc per hundred. If this be so, it would be worth somebody's while to go cork collecting in London and other large cities. A lady resident of the Faubourg St. Germain is credited with earning a good income by hatching red, black and brown ants for pheasant preservers. One Parisian gets his living by breeding maggots out of the foul meats he buys of the chiffoniers, and fattening them up in tin boxes. Another breeds maggots for the special behoof of nightingales; and a third "marchand d'asticots" boasts of selling between thirty and forty millions of worms every season for piscatorial purposes. He owns a great pit at Montmatre, wherein he keeps his store. Every day his scouts bring him fresh stock, for which he pays them from eight pence to ten pence per pound, according to quality; reselling them to anglers at just double those rates, and clearing thereby something over three hundred pounds a year. No wonder he professes great fondness for his "children," as he calls them; although, like other fond fathers, he is ready enough to part with them when opportunity offers. This curious avocation is not unknown in England. Some twelve years ago, we are told, Mr. Mills, a fishing-tackle maker of Nottingham, in order to insure a constant supply of bait for his customers, started a farm for the rearing of lobworms, cockspurs, ring tailed brandlings, and other worms in demand among the disciples of Walton, who abound in the old lace town. To keep his farm stocked, men and boys go out at night collecting worms in the meadows and pastures; a moist warm night yielding from two to six thousand worms. As soon as they are brought in, they are placed in properly selected moss, field-moss for choice, to scour until they become little more than skin, freshly caught worms being too tender for the anglers to handle; while 'when a worm is properly educated, he is as tough as a bit of india rubber, and behaves as a worm should do when put upon the hook' when this condition is attained, the worms are packed in moss, and put up in light canvas bags for the market. This worm-merchant does not entirely depend upon the industry of his collectors, but breeds large quantities himself in his own garden: the component parts of his breeding-heap being a secret he not unnaturally keeps to himself. Ludlow street, a very unsavoury quarter in New York, is inhabited chiefly, if not wholly, by Poles; living in the smallest of tenements, and given to sharing their limited space with cats, dogs, ducks and geese. They are the cat-meat—not the cat's-meat-purveyors of the city hunting the streets at night to capture stray cats for conversion into sausages. Three among them especially devote themselves to getting, feeding and breeding cats for the table. Such cats as are captured by their 'boys' are carefully sorted; those in good condition being slaughtered at once, while the others are relegated to large boxes, to be fed regularly with a

fattening compound. Sometimes the animals are confined in a yard, the walls of which are smeared with something so obnoxious to puss that she will not cross it—a something for which town gardeners here would give much to know the recipe. Our authority, who visited a Ludlow street cat yard not long ago, says: "It presented a most amusing spectacle. About a hundred cats of all sizes, colours, and ages were sleeping, eating, quarrelling and caterwauling all grades being represented, from the handsome Angora and Maltese, to the homely backyard Tom."

When considered fit for eating, the cats are disposed of to small butcher's who make a specialty of cat-sausage, and festoon their shop windows with them; the delectable delicacies having a ready sale, which is ever increasing; those who indulge in them declaring cat meat superior to any rabbit. An advertisement in a New York journal offering colored ladies instruction in French, music and deportment, sent an inquisitive reporter in search of the advertiser, who proved to be a comely full-blooded negress, talking with the fluency of her kind, but with hardly a trace of negro dialect; thanks to having lived many years in the service of a Creole family in New Orleans, and mixing but little with her own race. Mrs. Johnson owned her, peculiar business was not so flourishing as it might be, but it was a growing one, and she did not doubt it it would prove a paying one in good time; since there was no lack of coloured ladies emulous of the graces and accomplishments of their white sisters, and willing to pay two dollars for an hour's lesson in either branch. Her pupils, she said, 'took hold' of the piano readily enough, but did not care about learning French, being much more anxious to speak English or 'United States,' as she preferred calling it, like white folks. There was not much difficulty in teaching them how to walk, bow, and so on; but it took a deal of patient drilling to cure them of ignoring the g in words ending in ing, and of saying 'whar,' 'dar' 'thar', instead of 'where' and 'there'; while it was especially difficult to teach them the niceties of emphasis and inflection. Nevertheless, she had 'taken the kinks, if not out of the hair, out of the tongue' of many a woman as black as herself, and achieved notable success with a pure negress from Alabama who was so ashamed of her skin and so convinced that no white person ever respected a black one, that she always wore a heavy veil when walking in the streets. Mrs. Johnson's model pupil, however, was 'a light molatto, as pretty a girl as you would meet in an hours walk on Broadway, young, slender, and just as stylish as she can be' whom her proud preceptress was ready to match against the daughter of any white millionaire for good manners.

Bone collecting is not an avocation peculiar to the States, but, there are nevertheless bone collectors of various kinds. John Chinsman, content enough to live and die far away from the land of his birth, has a decided objection to his bones remaining in alien earth. We understand that the Chinese guilds in California employ men to go over the country, even to Oregon, and across the Sierra Nevada, to collect the bones of their compatriots, which after being scraped, are carefully rolled in paper, labelled and despatched to San Francisco, where they remain until enough are accumulated to load a vessel, when they are sent to Hong-Kong for final interment. Ships carrying such a cargo can carry nothing else; for when a vessel had a cargo partly of bones and partly of flour, grain and the like, the catables were found unmarketable in China, because of a belief that gaseous emanations permeated them, or from sheer superstition. The same rule apparently obtains

wherever Chinamen go; for in a Melbourne newspaper we read: "During the month, a party of Chinese accompanied by a European have been busily engaged visiting cemeteries in the country districts, exhuming the bones of deceased Chinamen for the purpose of transmission to China. The bones, after exhumation, are carefully counted, to ascertain that none are absent, and are then tied up in parcels, labelled, and inclosed in boxes with a quantity of written papers and a pack of Chinese playing-cards. Incense and perfumed papers are kept burning during the ceremony. The number of skeletons which have been taken up is very great."

How the collectors of Chinese bones are remunerated, is more than we know if they are paid by results, it is to be hoped they are more honest in their dealings than certain contractors who, undertaking to exhume and reinter the bodies of the Federal soldiers who fell before Petersburg and Richmond, at the rate of eight dollars a body, separated each corpse into four parts, placed each part in a coffin, and received four times their proper reward from the American Government!

My Faithful Dog.

When a boy I lived in a small village known then as Big Lick, Va., now the beautiful city of "Roanoke." My brother and I were very fond of dogs, and our parents being of an indulgent nature always allowed us about as many as we cared for, which was usual from four to five. There was a gentleman who lived near us and traveled in the summer season with "Robinson's Circus" of whom I was always a great favorite. With this circus was a very large Newfoundland dog which from his immense size was a side show curiosity. The dog became very fond of my friend and in leaving the "circus" at the close of the season, he had no trouble in bringing him with him. At that time, however, the truth of how he became the possessor of the animal was not known to my father or he would no doubt have objected when he was offered to me as a present. Coming into possession of this wonderful animal, which was much greater in my estimation from the fact of having traveled with a big show as a curiosity "Keno," (for that was his name) and I soon became the best of friends and constant companions.

Near my father's place was a small creek, and ordinarily could be waded with perfect ease, but at times during heavy rains become very much swollen. At one of these times, I in crossing on a log, lost my balance and plunged headlong into the water. "Keno" ran up and down the stream trying to give the alarm but from some cause could not get any one to come to my rescue. I drifted down for some distance, and finally when just about drowned, my faithful dog swam to my rescue and, taking hold of my coat sleeve dragged me to the bank. When I was discovered he stood over me licking my face apparently trying to restore me to consciousness.

It is needless to add that, after this, "Keno" was the hero of not only our family but the entire community, and was afterwards known as "Brave Keno." Sometime after this a descendant of his saved the life of a three year old child in about the same manner.

Advice to Invalids.

Almoxia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the Medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferruginous soil in which the vines are cultivated. J. D. Oliver & Co., 16 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Faith and persistency are life's architects; while doubt and despair bury everything under the ruins of endeavour.

FORTY HOURS AT LOURDES.

sermon by His Grace.

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" was opened Sunday morning by His Grace the Archbishop, in "Our Lady of Lourdes," after the eleven o'clock Mass. This little church always inspires one with reverence, and on Sunday, its altar and sanctuary were more beautiful than ever, with natural flowers and lighted tapers. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Marjion, C.S.B., with Rev. Father Jas. Walsh, deacon, and Mr. Phelan, sub-deacon. His Grace the Archbishop, in cope and mitre, presided at the throne, and Rev. Father Teely, C.S.B., was deacon of honor. The choir, under the direction of Miss Sullivan, rendered Hummel's Mass in D. At the close of Mass, His Grace the Archbishop, preached an eloquent sermon, which is here given in full. The beautiful cope worn for the first time by His Grace was the gift of the ladies of the Altar Society of Lourdes' parish to Rev. Father Jas. Walsh. It is a most exquisite piece of needlework, and was done by the Sisters of Jesus and Mary in Montreal. The gold embroidery on the heavy white silk in a pattern of *old Point* has a most chaste effect.

HIS GRACE'S SERMON.

After reading the Gospel of the day, His Grace said:

The Forty Hours Devotion, my dearest brethren, which is to begin here to-day, is intended to promote devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, to induce His people to come and adore and worship Him in this mystery of Love, and to enkindle in their hearts that sacred fire of charity which the Son of God came on earth to light up. This time, therefore, is intended not so much for preaching as for prayer, for thought and meditation; and with that view, to help you in this serious matter of thought, reflection and meditation, I intend to lay before you a few considerations in connection with this devotion, and which flow logically and literally from the Gospel just read to you.

In this Gospel Our Saviour calls Himself the Good Shepherd. He describes the character and the qualities of a Good Shepherd, such as distinguish Him from one that is not a Shepherd, from a hireling whose own the sheep are not, who fleeth when danger cometh, and runs away from his flock at the approach of the wolf. "I am," said Our Saviour, "the Good Shepherd, and I lay down My life for My flock." Yes, dearest brethren, Our Blessed Lord has proved that He is indeed the Good Shepherd of His flock, for He literally laid down His life for us.

Let us see what it cost Our Lord to become the Good Shepherd of our souls. The Son of God came down from the bosom of His Father, descended into the abyss of our nothingness, and assumed into His own adorable Person our human nature, and that Divine Person became in the Incarnation, as the Creed tells us, very God and very man—true God and true man—and in that capacity as the Man-God His acts of penance, His penitential acts, were of infinite value before His Father; and He did so, He became man that His acts of penance, being of infinite value, He might atone to the justice of God for the sins of mankind.

And so Our Blessed Lord, as St. Paul says, emptied Himself, came to us in the guise of a child and the form of a servant. He spent thirty-three years in this valley of tears, in suffering, in humiliations, in poverty and in contempt. He became the great Penitent of the world, because He took upon Himself our sins. He was wounded for our iniquities and bruised for our sins, says the Prophet. The chastisement of our sins was upon Him, and by His bruises we are healed. His motives were misconstrued, His sayings misrepresented, His actions were denounced, He was stigmatized as the friend of bad characters, the friend of publicans and sinners. He was denounced as the enemy of the people. He was accused of treason against the state.

There is no calumny against a personal character that is possible for a man's enemy to utter that was not uttered against the Son of God made man. This is the reward the wicked world held out to Him, the Crown it gave Our Lord was a Crown of Thorns. At last, on the first Good Friday long ago, the Lord of Heaven and earth, Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, died upon the Cross—died in agony, in sorrow and suffering, giving His Heart's Blood for the Salvation of His people. Yes, dearest brethren, Jesus Christ is the Good Shepherd, because He literally laid down His life for His flock.

But there is another office, there are other duties which the good shepherd must discharge towards his flock. A good shepherd must gather his flock in a sheep fold, into a secure shelter, and he must feed it with proper and nutritious food. Our Lord has surely fulfilled these sacred offices of a good shepherd. Before His ascension into Heaven the Son of God established His Church, that Church to be His sheepfold for His flock in all the coming ages of the world. Before His ascension He gathered His Apostles around Him and organized them into a Church, clothed them with His authority to teach, to preach and to give Sacraments: and He said to them: "All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth; go ye therefore and teach all nations, teaching them to

observe all things whatsoever I have commanded, and behold I am with you all days down to the consummation of the world."

Here was the sheepfold organized, the Apostolic Church founded upon the Apostles, the Church Universal and Catholic, the Church One—this is the fold that Jesus Christ has constituted for the shelter of the lambs and the sheep of His flock, and in that fold He has provided nutritious pasture and divine food for his sheep. What is that food? The food of the Blessed Eucharist, the food of our souls. It was not the office of Jesus Christ primarily to provide for the want of the body. He came for the wants of the soul. He came to provide food for the soul—He came to give life to the soul—He came to give eternal life to the soul hereafter. Jesus Christ became the Great Shepherd of our Souls, as St. Peter called Him, and He provided food for our souls, and that food He called the Bread of Life, and that food is His own Adorable Body, Blood, Soul and Divinity united in one person in the Blessed Sacrament. "I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever, and the bread which I shall give is My flesh for the life of the world."

The Jews began to doubt this; they began to question His teaching, and they said: "How can this man give us His flesh to eat." In every age that is the question and the doubt of those who do not believe, of those who reject the doctrine of the Blessed Sacrament; that is the very objection that they make—How could Jesus live in the Blessed Sacrament? This thing is impossible; we cannot believe it. The Jews were the first, the unbelieving Jews were the first that doubted. "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" And what was the reply Jesus gave? "Amen, amen, I say unto you, unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you. There is the test and there is the condition on which you can have that spiritual life which I came on earth to impart to each and every one of you. Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood you shall not have life in you, for My flesh is meat indeed and My blood is drink indeed. He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood abideth in Me and I in him, and I will raise him up on the last day."

Wonderful food. Here is the food that the Divine Shepherd has prepared for His sheep in the sheepfold of the Holy Catholic Church. Even some of the disciples doubted, and they said: "This is a hard saying; who can believe it?" and once more made the objection that is repeated down through all the ages, and holds immortal souls in thrall even to this day. "How can this man give us His flesh to eat?" And then, says the Scripture, they went away and walked no more with Him; they would have no share with Him. Our Lord turned to His apostles and said: "Will you also go away?" For He was determined to allow all to go unless they believed in Him. Peter, answering said: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we know and believe that Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God. Where shall we find the truth if not from Thee? To whom shall we go but to Thee. We believe that Thou art Christ, the Son of the Living God." And so we also in God's Church believe and hold this doctrine; and although worlds should reject it, we shall cling to it forever as the anchor of our hopes.

This, therefore, my dear brethren, is the food that Jesus prepared for us. The soul must have food as well as the body. Our Lord Himself told Satan in the wilderness: "It is not on bread alone that man liveth." We are a compound being, composed of a soul and body, the soul touching the Heavens, the body on the earth; and as the body must derive its sustenance from the earth, so the soul must derive its sustenance from the Heavens. And what can be the food of the soul—what can be the food of this immortal being that is stamped to the image and likeness of God—what can be the food of this immortal soul that is to live forever although this world were to fall to pieces? God Himself is the food of the soul—God the Supreme Eternal Good—God the Sovereign Good—God the Infinite Love. God is the Supreme Food, God here below under Sacramental species, God in Heaven in His unclouded Glory; and He is the food of our souls, and it is for Him and for His love and for His happiness our souls have been created and redeemed by the sufferings of Jesus Christ.

How could man aspire to such food here below if God Himself had not come down and given it to us? And he has done so according to the 6th chapter of St. John; and at His last supper He redeemed this promise when, taking bread in His Blessed Hands, He said: "Take ye and eat, for this is My flesh for the life of the world." It was not the figure of His body that was offered—not at all—it was His real Body and Blood. "Drink ye all of this, for this is My Blood of the New Testament which shall be shed for many unto the remission of sins." Here in these creative words, simple but as omnipotent as the very words of creation, Jesus Christ, the Lord God, the Good Shepherd of our Souls, instituted the Blessed

Sacrament. His Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity, under the appearance of bread and wine, and left it with His sheepfold the Church, forever as the food of the Soul.

What are our duties towards Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament? Our duty is to come and visit Him often where He remains in the Tabernacle as a prisoner of Love. Our duty is to partake of Him often if we wish to sustain the spiritual life of our souls. Do we do so—do we act in this manner towards this Divine Food? Alas, dearest brethren, it must be said of too many that they do not—that they neither come to visit Our Lord as often as they should, nor do they partake of the Divine Food that Jesus has left them for their souls. Our Divine Lord foresaw this, and He illustrated by a parable what would be the conduct of cold Christians in every age. "A certain rich man gave a banquet and invited many, and he sent his servants to tell them that were invited that the hour had come, and that the banquet was ready." And, says Our Saviour, "they immediately began to make excuses. One said he had bought a farm and must needs go out and see it; another said: 'I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to try them;' another said: 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.'" And so we find in all the ages of the Church, and we find in this our age as much as ever, that men now as of old have farms to visit, oxen to try; they are married and giving in marriage; they are attending to the perishable things of earth and neglecting their immortal souls—they have no time.

Ah, yes, dearest brethren, there is nothing in which men cheat themselves so much as in the question of their eternal salvation. What is the principal work of life but the salvation of our souls. They have no time—they can make time for other things. Believe me, dearest brethren, there will be time enough in hell for vain regrets and unavailing repentance and in that prison of despair the one most constant and most terrible thought must be the memory of past times when Jesus was near them in the Blessed Sacrament, when, if approached with veneration and devotion, as men and women of faith would have done, He would have infallibly bestowed upon them those graces, which would have saved them forever from the prison of hell, and would have rewarded them with a crown of glory in God's Kingdom. Therefore, during these days of devotion, my dearest brethren, come to visit the Blessed Sacrament as often as you can, and partake of the Blessed Sacrament; come and eat of this Bread of Life, this Divine manna, which will enable you to reach the land of promise, the true land of promise, which is God's eternal kingdom. Come here to adore your Lord and your God—come here to offer Him the adoration of your souls and love of your hearts—come here to expose to Him your wants—come here to ask of Him to supply those wants—come here to ask Him to bless yourselves and families, to bless your lives, to put the sunshine of His peace on the pathway of life, that, that pathway which may lead through thorny places, may have the sunshine of His favor upon it, that you may lead happy lives. Come here, as Our Lord Jesus is passing, passing in magnificent love—come here and bow down before Him and ask Him not to pass away during those days of devotion without granting you all you require for yourselves and families.

Consider what occurred, as mentioned in the life of Our Lord. On one occasion He was coming to a town called Jericho. As He passed along with His disciples a blind man sat by the roadside and heard the tramp and bustle of people passing by, and he inquired what it was, and he was told that Jesus of Nazareth was passing by, and the poor blind man exclaimed: "Oh Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me. Three times he exclaimed in a tone that would wring the heart of stone, 'On Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me.'" Jesus turned and said to him: "What dost thou wish that I should do to you?" and he said: "Oh Lord, that I may see you." And Jesus restored his sight.

My dear brethren, are there no persons here spiritually blind? There is such a thing as spiritual blindness, there are many who do not see that they are blind to their true interests, the interests of their salvation. Are there no persons here spiritually blind, and if there be, why should they not come here and cry out with the poor blind man of Jericho, "Oh Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me, grant that I may see my folly and be delivered from the dark prison of mortal sin—that I may see these things and be solicitous for my salvation."

On another occasion Our Lord was visiting a little town called Nain, and was about to enter the gates when He met the funeral of the only son of a widow. He saw the broken-hearted mother shedding tears of grief. Her hope and her joy were in that coffin, dead with the dead body of her son. The sight was too much for Jesus. He went over and He said: "Woman, weep not." And then the Master of Life approached the coffin and said to the young man: "I say to thee, arise." And the young man arose and began to speak, to the wonder of those around. Now, my dear brethren, if Our Lord had not been met by that funeral, if He had not been passing there, the widow would never have recovered her dead son.

Are there no mothers in this congregation whose sons are spiritually dead? Are there no mothers in this city whose sons have wandered from the path of innocence and whose souls are as dead before God in sin as the body of the widow's son was dead in reality? If so, let those mothers come during these days and plead with tearful prayer before Our Lord when He is passing, that he may have pity on them, and for the sake of their tears and sighs, that he may raise their dead sons up from their sins to live again.

On another occasion when Our Lord was going to visit the home of Lazarus, the sisters of Lazarus ran out to meet Him, and they threw themselves on their knees before Our Lord, saying: "If Thou hadst been here our brother would not have died." Are there no sisters who have dead brothers? I am afraid there may be many, too many dead brothers. Are there no sisters, who, like Mary and Martha, have dead brothers. If so, let them come to Jesus and beseech Him to give life to their dead brothers, and call them out from the dark graves in which they are mouldering and restore them in innocence and purity to their families. Jesus will be passing by. Come, that the passing Jesus may grant you all the graces you require—come also and partake of the Blessed Eucharist, the food of the living—come to share in the life of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament; and on the last day, on the resurrection morning, Jesus, according to His promise, will raise you up, will raise you from the Sabbath of the tomb, the long sabbath of the tomb in which you have long been forgotten, to live with Him forever, to reign with Him forever in the glory of God's Kingdom.

Hamilton.

There was a large congregation present at St. Patrick's Church at 10.30 on Sunday April 8th, it being the occasion of Bishop Dowling's annual Easter visit to this parish. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by His Lordship, assisted by Rev. Father Hinchey, as deacon; Rev. Father O'Reilly, (formerly of Caledonia), as sub-deacon; Rev. Chancellor Craven, pastor, as assistant priest, and Rev. Father Murphy, as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Mass, His Lordship addressed the congregation on the devotion to the Holy Family, stating that at his audience with the Holy Father of Rome, he had requested him to preach this devotion among his people. He advised Christian families to try and follow the example, set them, by the Holy Family, and exhorted all who had not already made their Easter duty, to do so, thereby proving themselves Christians and children of Holy Church. His Lordship then gave the Papal benediction to all who had complied with the usual conditions.

A change in the clergy of St. Patrick's Church will soon take place, Rev. Father Lynch, who has been for some time assistant to Chancellor Craven, will be removed to Caledonia and Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Caledonia will fill the vacancy.

A Beautiful Picture.

We have been favored with a view of a picturesque and beautiful engraving of the Hierarchy of the Catholic Church in the United States—size, 24 by 32 inches.

This remarkable picture shows each individual at full length, with an admirable facial likeness of every Archbishop and Bishop in the United States to day, together with Cardinal Gibbons and Mgr. Sattili. The grouping of those distinguished personages is cleverly effected, and besides its interest as an historical souvenir, it will make a most admirable ornament on the walls of every home it enters.

Those desiring the picture can obtain a copy by applying at 127 Berkeley street, Toronto.

Collegiate Board.

A special meeting of the Collegiate Institute Board was held the other evening to consider the report of the Finance Committee and the revision of the by-laws. Trustee Mallon made a sharp fight to have the representatives of the Public and Separate School Board placed on the School Management and Property Committees. The board agreed that in future this should be carried out.

House Furnishings.

Parties about furnishing or filling up their homes anew will find at the warerooms of the C. F. Adams Company, 175 to 179 Yonge street, a fine stock from which to select for that purpose. The terms of purchase are such as to meet the convenience of the buyer, who can depend on being treated in a generous manner.

A Cut in Carpets.

The house of John Kay, Son & Co., 34 King street West, is always in front with the latest novelties in carpets. Just now the inducements to purchase are more than ordinarily tempting; and a call by intending buyers will be of much advantage, whether as to material or the sum expended.

OTTAWA CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from the Rambler

The debate on the Tariff submitted by Mr. Finance Minister Foster continues to drag itself slowly along, and the end is hardly yet in sight; yet from the fact that most of the big guns, with many of those of lesser calibre, have been heard from, one is almost safe in predicting that before the expiration of another week the first test of party strength this Session will have come off in the Canadian House of Commons. Amongst those who have placed themselves on record on this question since my last writing were Hazen of St. Johns, Landerkin of South Grey, Haslam, the new member for Vancouver, McMillan, David O'Brien, Craig, Davies, Tupper, Mills, etc., etc. Some of the speeches, particularly those of Davin, Davies, and Mills, were magnificent efforts and amply repaid the crowded houses which listened to them.

One speech, however, must have, as it deserves to have, more than a passing notice. Dr. Landerkin has for many years represented the South Riding of Grey; very few of which were passed before he placed himself fairly in the race for the position of humorist of the Canadian House of Commons. His title to that position is now unquestioned and unquestionable. Nearly half a century ago a strange character named Bernal Osborne frequently convulsed, with his original witticisms, the staid and phlegmatic Parliament of Britain; but I doubt if ever the risibilities of John Bull reached the pitch attained in the Canadian Parliament a week ago last Friday, as the member for South Grey, in a style incomparably dramatic and grotesque, rained his fire of irony into the camp of his opponents Grit and Tory alike joined in the mirth, which contrary to usual decorum, was echoed along the galleries.

One incident, which I transcribe, will give an idea of the Doctor's speech, and it occurred when Clarke Wallace was under a steady fire. Now, I will say for my old friend, the Controller of Customs, that he is no coward; but who could stand the withering sarcasm of the man from South Grey? The member for West York, did not care to sit or stand under such a fusillade, and accordingly he rushed for the nearest opening that offered the means of escape. "Hold on!" roared the Doctor. "Come back!" chimed in Sir Richard. "Stop!" yelled McMillan; but the shouts were futile in controlling the onward march of the Controller of Customs, who cleared a side door with a rapidity which, in the language of poor MacKenzie, fairly "struck the House with amazement."

Once, and once only, during the delivery of his speech did the Doctor appear serious, and this was when denouncing that wave of fanaticism, now swelling up in the country, and which decrees that in these, the closing years of the nineteenth century, men are to be socially and politically proscribed on account of their religion! "I am," said the Doctor, "a Protestant of the Protestants; but a Protestant who will, with all the vehemence of which I am the master, protest against any code which will doom to social or political ostracism any fellow-subject of mine on account of his religion; a Protestant who, with his latest breath, will protest against robbing any man, even if he kneels not at the same altar with me, of any of those rights and privileges which belong to a whole people."

This sentiment, I am proud to say, evoked a cheer from Tory and Grit alike, which fairly shook the building.

OBITUARY.

Death has been busy around here lately, claiming many victims. Not many days ago our community was startled, by the announcement that Patrick Devine of Renfrew was suddenly called upon to pay the debt of nature.

Away back in the sixties I became first acquainted with the Devines of Renfrew. There were four brothers, John now dead a great many years, Felix, who passed over to the silent majority some years subsequently, Patrick, the subject more particularly of these lines, and Andrew, who, although the oldest, still survives. Rarely have I met finer men, or men who possessed in a more eminent and abundant degree, the nobler qualities of our race. Lovers of old Ireland, lovers of Ireland's faith, and lovers of Ireland's Sons, the Devines of Renfrew will be long remembered. A worthy son of one of those brothers (Andrew) is now the much respected pastor of Osceola, another son of the same gentleman is prominently identified with the municipal Government of his native town, whilst another son devotes his time to the service of his country in the Post Office Department at Ottawa. The Devines were natives of the County of Sligo, Ireland.

Death has also plunged into mourning the family of my old friend, John Dodd, Esq., of the Post Office Department—the cause being the death of the excellent lady who, for about forty years, has been his faithful wife and companion.

Mrs. Dodd was also a native of the county of Sligo, and belonged to a fine old Irish family—the MacDonoughs. Her life in Ottawa was marked by a faithful and conscientious discharge of every obligation

imposed upon her, whether in relation to her Church, to society, to her husband, or to her family.

ST. PATRICK'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the above organization for the election of officers was held in the Hall of the Society on Tuesday evening, 3rd instant, and was very largely attended. The following were elected: President, Dr. Freeland; Vice-President, ex Alderman John Casey; Treasurer, J. A. Hanratty; Recording Secretary, H. J. Doyle; Corresponding Secretary, John Wellington Hughes; Committee of management, Messrs. M. Starrs, Geo. P. Ward and John Byrne.

Somewhat, whether justly or unjustly, the feeling has secured a foothold abroad that the self-seekers and political wire-pullers who, more or less, control the St. Patrick's Literary Association have not kept in view the desires of its original founders; that it has been perverted from the patriotic purposes for which it was intended, and that only the skeleton of what was once an influential organization now remains. If there is any foundation for this feeling a glance at the above list of officers will bring the conviction that no effort will be spared to lift it out of the rut into which bad management has driven it; and that ere long it will, as of old, be deemed an honor by clever and patriotic Irishmen to have a voice in the councils of its government. Unavoidable circumstances prevented my being present at the annual meeting, but I learn on the authority of the Ottawa Free Press that a very handsome presentation was made to J. D. Graco, Esq., the past President on the occasion of his retirement from Office.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James Battle, Chief of the Detroit Fire Brigade, has been here on a visit to his kinsman, Martin Battle, Esq., Collector of Island Revenue. Mr. Battle, who left the paternal home about 40 years ago, is son to that whole-souled and patriotic Irishman, the late John Battle, of Thorold, Ont.

The genial countenance of Mr. W. Killackey, the able Principal of the Chatham Separate Schools, was visible around the rotunda of the "Russell" for a day or so during the past week.

Rev. W. J. Kieley of Douro, in the County Peterborough, spent a few days here lately, and looked to me as if he had very little dealing with the Doctor.

J. W. Fitzgerald, Esq., the well-known and popular D.L.S. of Peterborough, was amongst those with whom I had a cordial "shake" during the past week. Clearly our friend has discovered the fountain of perennial youth. Of course he reads THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, with singular regularity, before and after meals.

Rev. P. J. Ryan, the talented Parish Priest of Renfrew, paid a hurried visit to the Capital last week and "took in" the Tariff Debate.

During the early days of last week a tall manly looking figure was seen promenading the rotunda of the "Russell," the identity of whom elicited many inquiries amongst the strangers present. I was able to appease curiosity by announcing that the visitor was none other than the able man—able intellectually as he appeared to be physically—who, with matchless prudence, has for many years ministered to the Catholics of St. Catharines, Ont., the Ven. Dean Harris. I don't think that I ever saw my kind friend the Dean look better; and indeed the same may be said of Captain Larkin, by whom he was accompanied, and who seemed to act as Temporal Director during the sojourn of both at Ottawa.

Sacred Heart School Concert.

A large and well pleased audience assembled in St. Paul's Hall, Power st., on Tuesday evening, the 3rd ult., the occasion being the annual concert of the French scholars of Sacred Heart School, an excellent programme was presented, the little girls in their doll dress looked particularly happy, the boys in their dumb-bell exercise, and the senior class girls in the club swinging were praised—a dialogue "County Cousins" taken part in by Miss Corra, Miss Dufour, Miss David and Miss C. Pilon shewed considerable talent on their part. The girls in their pretty Empire dresses, and the boys in Cricket suits were particularly striking—Mrs. McKinnon the accomplished organist of Sacred Heart Church was the accompanist. Rev. Father Lamarche and the Sisters in charge are to be congratulated on the continued prosperity of the schools.

St. Michael's.

The ladies of St. Michael's Altar Society and Sacred Heart League, met last Saturday for the election of officers.

Mrs. O'Keefe was elected President; Mrs. McConnell, Vice-President; Miss Foy, Treasurer; Miss Morrison, Secretary; Miss Herson, Chief Promoter.

During the past year the Association spent some \$900 on Vestments, ornaments, etc., for St. Michael's Cathedral.

Vicar-General McCann congratulated the Society on the good work done during the past year, and expressed the belief that under the efficient and zealous officers just elected, the Association would increase in numbers, and happy results.

Society of St. Vincent de Paul.

The regular quarterly meeting of this Society was held on Sunday afternoon in St. John's Chapel. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto presided, and was assisted by the Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann and the Rev. Rector of St. Patrick's, Father Barrett, C.S.S.R. There were present the President, Vice President and Treasurer of the Particular Council, the Presidents of the different Conferences, and about 70 members.

The President of the Council thanked his Grace for his kindness in coming to preside at the meeting, and for the interest he took in the work of the Society, and his assistance and encouragement in carrying it on. He read a detailed statement of the work done by the Conferences of the city during the year 1893, reports of which had been sent to the Superior Council of Quebec a few weeks previously. From this statement it appears that the position of the Toronto Society is as follows:

Number of Conferences	10
Number of Members	257
Number of Families Relieved	449
Receipts during the year	\$2,875.30
Of which the Members contributed	523.72
Expenditure for the year—Relief of all kinds	2,830.00

He referred to the fact that these reports covered only about a month of the winter just ended; and as the wants of the poor had been unusually pressing during this winter, and had been brought very prominently before the public by other charitable organizations in the city, he had thought that his Grace would probably like to know what the Society had done to meet the calls made upon it. He had therefore compiled a short statement of the expenditure made by the several Conferences during the four months from 1st December to 1st April.

Conference of Our Lady (St. Michael's Cathedral)	\$ 510 33
St. Paul	179 60
St. Mary	485 86
St. Basil	200 20
St. Patrick	259 27
St. Peter	133 30
Our Lady of Lourdes	102 56
St. Helens	151 45
St. Joseph	6 97

Total

In addition to this there were two Societies composed of Catholic ladies, who gave out-door relief during the winter. The ladies of St. Michael's parish organized in December last, and distributed relief twice a week from St. Vincent's Hall. It consisted of bread, provisions, groceries and a quantity of clothing which had been made up by the Young Ladies' Sodality. The amount expended was \$207.

The Ladies of St. Basil's Parish have a permanent organization, which meets weekly during the winter. They distributed relief in provisions, house rent, clothing, boots and shoes, to the amount of \$201. These Societies are of great assistance to the Conference in a Parish, for besides supplementing the relief which it is able to give, they take charge of cases which ladies can manage a great deal better than men.

The Conferences and the two Ladies' Societies referred to, had, therefore, expended in out-door relief during the winter the sum of \$2,437 59—an average of over six hundred dollars per month.

After referring to the special works connected with some of the Conferences, and the operations of the Hospital Board, the President stated that a new subject, which was of peculiar interest to them as a Society, had lately arisen in the city. By recent legislation provision had been made for the protection and care of neglected children. The judicial authorities had power to commit a child brought before them to the control of a Society organized for the purpose, who would have the same authority in respect to such child as a parent. A Childron's Aid Society and Shelter had been organized in this city under the new law; that as the direction and management were composed of persons who were all Protestants, it could not be expected that they would give Catholic children committed to their charge the religious training and education that the law contemplated. It was, therefore, necessary, in order to protect Catholic children, that a Catholic Aid Society should be organized. His Grace considered that the St. Vincent de Paul Society was in the best position to carry out this work, and he wished it to take action in the matter. There was no doubt that such a work was within the Society's sphere of duties, as it was very similar to the works of Patronage to which it gave so much attention in France, England and the United States. These works were established for the purpose of enabling the members to exercise a fatherly protection over children and youths, and had been earnestly recommended to the attention of the Society. They had also deserved the praise of our glorious Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII., who had granted many indulgences to all those who should co-operate in the work.

The Treasurer of the Council then gave the meeting a full explanation of the provisions of the law; and a resolution was unan-

mously adopted, instructing the Particular Council to take necessary steps to carry out the wishes of his Grace by organizing a Patronage or Children's Aid Society for the purpose of exercising the power conferred by the statute.

His Grace addressed the meeting at some length, and referred to the work done by the Society during the winter, which he considered was very satisfactory. He recommended the members to take up this new work with zeal and earnestness, and carry it out. He also spoke of the different works he had undertaken for the protection and education of our Catholic children who were deprived of their natural protectors. This was a subject that was causing him great anxiety, and on account of which he had incurred very serious financial responsibilities, which he was certain Providence would assist him in bringing to a successful issue.

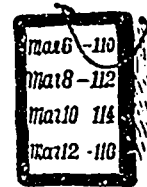
Rev. Father Barrett also addressed the meeting, encouraging the members to continue the good work of the Society, and reviewing some of the subjects which had come up during the afternoon.

St. Helen's Bazaar.

The Fancy Fair held by the young ladies of the Sodality of St. Helen's parish was a pronounced success in every respect. The hall was crowded each evening by visitors from every parish in the city, and no pains were spared by the young ladies in charge to make their friends happy. An excellent programme of song and music was provided each evening and ably presided over by their pastor the Very Rev. Edward Cassidy, Dean of Toronto, to whose generous exertions is due much of the success which attended the event. The concert given by the school children on Friday evening was particularly good. A marked feature of the Fair was the absence of the chance fiends. Chances were not solicited, but all were left to spend as they pleased. The following clergy were present: Very Rev. J. J. McCann, V.G., and Fathers Kolly, Carberry, and Lynch of Toronto. Fathers Trayling of Dixey, Morris of Newmarket and McPhillips of O'augville.

A. O. H. Concert.

Division No 1 Ancient Order of Hibernians celebrated their fifth anniversary last Thursday evening at Red Lion Hall Yonge St. by holding a smoking concert which proved a grand success. A fine programme of songs recitations and instrumental duets were rendered. The Chair was ably filled by Bro. James Jacques of the Division. Addresses were delivered by Bro. Hugh McCaffrey, C.D. of York County Bro. M. J. Ryan Secretary No 2 Division also by Bro. Jos Rutledge President of Division No 1 who spoke of the progress Division No 1 has made in the past five years. The concert was very enjoyable and proved a grand success.



GAIN ONE POUND A Day.

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND \$1.00
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

St. Michael's College,

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

Under the special patronage of His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto and directed by the Basilian Fathers.

Full Classical, Scientific, and Commercial Courses.

Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to

1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

CONFEDERATION LIFE

Twenty-Second Report of a Great Insurance Company.

GOOD EXHIBIT FOR THE YEAR

New Insurance Written Nearly Four Millions.

Satisfactory Gains in All Departments of the Company's Business.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the Confederation Life Association was held at the head office of the association, Richmond street, Toronto, on Tuesday, April 8, 1894, at 8 o'clock p.m.

The following gentlemen were present: Sir W. P. Howland, president; Edward Hooper, first vice-president; W. H. Beatty, second vice-president; J. K. Macdonald, managing director; Walter S. Lee, W. H. Gibbs, Alfred Gooderham, A. McLean Howard, Hon. James Young, E. T. Malone, William Adamson, D. B. Dick, Major Hiscott, M.P.P., O. A. Howland, Alfred Myers, Henry Swan, W. Macdonald, Thomas McCracken, Frederick Wyld, J. C. Hamilton, C. E. Hooper, A. A. Allan, C. M. Grinton, J. Tower Boyd, J. Russell Snow, C. Blackett Robinson, I. Diamond, R. S. Baird, J. P. Donald, George D. Lewis, and Israel Taylor, William Taylor and John Jenkins, of Clinton, Ont., and others.

The president, Sir W. P. Howland, was called to the chair, and Mr. J. K. Macdonald, managing director, acted as secretary.

The chairman first called upon the secretary to read the official notice calling the meeting, which was done.

The minutes of last meeting were accepted as read, and were adopted.

Mr. Macdonald stated that he had a letter from His Worship Mayor Kennedy who is a very old policyholder with us, in which he expressed regret at not being able to be present this afternoon.

The following report and statements were then submitted to the meeting:—

REPORT.

In submitting the twenty-second annual report of the association, it affords your directors much pleasure to draw the attention of the policyholders and shareholders to the evidence of continued popularity and success afforded by the statements now submitted. As heretofore the business has been obtained from purely Canadian sources, and, considering the severe depression in business generally, the volume of new insurances secured is very satisfactory.

We had before us 2,535 applications for a total insurance of \$4,131,000. Of these, 135 for \$243,500, not being desirable risks, were declined; 11 for \$19,000 were deferred for a time, and the balance was accepted and policies issued. Adding the revived policies of previous years and the bonus additions, the total new business for the year was 2,408 policies for \$3,917,543 of insurance.

The total insurance in force at the close of the year was \$24,430,731, under 15,872 policies on 13,961 lives.

The new business for 1893 is the largest ever obtained by the association in any year.

The death claims for the year aggregate the sum of \$209,108, under 123 policies on 109 lives. By re-insurances on two lives, the claims were reduced by the sum of \$5,375, making the net loss \$203,733. This sum, while larger than in any previous year, is still very favorable, considering the number of lives and the amount at risk. The value of life insurance is strikingly illustrated by the payment of the large sum of \$209,108 by this association last year, on an average of less than six hours after the receipt of completed proofs.

The financial statements submitted with this report exhibit the true position of the association at the close of the year.

The audit, which is made monthly, has been thorough and prompt.

The delay in finishing the western part of the new head office building has been a cause of great regret to your directors. However, it was completed shortly before the close of the year, and it will be a source of satisfaction to know that a considerable portion has already been rented, with a fair prospect that more will soon be under lease. It is not too much to anticipate that with a revival of business, there is the certainty that the experience of the accommodation which the entire building affords and its advantageous position in

the centre of the city, every room will be rented at good prices.

As provided by the act of incorporation, all the directors retire, but are eligible for re-election.

W. P. HOWLAND,
President.
J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

RECEIPTS.	
Premiums and annuities (net).....	\$790,503 01
Int. and rents (net)	183,891 00
	\$974,394 00
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Annuities	\$30,511 75
To policy holders.	
Death claims (net)	\$191,031 78
Endowment claims	62,023 00
Surrendered policies.....	23,010 74
Dly. death cash and T. R.'s	63,820 61
	\$340,886 13
All other expenses	203,213 59
Balance	388,110 28
	\$932,210 00

BALANCE SHEET.

ASSETS.	
Mortgages, debentures, real estate and Government stock	\$2,623,490 67
All other assets	1,891,030 47
	\$4,514,521 14
LIABILITIES.	
Assurance and annuity funds.....	\$4,011,193 00
All other liabilities	221,403 72
Cash Surplus above all liabilities	281,924 42
	\$4,514,521 14
Cash surplus above all liabilities	281,924 42
Capital stock paid up above	100,000 00
Capital stock subscribed not called in.....	100,000 00
	\$4,800,448 44

Total Surplus Security for policyholders..... 1,294,469 22

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

We beg to report that we have completed the audit of the books of the association for the year ending December 31st, 1893, and have examined the vouchers connected therewith, and certify that the financial statements agree with the books and are correct.

The securities represented in the assets (with the exception of those lodged with the Dominion Government, amounting to \$21,500) have been examined and compared with the books of the association, and are correct, and correspond with the schedules and ledgers.

The bank balances and cash are certified as correct.

W. R. HARRIS,
WM. E. WATSON, F.C.A.,
Auditors.

Toronto, February 28th, 1894.

PROCEEDINGS.

The President, Sir William Howland, moved the adoption of the reports and statements submitted to the meeting, and, in doing so, briefly referred to the commercial stringency which had existed during the past year over the larger portion of the civilized world, and the responsibility and anxiety which it imposed upon those having charge of the management of institutions of this kind and on all others connected with the monetary affairs of the country, but stated that it was satisfactory to know that the stringency which existed in financial matters had not been so great in Canada as had been the case in other countries. In view of these circumstances it was particularly gratifying to report the large volume of business which had been secured by the association during the past year, and for the very general measure of prosperity which had attended the operations of the company.

He referred to the loss which the board had sustained in the loss of their dear friend and colleague, the late Mr. William Elliot, Vice-President, who had been associated with the company and had given constant and emitting attention to its affairs during that long period of time.

Mr. E. Hooper, Vice-President, seconded the resolution, and said: "I have great pleasure in seconding this resolution. I certainly must express myself as well pleased with the result of the year's business, which is the largest done by the company in any year since its organization. We have reason to be proud of it, for it has, to my own knowledge, been done on business principles and not forced by resorting to the too common practice of allowing exorbitant commissions varying from 75 per cent. to 100 per cent. of the first premiums on new business." The resolution was carried unanimously.

During the proceedings of the meeting several of the prominent policyholders and others who were present referred in complimentary terms to the business of the association for the past year, the manner in which it had been conducted, and to the strong financial and prominent position which this company occupies amongst the life insurance companies of Canada.

One speaker referred to the advance the association had made last year in issuing the new Unconditional Accumulative and Non-forfeitable Policy. This change is one which will be far-reaching in the influences which it will bring to bear upon the association, and will do much in popularizing the company and enabling it to build up a larger business in the future than has been done even in the past. In the

early days of life insurance restrictions were perhaps necessary. The life insurance underwriter was embarking on what was practically an unknown sea. He had no chart to guide him beyond that of mere theory. His knowledge of the habits of the people outside, perhaps, the particular country in which he was residing was extremely limited. Travel was dangerous; there was also the greater liability of war, and many other causes might be mentioned which rendered it expedient in those days to place restrictions on the policy contract, and it was necessary, in view of the magnitude of the interests involved, the sacredness of the trust imposed on him, that extreme caution should govern the policy and principles of the business. Now, however, in addition to the great change in the circumstances surrounding the business the modern underwriter has the experience of all his predecessors to guide him, and has been able from time to time to make changes and limit the operation of the various restrictions in the policy. This association has ever recognized the necessity of liberalizing its policies from time to time, and during the past year made a further advance by issuing the policy I speak of. They make careful inquiries as to the occupation, the personal and family history of the applicant before accepting the risk, and once having done so and the policy is issued they are prepared to assume all risks. All that is necessary for the policyholder to do after that is to pay his premiums promptly and the company will pay the policy at death or maturity. The new non-forfeitable privilege which the company has added to its policies is known as "Extended Insurance," and operates simply in this manner: In the event of the nonpayment of a premium when due, without any action or application on the part of the policyholder, the insurance is continued in full force and effect for as many years as the reserve accumulations under the policy will carry the insurance as set forth definitely in the policy itself. The great advantage which this offers is, that it precludes the possibility of the insured losing the benefits under the policy through any oversight or accident which might prevent his paying the premium when due.

Another speaker also mentioned in his remarks that the association was to be congratulated on securing so large a volume of new business during a year of marked financial depression, and it was still more to the credit of the management that they had avoided the errors into which some other companies had fallen by trying to do an abnormally large business. It would be an easy matter, he said, to double your business by putting half a dozen agents into a field where we have only one, but such business would be only obtained at a ruinous cost, a fair business at a fair cost being much more in the interests of the policyholder.

DIRECTORS.

The following were elected as directors of the association for the current year: Sir W. P. Howland, Messrs. E. Hooper, W. H. Beatty, Hon. James Young, S. Nordheimer, W. H. Gibbs, A. McLean Howard, J. D. Edgar, M.P., Walter S. Lee, A. L. Gooderham, W. D. Matthews, George Mitchell of Halifax, Frederick Wyld, J. K. Macdonald.

The meeting then adjourned, immediately after which a meeting of the new Board of Directors was held, at which Sir W. P. Howland was re-elected president, and Messrs. Edward Hooper and W. H. Beatty, vice-presidents.

Young Ladies' Sewing Society.

Below we give the first annual report of the Young Ladies' Sewing Society, organized in St. Michael's Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Nov. 15, 1893.

This Society was originally intended for the benefit of the children of the parish who were unable to attend school for want of clothing, but the generosity of the parishioners and private individuals enabled the Society to clothe 101 adults as well as 92 children. The members met on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at Loretto Academy, Bond street, where for two hours each night they worked with an earnestness worthy of the good cause, ever mindful of the "exceeding great reward" promised by Him who receives as done to Himself the relief given to the suffering poor. During the five months 97 dresses for children, 15 suits for boys and 275 articles of underwear were made; also 45 pairs of shoes distributed.

To Mr. E. O'Keefe special thanks are due for his frequent and liberal donations; the pupils of the Girls' Department of St. Michael's School added their mite by sending their spending money during Advent to purchase shoes and flannel for the poor, the amount thus realized being \$5.87. Besides these a donation from the Ladies' Aid Society and a collection of fifty dollars in the Cathedral were the chief sources of revenue, though many private individuals aided according to their means.

TERESA FAHEY, President.
MAGGIE KEALE, Vice President.
MARY O'HALLERON, Treasurer.
MAUD BYRNE, Secretary.

Phelpston.

The news of Father Cantillon being removed from this parish to that of Adjala, where his services are more needed than here, was received with surprise and sorrow by the people of this locality. The League of the Sacred Heart, of which he has been the director, resolved to show their appreciation of his valuable services. Accordingly a handsome purse was collected and presented along with the following address:

To Rev. O. Cantillon.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is with feelings of deepest sorrow that we, the promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, approach you to-day, in behalf of our comrades of the League to say a parting word to you.

We have heard with sincere regret that you have been summoned to save your connection with us, in order to serve God's Holy cause elsewhere. Although you have been in our midst but two years, yet during that time you have, by your fostering care and noble qualities, won the esteem and appreciation of those whom you have labored amongst.

The League of the Sacred Heart, which your great charity and love of souls, led you to establish here, will particularly miss your skillful leadership and direction; for you have been to us, like a good shepherd, ever watchful and attentive to our spiritual welfare. In fact, you have never spared either time or trouble in the advancement of our spiritual and religious prosperity. It is scarcely a year since you organized the League in this parish, yet, such has been your zealous care and untiring efforts, that, to day we have a membership of over four hundred associates. This alone is good testimony that your efforts have been most successful, and we assure you, that you have left impressions, which will, through life, be most serviceable in guiding us under the beautiful banner of truth and christian morality.

Be pleased then, dear Father, to accept this purse as a slight token of our appreciation of your noble services, and hoping that you may be long spared to prosecute your good and holy work, which will be the fervent prayer of your faithful children, the members of the Sacred League.

Signed on behalf of the promoters of the League of the Sacred Heart,

Mrs. T. O'NEILL, Mrs. M. KENNEDY,
Miss M. MARLEY, Miss N. McTAGUE,
Miss M. COSGROVE, Miss S. O'NEILL.

Father Cantillon in reply, expressed his surprise at such an unexpected gift. He regretted at having to leave a people so docile, so ready for the priests' instructions, and so prompt in ranging themselves under the Banner of the Sacred Heart—but God's Will and Glory required him elsewhere. He expressed his regret at not having had an opportunity of addressing the League in Phelpston before leaving, so sudden was his departure. However, he said, God's work needs no particular man to assure its success, its works alone, four hundred associates and twenty-five promoters, are a sufficient proof of His blessed hand at work with the instrument of the League of Flos.

After expressing his thanks to the associates in the person of the promoters present, he pointed out the means for the League's future increase, prosperity and stability.

If evil be promoted by bad books, he said, will not good books, such as the little "Monthly Messenger," promote good, and waylay the evil. He said he would ever remember the good people of Flos and asked their prayers for his success in his new mission.

Father Cantillon left on the evening train to take charge of his new mission in Adjala. He takes with him the best wishes of the people of Phelpston and the vicinity.

On March 10th, a woman named Bridget Murphy died suddenly at Larha, near Lisleton, while in the act of doing some business about her house. The cause of death was heart disease.

Right Rev. Monsignor Kenney, V.G. D.D., Parish Priest of the parish of St. James, Dublin, has been appointed Dean of the Archdiocese, in the room of the late Right Rev. Monsignor Leo.

The following clerical changes have taken place in the diocese of Kerry: Rev. B. Scanlon, from Sneem to Rathmore; Rev. Michael O'Brien, from Rathmore to Listowell; Rev. John Browne, from Listowell to Glenties; Rev. Maurice Fitzgerald, from Glenties to Sneem.

On March 10th, the Kilkenny hounds met at Freshford, and about 2 o'clock the sad news reached the city that Mr. John W. Smithwick, J.P., who had driven to the meet accompanied by his daughter and his eldest son, had died suddenly at Three-Castles, about four miles from the city. The deceased gentleman, it appears, fell forward in his carriage and was beloved more to be suffering from a fainting fit; but when medical aid, which had been summoned from Freshford, arrived, it was discovered that life was extinct, death being attributable to heart disease. A subscription ball, announced to take place in Kilkenny on the 30th was postponed, and the annual dinner of the Kilkenny Club, on the 19th of March, was also postponed in consequence of the sad occurrence.

Heroes.

Written specially for the Banquet of the Canadian Club given in Hamilton, by Thos. O'Hagan, Ph. D.

Our land is dower'd with glory
From the east unto the west,
With rays of ripen'd splendor
That cluster on her breast;
But the stars that beam out brightest,
And shall burn to the last,
Are the deeds that light our father's graves—
The heroes of the past.

O brothers, ye who gather round
This festive board to-night,
Whose hearts are fired to patriot words
That glow with love and light,
Recall with me the years gone by
Full well ye know their life—
When patriots stood to guard our home
In dark and deadly strife

When through our land a psalm of grief
Smote every heart and door
With tidings from each battlefield
Lock'd by dread cannon's roar,
And mothers prayed and sisters wept,
With love and faith divine
Beseeching God to guard our hosts
Along the frontier line.

From Lady's Lane and Queenston Heights
The message speedily came
That filled each heart and home with joy
And fired the wings of fame,
At Chateauguay brave sons of France
Drove back the stubborn foe
With loyal heart and weapon strong
Just eighty years ago.

But not alone in battlefield
Did heroes staunch and brave
Yield up their lives in honor's cause
Our country's flag to save,
In savage forests deep and drear,
Beet with hardships fell,
Our fathers toiled and sank to sleep
Within each lonely dell.

Their memory lives upon our streams,
Their deeds upon our plains;
They need not shaft nor monument
Nor gold-embazon'd pages
In virtues link'd through ages
Shall their great, strong lives flow on,
Inspiring souls to nobler deeds
From father unto son

Theirs be the glory, ours the love
In this great cherish'd land,
Bearing the impress—seal of heaven—
And fashioned by His hand,
Whose victory is the ark of peace,
Guarded by love—not fear—
Strong as the faith that consecrates
Our heroes with a tear

A nation's hope, a nation's life
Be ours from east to west,
A nation's hope, a nation's life
To fire each patriot's breast,
That in the blossoming years to come
Our proudest boast as men,
When bound by ties of nationhood
To hail this land—Canadian!

—Hamilton Spectator

Mexico.

Every American who makes a journey to Mexico late in life must wonder that he never made it before, such a treasure house of natural scenery, and of people picturesque enough to match the scenery, and of romantic story and legend enough to match country and people both, and all this crowding up hard against the edge of our own country.

Where have our writers and artists been traveling that they have left most of us ignorant of Monterey—that wonderful semicircle of mountains, the view up or down every street ending in massive mountain walk, like the glories that Denver's people exult in?

It is a scene from Egypt or Asia or anywhere far away—far away, for the horse car cannot bring it into any sort of connection with things modern and near. Do your readers know that such things are to be found all within a week's journey from New York? And there must be something pleasing in the long horizontal lines and strange tints of such architecture, for when your ride brings you to one solitary modern brick house, such as might be seen in New York or anywhere, you find yourself pained and shocked with its ugliness.

And the people who fill the streets—by what kind gift from heaven are they all, patricians and beggars, a whole race, enabled to make such pictures of themselves? The man passing

you with his brilliant "scraps" of every impossible color thrown over his shoulder, the woman with her "rebozo" or "tapalo" twisted before her face—it is a perpetually changing picture, restful to eyes that have wearied of the respectable monotony of Fifth Avenue or the opera, though, indeed, speaking of opera, there is a curious suggestion of some "Conspirators' Chorus" in half the men you meet.

Think of marketing in corner groceries with such splendid designations as the "Firmament" or the "Aurora Borealis."

One might well reconcile himself to possible deficiencies in the stock within. And where trade offers such entertainments there seems hardly need of the announcement of "Four bulls to die on Sunday four."

What are the people like who live in such a city? The passing traveler may not be a witness most competent to testify on that point, though he always tries. They have soldiers—even the sojourner can see that, and he may meet a squad of them any hour of the day crossing the plaza with ingenious diversity of step. They have taxes, too, and you may find the irksome stamp on everything from your sleeping car ticket to your grocer's account book.

They have poverty, therefore, and many, many must be contented with a rigidly literal fulfillment of the petition for "daily bread this day." They have some aspirations towards cleanliness, for at any hour you may see stalwart specimens of the population bathing in the city's public water supply.

And godliness? They have godliness, or at least religion, for the low roofs of house and shop have a fine supremacy of dome and towers of the cathedral and the moldering arches of the old convent of San Francisco. Looking in at the doors of any of these great churches you see veiled penitents kneeling and worshipping according to the splendid ritual of Rome. And there are worshippers, also, according to other forms which may seem more homelike to the northern visitor.

But as yet remains in the mind that first bewildering impression of things strange, eastern, Spanish, romantic—this artists' and poets' paradise, and only just out of Texas! You are carried into it on the Aztec express, you find your lodgings in the midst of it, next to the sign of "La Malinche," and you sigh over the fate of Cortez' gentle interpreter.

And so these are the descendants of the Montezumas and of Cortez's soldiers, whose smooth Spanish sentences you are puzzling yourself to understand, and you are only four days from New York.—*Cor. New York Mail and Express.*

Do Not be Critical.

Whatever do you, never set up for a critic. I do not mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle. If you don't like anyone else's nose, or object to anyone's manners, don't put your feeling into words. If anyone's manners don't please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them for the better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, and the speech of that one, and the dress of the other will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. Always tugging and working at the chain that galls only makes it dig deeper.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that disease of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carawoll, Carawoll P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

A MIRACLE OF TO-DAY.

The Startling Experience of a Young Lady in St. Thomas

A Constant Sufferer for More Than Five Years—Her Blood Had Turned to Water—Physicians Held Out no Hope of Her Recovery—How Her Life Was Saved—A Wonderful Story.

From the St. Thomas Journal.

"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Such is a verse of holy writ made familiar to very many residents of St. Thomas by the well-known evangelist, Rev. J. E. Hunter. In letters of gold on the stained glass fanlight over the door of his residence, No. 113 Wellington street, is the text "Psalm xxiv., 7." Though we live in an age noted for its energetic, zealous Christian endeavor, this idea of Mr. Hunter's to impress the truths of the scriptures upon those who read though they run, is altogether so original and so novel that it at once excites the curiosity. Those not familiar with the text make a mental note of it, and at the first opportunity look it up. This is just what was done by a representative of the Journal, who had occasion to visit Mr. Hunter's residence the other day. But with the object of the visit and the information obtained the reader will be more concerned. The reporter was assigned to investigate a marvellous cure said to have been effected in the case of a young lady employed in Mr. Hunter's family, by that well-known and popular remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. And it was a wonderful story that the young lady had to tell, and is undoubtedly as true as it is wonderful. Last June the same reporter interviewed Mrs. John Cope, wife of the tollgate keeper on the London and Port Stanley road, who had been cured by Pink Pills of running ulcers on the limbs after years of suffering, and after having been given up by a number of physicians. The old lady had entirely recovered, and could not say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which had given her a new lease of life. As it was with Mrs. Cope, so it was with Miss Edna Harris, the young lady in the employ of Mr. Hunter's family who has been restored to health and strength by Pink Pills. Miss Harris has just passed her twentieth year, and is a daughter of George Harris, who lives at Yarmouth Heights, and is employed by Mr. George Boucher, florist and plantman.

"I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I am quite willing that everyone should know it," was the reply of Miss Harris when asked if she had been benefitted by Pink Pills, and if so would she make public her story. Continuing, she said, "When I was twelve or thirteen years of age I was first taken sick. The doctors said my blood had all turned to water. For five years I suffered terribly, and was so weak that I could barely keep alive. It was only my grit and strong will, the doctors say; that kept me alive at all. If I tried to stand for a short time, or if I got the least bit warm I would fall over in a faint. My eyes were white and glossy, and I was so thin and pallid that every one believed I was dying of consumption.

During the five years I was ill, I was attended by five physicians in St. Thomas, two in Detroit, one in London and one in Aylmer, and none of them could do anything for me. I was so far gone that they had no hopes of my recovery. Towards the last my feet and limbs swelled so they had to be bandaged to keep them from bursting. They were bandaged for three months, and my whole body was swollen and bloated, and the doctors said there was not a pint of blood in my body, and they held out no hopes whatever. Two years ago I saw in the Journal about a man in Hamilton being cured by taking Pink Pills. I thought if they could cure him they would help me, and I decided to try them. Before I had finished three boxes I felt relieved; the swelling went down and the bandages were removed. I continued taking Pink Pills until I had taken seven boxes, then irregularly I took three more, one of which Mr. Hunter brought back from Brockville. I am perfectly cured. I have not been ill a single day since I finished the seventh box of pills. I came to Mrs. Hunter's a year ago, and she will tell you I have never been ill a day since coming here, and I always feel strong and able to do work. I can and do strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said Miss Harris in conclusion. Her appearance is certainly that of a strong, healthy young woman.

Mrs. J. E. Hunter, wife of the evangelist, told the reporter that Miss Harris was a good, reliable and truthful girl, and that perfect reliance could be placed in her statements. "She looks like a different girl from what she was when she came here a year ago," said Mrs. Hunter.

The facts above related are important to parents, as there are many young girls just budding into womanhood whose condition is to say the least, more critical than their parents imagine. Their complexion is pale and waxy in appearance, troubled with heart palpitation, headaches, shortness of breath on the slightest exercise, faintness and other distressing symptoms which invariably lead to a premature grave unless prompt steps are taken to bring about a

natural condition of health. In this emergency no remedy yet discovered can supply the place of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which build anew the blood, strengthen the nerves and restore the glow of health to pale and yellow cheeks. They are certain cure for all troubles peculiar to female system, young or old. Pink Pills also cure such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, the after effects of a grippé, and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic ophthalmia, etc. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark. They are never sold in bulk, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud and should be avoided. The public are cautioned against other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, put up in similar form intended to deceive. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes. Can be had from all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Peterborough.

A business meeting of the Separate School Board was held in the Murray Street School last Thursday evening. The following members of the Board were in attendance: Dr. Brennan, Chairman, Messrs. Lynch, Quinlan, Hickey, Le Hano, Kelly, Goselin and Sheehy. In the absence of Mr. J. Corkery, Mr. Le Hano acted as Secretary pro tem.

The Minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed. The Property Committee was instructed to secure a price list of seats to be placed in the Convent school, and report at next meeting. All accounts presented were referred to the Finance Committee.

Mr. L. M. Hayes, the newly appointed representative from the Board to the High School Board, addressed the members on Collegiate Institute matters.

The report of Mr. J. White, Inspector of Separate Schools, was presented, showing the schools to be in a high state of efficiency.

The regular monthly meeting of St. Peter's Branch, E.B.A. was held in their elegant hall, Hunter street, Monday evening last. There was a large attendance of members, and considerable business was transacted.

While contributions are being taken up all over Canada to help the "Irish" in their struggle for Home Rule, the "Irishmen" of "the Plate Glass City" are bound not to be behind, and have nobly responded to the appeal made by Hon. Edward Blake.

Mr. J. W. Fitzgerald, Treasurer of the local branch has forwarded to Hon. Edward Blake, a Bank of Commerce draft for \$400, which is the first instalment of Peterborough's contributions to the Home Rule Fund, since the formation of the Irish National Federation. In next issue the list of contributors and amount respectfully will appear.

Mr. Samuel McCabe, of this town, is the possessor of an interesting relic, which was formerly in the possession of his father, who emigrated to Canada from Ireland in 1831. The curiosity is an old almanac published in Dublin, as far back as '23. Mr. McCabe has also in his possession the first edition of the Canadian Almanac, under date 1840.


Mr. G. D. Fitzgerald, our worthy townsman, has successfully passed his final examinations in medicine at Queen's University, Kingston.

We extend our congratulations to the young Doctor, and wish him every success in his profession, and trust that he has a bright and prosperous future before him.

We extend our congratulations also to Mr. A. Letellier, another Peterborough boy, who has successfully passed his first year examination in medicine at this same institution.

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FOR ADVERTISING RATES APPLY AT OFFICE.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

April 12—S. Julius I., Pope and Confessor.
13—S. Hermenegild, Martyr.
14—S. Justin, Martyr.
15—Third Sunday after Easter, Pa-
trouage of St. Joseph.
16—S. Benedict Joseph Labre, Con-
fessor.
17—S. Anicetus, Pope and Martyr.
18—S. John Damascene, Confessor
and Doctor.

*The Forty Hours' Devotion
opens at St. Paul's on Sunday
next.*

Church Disendowment.

No doubt whatever exists just now as to the fate of the Established Church in Wales, its existence as a propped up pet institution of Protestant Toryism is doomed. We are informed by the very latest despatches that a Bill is now before the House of Commons for the suppression of all endowed privileges and Government aid to the Church in Wales as by law established. There is absolute certainty as to the triumphant passage of the Bill. The Liberals of themselves could not hope for victory on so delicate a question as the pulling down, even, of an outside pillar of the petted establishment; but by closing their ranks, and leaning on a solid vote of 78 Irish members, they have Tory Ascendancy at their feet.

The people of Wales, delivered from so hateful a burden as the obnoxious tithe system of a church in which they had no faith, must feel charged with a debt of everlasting gratitude to the Irish people. For centuries, with a large majority of Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians, they have submitted to the anomaly and injustice of contributing, by direct taxation, to the support of the four Episcopal Sees, of St. David's, Bangor, Llandaff and St. Asaph's. The Bishops of each Diocese received their thousands of pounds sterling, with little or nothing to do excepting to act as figure-heads for the English Church, and sit occasionally in the House of Lords, where their chief occupation was to help the lay lords in voting down every liberal measure called for by the representatives of the people.

One clause of the Bill is destined to rouse the fury and determined opposition of the Lords. It sets forth that the present actual incumbents, or ministers and Bishops now in charge, shall retain their emoluments while life lasts, but that at the termination of the incumbency by death the whole property of the Church, and all the funds from which ministerial or episcopal salaries were derived, shall, without exception, be appropriated for national purposes.

The Orangemen raised a mighty howl of defiance at the time the Church in Ireland was disestablished

by Gladstonian legislation, and threatened to line the ditches with rifles from Derry to Belfast, and, as the Rev. Mr. Lyle said in a famous out-door speech, "Kick the Queen's Crown into the Boyne." But nothing came of all the threats, except the universal conviction of the folly and impotency of Orangeism. The members of that body will scarcely expose themselves to ridicule in protesting against the Liberal tide. Their Russells, Johnstons and Saundersons will no doubt cause scenes of laughter in the Commons by their antics; but their fanatical as well as irrational conduct will disgust all fair-minded men. One natural consequence must ensue from their opposition to emancipation of the Welsh—the hearty detestation of their methods, and the general desire to free the rest of Ireland from their intolerance and tyranny by a thorough and unstinted measure of Home Rule.

Professor Fraser.

It is not a very easy task to treat historical subjects without bias. It ought however to be an easy task for any one with only mediocre claims to scholarship and with ordinary politeness to lecture to a mixed audience without hurting the feelings of his hearers. But easy as this task is, it was not performed by Professor Fraser of Toronto University in his lecture last Saturday afternoon upon Michael Angelo. The few Catholics who attended must have felt ill at ease when this would-be scholar and should-be gentleman interspersed his narrative with distorted and irrelevant stories. Mr. Fraser is welcome to take whatever view he likes of the Popes and the Catholic Church; but it is gratuitous on his part to use the lecture rooms of our Provincial University for the purpose of wounding the Catholic portion of his audience.

We understand that this lecture is the last of the season. So it ought to be. And the governing body of Toronto University ought to see that the like should never be repeated. If Prof. Fraser teaches as he lectures, it is easy to understand how the fires of bigotry are kept kindled where they should be stilled, and how narrow-minded prejudice rules in halls where large-hearted learning ought to reign.

Charity and Conscience.

Our contemporary the *Evening News* expresses surprise that the Roman Catholics "are indisposed to share in the general advantages which the proposed shelter for homeless children will offer," and for which the Rev. J. E. Starr and Mr. J. K. Macdonald obtained a grant from the Executive. The application of the St. Vincent de Paul Society is carrying out the separate system which begins in the schools and is carried through the various homes, hospitals and refuges. The *News* says, "We have even contributed from the general fund towards the establishment of hospitals for the use of the minority." This is regarded as a folly. "There should be one system of State-aided schools, one system of hospitals under State or municipal control, and the same plan should be adhered to in providing

children's shelters and other charities."

That sort of talk will do if we are guided by expediency and not principle. It will do if we are willing that religion should have nothing to do with the care and formation of the young. As long as the people maintain that the great end of life is to look after the body, to advance materially—as long as worship consists in mere humanitarianism then the plan advocated by the *News* will do. But the Catholic Church can listen to no such sophistry and be guided by no such marsh light. That which alone will give charity an endurance stronger than death is that it comes from on high and leads us thither again. The soul is to be saved. Truth is to be preserved—faith to be guarded and principle instilled. Is the State prepared to undertake this task? Why, we cannot entrust a single school to party politicians without safeguarding it as far as possible. How could they undertake to look after our poor little ones, and instruct them in the way of salvation? Shall we hand them over to such a body as the municipality of Toronto—and expect that their conscience will be formed and their religion respected? It is out of all question. It simply means—give up your Church. The whole movement is an awkwardly devised scheme of proselytism against an unoffending minority. Our poor, our sick, our children attacked—nothing much is left except for them to attack our homes.

But to tell us with pharisaical boasting that "we have contributed from the general funds towards the establishment of hospitals for the use of the minority," is too much. What Catholic hospital in this country was ever established by money from the general fund? We know of none. And we should like the *News* to name any. As far as we know they have all been built from the corner stone to the roof by the contributions of the faithful and the self-denial of the religious in charge. For services rendered towards the sick they have received remuneration. To help them in maintenance and efficiency they have received grants from the general fund. Have Catholics no share in that general fund? Certainly they have. By what principle does the *News* talk as if the majority were doing everything? The liberty of conscience is dear to every man, and we are bound that a selfish majority will not rob our poor and helpless of this heritage without being summoned to the bar of honest public opinion and boasted British fair play.

St. Vincent de Paul Society.

We call the attention of our readers to the report of the meeting of this estimable Society, which took place on Sunday in St. John's Chapel under the presidency of his Grace the Archbishop. During the past winter a severe strain has been put upon the charitable resources of the benevolent times have been hard, work has been scarce and many a one has felt want who never knew it before. The weight of the burthen, so far as our people are concerned, fell upon the

Society of St. Vincent de Paul. It is gratifying to learn from the active members and from the figures of the Report that a large amount of good has been done by the many conferences and the auxiliary Societies of Ladies' Aid which are now organized.

One point—a now subject—deserves special mention—the organization of a children's Aid Society. As was pointed out by the President recent legislation has provided for the protection and care of neglected children, so that upon the commission of judicial authorities a child is placed under the control of a Society organized for the purpose, and which shall have parental rights over such children. The Protestants of the City have already moved in the matter. And although they showed no liberal spirit by appearing before the City Council and asking a grant, without ever inviting their Catholic fellow-citizens to join them so that the Catholics might share in the advantage, still we cannot help admiring the zeal which they display. It behoves our people to be up and doing. The gravest interests of abandoned little ones are at stake. We were therefore very glad to see that a deputation of Catholics consisting of Rev. Father Brennan, O.S.B., J. J. Murphy, Esq., H. T. Kelly, Esq. and a few others waited on the Executive of the City Council to make their demands upon the subject. At the meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul Society a resolution was unanimously adopted instructing the Particular Council to take the necessary steps for exercising the powers conferred by the Statute.

His Grace encouraged the members in their new undertaking, and spoke of his deep anxiety and his own undertakings in the cause of these poor children—whose eternal welfare on account of dangerous surroundings, stands in continual peril. In a city like Toronto young Catholic children under the most favorable circumstances run great risk despite the vigilance and example of parents. What is to be said of those who either have lost their parents or whose parents have no care for them? They cannot be thrown aside to perish. Nor will they, as long as the St. Vincent de Paul Society is as active and charitable as it is in this city. If another burthen is put upon it, we have every reason to hope that the generous Catholics in our midst will rally to their help and make this new organization a success.

Personal.

Mr. Patrick Donahoe, the founder and chief proprietor of the *Boston Pilot*, celebrated his eightieth birthday, on the 17th of March. Mr. Donahoe's name has been familiar to all the Irish Catholics of America for the past fifty years. Although rather late the CATHOLIC REGISTER joins its good wishes to the many congratulations which have been extended him on the celebration of the anniversary of his four score years.

A grand celebration was held at the St. James' Cathedral, at Montreal, a week last Sunday, in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Archbishop Fabre's consecration as Bishop of Montreal.

Answers to a Correspondent.

A correspondent has sent us a few questions on subjects which cover a good deal of ground, and some of which are not the easiest in theology. The first enquiry is: "What does the Catholic Church teach regarding the salvation of those who have never had an opportunity of learning of Christ?"

Upon this subject the Church teaches that God wills with a true, real and sincere, will the salvation of all men. "He will have all men to be saved and to come to a knowledge of the truth; for there is one God and one mediator of God and men, the man Christ Jesus: Who gave Himself a redemption for all, a testimony in due times." "He is the light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." It is therefore certain that God grants to pagans the means necessary for salvation. Propositions implying the contrary, such as the Jansenists taught, have been condemned by various Popes. Besides, St. Augustine, St. Prosper and the other doctors who have treated upon this subject, all teach that God gives infidels the graces necessary for salvation. "If," says St. Thomas, "any one being brought up in the woods or amongst the brute beasts should follow the guidance of natural reason in seeking good and avoiding evil, it is to be believed most certainly either that God would make him know by interior inspiration the things necessary to be believed, or that He would send him some preacher of the faith as He sent Peter to Cornelius." By doing good and avoiding evil in the natural order the man does not merit the grace of salvation. "It means that in desiring—by an effect of that grace which prevents him—to know the will of the Sovereign Master, he prepares his soul for a more abundant grace which disposes him more nearly for faith, a more or less perfect faith, more or less explicit in its object, but sufficient for justification. The heart of man," concludes Goussset from whom we quote, "is in the hands of God and God Himself illumines him who is not illumined; He directs him who does not yet believe in Him, who does not know Him."

The second question regards unbaptized children: "Does that Church teach that infants who have never been baptized are eternally lost?"

The Church teaches that infants dying without baptism are deprived of the beatific vision; for unless a man be born of water and the Holy Ghost he cannot enter into the Kingdom of God. This exclusion from, or deprivation of, the intuitive vision of God is the whole doctrine upon the subject. St. Augustine says. "Although I cannot define what this pain is or what is its degree, nevertheless I do not dare to say that it would be better for them not to be at all than to be where they are. It will certainly be the mildest of all pains—that of those who besides original sin which they have contracted, have committed no other." St. Thomas maintains that though unbaptized children are eternally deprived of the happiness of the saints they feel neither grief nor pain in consequence of this privation. Furthermore they do not only not

suffer from the privation of the intuitive vision, but they even rejoice in the natural goods which they have from the divine bounty, such as the natural knowledge and love of God. This opinion is maintained by a large number of theologians of great note in various ages, and is commonly accepted. But it must be remembered that the loss of the vision of God is so great that we cannot measure it, still less can any natural happiness make up for it.

The next question asks: "What answer have you to make to those who maintain that the indwelling Holy Spirit in each individual is the infallible rule of certainty left by Jesus Christ to mankind?"

We deny that such a rule was ever left by Our Lord. He did leave an infallible guide. He did establish a teaching body which would teach all that He had commanded. He did found a Church, the pillar and ground of truth—a light which the world can see, a city upon a mountain. It was objective. The subject looks to the law. No rule of certainty can be so subjective that it will not point to some objective reality. This if properly, justly and seriously examined, can be ever recognized by the divine characters impressed upon it by the Master. We cannot even tell for certainty whether the Holy Spirit dwelleth within us, for no man knoweth whether he be worthy of love or hatred.

Our answer to the last question is reserved for another issue, as to do it any justice would require more space than we can spare after what we have already devoted to this subject.

England.

England must be in a strange condition at least if we are to judge by some of the magazines, and more particularly *The Nineteenth Century*. Goldwin Smith after an absence of eight years revisits his native land, and sees its stately homes threatened with ruin, its political honor already sacrificed to English demagogism and the Irish party, and the nation saved from dismemberment only by the irresponsible House of Lords. To the political crisis is joined an economical crisis "fraught as usual with political and social change." Society is honeycombed with scepticism, which gains ground not in the higher ranks alone but "among the quick-witted though unlearned artisans." It appears in novels, it lurks in Ritualism, and derives force and power from the governing minds and perilous questions of the day.

As if this impending revolution were wanting in danger a revolt of the daughters threaten society. Now just imagine this abomination of desolation. Is it not enough that the sons are at war against aristocracy and the traditions of the past? No. Even the very daughters are in revolt. What sort of a civil war will they bring on? What is their complaint? They claim they are living too much "for their mothers and their cousins and their aunts," and not enough for themselves. Mothers, we are told, are broken down in body and perplexed in mind over difficulties with their grown-up daughters—and daughters are at cross purposes with their mothers. "On all sides, society is rotten at the core." Meetings, offensive and defensive, are taking place. Mothers pronounce their fiat, and the daughters inwardly rage at the shams that govern their life. It would be rash to join with either side in such an issue, but from Canada it is quite safe to glance at the latest form of social radicalism and the results of higher education even in conservative England.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., March 30, 1894.

There is an unwritten law amongst journalists in this country that during Eastertide all subjects of a controversial character must be carefully shunned, or if touched upon at all only after the most matter of fact manner. What then is a hungry correspondent to do in search of items of interest for expectant readers. Nothing remains but to fall back upon that never-failing topic of needy writers—the weather. This Spring we have it in all its "tide of beauty." There has never been a finer Easter-day. After a bright, but cold Good Friday, the morning of the great Festival broke to display a mist which was not all evaporated at noon. But when the sun rose it was in a cloudless sky. Summer seemed to have come all at once. We took off our heavy winter overcoats, took the shady side of the street, and looked askance at the fires in our grates. Though the trees are not yet in leaf, the tender green is already beginning to show, and in sheltered gardens there is already every evidence of Spring.

On Easter Monday all England takes its holiday. All the hopes of the most sanguine as to the day was this year fulfilled. The promise afforded by Easter Sunday was realized to the utmost. The weather was of the most brilliant description, a providential gift which must have gladdened the hearts of millions. Every day since has been the twin brother of its predecessor. As I write, night is closing. There is an opal sky, with a slight mist between us and the upper firmament. But there is not a cloud, and the stars are almost as bright as they are in, for example, Canada.

Needless to say, owing to the propitious state of the weather the churches on Easter Sunday were crowded. Masses began at an early hour, and seemed to be incessant: yet even the ordinary services found congregations filling the churches to the door. Decoration was, one may say universal, and in some cases very elaborate. The painful statistician who calculated how many pennies placed in a line, edge to edge, it would take to go round the earth at the equator, would be hard put to it if he had to say how many arm lilies were used in the churches this Easter. They seem to have been the favourite decoration, for the reason that Easter and the Annunciation this year fell on the same day.

Lent lilies or daffodils also were largely used. The music which I was privileged to hear was likewise of a high order. I heard Schubert's superb Mass rendered by an excellent choir and Gounod's "O Salutaris" was sung by those magnificent male voices which one hears nowhere outside of England. In every church at which I have had opportunity of making inquiries, the number of communicants has been larger than at any previous Easter.

London spent its holiday out of doors. I have seldom seen our folk more ready to enjoy the brilliancy of the day. The population of the city went about as though the refrain of *surrem corda* was still echoing in their hearts. It so happened that I was early astir, and I found myself at a Great Western station at an hour, when on ordinary days none but workers are about. The station was crowded by a multitude in such good humour that had Froissart, the old chronicler, seen them, he would have retracted his saying that "the English take their pleasures sadly." Everybody seemed to be going from town, yet town was full. Why the keepers of holiday should haunt the great thoroughfares is a mystery; but they do, and they did so on Easter Monday,

but in no shame faced fashion they enjoyed themselves to the end.

Politics in London are for the moment at a standstill. Even the political clubs are deserted, and scarcely a member is in town. Even the bye-elections stir up very little enthusiasm. When the House meets again Mr. Peel will once more take his seat in the Speaker's chair. Victim of influenza and of overwork he has recovered by means of a long rest, but he must still nurse himself a little. If the House of Commons is to sit all the year round, we shall have to get two Speakers, and give them "turn and turn about." It is impossible to get a cast-iron Speaker.

As I am closing the House has opened with a meagre attendance, and a consequent dullness in its proceedings. The Speaker, though he came up to London, at the last moment, felt himself unequal to resuming his duties. Before the business commenced Mr. "Bobby" Spencer, as the Vice-Chamberlain, brought up the message from the Queen in reply to the Address, carrying his wand of office, and looking in his uniform very much like a glorified postman. He gravely marched up the floor of the House, stopping every few feet to make a most profound obeisance to the Chair. The bowing and marching having ended, he slipped out behind the Speaker's chair, and in a few minutes he was back again in his ordinary attire, sitting on the gangway steps, and gaily chatting with Mr. Labouchere. Whether the subject of their talk was the "Peer and prig Government," which Mr. Labouchere has on the brain just now, or the graceful manner in which Mr. Bobby Spencer had just discharged an irksome duty. I cannot say, but both honourable gentlemen seemed to be in the best of spirits, and their merriment greatly helped to relieve the dullness of the afternoon sitting.

The blithesomeness of their conversation was hardly less cheering than the softened sunlight which streamed through the tinted windows and lit up the gloomy chamber with a radiant glow. Another circumstance which stirred the patriotic souls of members was the knowledge that for the first time in our Parliamentary history the national flag was floating gloriously from the Victoria Tower.

A Proposed Catholic Hall.

The Catholics of the city will be glad to learn that steps are being taken towards the erection of a central Catholic Hall. Delegates from the various Catholic organizations have already carefully discussed the subject. A committee has been appointed for consideration of ways and means, and they are to report at a subsequent meeting of delegates, after which active workers will push the inception to a completion.

His Grace Archbishop Walsh is in entire sympathy with the movement, and, as the clergy will co-operate to the same end, success of the scheme would seem to be assured.

From many points we view the erection of such a hall as most desirable for our people, and for our young men it would prove specially beneficial. Although we speak of the proposed building as a "Catholic Hall," it is the intention to attach many of the adjuncts of a club house thereto, such as gymnasium, library, billiard room, etc. We bespeak the hearty support of our entire Catholic people and their financial aid in the undertaking.

One of the first acts of Bishop Tierney of Hartford after his consecration last month was to go forward to the altar rail, where his aged mother, who is over eighty years of age, sat, greet her and give her the episcopal blessing. The scene was a touching one and greatly impressed all who witnessed it.

Weekly Retrospect.

What pleasant pictures of domestic peace does Maurice Francis Egan present in his "Sunday Nights with Friends" in the *Are Maria*. These "Sunday Nights" bring back to us the pleasure we had years ago in the conversation of the "Autocrat at the breakfast table," but there is no important young man by the name of John in these happy home gatherings; but this individual is still to be found at the boarding house table. We almost hear the "Lady of the House" gently protesting against some of the Critic's caustic remarks, and we quite agree with him when he says, that "Dante's Inferno should have been filled with bad cooks." Yes, indeed, the home would be much happier if more attention were paid to the kitchen and dining-table, than that ever troublesome "Drawing-room," with its lavish display of fancy work. One does not require luxuries at one's table, but what there is, should be well cooked and well served, of course now and then there would be no objection to a little Hock or Sauterne just to wash away the parched feeling which an over dose of salt has produced. There is no necessity having soiled tablecloths or serviettes in these days when soap and water are plentiful. And another thing housekeepers should have changes in their bills of fare, not roast beef and potatoes, day in, and day out. They should remember that cooking is one of the arts, and not look at it as drudgery. What a benefit to mankind it would be, if the majority of housekeepers would take some lessons in making gravies; we mention this one instance, as it is so seldom attention is paid to it. Speaking of having a sameness in the bill of fare, David Christie Murray in his "Making of a Novelist" tells of some experience he had in Constantinople, when there as war-correspondent before the fall of Plevna. The first dinner he had on reaching his hotel was admirable, and enjoyed very much. The next morning at breakfast came the same menu, and also at every meal that day. He and his companions determined to go elsewhere, and escape the "eternal red mullet, quail, tomatoe farcie and cutlet." They were served by an astonishing German waiter, "who seemed more or less to speak every language under heaven." When this person was asked what they could have for dinner he said "very good dinner gentleman. There is red mullet, there is tomatoe farcie, there is quail." They decided finally to dine on something which was said to be roast-beef, but they were strongly suspicious of its not being really such, but anyway, it was a change.

The feast of St. Joseph was celebrated on the 3rd of April this year, on account of the 19th of March falling in Holy Week. The pupils of St. Joseph's Convent as usual enjoyed the holiday, which is always given them in honor of their patron Saint. They closed it with a delightful little impromptu concert, to which his Grace, the Arch bishop and several of the clergy were invited; among the latter were seen the genial faces of Rev. Dean Egan of Barrie and Dean Harris of St. Catharines. After excellent music and recitations, the pupils requested his Grace to tell them a story, and in his usual cordial manner, complied with their request by reading the pretty tale of *Shamus O'Brien*.

There is an exhibition of water color paintings by Mr. Bruenech, A.R.C.A., held in the Art Gallery of Matthews Bros. & Co., Yonge St. In this collection are sketches familiar to all Canadians who have visited the Muskoka Lakes or the St. Lawrence. "A bit of Shadow River, Muskoka," is an exquisite sketch of Canadian Scenery. There are also some beautiful little bits of English scenery, which remind one of Turner, such as "On the River 'Savern' England" and "Goodrich Castle in Herefordshire." If those

who have never seen the Midnight Sun in Norway, the tints in "Midnight on the Fys Fjord" may seem exaggerated; but in the high latitudes some wonderful tints are seen, especially within the Arctic Circle, and Mr. Bruenech painted this scene from nature, the beautiful deep red tints of the Midnight sun are reflected in the Fjord, and in the distance are seen the purple tipped mountains. We must not forget to mention some of the Canadian scenes, which must be familiar to us all, such are "A Path through the Bush," "The Deserted Farm-house" and a little gem is "Sunset at Niagara on-the-Lake." Indeed all Mr. Bruenech's sketches are delightful and an hour passed in viewing them would be enjoyed by all lovers of Art. The exhibition remains open until April 17th.

"Shorter" Pastry and "Shorter" Bills.

We are talking about a "shortening" which will not cause indigestion. Those who "know a thing or two" about Cooking (Marion Herland among a host of others) are using

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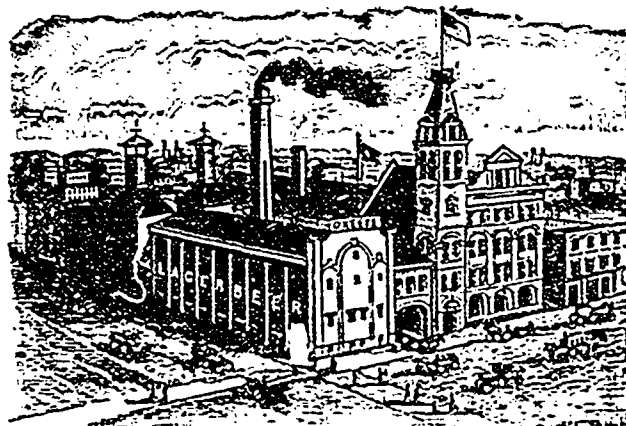
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ST. ALPHONSUS CLUB.

"Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts."—MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Shakespeare little knew when he penned the lines written above, what a useful expression he was coining, and how great a boon he was conferring on various mortals of this mundane sphere, more particularly on conductors of choruses and plays. The words have a strange familiarity to your correspondent, and did space permit he could furnish the names of certain six other young men who would recognize the expression as one, which, with certain variations (to suit the circumstances), has been in their ears for the last six or eight weeks. But "The play is done; the curtain . . ." has fallen, and rest, sweet rest has come to abide with them for another nine months at least, and they may at last take the repose to which their efforts have entitled them.

The minstrel performance at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening the 2nd instant, by the members of the St. Alphonsus Club was a creditable production from every point of view, whether we consider the choruses, ballads and songs or olio. The chef-d'œuvre of the evening was undoubtedly the work of the chorus of 75 voices under the leadership of Mr. John Cosgrove. Seldom in Toronto has a more perfectly trained chorus been heard, and their efforts throw the greatest possible credit upon the gentleman, Mr. Cosgrove, who has with such untiring zeal and apparently inexhaustible patience had in hand the conducting and training of this large chorus for the past six weeks. Mr. Cosgrove's modesty has in the past prevented him from receiving the praise and occupying the position which his talents as a musical director deserve, but with such a testimonial as these choruses furnish him to his credit he must take his place henceforward in the foremost rank of Toronto's musical directors. Possibly, next to Mr. Cosgrove the hardest worked gentlemen were the members of the Minstrel Committee, who deserve unstinted praise for their manifold efforts to make the entertainment a success, and great indeed must have been their gratification at seeing the large audience which filled the Grand an the evening mentioned. As manager Sheppard said, on the morning the plan opened "you would think it was Henry Irving was coming," such was the demand for reserved seats.

With such a magnificent house to greet them it was little wonder that the performance went along with a sparkle and vim worthy of the best professional shows. Occupying a lower box on the left, his Grace the Archbishop looked the picture of contentment and happiness, the pleasure he felt at seeing "his boys" doing so well, being plainly evinced by the frequent hand clapping which his Grace bestowed on each act as the "plot" progressed. Close beside him sat the Rev. Dean Cassidy and Rev. Father Barrett, and others of the clergy. Commander Law and party were also present and appeared to thoroughly enter into the spirit of the occasion, as was attested by the applause which they freely contributed. Senator Smith and party occupying a front seat.

The first part of the programme opened with a chorus "The Coonville Guards" which was stirringly rendered by the full chorus. The stage setting was extremely pretty and the unique dresses of the end men contrasted strangely with the sombre but neat-looking evening dress of the rest of the chorus. The calcium lights lent additional beauty to the scene. In "Dreaming as She Sleeps" Mr. Harry Reid had a song which suited his voice admirably and he did entire justice to it. Mr. Sheaban sang "There is no One Like Mother to You" in a very capable manner. "Genevieve" by Mr. Wm. J. Crawford was

one of the sweetest songs of the evening. The St. Alphonsus Quartette displayed considerable talent in their selections, and with a little more practice will stand second to none. Mr. Alf. Sturrock scored a brilliant success in both his numbers. "Salt Sea Foam" (Tripp) was sung as only Alf. Sturrock can sing it. The song is written with the well known spirit which Mr. Tripp infuses into all his works and Mr. Sturrock's interpretation was very true. "The Deathless Army" has been heard before, but Mr. Sturrock seems to do better each time he sings it, and his treatment of the song was excellent. He received a triple encore. "Come to Baltimore," by Frank Owens; "Up Dar in De Sky," by Jno. H. Kennedy; "Meet Me on de Cross Roads, Hannah," by T. W. Slattery; and "Rainbow in de Sky," by Jno. R. Bennett, were all encored, the latter receiving a 3rd call. A noteworthy feature was the tambo drill by Messrs. Owens, Slattery, Armstrong and O'Donoghue. They excelled any professional drill ever seen in Toronto. The songs of the first part were punctuated by "sundrie remarks" from the impressible end men, who kept the audience in a continuous roar of laughter by their humorous antics. A medley by the entire company concluded the 1st part, and the careful training of the chorus here manifested itself in the correctness with which they followed the movements of their conductor, Mr. Cosgrove.

The second part opened with a monologue by Mr. Thomas J. Scanlon, who proved a whole host in himself. Although young in years Mr. Scanlon equals anyone ever heard in Toronto in that particular act. His "Curfew Shall not Ring To-night" was his best selection, and he put an interpretation on those lines that convulsed the audience, and must have made the author turn in his grave. Besides a correct negro dialect, Mr. Scanlon has a method of gesticulation peculiarly his own and entirely distinct from that taught by Delsarte, but, if the applause and laughter which greeted him are any criterion, the latter personage occupied only a secondary place to Mr. Scanlon. "The Brothers Slosson," a dancing trio, were very well received, and "Caroline Johnson's Wedding," a song and dance idea, introducing the "Comedy Four" made quite a hit. Mr. Allcott, Facialist, was very amusing, and Mr. Bert. Kennedy upheld his reputation as an expert banjoist in the selections with which he favored the audience. The performance concluded with a laughable sketch "Miss Lucy's Birthday," which sent the audience home in the best of humor.

The club is to be congratulated upon the excellent entertainment which they furnished, and it may be said that the highest anticipations of their many friends were more than realized, the unanimous verdict being that the performance surpassed any thing in the amateur line ever seen in Toronto.

The indefatigable Father Tolton has succeeded in building and dedicating a church for the colored Catholics of Chicago. The dedication took place recently, when Father Tolton was assisted by several of the Chicago clergymen. The church is dedicated to St. Monica, the mother of the great African Bishop, St. Augustine.

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

About ninety laborers were withdrawn from the Queen's Island shipyard on March 15th, which means that batches of artificers will speedily find themselves without employment. About 1,400 laborers are now effected, and the total number of idle men ranges between 2,500 and 3,000. It is understood that the firm has not been recently approached with a view to a settlement, which seems as far off as ever. It is stated that about 200 joiners have already been suspended, besides a considerable number of laborers and other hands, and that unless a speedy settlement of the dispute be effected, the whole yard will have to be stopped.

Armagh.

On March 10th a Requiem High Mass for the repose of the soul of the late highly revered and much-lamented Reverend Mother Gordon was celebrated in the Sacred Heart Convent, Armagh. His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, presided. Besides the clergy present, there was a large attendance of the laity of the city to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of the holy nun who had been for nearly a quarter of a century connected with the religious community of the Sacred Heart in Armagh, and whose truly excellent and charitable disposition was well known throughout the length and breadth of Ulster. The Requiem Mass was sung by the Rev. Michael Quinn, C.C., Armagh, attended by the Rev. John Quinn, C.C., Armagh, as deacon, and the Rev. Patrick Fogan, C.C., as sub-deacon. The Rev. Francis McElvogue, C.C., Armagh, officiated as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the Mass his Eminence Cardinal Logue pronounced the Benediction.

Carlow.

An attempt made by the Carlow Tories to place as second in charge of the lunatics of the County Lunatic Asylum a gentleman who was able to produce no certificate of qualification in mental diseases, was happily foiled on March 9th. Unfortunate the effort of the intelligent guardians of the insane to secure the election of a medical officer who was able to produce his qualifications also failed. The latter had the misfortune to be a Catholic and the son of a taxpayer in the district, both of which facts were fatal in the sight of the Right Hon. Henry Bruen, Sir Charles Bartoo, Sir Thomas Butler, and other exponents of the spirit that so long made the local government of Carlow a byword throughout the country.

Cavan.

The directors of the Midland Great Western Railway Company have decided to abandon that portion of their Parliamentary Bill dealing with the proposed extension of their line from Kingscourt to Cookstown, and to leave all the traffic in that section, in which it would have been brought into competition with the Great Northern line, in the hands of the latter Company.

Clare.

It is stated that, for family reasons, Mr. Matt Kenny is about to resign his seat in Parliament.

Mr. Matthew J. Burke, Q.C., has been appointed Crown Prosecutor for Clare, in room of Mr. Adams, Q.C., who vacated the position on his appointment as County Court Judge.

Mr. Michael Kenny died at his residence, Freigh Castle, Miltownmalbay, on March 14th. Deceased was father of the hon. member for Mid-Tyrone, Mr. Mathew Joseph Kenny; also of the late W. R. Kenny, J.P., and Mr. J. Kenny, B.L. and brother of the Rev. M. J. Kenny, P.P., Castleconnell, county Limerick. Mr. Kenny was 68 years of age, and was admitted a solicitor 44 years ago.

Cork.

With much regret we record the death of Sister Mary Stanislaus, of the Order of Loretto, which occurred on March 10th, at the Loretto Convent, Wexford. Sister Stanislaus was the daughter of Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Manager of the Bank of Ireland, Mallow, and great-granddaughter of the "Liberator." She had only attained her 26th year. Of her short life, seven years were spent in the cloister. Sister Stanislaus had been in failing health for some time past, and died of consumption. She was a highly gifted lady and a great favorite with the Community, and also with the pupils.

On March 14th, the Duballow Hounds had a "meet" near Kanturk. Towards the close of the chase, Lord Fermoy was thrown from his horse and received a kick from the animal on the head, which caused a nasty wound. Medical aid being forthcoming, the wound was stitched and no serious consequences are apprehended. A young gentleman named Frank Barry also met with a serious accident while riding a race horse, Easter Sunday. At a stiff fence Easter Sunday came to grief, and his rider was thrown heavily, the horse falling on him. Mr. Barry's shoulder was put out of joint, and it is also stated that his collarbone was broken. He was attended by Dr. P. O'Leary, of Kanturk.

Derry.

On March 12th, Dr. W. E. Caldwell, coroner, held an inquest at Leck, near Coleraine, on the body of William Doocy,

aged 25 years, who was found dead on the roadside, on the previous morning, at Ardverness. Dr. James Steel deposed that death had resulted from the excessive use of alcohol, accelerated by exposure, and the jury found accordingly.

Donegal.

An important convention of National Teachers of the County Donegal was held at Stranorlar on March 10th. The following associations were represented: Letterkeeny, Glenties, Raphoe, Ballyshannon, Killybegs, Donegal, Ardara, and Milford Union. Mr. J. C. Ward, Killybegs, presided, and read the motto of their organization was "Non-political and non-sectarian." It was a wise motto, from which he would not counsel teachers to depart, as it kept them in a united body, and enable them to approach any political party. The question of the attitude of the teachers with regard to the movement for the revival of the Irish language was discussed. Mr. Kelloy, Knockbrack, proposed the following resolution: "That this meeting of National teachers of Donegal pledged itself to use every effort toward the revival and extension of Irish language." Mr. Daniel Deenry, Carradoen in seconding said it would be a strange thing if the teachers remained inactive when renewed vigor was now being imparted to the movement. Rev. Professor O'Growney, Maynooth, eminently deserved the everlasting gratitude of all lovers of the Irish language for his indefatigable exertions in the cause. The speaker denied that the teachers of Donegal were indifferent to the preservation of our native tongue. The resolution was unanimously adopted.

Down.

A melancholy accident occurred at Castle-rony quarries, Scarbo, on March 12th, by which a young man named James McIsaac, 21 years of age, who lived in Mill street, Newtownards, was killed. The deceased was in the employment of Mr. William Gill, road contractor, Church street, Newtownards, as a carter, and he, with other workmen, went with their carts to the quarry in the morning for loads. Deceased left his cart to go to a place where the quarrymen were at work, and had been there only a short time when the overseer shouted to stand clear, as a huge stone was seen to be tumbling down the face of the quarry, having become detached from the brow of the cutting by the recent rains and stormy weather. All the other men three in number managed to escape, but the piece of rock bounded from the last ledge upon the deceased, and killed him on the spot.

Dublin.

We regret to announce the death of Dr. F. J. Davys, J.P., which took place on March 11th, at his residence, 19 Lower Mount street, Dublin. The deceased gentleman, who filled the position of county coroner, was highly respected by a large circle of friends. His remains were interred in Glasnevin, on the 13th.

Mr. John S. McArdle, surgeon to St. Vincent's Hospital, Dublin, has been appointed assistant to the professor of Operative Surgery in the Catholic University School of Medicine Drs. P. J. Fagan and M. Dempsey have been appointed Demonstrators of Anatomy, and Mr. J. P. Frengley assistant to the Professor of Chemistry.

Fermanagh.

On Sunday, March 11th, at the Eonickillan Convent of Mercy, there passed away Mother Alphonsus, a former superioress of that institution. She had been ailing only a few days, and died in the odor of sanctity at the age of seventy-two. Her death is greatly regretted. In the world she was known as Miss Mary Gayer, formerly of Limerick.

Galway.

At the last (March) fair of Ballinasloe, there was a large supply of cattle, and plenty of buyers for anything in condition. There was a brisk demand for beef—finished heifers fetching £2 15s. per cwt.; but there were a great many unfinished beasts, for which class, though there was a demand, prices were low. The stall-fed cattle were all sold the first day. Three year old heifers and bullocks fetched from £9 to £14, very few fetching the latter price. There was a good demand for store cattle, two and a half years old, which sold at prices in advance of late fairs. Calves also sold well, and, in fact, everything in good condition was picked up at prices satisfactory to sellers. There was a very large supply of milchcows and springers, but the demand was fully equal to the supply, and good prices were obtained. Sheep were in demand and sold at advanced prices. Some fine lots of wethers fetched £2 each. Ewes in lamb were scarce, and sold well. Hoggets, too, fetched fairly good prices. In the horse department, the supply was below the average. Horses fit for cart and plough were in request, and brought good prices, but there were very few high priced horses in the fair; long tails, including foals, sold well. The pig fair was a great disappointment to both buyers and sellers.

The confidence that people have in Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is the legitimate and natural growth of many years. It has been handed down from parent to child, and is the favorite family medicine in thousands of households.

The Anglican Purgatory.

It is well to note the following which has appeared in the parish magazine of Christ Church at Doncaster: "The shortening of this time (of punishment and of purification from sins of this life) can be obtained by the prayers of eucharists offered upon earth." The Archbishop of York objected to this doctrine. The Archbishop holds very peculiar views. It is difficult to classify him with any school. He wishes to found one of his own, perhaps. He goes out of his way to conciliate the Dissenters and to insult us. He was in the army, and his one idea is to rule and to put down all who oppose what he is pleased to call the National Church. So the editor of the magazine had to retract in these terms: "The Archbishop of York having intimated to me his objection of the above statement, and His Grace having pointed out that the words express a doctrine not accepted by the Church of England, and condemned by the twenty-second Article, the vicar desires to withdraw the paragraph, and to say that in allowing it to appear he in no way wished to teach the 'Romish' doctrine of purgatory." The Rock comments on this: "What in the name of Anglo-Saxon did he mean to teach?"—*Liverpool Catholic Times.*

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, April 11, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 60	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Oats, per bush.....	0 39	0 41
Peas, per bush.....	0 63	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	5 50	5 75
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 75
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Apples, per bbl.....	2 50	4 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	10 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Toronto, April 10.—The market was overstocked, and prices ranged from 3½c down to 2½c per pound. Many cattle remained unsold.

Milkers and Springers fell as low as \$25. Newly calved cows and forward springers were in steady demand.

For stockers and feeders prices averaged 3c.

Spring lambs sold at from \$3.50 to \$4.50 each.

NOTICE.

In the matter of the Estate of James Tolland, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Gentleman, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to R. S.O., cap. 110, 1887, that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of James Tolland, late of the city of Toronto, Gentleman, deceased, who died on or about the thirty first day of December, 1893, are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid, to C. J. McCabe, 69 Adelaide street East, Toronto, Solicitor for Rev. J. L. Hand, Executor of said deceased, on or before the 30th day of April, 1894, full particulars of their claims properly verified, with a statement of securities (if any), and name and address.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that immediately after said 30th April, said executor will proceed to distribute said estate among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been received as above required, and said executor shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof of said estate, to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of said distribution.

C. J. McCABE,
69 Adelaide street East, Toronto,
Solicitor for Rev. J. L. Hand,
the above named executor.
Dated at Toronto this 29th day
of March, 1894.



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

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Cures others, will cure you

Professional Cards.

F. W. CARRY, LL.B. J. M. QUINN.
QUINN & CAREY,
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EDWARD J. HEARN, JOHN LAMONT, B.A.
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Toronto Telephone, 1840.

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King St. West, Toronto.
Telephone 374.
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FRANK A. ANGLIN,
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

NOTARY, &c.,
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(Next door to the City Registry Office),
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Solicitor, Notary, Etc.

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DENTIST,

OFFICE:
Corner Buchanan & Yonge sts. 24-y

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6 to 8 P.M.
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TELEPHONE 2955. 0-6m

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159 Yonge st., Confederation Life Bldg.
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Three doors south of St. Patrick st.
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and Family Medicines.
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Liberal discount to Religious Communities.
PRESCRIPTIONS A SPECIALTY.
Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate
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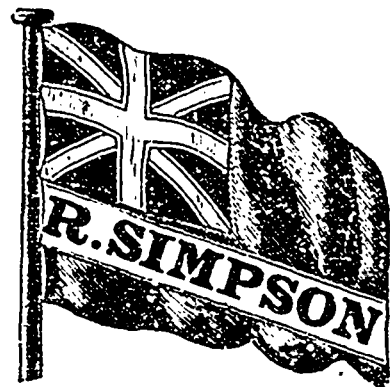
EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

To Creditors of MARGARET DORAN,
late of the City of Toronto, Spinster,
Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursu-
ant to R.S.O., c. 110, that creditors
and others having claims against the estate
of the above named Margaret Doran, who
died on or about the eighth day of Febru-
ary, 1894, are required to deliver or send
by post, prepaid, to the undersigned, the
solicitor for the executor of the said de-
ceased, a statement in writing, containing
their names, addresses and full particulars
of their claims, with vouchers, if any, duly
verified by statutory declaration on or
before the twenty third day of April, 1894,
after which date the said executors will
proceed to distribute the assets of the said
estate amongst the parties entitled thereto,
having regard only to the claims of which
he shall then have notice, and he will not
be liable for any claim of which he shall
not have had notice as above at the time of
such distribution.

FRANK A. ANGLIN,
Cor Bay and Richmond streets.
Solicitor for the Executor.

Dated at Toronto, 12th March, 1894.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

BUILDING SALE.

IN some respects more care
must be given to footwear
in spring and summer than in
the winter season. We are to
be a little more particular
about looks of footwear when
weather is fine. All possible
attention is given style, fit and
perfection of workmanship in
the footwear sold by this house.
And we suppose that you save
easily from 50 cents to \$1 a
pair in buying boots and shoes
here. A few specimen prices:

- Men's Tan Goat Oxfords, worth \$1.75; sale price, \$1.25.
- Men's Cord. Bals and Congress, worth \$1.50; sale price, \$1.
- Men's Cord., Hand-sewed, Walkingfast Bals, worth \$2.50; sale price, \$2.
- Ladies' American Kid Button Boots, patent tip, worth \$1.75; sale price, \$1.25.
- Ladies' Dongola Kid, Hand-turned, Patent Tip Oxfords, worth \$1.75; sale price, \$1.25.
- Ladies' Tan Calf Oxfords, hand-sewed, worth \$1.25; sale price, \$1.
- Misses' Dongola Strap Slippers, sizes 11 to 2, worth 90c, reduced to 75c.
- Misses' Dongola Oxfords, patent tip, sizes 11 to 2, worth 90c; sale price, 75c.
- Girls' American Kid Button Boots, spring heel, worth \$1; sale price, 65c.

Poor coffee is dear at any price. A cup of coffee to be enjoyable must be good. Simpson's Elephant Brand Coffee, in tins, fresh ground daily, at 30 cents a pound, will please everyone. Usually you will pay 40 cents for this coffee.

R. SIMPSON,

8. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. W. New Annex, 170 Yonge street.
Store Nos. 170, 174, 178, 178 1/2 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.



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Great
Remedies

Conquer Disease

Cathart. Cure..... \$1.00
Cure for Epilepsy and St. Vitus Dance 1.00
Indigestion and Liver Complaint Cure 1.00
Rheumatism Cure (three separate prescrip-
tions combined)..... 2.50
Blood Tea, for constipation and purifying the
blood..... .25
None genuine without my name on each package:
A. F. SAWHILL, Allegheny, Pa.
For sale by all druggists.
LYMAN, KNOX & Co.,
Wholesale Agents, Montreal and Toronto.

Catholic News.

There will be ten priests ordained for the diocese of Detroit, about Pentecost Sunday.

News comes from Dunedin, New Zealand, to the effect that Bishop Moran is dying.

The German Catholics of the United States will hold their annual congress next September at St. Louis.

Father Kolly, of Lapeer, Mich., has begun work on the new church about to be built in Imlay city, a mission of Lapeer.

M. Vigoureux, the distinguished Professor of St. Sulpice, and M. LeCamus, author of the "Vie de Jesus" and "L'Euvre des Apotres," have embarked at Brindisi for Egypt and Palestine in order to pursue their archaeological researches in connection with primitive Christianity. The Pope, prior to their departure, received the two travelers in special audience, and blessed them and their labors.

The first convention of the Catholic Women Foresters was held in Chicago two weeks ago. One hundred delegates representing sixteen courts and 1,000 members were present. The convention was opened with a special service at the Holy Name Cathedral. After the Mass the business session of the convention was opened at the Palmer House.

"Six days shalt thou labor," says the great lawgiver. To do good work, man must be at his best. This condition is attained by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It overcomes that tired feeling, quickens the appetite, improves digestion, and makes the weak strong.

There is no room left for the idle. There are certainly no rewards to them. Society expects all, great and small, to do their duty; and its revenge is very swift when its claims are neglected or its expectations disappointed.

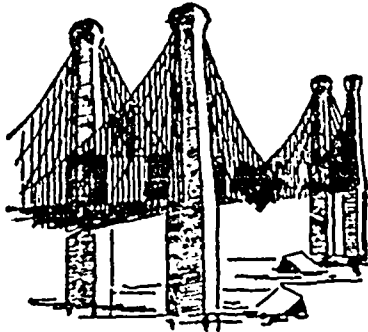
For Over Fifty Years

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

The experience of all past ages evinces that all worldly gratifications are fallacious; they promise more than they perform; the pursuit of them is deeply mixed with anxiety; their enjoyment yields no true satisfaction, and vexations and disappointments follow.

SORE FEET—Mrs. E. J. Neill, Now Armagh P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

One's life is the touchstone of profession; and the profession of this sentiment, though it may have been on the tongue of all the impostors and all the scoundrels of the world, will ever be worthy of admiration, when preceded and followed by a life of disinterested self-sacrifice.—Manzoni.



A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system, due to impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk! The proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery take all the chances. They make a straightforward offer to return your money if their remedy fails to benefit or cure in all disorders and affections due to impure blood or inactive liver. The germs of disease circulate through the blood; the liver is the filter which permits the germs to enter or not. The liver active, and the blood pure, and you escape disease.

When you're run down, debilitated, weak, and your weight below a healthy standard, you regain health, strength, and wholesome flesh, by using the "Discovery." It builds up the body faster than nauseating Cod liver oils or emulsions.

THE MAKERS of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay you \$500 if they can't give you a complete and permanent cure.

CATHOLIC DEVOTIONAL READING
— FOR THE —
MONTH OF MAY.

A Flower for each day of the Month of May...	10
New Month of May. Cloth.....	40
The Young Girl's Month of May. Paper.....	10
Our Lady's Month. Cloth.....	25
Tickets for the Month of May, per package.....	5
A Flower every Evening of the Month of May. Cloth.....	25
Little Month of Mary. Leatherette.....	35
The Child's Month of May. Paper.....	10
..... Cloth.....	18
New May Devotions. By Rev. A. Wirth, O.S.B. Cloth.....	1 00
The Month of May. For Congregational Use. Cloth.....	90
SOUVENIRS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.	
The Great Day; or Souvenir of Holy Communion. Cloth.....	45
Counsel on Holy Communion. Paper.....	18
Stories for First Communion. Cloth.....	50
Devout Communicant Cloth.....	25
Commandments and Sacraments. Cloth.....	50

ROSARIES:
Pearl, Amethyst, Amber, Garnet and Crystal.
PRAYER-BOOKS:
Bound in French-morocco, morocco extra, calf, velvet, Ivory, Pearl, &c., &c.
MEALS:
In Silver, Silver-gilt, and Gold.
COMMEMORATION CARDS.
of all Sizes, for Framing.
Any of the above articles mailed free, on receipt of advertised price.

D. & J. SADLIER,
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No. 123 Church street, No. 1609 Notre Dame st.

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

	CLOSE	DUE.		
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East.....	8.00	7.20	7.15	7.40
O. and Q. Railway.....	7.45	8.00	7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West.....	7.30	3.25	12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.....	7.30	4.20	10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.....	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland.....	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30
C. V. R.....	7.00	3.00	12.15pm	8.50
G. W. R.....	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	noon	9.00	2.00	2.00
	6.15	4.00	10.30	8.20
		10.00		
U. S. N. Y.....	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45
		4.00	10.30	11pm
U.S. West'n States		10.00		
	6.15	12 n.	9.00	8.20
			10.30	

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for April: 2, 3, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30.
N.B.—There are branch postoffices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.
T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

C. F. ADAMS CO. HOME FURNISHERS, TORONTO
YOUR HOME NEEDS THIS SPRING

Cannot be better served than by this house. We're stocked with Furniture, Carpets and almost everything that goes to give completeness to the home. Prices cannot be an obstacle, for they're always right, and we sell for CASH or CREDIT, as it may suit your convenience.

Leather-seated Dining Chairs, oak frame.....	\$1 90	Hemp Stair Carpets, plain or striped, 1/2 yd. wide, 8c; 5 8 yd.....	11c
A Nice Secretary.....	2.90	Smyrna Rugs, 30 x 75.....	5.75
Eight-day Alarm Clock, cathedral gong and strike.....	5 00	Best Tapestry Carpets.....	60c
Hall Lights.....	2.25	Art Squares, 3 x 3 yds, \$5 50; 3 x 3 1/2, \$7; 3 x 4.....	\$9.00
Solid Oak Extension Table, very massive, four leaves.....	10.50	Full Size Lace Curtains.....	90c
Hall Rack, plate mirror.....	3.75	Cocoa Door Mats.....	40c
Cano-seated Diners.....	49c	White Quilts, full size.....	\$1.25
Oak and Walnut Tables, highly polished, square, round and heart shape, worth \$1.75 to \$2.50.....	90c	Window Shades, striped Holland.....	29c
Mantel Folding Bed.....	\$12.50	Hanging Hat Rack.....	65c
Secretary and Book Case on top.....	10.50	Plush Rocker, oak frame.....	\$2.95
Solid Oak Bedroom Suite.....	19.00	Students' Easy Chair.....	1 50
Smyrna Rugs, 30 x 60.....	\$3.90	Lounges to match Easy Chair.....	4.50
		Feather Pillows, per pair.....	2.00
		Gold Chairs and Rockers.....	2.90

Residents out of town may write us. Estimates given to furnish house in part or whole.

C. F. ADAMS CO. HOME FURNISHERS, - - TORONTO.
STORE Nos. 175, 177, 179 YONGE STREET.
C. S. CORYELL, Manager.

MORPHY GOLD CURE CO'S. INSTITUTE,
FOR TREATMENT OF
ALCOHOL AND MORPHINE DISEASES
AND TOBACCO HABIT.

WM. HAY, Manager, 253 WELLESLEY ST., TORONTO.
JOHN TAYLOR, Managing Director, Ottawa.
Patients treated at their residence when required. Correspondence strictly confidential.

SEE UNCONDITIONAL THE NEW ACCUMULATIVE POLICY ISSUED BY THE
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IT IS ENTIRELY FREE FROM ALL CONDITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS from the date of issue.
IT IS ABSOLUTELY AND AUTOMATICALLY NONFORFEITABLE after two years.
Full information furnished upon application to the Head Office or any of the Company's Agents.
W. O. MACDONALD, ACTUARY. J. K. MACDONALD, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES & WAGGONS
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
CULLERTON & MCGRAW
29 and 31 AGNES STREET, TORONTO.
Repairing and Re-painting a specialty.
Moderate prices. 10-17

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The Leading Undertaker
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TELEPHONE 679.

GILLETT'S
PURE POWDERED 100% LYE
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water, Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto

THE CRUSLAND & SON'S CO'S
MEMORIAL WINDOW TORONTO ONT
MEDALISTS CHURCH & SECULAR STAINED-GLASS
LONDON ESTD 1836
A lady in New York, whose name is for the present withheld, has endowed the chair of history in the Catholic University with \$100,000.

IMPERIAL
Cream Tartar

BAKING POWDER
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

THE TRIUMPHS OF DUTY.

CHAPTER I.

THE GRANDSIRE AND HIS HEIR.

It was a fine evening in the cheerful busy city of Marseilles, on the 10th of June, 1850. The windows of a certain first floor were thrown open on a balcony commanding a view of the ever-varying scene of the port. The hum of a peaceful multitude, recreating after the toils of the day, gave additional value to the luxury of a solitude seldom enjoyed, while something more than these external aids to happiness—something of the sunshine of the breast, outshining the luminary of the skies—was reflected on the countenance of a fine old gentleman of sixty-seven, as alone, yet expecting a beloved guest, he sat in his arm chair beside a small table, on which were lying several parchments and papers.

The dining-table, at a little distance, was arranged for two persons, and in a short time the well-known step was heard, and affectionate greetings were exchanged between the grandfather and his only grandson and heir, Arthur Bryce. The grandsire's welcome was in pure English, to which the youth responded with perfect facility, but with a slight French accent.

"My sixty-seventh birthday passed off well and merrily, did it not, Arthur!"

"Indeed it did, sir; and I have to return you many thanks for having chosen your dinner guests to please me, not yourself. What nonsense, we must all have talked, we young Marseillais, in our supposed wisdom, when the good wine had circulated a little!"

"Yes, you did all talk nonsense, to my notions. Young France as well as young Italy is to me like children blowing bubbles."

"And yet, sir, you sat leaning back in your chair, and smiling as benevolently as you are doing now. You did not even shrug your shoulders."

"My dear boy, the torrent of nationalities must rush on at present. The result will sober you all. It is in vain for old people to endeavor to convince you young ones by theory. One theory, until put to the test, may be as good as another. Neither will an appeal to history avail; for great men, great actions, great sacrifices, have adorned each opposed side. The best state of mind to maintain," added the venerable merchant of Marseilles, "and which I think my own, is to have a confirmed preference, from having seen and proved what is best; to remain faithful to his conviction, yet to believe that an equally intelligent and honest mind may, by the same test of thought and experience, have arrived at a totally opposite conclusion. The true test of a conviction, is to make willing sacrifices for it. I have done this. The last thirty years of my life, have been a sacrifice to my convictions, social and political."

At this final and solemn assertion, the young Arthur gazed astonished at his grandfather. Respect prevented his openly laughing, but a smile curled his mouth, and twinkled in his dark eye as he replied:

"Pardon me sir, if I find it difficult to conceive how a much-respected and three-fold millionaire, whose every speculation has been successful during these thirty years, can speak of the spirit of sacrifice; nay, of the fact of sacrifice, through all that golden time."

"You speak thus," said Mr. Bryce, "because that which is a sacrifice to one man is not so to another. But now come to dinner. Let us defer the long explanation I am prepared to give you until after the restoration we both require."

The removal of a step or two brought the loving pair to the now well-furnished table, where for more than half an hour more good things were eaten than

said: and when the conversation recommenced, it fell more to young Arthur than to his grandfather to enliven it by sportive anecdotes and projects for the coming autumn. At length, however, Mr. Bryce, starting from some deep musings, returned with a resolute step to his former corner, saying, "Come Arthur, this is the hour long appointed for making a disclosure to you—an astounding disclosure. To defer it would be weakness. Sit down—sit down here."

Arthur recalled from an excursion he had been planning aloud, half playfully—half in earnest, to the bay of Naples, now looked with sudden alarm at his grandfather. The young man had not been displeased to be known throughout the city, as the sole heir to the immense sum realized by the prosperous industry of his grandfather. He now concluded that some heavy loss was to be revealed to him, and he said faintly.

"To what extent, sir?"

"Ha!" cried Mr. Bryce, "you think you are a ruined man? No! my boy, not that; quite the reverse."

"Quite the reverse!" repeated Arthur. "Oh, well, sir," added he, smiling, "I have no objection to your being a four-fold millionaire."

"You mercantile fellow," said his grandfather, "the disclosure I am about to make to you has nothing to do with money. Look here," continued he, unrolling a parchment, on which were long lists of names, coats of arms, coronets, crests, and supporters, in fact, all the usual routine of a long and noble pedigree. Arthur looked, and felt both relieved and disappointed.

"Oh sir!" cried he, "if you did but know how little I care for such things. I acknowledge no nobility, but nobility of soul. I am aware that you are originally of good family, and have some claim or other to an estate in England, but I hope you do not require me to study all this grand family history?"

"I would require you merely to read it through," said Mr. Bryce.

Arthur glanced at some historical names at the top of the page, then rapidly descended to the last of them—the Earl of Charleton—saying, "What have we to do with this last personage?"

"He has the honor of addressing you," replied the grandfather, smiling, as he bowed to the astonished grandson.

"You the Earl of Charleton?"

"Exactly so."

"Then who am I?"

"Since the death of your father, in 1832, you are Viscount Stanmore."

"Well, sir, I mean my lord, I am, indeed, as much surprised, and my mind thrown into as great a state of chaos as you could possibly have anticipated. And is Bryce an imagined name?"

"No, it became one of the family names, though not the primary one, at the marriage of my father, your great-grandfather, to Augusta Bryce, an heiress. The old family name is Woolton."

"Then my second and supposed baptism name is really that of my family, and I am now as ever, Arthur Dieudonne Woolton Bryce or Arthur Dieudonne Bryce Woolton?"

"The latter will be, henceforth, the more correct," replied the grandfather.

And now a long pause ensued. The fact just announced to Arthur was sufficient to occupy his mind without reference to past or future. In these first moments he did not perceive any weight of responsibility lowering in the distance, from the acquisition of high rank in addition to the immense fortune to which he was the heir—no sacrifice appeared to beckon to him, with conscience sternly urging him on—still a feeling of antagonism towards the aristocracy made him nourish a sort of proud disdain of that which had just been announced to him.

"Well, Arthur," at length inquired Lord Charleton, "have you no inquiries to make? Can you now form some idea of what I implied by the word 'sacrifice,' in speaking of the twenty years I have spent as a merchant of Marseilles?"

"Perhaps so, my dear grandfather; but I cannot feel as you do all at once. I have been perfectly happy hitherto in the rank of a well-educated commoner, and it will remain to be proved whether I shall gain in true happiness by the change."

"True happiness," said Lord Charleton, "is the reward of conscientious duty. It follows our having done our duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call us."

"It is now explained to me," said Arthur, "why, in the spite of the raileries of the other merchants in Marseilles, you have given me an education so much more varied and extensive than that of my associates here."

"And surely you do not consider your education finished," continued Lord Charleton. "You are not yet eighteen; you must now give three years to whatever finishing studies you may require, including a classical tour to Greece and Italy, and you will, at one and twenty, be fully able to compete with your peers, although the shades of neither Eston nor Oxford have nourished your early lore."

"I should like to study in Paris," said Arthur.

"I can trust you, you may go."

"Thank you," cried Arthur, brightly.

"I begin to like the good news well enough; I shall be very happy. But I should now like to hear your history, my dear grandfather, and that of my parents, if you are prepared to relate them to me."

"Sorrow may endure for a night; but joy cometh in the morning," said Lord Charleton, musingly. "You are that 'morning' to me, my dear boy."

CHAPTER II.

THE FAMILY HISTORY.

"I was born in the year 1783, in the ancient family mansion of Woolton Court in Westmoreland; a lovely spot on one of those smaller and sequestered lakes unknown to ordinary tourists. All around the lake had been hereditary property since the battle of Agincourt. I was born unexpectedly, to the great joy of my parents, when they were advanced in life; other children followed me, but did not survive their birth. My father had two brothers, the elder of whom, having expected to succeed to everything, had no scruple in contracting debts, and even in bringing a mortgage on the estate which, at the death of my father, was discovered to the great disadvantage of the family. My unsuspecting father had left these two uncles my sole guardians, and when I came of age the fatal truth became known to me that the family had become bankrupt in funds, in land, in reputation, in honor, in all that nobility holds dear."

"In all that an honest man of any rank holds most dear," interrupted the grandson. "These two scamps of uncles are not calculated to warm my feelings towards this grand hereditary line since the battle of Agincourt."

"The hereditary lands of Woolton date from the battle of Agincourt," explained the grandfather; "for they were then given and held of the crown under the great Charter, for valiant deeds on the battle field, by Philip de Voulton, first Lord Woolton, but the family can be traced in perfect descent to Gaston de Voulton Chatelain de Gours in Dauphine, before the conquest. However, as you do not yet care for these researches into antiquity, I will proceed to recount, as briefly as possible, the departure of both uncles for America; a departure made so secretly that fresh dishonor fell on the family. I had but one friend after the death of my excellent mother; but he was a true one, and from a class of men who have great power for good or

ill. This friend was the family lawyer. My mother's jointure had been the half of her own fortune. This alone was rescued from the wreck of all else. I retired at the age of two-and-twenty to Caen in Normandy, retaining my title, and with sufficient to support it in a provincial city. I married the daughter of the Baron de Rambulliere, with whom I lived happily during the reign of the first Napoleon, a d whose family I accompanied to Paris on the return of the royal Bourbons in 1814. My fortune, however, having been all placed in the French funds, was gone. I had three children, I was in the vigor of manhood, I saw around me those of the first nobility, who, during their emigration, had labored with the pen, the pencil, or as teachers of French. I was inspired to emulate these examples of cheerful courage. I became English clerk in a great mercantile house in Paris, connected with this in Marseilles. I dropped, however, my title, and bore my mother's name, that by which I have been so long known. After some years I was offered a partnership in the house here, which I accepted, and by patient industry and an undeviating adherence to a prudent line of action I have become rich. The senior partners have been some years dead. I effected a separation of risks from the house in Paris, and associated no partner to myself here. I remain the sole possessor of wealth securely lodged in the Bank of England, and have already signed the papers which, in six months hence, transfer, for an immense sum, the vessels, the warehouses, and the credit of Mr. Bryce, general merchant, to Messrs. Luison, brothers, our old acquaintances here in Marseilles. This is a rapid sketch of my own life. Details can be given at leisure. You naturally wish to hear something of your immediate parents, and I turn from myself to them.

"Your father was the only one of my three children who survived his infancy, and he, to my sorrow, was of an extremely delicate constitution. He had a private tutor, and studied only as his health permitted. At the age of three-and-twenty, a marriage took place between him and the daughter of the Count and Countess de Courtrai, a younger branch of the great Ducal House of Courtrai. It was all arranged for him in the French manner. He was married by his proper name and title, in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, and then remained with the parents of the bride at Versailles, during the first year of their marriage; which, alas! was the last of his life. He had thus stayed in the centre of France, instead of returning to Marseilles, on account of a projected visit to England, should he happily expect to become a father. He knew my ever-strengthening hopes of finally regaining the estate of my ancestors, and often filially lamented that his weak health prevented his sharing in the labors to which, for that end, I had devoted my life. It was in the autumn of 1832, that I received the joyful news of the intended journey to England; but this was followed, a week after, by a letter from Calais, announcing the opinion of the medical friend who had travelled with the young couple, that in the precarious state of my son's health, he ought not to risk the passage to Dover. I instantly started by the mail for Paris, and thence to Calais, where I arrived just in time to witness his edifying death, and receive his desolate widow to my heart. My son was buried in the country of his birth, but his unborn child must see the light in England, or be an alien. You are aware that such is the law for the second generation born abroad. I did not appeal in vain to the courage of your young mother. Although but seventeen she had given tokens of the heroic power of her principle of duty. I bore her from the grave of her husband to your

birth-place, in the outskirts of Dover. Her mother, Madame de Courtrai, had joined her but two days, when, in the midst of all our sorrow, you came, like a sunbeam, to cheer and console. Your mother rejoiced to give birth to an heir, but felt some natural regret that you bore but little resemblance, in those early days, to him she had lost; while I, knowing the strength of constitution as well as firmness of mind of her who bore you, preferred to trace in your infant face the dark eye and determined little mouth of your mother, for by those tokens I felt more assurance of your being spared to reward my long labors. From consideration for my daughter-in-law, I left her with her parents at Versailles and you with her, until your fourth year, when I fetched you both to my house here at Marseilles. During the week of convalescence at Dover I visited London, where I conferred with my ever-kind friend, Mr. Oldham, then a very aged man. He resigned some valuable documents to me, and introduced his nephew, whom he had made acquainted with all the affairs of the Woolton property. It is with this nephew I have corresponded during the last seventeen years. He is considerably my junior, and therefore I trust will be sufficiently active to advise and befriend you, when you, Arthur, in your turn, shall visit England."

During Lord Charleton's narrative, his grandson had drawn from a hidden fold near his heart a double portrait suspended by a chain round his neck. These miniatures on ivory, worn since childhood, were now gazed on with fresh and tearful interest. They had been bridal presents exchanged between the young bridegroom of three-and-twenty and his little bride of sixteen. Arthur perceived, as if for the first time, in his father's countenance high intellectual capacity, without physical power to render it available; something also of patient suffering and of a hope beyond this earth, gave a sacred character to the fair Anglo-Saxon head. Arthur pressed it reverentially to his lips, then turned his eyes on the bright, keen, impetuous mother, whom he could remember to have hugged and played with, and whom he had wept over with clamorous unappeasable sorrow.

"How well she retained her youthful expression," said he, smiling. Then with a sudden gush of tears, "Oh! how impossible it seems that some persons should ever die!"

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A Good Report.

The twenty-second annual report of the Confederation Life Association of this city, which we have pleasure in publishing in an other column of this issue, should afford great gratification to all members of the Company, policy-holders and shareholders alike. Each year since the organization of the Company, the Management have been fortunate in meeting the policy-holders and shareholders and presenting to them annual statements which have always been satisfactory and indicative of steady and constant progress. A reference to the statement now submitted shows that the volume of business on the books of the Company at December 31st, last amounted to \$24,500,000, with assets of four and one-half millions. The new insurance written in 1893 was close upon four millions, being greater than in any preceding year. A prominent feature in connection with the management of the Company appears to be their promptitude in the settlement of death losses, every claim for 1893 having been settled on an average of less than six hours after receipts of completed proofs of death; and there has not been within the past eight years a single claim accrued which was not promptly paid in full. This is a record of which perhaps few if any of the Companies doing business in Canada can take equal credit for. The able and genial General Manager, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, is to be congratulated upon the proud position which the Company has attained under his guiding hand.

Silver Wedding.

Many hearty congratulations and beautiful souvenirs were received by Mr. C. Donovan, Inspector of Separate Schools, and his wife the evening of April 6th on the occasion of the celebration of their silver wedding. Twenty-five years ago their marriage took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, the ceremony being performed by Vicar-General Heoman. A congratulatory letter was received yesterday from Bishop Dowling, and among the callers to offer personal congratulations were Mr. McEvay and Rev. Father Brady. At the time of his marriage, Mr. Donovan was foreman of the Times job room.—Hamilton Times.

A Torontonion Honored.

Word comes to us from Texas that Mr. John G. Murphy a Torontonion—has been elected as Mayor of San Angelo, a rising city of the "Lone Star State." Mr. Murphy is proprietor of the San Angelo Standard, which he established fifteen years ago. He was an apprentice in the office of the late Irish Canadian, and is son of the late John Murphy, corner of Church and Anne streets Toronto. His friends here congratulate him upon his election to the Mayoralty—the initial step, they hope, to higher honours.

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We direct attention to the advertisement of this Company, which will be found in today's REGISTER. In the treatment of alcoholic and morphiae diseases this Institute has been eminently successful—in proof of which there are numerous testimonials from patients whom it has cured, mentally and physically. Particulars may be had on application either personally or by letter, to 253 Wellesley street, Toronto.

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