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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. III.—No. 22.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

PRICE 5 CENTS.



NIAGARA PENINSULA.

History of the Catholic Church Along the Frontier River.

DEAN HARRIS' LATEST WORK.

In this relation the order of time is not the order of importance. The point of time about which the history of the Church in the Niagara district extends is that which witnessed the influx of the Irish immigrants, the period between 1840 and 1850. From then onward the place has had a Catholic existence. Were it not for that vast migration the records of the French missionaries would have had but little of living interest. We would have known that in 1626 de la Roche Dailon was in the vicinity, in 1640 Brebeuf and Chaumonot, in 1660 Galmeo and Dollier de Casson, in 1676 Hennepin and La Salle, but for a century and a half thereafter "the rest is silence," and only the new life of the Church in the towns and villages gives to the doings of the missionaries a personal interest.

We expected a good book from Father Harris and we have not been disappointed. Better than the immediate interest of the work itself will be the interest it will arouse in others advantageously situated for similar tasks. This Province is one vast field of historical research which may be subdivided into innumerable plots each of which will well repay skilful cultivation. Happily the Dean has chosen a convenient starting place. Geographically the peninsula is the right size for a local history. In the national story its part has been an honorable one. Reading this narrative is like taking the first bite at the small end of a pear. One gets the full and exact flavor immediately. What is here described of St. Catharines and the neighboring towns is to be matched in every parish in Ontario.

Almost anyone who has lived in a Catholic settlement can recall tales of human interest centering about the parish church. Everyone knows of the heroic lives of priests, of the trials of early settlers, of the days when to wear Mass it was necessary to walk many miles over bad roads, when the suit of a priest was a half yearly or quarterly occurrence; when men of learning, of business ability, of powerful minds passed their lives in the obscure way of the priest.

when these same men, whose abilities would have elsewhere procured them lives of comparative ease, set aside comfort, rest, even life itself in ministering to the distant sick in terrible weather. These stories are worth writing. The tale the settlers alone can tell should be collected and inscribed before these settlers have all passed away.

Our valued correspondent, Delymus, has of recent months done much in this direction. He has told the story of several great priests. He has told the story of the French settlement in Essex. We hope soon to present the story of the German settlement from an equally able authority. Besides these there are the Glengarry settlement, of which much has been written from the secular view, but little that is essentially Catholic, the Irish settlements along the Ottawa, and the mixed parishes in all parts of the Province.

Father Harris' engaging narrative style suffices to control the impatience of the reader while he maintains the chronological order, which is not as has been said, in this case the order of interest or importance. The real history begins with the work of Dean Grattan and Father Conway. Father Harris begins with the life of the Neutral nation and the visits of the missionaries. One of these missionaries planted a cross near what is now Fort Erie. Mass was said in the vicinity three and a half centuries ago. Missionary heroism has indeed left its impress there.

Niagara next became important to the Catholic historian when the seat of Government for Upper Canada was located at Newark. Irish Catholic soldiers became part of the garrison and Father Burke went as often as possible to attend to their spiritual wants. Even after the governor had removed to Toronto, soldiers were long stationed at this point, and the successive priests had more than one struggle against official bigotry. Father Gordon insisted upon the soldiers attending Mass on Sunday, and was able to secure that advantage for them over the head of their immediate superior.

The chapters which deal with the migration of the Irish people, the distress in the early days of the canal and the generous efforts made by Mr. W. H. Merritt for the relief of the sufferers are all of the greatest interest and importance. We cannot here attempt any summary of the labors of Dean Grattan, Father Conway, Dean Mulligan and the many assistants, some of whom have died but of whom some are still living and widely known. The tributes, general and individual, to the worth of early settlers must be read in the book itself, which is published by William Briggs and is a handsome sample of the bookman's art, selling for two dollars.

Instances of the author's generous tact are not few. The work is dedicated to Father Sullivan of Thorold, a co-laborer for many years and the very type of priest in whose praise the book is written, the last lines of the last chapter are a feeling tribute to Dean Mulligan, to whom the present Dean succeeded in 1884, and the last of the appendices is devoted to the parish of St. Mary's on the Western Hill and in particular to the work of the present able pastor, Father Allaine.

MONSIGNOR NUGENT.

The Difficulties in the Way of Making a Great Catholic Paper.

AN INTERVIEW IN ROME.

In Rome recently, the Venerable Monsignor James Nugent, of Liverpool, England, was waited upon by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Catholic Times.

"My health," he said, "has been perfectly restored to me, and I cannot help feeling that Rome has done more for me than any other place. Last August Cardinal Vaughan, going away after visiting me, said to a friend 'I am afraid we have seen the last of poor Nugent.' I have suffered much since then, including a painful operation. At the Canary Isles I had fine weather, except during the month of March, which was altogether rainy. It was there that I began to recruit, and Rome has completed my recovery." Mgr. Nugent's appearance and activity while in the Eternal City, more particularly towards the close of his stay, attest his complete recovery. All Catholics will rejoice that the doer of such great things is quite himself again. Mgr. Nugent continued: "My responsibilities are great, as you may know, and they have not been altogether taken off my shoulders during this illness. I have efficient substitutes at home, but with one's purse in the hands of others, one feels in a hurry to be at home again. I shall be sorry to miss the coming festivities in honor of St. Philip's centenary, but I must to work again."

"Have you seen the Holy Father?" I asked.

"Well, no," he answered. "I did not apply for an audience, knowing his occupations, and not conscientiously feeling that I had any sufficiently urgent reason to justify my asking. The Holy Father knows I am here and ready at his call, could I be of service. Should I approach him, however, I could speak of the development of Catholic journalism."

Mgr. Nugent then related the uphill work of founding the Catholic Times.

"You are right," he said, "in calling it an *œuvre* rather than a speculation. It was no gain to me for a very long spell of years, though we now boast a circulation of fifty thousand, and we do not deal in exaggerations. That is the largest circulation of any Catholic paper, but it has been attained, thanks to long years which were not less profitless in regard to money than toil-some in regard to endeavor. Even in those dark days of financial unsuccess the best writers were employed on the Catholic Times, eminent members of Parliament not being unwilling to receive our slight but duly paid remuneration."

"In America," said Mgr. Nugent, "I am widely known, and that is better still, I am remembered by countless friends. I believe I have as many friends there as in Europe, and as my sympathies with everything American are so very strong, I naturally go to the American College when I am in Rome. Last Friday I delivered a lecture to the students,

taking for my subject the right rules of reading and speaking. I count this subject as among the most important for priests, much as it is neglected in our seminaries. I hope to speak repeatedly on the subject and then to publish the lectures. My lecture on Friday night was a pleasure to me because my attentive listeners were the brilliant representatives of America in Rome."

His Grace at Atlantic City.

Father Fedigan had as his guest on Sunday, the 12th inst., the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, Canada. His Grace is blessed with a fine physical presence and his age gives him that venerable appearance that attracts the respect and admiration of all who have the pleasure of meeting him. He preached an eloquent and forcible sermon on the Gospel of the day. Speaking of God as the Creator, Redeemer and sanctifier of the human race, his eloquent remarks, relating to the Holy Ghost being always present with the Church, and his reference to the silly efforts of societies to attack and root up the faith, produced a good impression on those present. It is seldom that visitors and residents are permitted to enjoy such an intellectual treat.—Catholic Standard.

Carleton's Family.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his paper The Weekly Sun has made an appeal on behalf of the daughters of William Carleton, the well known Irish novelist, who have been living in a state of great destitution. They are old and feeble, and were so very poor that even during the severe weather last winter they were actually without either food or fire. This appeal has been generously responded to, and among the first to subscribe was Sir George Trevelyan, who was for some time Chief Secretary for Ireland, and at present a Cabinet Minister, who forwarded a most kindly letter and a subscription of £10. Mr. O'Connor hopes to purchase an annuity for those poor ladies should sufficient money be subscribed for the purpose. It is a sad reflection that the daughters of one who was certainly one of Ireland's best known writers should, in their old age, have to suffer such privations.

GUIDE TO CONTENTS.

| | Page |
|---------------------------------------|-------|
| The Church in Niagara Peninsula | 1 |
| Father Nugent at Rome | 1 |
| The Pope's Letter for Pentecost | 2 |
| House of Providence Home | 2 |
| Golden Jubilee of Archbishop Williams | 3 |
| Ontario News Items | 4 |
| Local and Society News | 5 |
| Henry Labouchere, by T. P. O'Connor | 6 |
| Hermada Letter | 7 |
| Official Letter from the Archbishop | 5 |
| Editorial | |
| New Fields for Surplus Population | 8 |
| The Protection of Society | 8 |
| Cuba | 8 |
| Intolerance and Intolerance | 9 |
| The Irish Amnesty Movement | 9 |
| Two Important Gatherings | 9 |
| At Teague Poter's—Story | 10-11 |
| Archbishop Langerin's Letter | 12 |
| Christ the Workman—Lecture | 13 |
| Irish News Summary | 14 |
| A Student's Voyage to Ireland | 15 |

SPECIAL PRAYERS

Recommended to Catholics for the Solemnity of the Feast of Pentecost.

UNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Translated for the Register

Leo XIII., Pope.—To all the faithful of Christ who shall be made cognizant of the contents of this letter, Health and Apostolic Benediction

With a desire worthy of the tender solicitude of a mother, the Church has never ceased to implore the Almighty that the universal Christian people might be united together in the bonds of religious faith and practical devotion. We, likewise, who represent on earth the person of the Divine Pastor of souls, have endeavored to follow that example. We have been unremitting in our efforts to foster a like purpose amongst Catholic nations and we now recommend a similar resolution to those Christian nations whom the Church so long and ardently calls to the true centre of Christian unity. The source from which we have attained so many happy auguries and from which we still await renewed assistance is not hard to discern, for it is from Him who is justly invoked under the title of "Father of Mercies" and whose especial prerogative it is to illuminate our minds and graciously lead our wills unto salvation. Nor can even Catholics be blind to the grandeur and dignity of our undertakings, for on their success depends the greater glory of God, the honor of the Christian name and the eternal salvation of many souls. And if they sincerely and religiously consider the beneficent results that must inevitably accrue from our efforts they will experience an increased revival of divine love in their hearts which, with God's grace, will prompt them to shrink from no obstacle and strain every nerve on behalf of their Christian brethren. And then it will come to pass, a thing devoutly to be wished, that they will readily unite with us not only in the firm and unwavering hope of a satisfactory issue but also in that means which devout and humble supplication obtains from the throne of mercy. For the exercise of this duty of Christian piety there is no time more appropriate than that in which the Apostles of old after the Ascension of our Lord into Heaven "remained together and were persevering with one mind at prayer with Mary the Mother of Jesus" (Acts IV. 14) awaiting the promised help from on High and the treasures of all the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

From that august cenance of the Paraclete the church conceived by Christ and brought forth in His saving blood, wafted as it were by the breath of God, went forward on her glorious mission of leading the nations of the earth to the unity of faith and the newness of Christian life.

Within a short period the most admirable and bountiful results followed where we behold that immutable union of hearts that can never be too strongly recommended for our imitation and example. "And the multitude of believers had but one heart and soul." (Acts iv. 32) For that reason we have deemed it well both by exhortation and request to excite the devotion of the Catholic people, that following the example of the Virgin Mother and the holy Apostles they may also, during the nine days preceding the feast of Pentecost, pray God with unanimity of purpose and fervent devotion, repeating the self same prayer: "Send forth thy spirit and they shall be created and thou shalt renew the face of the earth."

Truly great and salutary are the blessings which we hope to obtain from Him, who is the Spirit of Truth; who has revealed the hidden mysteries of the God head in the sacred scriptures; who strengthens the Church by His over-abiding presence, and from whom as from the living fountain of holiness the souls that are regenerated unto the adoption of the sons of God are wonderfully multiplied and perfected in the supernatural gifts of eternal life.

For it is from the manifold graces of the Holy Spirit and from His perpetual bounty that divine light and love, health and strength, solace and rest, all good Christian purpose and proficiency in Christian operation are derived. In fine the Holy Spirit so acts by his power in the Church that as Christ is the head of that mystic body so the Holy Ghost may be appropriately called its heart for "the heart has a certain secret influence in the body; and therefore the Holy Ghost is compared to the heart because he animates and unites the church in an enviable manner." (St. Thomas) And since above all the Holy Ghost is that divine charity to whom all the works of love are attributed, it is greatly to be hoped that through Him the spirit of error shall be expelled, the spirit of wickedness restrained, and there shall be effected a closer union and more lasting harmony that will be worthy of the children of the Catholic Church, who, in accordance with the admonition of the Apostle, "should do nothing through strife," but "being of one mind, having the same charity, and being of one accord," will thus fill up the measure of our joy and become not merely in name but in very deed a strong and flourishing community. From such a manifestation of Christ a harmony amongst Catholics; from the earnest devotion of prayer to the Holy Ghost, we are confident that the reconciliation which we have endeavored to effect with our separated brethren may be realized, so that "the mind may be in them which was in Christ Jesus" (Phil. ii. 5), and being at last partakers with us of Faith and Hope they may in time be joined with us in the much-desired bonds of perfect charity. Besides the blessings which the faithful who respond to our earnest exhortations shall receive from God in return for their active piety and fraternal charity it further pleases us to bestow the reward of Holy Indulgences from the treasure of the Church.

Therefore, to all those who for nine consecutive days before the Feast of Pentecost shall devoutly recite either publicly or privately some special prayers to the Holy Ghost, we grant, on each of these days, an indulgence, of seven years and seven quarantines; also a plenary indulgence on any one of these days, or on the Feast of Pentecost, or on any day within the following octave, provided that having duly confessed and communicated they pray to God, according to the intentions above specified. We further grant to those who wish to repeat the same conditions of prayer, during the octave following Pentecost, the same indulgences. Those indulgences may be applied to the suffering souls in Purgatory, and by our authority we hereby ordain and decree that they shall be available each year for the future, those conditions being observed which are required by law and custom.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Fisherman's seal, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, on the fifth day of May, in the eighteenth year of our Pontificate.

C. CARDINAL DE RIGGIERO.

Customer—"Why do you call this electric cake?" Baker's Boy "I suppose because it has currents in it."

There has always been, and there always will be the brave advancing minority, the world's hope, the invincible few—not a remnant, meaning something left over, but a leadership, keeping in the van of thought, bearing and daring for what they believe to be the truth and right.—John Learned.

HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

Corner-Stone of the New Wing Laid by Archbishop Walsh.

ANNUAL PICNIC A GREAT SUCCESS.

One of the most interesting of the many attractive features of the annual Queen's Birthday picnic on the grounds of the House of Providence, on Power street, was the laying of the corner-stone of the new wing, which completes the building according to the original design. There was an unusually large gathering of the friends of the institution to witness the ceremony and enjoy the varied entertainment provided. Shortly after 1 o'clock the clergy assembled in the main hall, and, forming in procession, escorted his Grace Archbishop Walsh to the new structure, at the south end of the main building, where the corner-stone swung from a derrick, awaiting his blessing. The ceremonial was brief but impressive. Among those who assisted the Archbishop were Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Father Hand of St. Paul's, Dr. Treacy, Father Ryan and Father Rhoeder of St. Michael's Cathedral, Fathers Teesy, Murray Chalandard and Martin of St. Michael's College; Father Cruise of St. Mary's, Father O'Malley of St. Catharines, Father Jeffcott of Oshawa, and Father Walsh of Our Lady of Lourdes.

At half-past four his Grace, accompanied by Vicar-General McCann and Father Teesy, and preceded by the other clergy, proceeded to the platform which had been erected beside the stone, and was covered with a canopy. During the progress the "Miserere" was chanted. Before performing the ceremony of sprinkling and blessing the stone, his Grace delivered a brief address remarkable for its force and simplicity. Referring to the building of the new addition, he said that its purpose was twofold. In the first place, to transfer the aged men to warm and comfortable quarters, from those crowded ones which they now occupied, and to make their lot as happy as possible; and in the second place, to afford more accommodation to other deserving poor. As the city grew, so the need of more accommodation for the unfortunate grew also, and it was the usage of the Catholic Church to make provision to keep pace with such wants. In so doing the Church was following in the footsteps of Christ, who said "This command give I unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you." The love of Christ for mankind was a practical love, and was manifested in his acts of charity and healing and His desire for their greater happiness. When asked if He were the Messiah, He did not appeal to His greater miracles, but bade the questioners go and tell what they had seen, how the lepers were cleansed and the sick healed. The charity of Christ was pre-eminently a tender charity, of which so many instances are given in the Scriptures. So with the Church, she tended the poor and needy as her Master would wish them tended. "In that house," said his Grace, "the Sisters are working quietly, devoting themselves to the care and attendance of the poor and the afflicted." The charity of the Church is constant, not confined to a few spasmodic efforts. It is always working with but little outward show, and the results endure. Those who erected that institution are all dead, but the evidence of their work will last for ever. Continuing, his Grace said that the institution had deserved well of the citizens, and he was proud to say that their representatives in the City Council had dealt generously by it. In this he felt convinced that they reflected the feel-

ings of their constituents, who might at times be warped from their better judgment by party politics, but were nevertheless ready to do justice by their fellow-citizens, no matter what their creed.

Referring to the work of the institution, he said he was quite a young man when Bishop Charbonnell in 1856 founded the House of Providence. Since that time no less than 28,170 persons have found shelter therein, and this vast army of poor people does not include those who daily come for breakfast or dinner, and the number of these is large, for no hungry one is ever refused a meal at its hospitable doors. During the 36 years of its existence the house has accommodated an average of 730 persons annually, and there are at the present time over 100 in the building. Of these 150 are Protestants, and the proportion of Protestants receiving aid from the institution since its foundation has been about one fourth of the total number of inmates annually.

After the ceremony of laying the corner stone the clergy were entertained at lunch by the sisters in charge. Mother Louisa, the Superior, has 28 sisters assisting her in the work of the institution. The new wing, now in course of erection, and which will be finished in September, is expected to cost about \$35,000, bringing the total sum expended on the building into the neighborhood of \$150,000.

The afternoon programme included a high wire performance by James E. Hardy, costume dancing, Ferris wheel and swings, driven by electricity, and athletic games. The winners in the games were:

Putting the 16 pound shot—1, D. French, 42 feet 9 inches; W. Nichol, 37 feet 8 inches; 3, M. O'Donnell, 37 feet 6 inches.

Throwing the hammer—1, Nichol, 118 feet 5 inches; 2, A. T. Hernon, 100 feet; 3, A. Babcock, 82 feet 2 inches.

Throwing the 56-pound weight, high—1, French; 2, Hernon; 3, Nichol.

Throwing the 56 pound weight, long—1, Nichol, 33 feet 8 inches; 2, Hernon, 27 feet 2 1/2 inches; 3, Babcock, 26 feet 9 inches.

Tossing the caber—1, French; 2, Nichol; 3, Hernon.

100 yard foot race—1, French; 2, Babcock; 3, Nichol.

French and Nichol tied for the gold medal, which was afterwards won on a toss by French. Nichol takes the silver medal.

Mr. J. W. Mogan, Chairman of the Games Committee, superintended the several events, assisted by Mr. R. A. Ryan, Secretary, and Jas. McDonald, Referee. As master of ceremonies generally Mr. Angus McDonald was the busiest man on the grounds, and Mr. James Ryan, the Secretary, was a close second.

In the evening the grounds and the several booths were artistically illuminated, and to the music of the I.C. B.A. Band a choice programme of songs, dances and athletic exercises was carried through.

"What did the ancient Greeks do when it rained?" asked Johnny.

The professor took off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, and replied, calmly, "They got wet, I suppose."—Tit-Bits.

The Truth Ought to be Known.

Rev. T. Dunlop, Alliston, Ont.: "Our R.D.C. has done all it claims to do. Two members of my family have been wonderfully helped, though, so far, they have used but one package. This is the first testimonial I have given to any remedy, but the truth ought to be known."

Old men and women, young men and maidens should test our wonderful remedies. They prevent indigestion and cure Dyspepsia. Samples free to any address. K. I. C. Co., Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 127 State street, Boston, Mass.

HIS GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Remarkable Tribute to Archbishop
Williams of Boston.

HONORED BY CLERGY AND PEOPLE.

On Friday May 17th the people of Boston, irrespective of creed, paid kindly tribute to Archbishop John J. Williams, who celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination as a priest. The commemoration began on Thursday morning with pontifical Mass in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, where was gathered a distinguished company of ecclesiastics. But it was at the banquet in Music Hall in the evening that the popular demonstration took place. Three thousand five hundred persons thronged the building from floor to ceiling. It was a fitting climax to a day of general rejoicing. The clergy and laity of the archdiocese presented to the Archbishop as their grand testimonial a check for \$50,000, or \$1,000 for each year of his priesthood.

Tender tributes of respect and love were paid Archbishop Williams by men representing not alone his own but other creeds, and the heartiest congratulations and kindest wishes for future years of happiness and usefulness in his chosen field came from those who were not of his own faith. Gov. Greenhalge shared with the honored guest of the occasion, and his distinguished brethren of the episcopacy, the honors of the assembly. From the moment he entered the hall it was easy to see that the vast gathering was eagerly anticipating his rising to speak on behalf of the commonwealth.

The Governor in a speech full of feeling and manly spirit, toned by a dignity in keeping with his high position, pointed to the influence of such lives as that of the honored guest of the evening, and said that Massachusetts had need of, and could appreciate, the work of all such men. He paid a tender tribute to the work of the Archbishop in behalf of good government, and closed by wishing him many more years of happiness, and fruitful work in his honored position. The Governor was loudly applauded at the close of his speech.

The address of the Archbishop himself, temperate, calm and dignified, was also a feature of the evening's enjoyment which pleased the audience and the greeting which he received when he rose to reply to the addresses presented by the clergy and laity left no room for doubt as to the place which the Archbishop holds in the affections of his people.

Archbishop Satolli, too, received a very warm welcome when he rose to read, in Latin, the letter from Pope Leo XIII. to Archbishop Williams, which arrived just before the commencement of the banquet. He was evidently much touched by the warmth of his welcome. His own address was read by his secretary, Rev. Dr. Rooker. Cardinal Gibbons also made a very neat address, and Alderman Allen, on behalf of the city, expressed the pleasure it gave him to join in the tribute to the Archbishop.

All classes of his fellow citizens united in doing honor to distinguished prelate. Sectarian barriers were broken down in the determination to pay a tribute to the renowned churchman who for half a century has wielded such a potent influence on the religious and social life of this portion of the country. From the chief executive of the State and the representative of the city down to the humblest citizen, all seemed to vie with one another in paying homage to the beloved Archbishop of Boston, whose ripening years have been more and more laden

with honors, up to the crowning glory of this week.

The decorations of the hall have probably never been surpassed. Wherever the eye turned banners, flags and bunting met the vision, until it seemed as if the entire hall was a mass of flags. The front of the stage was a bank of foliage, palms, potted plants, lilacs and flowers of every description, massed in sweet confusion, until the platform looked like a garden. Back of the stage, and framed as it were by the Stars and Stripes, was an immense portrait of the Archbishop. Overhead were the Latin words, "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," and beneath in large golden figures the dates "1815-1895," on either side of a large gilt representation of the eagle.

At the rear of the hall was another large figure representing an eagle, surrounded by shields decorated with the Stars and Stripes. The legend "A hearty greeting," and the dates "1815-1895," commemorative of the Archbishop's ordination and the date of his golden jubilee, told of the meaning of the gathering. From the roof in the center of the hall to the balconies on either side, and in the rear, many colored streamers were strung, heightening, if that were possible, the already beautiful effect.

Seated at the tables on the platform were more than 100 representative citizens of the archdiocese. Protestant as well as Catholic. Archbishop Williams occupied the seat of honor. Besides Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Satolli, other Archbishops and Bishops were seated at the tables on the platform. They were Archbishops Corrigan, Ryan, Fabre, Elder, Riordan, Ireland, Chappelle and Hennessy, and Bishops De Goesbriand, Brady, Bradley, Michaud, Harkins, Tierney, Beaven and Gabriels.

A thousand people, priests and laymen, were seated at the ten tables on the floor, and there must have been more than twice as many women in the galleries.

When Archbishop Williams arrived a spontaneous roar of applause burst from the audience which lasted fully three minutes. It had scarcely subsided when it broke forth anew as Mgr. Satolli and Cardinal Gibbons appeared. Governor Greenhalge was also heartily greeted.

In response to addresses presented in behalf of the clergy and the laity of the archdiocese, Archbishop Williams made a speech in which he said:

"I must say that this is the noisiest time I have had in 50 years. (Laughter.) As the addresses presented to me come from the clergy and the laity, in the first place I have to say to my clergy what I have always said to them, and as the speaker has so well expressed it, that I always had confidence in them and relied upon them, and they, I believe, had confidence in me and could rely upon me. (Applause.)

They knew that my companions were amongst the clergy. I had no time to make other acquaintances except very seldom, but my usual company was with my clergy, and there I found my happiness. (Applause.) On the different occasions when they found an opportunity to give expressions to their feelings these same thoughts have been expressed, and I always have expressed the same feelings as I do now. But still these expressions may be made stronger as the years go by, and my feelings of sympathy and union with the clergy are stronger as I grow older, and if I am left a few years longer I think I shall be able to say them with full confidence and support. (Applause.)

Without the clergy what could the bishop do? Without officers what can a general do? He has to work through them, and unless they have his confidence and unless they know that he relies upon them, what work can be done? But where the head man has got men under him, and they

can trust to his fairness and justice, and assistance, it is needless to say what the result will be, for you know it yourselves very well.

And the laity, seeing the work going on well between the head and the clergy, and finding that nothing is asked of them but what is fair and just, they work likewise in union and harmony with the clergy, as the clergy with the bishop, and this has been the way in this diocese in my time. (Applause.) And I say it without flattery, honestly, that I have worked well with the clergy and laity, and all three together have worked with union in the work that has been done these last 29 years. (Applause.)

We have asked nothing of the laity to which they did not respond, we have asked nothing of the clergy to which they did not give their zeal and energy, and the greatest trouble was to hold them back to prevent them from going too fast, and as it is easier to steer in swift water with a good wind than when the wind is sluggish and the water dull also, so it is in the diocese, if you have men who are sluggish and without energy, and are not desirous to work, it is hard to have work well done. But when you have officers who are simply looking for the opportunity to do good work, and the men under them ready to help them, then it is not hard to carry our work successfully, if you have only a cool head to direct. (Applause.)

To both the clergy and laity I can give the full meed of praise without flattery, and I thank both of them for the offering which they have made to me at the time of this celebration, and of which they have said nothing in their modesty, but, which I shall treasure, and consider it a trust to be disposed of, as I know both the clergy and laity would have been well pleased with its disposal."

At the close of the archbishop's address the gathering sang "Viva Leone," and Father Ronan presented the Apostolic Delegate. Archbishop Satolli presented to the venerable prelate the magnificent present which Pope Leo had sent, reading the letter from the pontiff signed by his own hand, in which he congratulated Archbishop Williams on his long and faithful service and on the flourishing condition of the Church under his charge.

The present is a large gold medal, one of the lot struck in 1893 to commemorate the golden jubilee of the Pope's own consecration as a bishop. On one side is a medallion of the Pope bearing about the inscription "Leo XIII. Pont. Max. an. XVI." On the other side is the representation of an episcopal consecration. Hovering above the head of the candidate is a dove, the symbol of the Holy Ghost, and encircling the whole is the inscription "Quinquagennalibus Episcopalis Consecrationis. XIX. Feb. MDCCCXIII."

The medal was enclosed in a plush case on which the Papal coat of arms is worked. Accompanying the medal was a letter from Cardinal Rampolla, the Papal secretary of state, dated May 4, in which he said: "I take great pleasure in transmitting the letter and gift of the holy father on the occasion of your sacerdotal jubilee, and at the same time I am pleased to avail myself of the opportunity of extending my own congratulations to you, and I hope that you will be long preserved to labor for the welfare of your diocese."

Among other things Archbishop Satolli said in his speech:

"I do not believe that I ever better fulfilled the intention and desire of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., than in participating in the joyous festivities attending the celebration of the jubilee of an American Archbishop; in representing by my presence the Supreme Pontiff, and in giving voice to the sentiments of loving congratulation with which he rejoices in the happy completion of so many useful years spent

in the service of God and His Church. For, if the Pope, in the fulness of his power and of his apostolic care, shares with every Bishop in union with the Holy See the joys, as well as the sorrows, of this life, he feels a special interest in the fortunes of the American Episcopate. This interest he has clearly and solemnly expressed in his last encyclical to this country, making his own the words of St. Gregory: 'My honor is the honor of the Universal Church. My honor is the unimpaired vigor of my brethren. Then am I truly honored when to each one due honor is not denied.'

"The deep and sincere affection of the Holy Father for the venerable Archbishop of Boston I myself can bear witness. Five years ago, when, for the first time, the Pope sent me to this country, after having charged me to bear his paternal salutations to the most eminent Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and to all the Bishops who should be united in that city for the celebration of the centenary of the American hierarchy, he added that there also I should meet Archbishop Williams, and in words of love and deepest affection bade me express to him his highest regard and special esteem. This particular esteem and affection find new expression to-day in the letter and gift which the Holy Father has sent to the beloved Archbishop on this occasion of his golden sacerdotal jubilee.

"To me this special sympathy and love which the Pope feels for Archbishop Williams is most natural and reasonable when I consider in how many ways the work and life of Leo XIII., when he was Archbishop of Perugia, were similar to the life and work of the Archbishop of Boston.

"It is the opinion of the wise that one of the greatest blessings of God is the raising up of men specially fitted for urgent necessities when they present themselves, and there could be no more striking proof of the truth of this idea than that furnished by the life of Leo XIII. It would be difficult to say whether he had been prepared for the Church at this particular period, or whether the Church had been specially prepared for his wonderful activity.

"To me it is an honor and a pleasure—one to be remembered all my life—to offer, while offering my own sincerest and warmest congratulations, the loving and paternal salutations of Leo XIII. and his fervent good wishes that God may continue to bless and preserve to the Church of Boston her beloved Archbishop Williams."

One of the most curious collections in the world is one upon which the Queen of Italy has been engaged for years. It consists of old boots, shoes, and slippers, to many of which an historical interest attaches. Queen Margaret is the happy possessor, for instance, of a pair of coarse heavy shoes that are said to have belonged to Joan of Arc; she has also a dainty pair of boots supposed to have been worn by Marie Stuart at her execution, as well as some slippers of Queen Marie Antoinette.

Jocko, the faithful ass which the Queen used to drive herself when visiting the environs of Nice, has a history. She bought it in a most wretched condition from a peasant, who hesitated to part with it because it constituted his means of living. "How much did you give for it?" asked her Majesty. "A hundred lire," was the reply. "Well here are two hundred lire for it and you can buy another," said the Queen. The peasant was delighted to accept the offer, and after that whenever her Majesty went out she was usually offered a number of ill-fed asses, but all in vain. When the peasant, after the lapse of a year, saw his ass in splendid condition, he cried: "All I am sorry for is that I didn't sell myself with him!"

SOCIETY HAPPENINGS.

Other Items of Interest in Cities and Towns.

Guelph.

Rev. Father Dumortier, S.J., was on Friday last greatly honored by the large congregation of the Church of Our Lady, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of his entrance into the priesthood. The Rev. Father worthily merited the honor deservedly given. He was one of the early missionaries in this section and through trials and tribulations, and they were many, in the early days, was always found at his post of duty, and was instrumental in a great degree in keeping together the large body of worshippers to whom he belonged. He was greatly beloved by his scattered congregations in the earlier days when he had to travel miles to his mission fields. In this work he gained for himself the greatest respect from all classes of the community. Father Dumortier is a native that commands the esteem of those who have the pleasure of knowing him. His manner is retiring, and the casual acquaintance might not suspect that behind that dignified reserve was a lighthearted sunny disposition, whose natural buoyancy even bodily infirmities could not dispel. The Rev. Father while replying to the address was evidently much affected, and so was the large congregation, many of whom were men of grey hairs and who had vivid recollections of the work he had performed, and the comfort he had given in time of trouble and distress.

The celebration of the golden jubilee was commenced at 9 o'clock, when solemn High Mass was offered in the Church of Our Lady. Rev. Father Dumortier acted as celebrant. Rev. Father Doherty, S.J., a former parish priest was deacon, and Rev. Father Kenny, S.J., sub-deacon, and Rev. Father Kavanagh, S.J., master of ceremonies. The choir rendered Farmer's Mass with fine effect. At the close of the service the large congregation adjourned to the basement, which had been beautifully decorated. Eight young ladies from Loretto Convent, Misses Ethel Day, M. Black, Striegelmyer, Mason, B. McQuillan, E. Mason, Kirchner and M. Ryan, rendered a duet on four pianos.

The Rev. Father here received and replied to several addresses from the congregation and from the local Branch of the C. M. B. A., in which he has always taken an active interest.

In the afternoon at 3 o'clock some four hundred children of the Separate Schools gathered in the basement and tendered to the Rev. Father their congratulations on his golden jubilee. On the platform were seated his Lordship Bishop Dowling, Rev. Dr. Dumortier, and other visiting and resident clergymen, including Right Rev. Monsignor McEvay, Hamilton; Very Rev. J. Keough, Paris; Very Rev. L. Elena, Berlin, V.G.'s; Very Rev. Dean O'Connell, Mount Forest; Rev. Dr. Kloepfer, C.R., St. Jerome College, Berlin, and others. A welcome song, specially composed for the occasion, was sweetly rendered by the children as His Lordship and the priests took their seats.

His Lordship briefly addressed the children at the close. He commended them for their reverence to their priest, and paid a feeling tribute to the worthy Father's long labors in the work of the priesthood. He counseled the children to carry their respect for the priest all through life, as their priest was their best friend, to be obedient to their parents and their teachers, and by living virtuous lives, avoiding evil and doing good, earn the happiness of meeting Father Dumortier in Heaven. Rev. Father Dumortier intimated he would give the children a holiday on Monday, which was received with clapping of hands. The reception terminated by the beautiful reordering of "Holy God We Praise Thy Name" and a May hymn. The whole proceedings were of a most interesting character. The deportment of the children was admirable, their singing delightful and the addresses and presentations were made very gracefully.

Orillia.

During the past three days the Roman Catholic Church of the Angel Guardian has been the special object of attraction of wending crowds to and fro, adoring Our Blessed Lord, exposed to the adoration of the congregation.

The main object of this devotion being to repair the insults and ingratitude of men towards Our Blessed Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, if we may judge from the very large attendance, without religious distinction, at each pious exercise, the result must have been a success and a great consolation to our worthy pastor, Father Duffy. Over six hundred and fifty approached the Holy Table.

Rev. Father Ryan, Rector of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, held the vast audience assembled during two succeeding nights in admiration of his elucidative doctrine on the Real Presence. His simple and plain rea-

soning found its way into the minds and hearts of his many intelligent hearers.

The high altar was artistically decorated with natural flowers and lilies, interwoven with green pendants of the rarest variety and shades.

At the opening ceremony, Wednesday, Solemn High Mass was offered up by Rev. Father Hogan, Very Rev. Dean Egan as deacon and Rev. Father Gearin as sub-deacon. Rev. Father Moyra acted as master of ceremonies.

The closing ceremony of these three happy days was celebrated by Rev. Father Colin of Midland; deacon, Rev. Father Cantillon, of Brock; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Duffy, pastor; master of ceremonies, Walter Porter. After the usual procession and chanting of the litanies, the devotions closed. The choir, under the able direction of the organist, Miss Madden, furnished a selected programme of sweet music and appropriate hymns, closing Friday morning with Concom's Mass.

Uxbridge.

The marriage of one of Uxbridge's most popular young ladies and one of Toronto's best known medical men took place here to-day at the Catholic church, the contracting parties being Miss M. Josephine Keller, daughter of the late Francis Keller, (publisher of the Uxbridge Journal), and Dr. John A. Amyot. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Lynett, pastor of the church. The bride-maid was Miss M. Higgins of Toronto, cousin of the bride, and the groomsmen Dr. N. Amyot of St. Thomas, brother of the groom. The wedding breakfast was partaken of at the residence of Mrs. Keller, Church street. The happy couple took the morning train for Toronto, their future home.

On the Friday night preceding, a member of members of the Catholic church, accompanied by their pastor, Rev. Father Lynett, visited the residence of Mrs. Keller on a mission both pleasant and regretful. Having learned of the approaching departure of Miss Keller, the congregation desired to express their appreciation of her services as organist and choir leader; with this object in view, Miss Keller was presented with an address by Mr. E. J. Breen, and a handsome silver water pitcher by Mr. Charles Kelly, on behalf of the congregation.

The address was suitably replied to for Miss Keller by her brother, Mr. W. H. Keller. Not alone do the Catholics of Uxbridge regret Miss Keller's removal but the entire community will miss her. The address was signed by Rev. J. F. Lynett, E. J. Breen, Charles Kelly, Maggie O'Brien, Annie Kelly.

Neagh.

Died on May the 17th, 1895, at his residence, in the Township of Normanby, Wm. O'Reilly, Esq., aged 82 years. The deceased was a worthy Irishman and descended from a noble race. The O'Reilly's of the County of Cavan, who have shed their blood on the battle field in the defence of right and fatherland, often made the proud usurper cower beneath their steel. He immigrated from the town of Cavan in the spring of 1842 and landed in Quebec with his young wife, after braving the dangers of an Atlantic voyage, in three days taking months to make the passage, and in disagreeable and unworthy old sailing vessels. Possessing an industrious turn of mind, and resolved to build himself a home he could call his own, in the land of the free, he left for Western Ontario, without delay for the Gore of Toronto, the then residence of a cousin of his, the Rev. Eugene O'Reilly, Parish Priest there, where a hearty welcome awaited him. He remained on the Gore, where he prospered for six years. Finding property in that section of country dear—no doubt on account of its proximity to the City of Toronto—he did not purchase there. Hearing that the Crown Lands Department ordered the survey of the County of Grey, and set open some townships for actual settlement, he with his young wife and family started for the Township of Hentick, Allen Park, where he sustained his first and greatest loss in the death of his beloved wife, after toiling and moiling together to carve out a home.

He resided altogether in the Township of Hentick six years and moved into the Township of Normanby in February, 1854, immediately after purchasing 200 acres of land from the agent Crown Lands, George Jackson, Esq., Durham. He was about the first settler on the new survey, and braved all the hardships of pioneer life. He always was a warm-hearted Irishman, and made for himself plenty of friends who showed the esteem and respect he was held in by the large turnout at his interment of people from far and near, and of every nationality and creed. He died a happy death, being a good and exemplary Catholic, and having the ministrations of that good and pious priest, Rev. Father O'Connell, at all hours together with daily exhortations to make safe the soul and bear patiently his sufferings of this life to gain a heavenly reward.

A healthy body is good, but a soul in right health, it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for—the blessed thing this earth receives from heaven.

Hastings.

In this village passed away Ellen, only daughter of James Holland of this place. A dutiful and obedient child, a fervent and devout Catholic, devoted to the Blessed Mother (God in the society of the Scapular and to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the League, her life was largely given up to prayer and devotions. In her child-like way she was making calculations on Novenas in addition to the regular May devotions in the Church, but God saw fit to call her to himself. Taken down with what seemed a slight cold it developed into bronchitis and finally into pneumonia and heart failure, and after ten days illness she passed away on the 10th of May at the age of twenty years and nine months. She received devoutly the last sacraments of the church, and retained the fullest consciousness to the last, assisting in the Rosary within two hours of her death. On Sunday the 12th her remains were brought to the church in Norwood (Rev. Father Quirk being unable through illness to say Mass in Hastings) where Rev. Father Conway performed the funeral ceremonies, and thence to the R. C. Cemetery Asphodel.

The universal sympathy felt for the bereaved parents who are thus left childless was evinced in the large concourse that followed her remains to their final resting place. May she rest in peace.

New Agents.

We have great pleasure in adding to our list of agents the name of Mr. Patrick Dalley, the popular and widely known waggon-maker of Brockville. Mr. Dalley has full authority to receive money on our account, and any orders from intending subscribers reaching us through his hands will be duly honored at this office.

Mr. M. O'Brien, of Lansdowne, having kindly volunteered his services on our behalf, we also take pleasure in placing his name amongst the roll of those who die championing our cause in every section of the Dominion. Mr. O'Brien is an old and enthusiastic supporter of the Catholic press of Canada, and having felt the necessity of an ably-conducted newspaper in Toronto, the hotbed of every item hostile to the Catholic Church, he has taken under his guardianship the REGISTER, the interests of which he will attend to in Lansdowne, Wellington and Rockport.

It is almost needless for us to say that any orders emanating from that gentleman will receive prompt attention at the office of publication.

Sandwich.

On Thursday of last week Mr. and Mrs. Theodule Girardot celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding. Mr. Girardot is well and favorably known throughout the province. In his own county he has for the last forty years and more occupied a prominent position as an educationalist. The family gathering alone meant a very large assemblage, but it formed only a small part of the number of those who participated in the festive, friends coming from all parts of the province and neighboring States.

Peterborough.

His Lordship Bishop O'Connor was recently presented by a number of the citizens of Peterborough with an oil portrait of himself by J. W. L. Foster of Toronto. The presentation is an indication of the respect and esteem in which his Lordship is held.

Oakville.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fitzgerald who are among the oldest Catholic inhabitants of this section celebrated their golden wedding on Monday May 20th. Mr. Fitzgerald has been living in Oakville and its vicinity since about 1837 when he came from Ireland. Friends and relatives were present in large numbers to wish the venerable couple further increase of years and happiness.

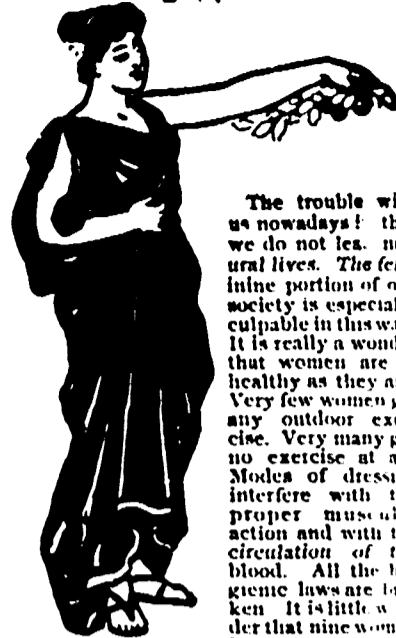
Lakefield.

At a picnic held on May 24th the Hon. J. J. Curran was present and made an address which was a most important feature of the day's proceedings. Short addresses were also delivered by Father Casey, Father Scollard, Mr. Theo. Cahill and Mr. J. H. Barnham.

Provincial Appointments.

Hon. T. W. Anglin, Toronto, has been appointed Clerk of the Surrogate Court. Mr. William Prondogast, B.A., Mathematical Master of the Seaforth Collegiate Institute, has been appointed Inspector of Separate Schools in succession to the late Cornelius Donovan.

Mr. Fred. Slaven, of Picton, has been appointed Clerk of the First Division Court of Prince Edward County. Mr. Slaven is a brother of Rev. E. P. Slaven of Galt.



The trouble with us nowadays is that we do not lead natural lives. The feminine portion of our society is especially culpable in this way. It is really a wonder that women are as healthy as they are. Very few women get any outdoor exercise. Very many get no exercise at all. Modes of dressing interfere with the proper muscular action and with the circulation of the blood. All the hygienic laws are broken. It is little wonder that nine women in ten are troubled

with some derangement or irregularity in the action of the organs distinctly feminine. Neglect and wrong living will show themselves first in the most delicate organs of the whole body. With such weakness and sickness so prevalent, it is to be expected that the bearing of children would be fraught with dread and danger. It should not be so, of course. Nature never meant it to be so. The performance of the highest function of which a woman is capable should not be accompanied by pain. If perfectly natural living were the rule, it would not be so. As lives are lived, something else must be done. A remedy must be found. For over thirty years, Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y. During that time he has treated thousands of women. He has found in his "Favorite Prescription" a never-failing specific for female complaints. It strengthens the whole body and when taken during gestation, shortens the period of labor and makes childbirth well-nigh painless. It also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child.

Hamilton.

On Wednesday, May 21st, the young ladies of Loretto Convent gave a grand entertainment in commemoration of the eighth anniversary of Bishop Dowling's episcopate. The attendance was by invitation, and the convent hall was crowded. Among those present besides his Lordship were Revs. Mgr. McEvay, Chancellor Craven, Fathers Coty, Burke (Oakville), Maddigan (Dundas), Hinchey, Lehman and Mahony, Rev. Dr. Burns, Lieut.-Col. Moore, Mr. E. Martin, Q.C., and Mr. W. H. Ballard, Inspector of Public Schools. At the entertainment given by the young ladies of Loretto, the audience is always select and critical; not in the programme given last evening, as in past years, even the most exacting were delighted with the faultless elocution, the charming music, and the graceful and courteous exercises. The first number was a chorus, at the close of which his Lordship was presented with a congratulatory address, read by Miss H. Duffy, and eight pretty bouquets carried by eight as pretty little girls, a bouquet for each year of his episcopate.

Two scenes from "Josephine, Empress of France," were given in the following cast: Josephine—Miss R. Levy; Prophetess—Miss M. Aussem; Margaret—Miss H. Duffy; Elizabeth—Miss M. Marshall; Mary Stuart—Miss F. McCarthy; Henrietta Maria—Miss G. Coleman; Eugene—Miss J. Torry Hurst; Miss O'D. Martin.

All the characters were finely represented. Miss Levy as Josephine delighted all the pathos and depth of feeling required by the role, while Miss F. McCarthy as Mary Stuart interpreted in a particularly touching way her difficult part. The haughty Elizabeth by Miss Marshall, and the solemn, mournful prophetess by Miss Aussem, were also excellently portrayed.

The second part began with the chorus "Away to the Chase." Miss Cook displayed her splendid ability as a pianist in Mendelssohn's "Apriccio," (op. 22). Miss Aussem who obtained the medal for elocution last year at Loretto, recited "A Violin Fantasy," and for her clear and impressive deliverance obtained marked applause. "King Olaf" was recited by the elocution class. Misses Cook, Coleman, Harrow and Hogg evidenced careful training and talent in their piano quartette. A large number of young ladies under the direction of Miss Baker went through the different statuesque poses. The graceful movements and pretty costumes rendered this one of the most pleasing features of the programme. Then came a piano setette, Mendelssohn's Spanish Dance (op. 12, No. 1), followed by the solo and chorus "Inflammatus et Accensus," (Rossini), the solo taken by Mrs. Martin Murphy.

Rev. Father Coty preached in the Cathedral last Sunday evening on Education. Since he has been removed to St. Lawrence parish his impressive welcome voice has not been heard so often from St. Mary's pulpit. When he does come his prolonged absence makes his presence all the more of a treat.

Lady Aberdeen.

On Friday evening 31st May Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen will deliver a lecture at Massey Music Hall, on the "Present Irish Literary Revival." Mr. F. H. Torrington of Toronto College of Music will direct the musical programme, which will consist of Irish song and music specially requested by Her Excellency.

The following artists will appear. Vocalists — Mrs. J. McGinn, Misses L. McKay, Elliott, Herson, Husband and Tate; Messrs. Carnahan and Burt; Piano soloist — Miss Fannie Sullivan, Organ soloist — Master A. Jordan.

The entertainment is under the auspices of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, and as the reserved seat tickets are only 25c, the members hope to see Massey Hall filled on that occasion.

E. B. A.

Davitt Branch, No. 11, Toronto — The regular meeting of this Branch was well attended by the members, and by the members of St. Helen's Circle No. 2. The following visitors were also present: D. A. Carey, Grand President, and A. McGinn and W. T. Murphy of Branch No. 12, for the purpose of welcoming the Rev. Father Cruise upon his first visit to the Branch and Circle as their Chaplain, in place of the late Very Rev. Dean Cassidy. The Rev. Father upon being introduced to the members, made a short address, and expressed himself as much pleased in meeting them, and congratulated them upon their large attendance, also upon having so respectable and comfortable a hall to meet in, and wished them every success.

CENTRALIZATION OF THE SICK FUND.

The question of the centralization of the sick fund was taken up, with the Grand President in the chair. He explained that the object of the circular sent out by the Executive Committee was in order to have the question fully discussed by the various branches: he refrained from giving his own views upon the question considering as Grand President it would not be prudent at present to do so. The members of Branch No. 11, and Circle No. 2, have on previous occasions unanimously expressed themselves in favour of centralization. But knowing that some visitors would be present that were well known to be in opposition, it was determined to again take up the question in order to give them an opportunity of stating their views, and they having done so, the hour being late the debate was adjourned until next meeting, but it was very evident that their arguments will have no weight with the members of Branch No. 11 and Circle No. 2.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH NO. 12.

Success and prosperity is still written on the banner of St. Patrick's Branch No. 12. Every meeting being well attended and every subject of interest being well discussed. At the last meeting three new members were initiated, and two applications for membership received. The circular from the Grand Branch Executive Committee was received which favored the centralization of the sick fund in the Grand Branch, and like all other features of interest to the Association this matter received a splendid and very able discussion, and so as to give every member an opportunity to express an opinion on the matter, the Branch went into committee of the whole, and by motion tied the orators down to ten minutes each; the debate was very spirited, and the question was viewed from all sides, the vast majority of the members being decidedly opposed to the change, and on the vote being taken the question was almost unanimously defeated. The question of a Euchre party was then discussed, and it was decided to hold one in the hall on next Wednesday evening. After a short time was spent in recreation the Branch closed one of their most successful meetings.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the last meeting of St. Patrick's Branch No. 12, the following resolution of Condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas the All-wise Providence in his infinite wisdom has removed by the hand of death the beloved child of our esteemed friend and Bro. W. K. Murphy.

Be it resolved that we the members of St. Patrick's Branch No. 12, E.B.A., tender to Bro. Murphy and his esteemed wife our sincere sympathy for the sad loss they have sustained by the death of their infant son, and we pray the all wise Providence will give them strength to bear their trial with Christian fortitude and resignation.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be spread on the minutes of this meeting, one sent to Bro. Murphy, and one sent to the G.S.T. for insertion in the official organs of the Association.

T. 1. NIGHTINGALE, Branch Cor.
W. LANE, S.T.

Birth.

At Malcombe, County of Leeds, on Thursday, 16th instant, the wife of John Donovan Esq., of a son.

A. O. H.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1, A.O.H., the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in the dispensation of His all wise Will to remove from our midst our esteemed Brother John Flynn, and whereas by his death Division No. 1, A.O.H., has lost a good and worthy member, and it being the desire of the Division to express its profound sorrow and to show respect to his memory, therefore be it

Resolved that while we bow with humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father we cannot refrain from expressing our heartfelt sorrow at the loss of one whose character was worthy the highest respect and esteem.

Resolved that we sympathize with his sorrowing wife, his mother and other members of the family in this their hour of sad affliction, and earnestly unite our prayers with theirs for the happy repose of his soul, and be it further

Resolved that out of respect to his memory our charter be draped for the period of thirty days, and copies of this resolution be forwarded to the relatives of our late Brother John Flynn, recorded on the minutes and published in the CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.

WM. RYAN, Rec. Sec.

League of the Cross.

At a meeting held recently, it was decided to hold a Grand Musical Vespers and Lecture in St. Joseph's Church, Leslie street, on Sunday, June 2nd, at 7 p.m., for the purpose of increasing the membership of the society. A large amount of good has been accomplished since the organization, 16 months ago, but the Rev. Chaplain, Father McEtee, together with the officers, not content with this, will continue to use every means to induce others to share in the benefits and unite in the good work.

Father McBrady has kindly consented to lecture and this fact in itself will, without doubt, be the means of filling the church to its utmost capacity. A number of first-class singers from the uptown churches have promised to assist. The Vespers will be under the leadership of Miss Murphy and the proceeds will be applied towards paying off the debt on the church.

Steamship Booking Office.

As the Season for European travel is near those wishing passages to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Paris, Rotterdam should apply as soon as possible. New York tickets. Secure your Excursion rates for Niagara Falls, Buffalo or Hamilton from Chas. E. Burns, 77 Yonge St. 3rd door above King St.

Wines and Liquors.

One of the most extensive dealers in the best brands of wines and liquors is Mr. Geo. J. Foy, whose place of business is at 47 Front street East, Toronto. Mr. Foy's establishment is decidedly the largest in the city, and is stocked with vintages of the foremost European houses. In his catalogue there is the celebrated Marsala Altar Wine, pronounced by Ecclesiastical authority as the purest now used in the Sacrifice of the Mass. We beg to ask the attention of the Rev. Clergy to this rare product of Italian growth, for which Mr. Foy is sole Agent here.

Wedding Bells.

Not long ago there seems to have been a wedding in doll-dom. The J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., for the small sum of twelve cents, in stamps, send a beautiful doll bride, with a most complete and fashionable trousseau. Every little girl wishes to know of this latest event in doll society, and wants to add to her doll family this latest and prettiest of paper dolls.

If we are to follow Christ, it must be in our common way of spending every day.

LECTURE

— BY —

Her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen,

— ON THE —

"Present Irish Literary Revival."

Programme of Irish Songs and Music under the direction of

Mr. F. H. Torrington, of Toronto College of Music.

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Ass'n,

— IN —

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THE undersigned will receive tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of forty years, issued by the Province of Ontario under authority of an act of the Provincial Parliament (47 Vict., cap. 31.)

The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer guaranteeing half yearly payments at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, of sums of \$100 or larger sums, on the 30th day of June and 31st day of December in each year for forty years from 30th day of June next, the half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next.

The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1895, and for which tenders are asked, is \$8,000 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$500 annually.

Tenders will be required, to state the capital sum which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portion as may be tendered for.

Tenders will be received up to the 12th day of July next. Notifications of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 15th July and payments from accepted tenderers will be required to be made within ten days thereafter.

Tenders for the whole amount offered if preferred, may be upon condition that the annuities be payable in Great Britain in sterling.

The highest of any tender not necessarily accepted unless otherwise satisfactory.

R. HARCOURT,
Provincial Treasurer.

Provincial Treasurer's office, Toronto, May 5th, 1895.

Note—Illustrations of calculation on interest basis: At the rate of 4 per cent per annum (or in strictness 2 per cent half-yearly) a present payment of \$4,957.25 would represent an annuity of \$100 for forty years, payable half-yearly, while the actual yearly payment for the forty years would be a fraction above 5 per cent of the principal sum.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for Works" will be received at this Department until noon on Saturday, the 1st of June, for the following works:

Residence of the Medical Superintendent, **Millsie Asylum**; Rubber Fire Hose and Reels for the Reformatory for Boys, **Fentonburgh**; and for the Heat and Dumb Institute, **Belleville**; Hot Water Apparatus for Superintendent's residence, **Millsie Asylum**; and for the Court Room at **Fort Arthur**, **Thunder Bay District**; one Steam Boiler for **Agricultural College, Guelph**; and two Steam Boilers for the **Central Prison, Toronto**; one Steam Pump in Basement of new **Parliament Buildings, Toronto**; and one Steam Pump at **Blackville Asylum**.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender procured at the Department. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the undersigned for five per cent, on the amount of each tender for each of the above works, will be required as a guarantee of bona fides. The cheques of the unsuccessful parties tendering will be returned when the contracts have been entered into for the several works. The bona fide signatures and business addresses of two parties as sureties must accompany each tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

WM. HARTY,
Department of Public Works, Commissioner.
Ontario, May 23rd, 1895.

LABOUCHERE.

T. P. O'Connor Discusses the
Modern Punchinollo.

A VERY COMPLICATED CHARACTER.

There are as many different pictures and estimates of Mr. Labouchere as of any living man. People are still entirely undecided as to which is the reality and which the fiction; and no assistance is to be got from the great humorist himself. At times you are startled in the deshabille of smoke-room conversation by some appalling revelation of Labby's cynical disregard of all things sacred and profane, and, above all things, of his own reputation. There is no doubt that some of these things have been said by Labby himself, but there has grown around his name a number of quite legendary and apocryphal sayings—as is the nature of things always in the case of well-known and much-quoted men. All the same a good deal comes from Labby's own wit. He cannot resist saying a good thing, whether at his own expense or that of others; and the world mainly consisting of dullards or Pharisees, he has been taken seriously in his wildest and most unguarded things; pious men have lifted their eyes to heaven; men who are not pious sigh that Labby has such small respect for the generally prevalent dullness and love of decorum which characterizes the race of politicians; and especially of Liberal politicians. The result of it all is that Labby lives in a nimbus of stories that tell against himself, that he constantly figures as a sayer of heartless things, and the doer of extraordinary things. To get at the real man is difficult amid all this cloud of stories and absurdities; and Labby has come to act the part he has been playing all his life so naturally as to defy the keenest observer to know when he is the real and when the legendary man.

And yet one must make the attempt. And the very first thing to do is to get rid of most of the preconceived ideas among the public as to the inner meaning of this mystery. First Labby is not a fribble, but a very serious man. He is, perhaps, a good deal more serious than he thinks himself. It is impossible else to account for his career. All kinds of men get the credit of being the most hard-worked members of the House of Commons, it is probable that Labby, after all, is the person who deserves the palm; for he is incessant in work. With most people Sunday is a day of rest; Labby nearly always spends half of it at his desk. He has a wondrous faculty and a wondrous power of sticking to it when once he gets to writing. He has beside him a huge bundle of stylographs in all shapes and forms—new and old, good and bad, dear and cheap. And you see the stylograph quietly moving along pages of the small note-books in which he writes; there is no sign of effort—there is no pause—a word is rarely changed, it all comes out as freely as if it were just the ink which flows from the pen itself. People sometimes attribute to Labby a great deal that he doesn't write. He tells with much amusement of being many times out by ladies and gentlemen for some atrocity which he has never seen or heard of, although it had appeared in his own columns. But there is this justification for the legend, that there are few editors who contribute so persistently and so lengthily to the columns of their own newspapers as Mr. Labouchere.

Even when he is on vacation, whether it be in the depressing atmosphere of Carlsbad or under the sunny sky of the Italian lakes, while other men give themselves unresisting up to the absolute laziness of vacation, Labby is still busy; and he is never satisfied till he

has told the world his impression of the cure he is taking, of the air he is breathing, or of the latest movements in the political world he has left behind him at home. One can understand this amount of hard work in a journalist who has to write for bread, or who is paid by the line; Mr. Labouchere is notoriously a man of very great wealth; he could buy all the talent of London for his journal if necessary; and he must, therefore, work for the pure delight of the thing. I have a theory that no man who works hard can be really without seriousness as the foundation of his character.

If you follow the editor from his office to the House of Commons, you find the same thing. It is true that there is lacking there that tenacity which he shows over his desk; but the explanation is not that Labby's attention is not just as concentrated and sleepless in the one case as in the other; it is all due to a fact that Labby is the slave of one tyrant habit; he cannot live without smoking. At his desk he need never let a cigarette go out; if the easy manners which once are said to have prevailed in the Dutch Legislature were to be allowed in the House of Commons, and Labby could there smoke his cigarette, it is possible that he would never leave his seat. As it is, a half an hour is just enough to exhaust his power of remaining in his place. Whatever the subject, however entrancing the orator, however big with fate the crisis, Labby slowly gets up, saunters out of the House with that quiet, indolent walk of his, and makes his way to the smoke room. A few years ago he added to all these labors an immense quantity of platform speaking. Few weeks passed away which did not see him on some platform up and down the country. He would go incredible distances—pass from Glasgow to Brighton, and from Brighton to Hull within a few days, and do all this with a disregard for any of the precautions or comforts of a traveller, which were enough to make any cheek

blanch. For this Epicurean of popular imagination is more devoid, less conscious or tolerant of any sense of comfort than any human being in the House of Commons. It is hard for men who have been brought up in all the struggles and self-denials or poverty to understand the indifference of those who have always been able to enjoy all the luxuries of wealth.

Labby is certainly a remarkable example of the absolute indifference to such things which wealth brings. He never touches wine except for six weeks every year. For some reason unintelligible to every body—perhaps even to himself—he falls in with the habits of the Italians when he is dwelling on their lakes so far as to take wine twice daily; except for this curious episodic interim, wine never passes his lips. He claims no merit for this; Labby is much more anxious to claim discredit for himself than merit, he declares he does not drink wine simply because he doesn't like its taste. He is equally indifferent to what he eats. One of the stories which he really does tell about himself is this. Coming home one evening to his house at Twickenham, he found that his cook had, after the not unknown fashion of her tribe, first got drunk and then disappeared, and that there was nothing to eat in the house. Labby treated a situation which appeared tragic to the alarmed and shocked butler, with calm philosophy, asked whether there was a ham and beef shop in that neighborhood, and finding there was, sent for his meal, and enjoyed it so hugely that he spoke of seriously contemplating doing away with the bother of keeping house altogether, and always sending to the ham and beef shop for its excellent food. Another story he tells is characteristic of the same trait. In the days of his wild platform oratory, he found himself



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in the house of an earnest, but somewhat humble Radical in a country village. The host was most anxious to do honor to his distinguished guest, and did so by presenting Labby with sandwiches made of ham and sponge cake. Labby's politeness and Labby's indifference proved equal oven to that, and he munched the extraordinary combination with every appearance of appetite and enjoyment. Finally, when going to political meetings in the poorer quarters of London, he has often been delighted to escape from a carriage or even a cab into a penny tramcar.

Here, then, you have an extraordinary nature—devoid apparently of any of the common weaknesses of the flesh; averse to amusement, hostile to self-indulgence, and entirely independent of all things which help to make most people happy. It is an inevitable conclusion from these facts that this is a nature purely, supremely, and exclusively intellectual. And this brings me to the third fact about Labby which the world does not yet wholly understand; and this is the extraordinary robustness of his intelligence. It is not a profound intelligence, it is not a broad one, but it is wonderfully strong and clear and sure. Labby has become so much of a flaneur and a humorist in the public estimation, that this side of his character is entirely ignored. And yet there are few men in the House of Commons who bring to a policy or to a scheme an intelligence so deadly sure in its critical appreciation. Mr. Chamberlain is a great speaker and Labby is not; but as between the two men, and their power of producing an intelligible policy or scheme, there is not the smallest doubt as to which has the clearer and truer intellect. While the shore is strewn with the wrecks of Mr. Chamberlain's schemes on all and every kind of subject, no plan has ever yet emanated from that frigid and strong brain of Labby which has not stood the test of criticism.

AN INDIVIDUALIST RADICAL.

Has Labby a heart? Ah! here one comes to a matter more debatable. This very supremacy of his intelligence makes it difficult to believe that he can have great warmth of heart. Affection nearly always requires a little blindness, and there is no blindness in the intellect of Labby. Hard sense is his characteristic, and it rules his feelings probably as much as his convictions. For this reason there is not to be found in his philosophy any sympathy or even profession of sympathy with the Socialistic leaning of some members of the Liberal party. He remains a staunch clear-headed, somewhat unsympathetic Radical of the old school. But if he be without intense affections, why is it that he works so hard for the popular cause? Is he insincere, or ambitious, greedy of power, of revenge or of distraction? No; there is a far more credible explanation of his zeal and tireless energy as a Radical. That indifference to all comfort and to all show

is the secret factor that lies at the root of his Radicalism. He is a plain man, of ascetically simple habits and tastes, and snobbery to him is the abomination of desolation. Titles, courts, display—all these things he honestly, cordially, persistently loathes; and therefore, when he is making war upon them, he is acting in obedience to the primordial instincts of his innermost nature. No; there is no affectation about Labby's Radicalism; it is underneath all its laughter and mockery a very grim thing; a very stern creed.

A HATER OF SHAMS.

And Labby has a great and honest hatred of wrongs—and of shams. He has hunted down more villains and cheats than any man of his time; indeed, he has done more in this respect than any Home Ministers, or, perhaps, than any half dozen Home Ministers. It is part of the strength of his nature that he should pursue those miserable outcasts and adventurers fighting for dishonest bread in perchance the abyssal depth of poverty and despair—it is characteristic of the strength of his nature that he should pursue them so relentlessly. If he has been appointed to the Home Secretaryship, it is probable that during his years of office there would have been an almost complete exodus from our shores of the hosts—especially of religious impostors—who prey on the credulity and charity of man kind.

It is part of this same hardness and strength which are the basis of Labby's curious and contradictory personality that he rarely forgives; that he is a very bitter and a very formidable enemy. But here again there comes another contradiction. When once he has had his sling, the desire for vengeance gradually disappears; and he is now and then to be seen talking in the friendliest way to men with whom he has had fierce feuds in the past. There is no lasting gall in his nature which, with all its powers of ferocious combat, is facile, easy-going, and forgiving.

Finally, Labby is a bitter, sleepless foe to cruelty to women and children. The world knows some of the abuses he has corrected, but there are scores of others which have never come before the public eye, where children and women have been rescued from torture, vice and from deception. You would see the explanation of this side of his character; and perchance would be a little moved if you could see Labby patiently rowing a boat on the Thames at Twickenham and chatting easily and considerately with the little girl whose piercing black eyes and expression and even speech are such a startling reproduction of his own; and whose tiny face bears a positively weird resemblance to that of the portrait of Labby's handsome mother, which hangs in the drawing-room. The softest spot in Labby's heart—the most effective inspiration of most of his war on wrong and cruelty—is his frank, simple, pathetic affection for his little daughter.

LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

[In the letter published last week under this head the printer inadvertently gave "Daclau" as the author of Byron's immortal lines on the Gladiator.]

LETTER XLII.

HAMILTON, May, 18—.

MY DEAR BOY—This is my last letter from Bermuda, as we expect to leave for home next week; so I shall take this opportunity of offering you a little wholesome advice, which, I trust, if not very sweet (as wholesome things seldom are), you will not find it bitter, and it may prove some benefit to your inexperience.

"Ah! who can say, however fair his view,
Through what sad scenes his pain may lie.
Let careless youths their seeming joys pursue,
Soon will they learn to scan with thoughtful eye
The illusive past and dark futurity."

All, when life is new, commence with feelings warm and prospects high, but time strips our illusions of their hue. You are yet within the boundary line of youth, and have been up to this time a gay and happy dweller in that cloud-land of rosy mist and shapeless castles, where the future shines before the eyes of dreaming youth, vague, glorious and golden, like a landscape by Turner. You have yet to learn "the arduous strife, the eternal laws, to which the triumph of all good is given, high sacrifice and labour without cause."

If when the fallow years are spent the soil is richer, if haply strength of mind grows out of vague aspirations, and purpose out of hopes, then a rich harvest crowns all.

A youthful life is compared to a rarer by Tom Moore in his fanciful style.

"Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river thy current runs;
Sheltered safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our youth's sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flowery shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide;
All its path is fairy ground."

But fair river the day will come,
When wooed by whispering groves in vain,
Thou' leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main;
And thou sweet youth too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unsheltered sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mixed, alas!
All hope of peace is lost for thee."

He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived but lost. Horace tells us: "Govern your passions, or otherwise they will govern you." But I say to you,

"Always keep that generous boldness to defend,
An innocent, or absent friend."

"A task to all men God giveth,
Be the work well done or ill;
And to every soul that liveth,
A place that no one else can fill."

A noted author of moral essays tells us: "If you wish success in life make Perseverance your bosom friend, Experience your wise counsellor, Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian angel."—ADDISON.

I will add. Let Wisdom, *Divine Wisdom*, be your guiding star. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth before the time of affliction come." *Al maj' rem Prigloriam* is the Christian's motto.

Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity except loving God and serving Him alone. This is the highest wisdom. Often remember the prophecy. The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor is the ear satisfied with hearing—Eccles.

In the world we have truly but one important interest—that of our salvation, that is, everything should be made subservient and ancillary to that great interest; for, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

The mind is a field in which so sure as a man sows not wheat, so sure

the devil will sow tares. As with space Nature abhors a vacuum in minds.

"Sow with a generous hand,
Pause not for toil or pain;
Weary not through the heat of Summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain,
But wait till the Autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain."

Sow, and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears."

An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise, and he works accordingly with the strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storeroom and feels that its gates must be stormed or remain for ever shut against him.—(Carlyle.)

But yet—
"Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Pope says:
"Worth makes the man the want of the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Industry is the true philosopher's stone which turns all metals to gold. Education and industry combined will render one almost impregnable to the assaults of fortune in the Battle of Life. There must be a head to contrive, a heart to resolve, and a hand to execute. Trusting that you will give these remarks a "place on the table of thy memory," and thus escape

"Those ills the scholar's life assail;
Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail."

"A sacred burden is this life ye bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.
On to the world's great altar stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

There are many rainbows in your sky; mine have vanished.

"Time has laid his hand
Upon my heart, gently not smiting it,
But as a harper lays his open palm
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

"Yet we know whatever good or ill betides
The rolling wheel of Fate, 'tis God who guides."

Let us leave moralizing and turn to a brighter subject. Read this song, if not effective, it is, at least, descriptive:

BERMUDIEN SONG.

If you delight in sylvan ease,
In orange groves and plain trees,
With the murmur of the ocean
And the music of the spheres,
And the singing of wild birds,
Sounding sweetly in your ears,

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

In coral caves you hear the sound
Of waters sweet on pebble ground,
Where gentle winds and waters near
Make music for the lonely ear;
Come to my home, which stands beside
A cave where briny wavelets glide.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

If you delight in Summer's heat,
In rose and lilies' merriment,
All glorified with golden gleams,
That steep the soul in heavenly dreams,
Where Spring her earliest visit pays,
And Summer's lingering bloom delays.

Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A world of hedges, rocks and flowers,
Of bushes green and blossoming bowers,
Of sparkling waves and sunlit skies,
From joys like these how can I roam
And leave my sea-girt island home.

With heartfelt friendship's dearest ties;
Come to my home where rustic ways
Bring tranquil nights and pleasant days.

A family of tourists have been staying at the hotel. The young ladies talk incessantly of Paris. There is a great contrast between these people and our American friends. We hear continually the topic of their conversation thus:

Mon pere
And ma mere
And mon frere
And ma sœur
All of us out
Have been over the sea,
As far as Parcu
On a tour.

Next week we expect to be at home;
"Homo, sweet homo. There's no place
like home."

HOME.

Oh! what is home? that sweet companionship

Of life the better part;
The happy smile of welcome on the lip
Unspringing from the heart.

It is the eager clasp of kindly hands,
The long remembered tone,
The ready sympathy which understands
All feeling by its own.

The rosy cheek of little children pressed
To ours in loving glee;
The presence of our dearest, and our best,
No matter where we be.

"Farewell to Bermuda, and long may the bloom

Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume,
For ne'er did the wave in its element steep
An island of lovelier charms.
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
Like Hobe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of its bowers is light to the eye
And their melody balm to the ear,
But the fiery orb of day is too near,
And the snow spirit never comes here.
Farewell, dear Bermuda.
I'll oft think of these times
And remember with pleasure
Thy valleys of limes."

"Isles of beauty—fare thee well."

Adieu, au revoir. PLACIDIA.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

HOW A GRENVILLE CO. LADY WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH.

A Severe Cold Brought on Illness Which Confined Her to Bed for Three Months and Brought Her Almost to the Verge of the Grave

From Brockville Ont. Recorder

In and around Merrickville there is no medicine so popular as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This condition of things is hardly to be wondered at when it is known that there are herescores of people who owe the excellent health they enjoy to this great life-saving medicine. Mrs. R. M. Easton, a well known and estimable resident of the village, is among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Recently this lady related her experience to your correspondent as follows:—"In the fall of 1893 I contracted a severe cold which resulted in congestion of the lungs. This threw me into bed, where I lay for over three months, all the while suffering a great deal, and apparently constantly growing weaker. I expectorated a great deal of blood, and at one time it was thought that nothing could save my life. But again I rallied and lay for a long time between life and death. I had suffered for some time before being taken down with a severe pain in my head and left side, and sharp, twinging pains between my shoulders. The pain in my side and head continued to trouble me all through my illness. The doctor gave up all hopes and my friends made up their minds that I could not live. It was at this juncture that a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I sent and procured a couple of boxes. I began their use and soon felt an improvement in my condition, and by the time the two boxes were gone I could sit up in bed and take considerable nourishment. I gladly continued the use of Pink Pills and soon found the pain in my left side and head had gone and I began to feel like a new person. By the time I had taken six boxes I was able to be up and around the house and could do some light work. I still continued using Pink Pills and constantly gained in strength until I was soon as strong as ever I had been in my life. Last fall I caught cold and the pains to which I had referred returned in a slight degree, but I had now found a cure for them and taking a couple more boxes of pills I was as well as ever. I never had better health than at present and feel such confidence in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I always keep a box in the house, and I confidently believe that but for them I would have been in the grave to-day and my little ones motherless. I cannot say too much in their praise, and hope my experience may be the means of inducing some other sufferer to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills give new life and richness to the blood and rebuild shattered nerves, thus driving out diseases due to either of these two causes, and this means that they effect a cure in a large percentage of the troubles which afflict mankind. Some unscrupulous dealers impose on the public imitations of this great medicine. The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the hundred or ounce, or in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No matter what the color of any pill offered in any other shape, it is bogus. These pills cure when other medicines fail.

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Fleischmann's Yeast half a cake
Sugar two pounds
Lukewarm water two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

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THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1895.

Calendar for the Week.

May 31—St. Angela de Merici, V. F.
June 1—Vigil St. Conrad, M.
2—Pentecost.
3—St. Clotilda, Queen.
4—St. Francis Caracciolo.
5—St. Boniface, B. M.
5—St. Norbert, Bp. F.

Official.

To the Reverend Clergy of the Arch-
diocese of Toronto:

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHERS—We by these presents call your attention to an authorized translation of a 'Brief' recently issued by our Holy Father, on the subject of devotion to the Holy Ghost. We request of you to read this Brief to your people on the Feast of Pentecost, and to carry out its provisions as far as the time will permit.

We regret sincerely that we received this document only on Saturday last. Had it reached us at an earlier date we should have had it issued in time to fulfil the conditions of the novena which it prescribes.

I beg leave to remain, Reverend and Dear Fathers.

Yours devotedly,

JOHN WALSH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 30th
May, 1895.

Fresh Fields.

It is a question whether there has ever been a counterpart of the agricultural history of Ontario. The land of the Province will bear comparison with that of any other country in the world, yet in less than half a century since it was first extensively occupied it is found insufficient to maintain the natural increase of population.

The attention of political students is naturally directed at first to the condition of cities, the product of the division of labor. Their abnormal growth within the past quarter century has been the occasion of much investigation. Strangely enough the inquiry has elicited the fact that many European cities have grown even more rapidly than those in Canada and the United States.

To account for the extraordinary development of the cities recourse must be had to the story of the small towns and the farming districts. Investigation discloses the fact that where fifty years ago an aggregation of fifty families were grouped within a given space, to-day very few of those families will be found represented at all, and they who remain of the original generation almost equal in numbers their home-staying descendants

of the second and third generations. If the original settlers have died, in the vast majority of cases, strangers will be found on the homestead. These facts apply to all classes of the population; they apply to the Irish Catholic families, concerning whom we are here more particularly interested.

In the period between 1840 and 1850 a farming settlement large enough to support a small church, would be backed in a neighboring town or village by a Catholic community of perhaps equal numbers. In ten years a change could have been observed. Male members of the family who had grown up had been carried to the cities, to the Western States, to the mining settlements. Many of these are now returning on visits for perhaps the first time. In another ten years the condition became accentuated. So it has gone on. In many towns the Catholic population is not greater than it was forty years ago. In many of the rural settlements, townships settled almost exclusively by Irish Catholics, the names of the settlers have perished from the place.

Still, it is perhaps safe to say that not more than a good beginning has been made in the matter of developing Ontario farm lands. Families are living in moderate comfort upon farms that in the older countries would be considered princely domains. What the capabilities of the soil are may be inferred from the fact that small farms of forty or fifty acres are made to return their owners a remuneration as great as that attained by others operating tracts of land of four or five times the extent. Surely we are not yet to assume that the point has been reached when the land will no longer support increase of population.

Where are we to look for the reasons for these premature migrations? The answer would probably extend to questions of a nature beyond our province of discussion. The attractions of city life have perhaps much to do with it. Perhaps too, we have yieldingly consented to a system of education for the most part superficial, and created a restless feeling in the mind of those in whom a sense of patience, of the sanctity of labor, of Christian fortitude would mean a truer patriotism than that engendered by a brownstone post office in a town whose streets are grass grown or by multitudinous promises of railroads and public works. Perhaps after all it is in the avidity with which these promises are seized that we may see the solution of the difficulty. The desire for the greatest amount of material comfort is common to all men. If that comfort cannot be had on the farm the farmer will move to the city. If it could be had equally on the farm, the citizen would perhaps move out into the freshness of nature.

Whatever be the cause, the evil is there. It is possible there are many whose farms are inadequate; it is possible there are many in the towns and cities who would gladly acquire the primitive independence of the farmer's condition. For these there is yet place. In Muskoka, in Nipissing, in Algoma, sections of rich land are opening up which may be availed of at little cost. Catholics have nothing

to fear for the future in these places. In the forties their fathers came first and waited for the priest, or as was too often the case, went to other lands rather than remain without one. In Muskoka and Nipissing the priest is already at hand selecting locations and preparing the way for those who may come. There is an opportunity to make this northern portion of the province distinctively Catholic. It is to be hoped there is enough of the agricultural temperament left in the Canadian Irish race to ensure such a consummation.

The Protection of Society.

Sensationalism has entered into every walk of life. The administration of justice seems even to be infected with it. In the recent criminal trial in this city there was a disposition to regard the whole affair as a simple contest of skill, one reputable morning paper going so far as to express regret that a verdict of acquittal was not rendered because a majority of the jurors had considered the crown officers foiled in their attempt to fasten guilt upon the prisoners.

Guilt of this kind, if guilt there be, is too serious a matter to be allowed to go unpunished, and the juror who was convinced of that guilt and would not yield his opinion deserves to be held up to admiration and respect for having done his duty under difficult circumstances.

Life insurance has become during the past twenty five years a part of the domestic life of every careful man, and as time advances will become more so. To those therefore who seek to make profit by means of insuring and killing, and to those who would if they dared do so, it must be made plain, as Mr. Osler said to the Hyams jury, that the business is not profitable.

Too much cannot be said of the wisdom of the Attorney General in retaining Mr. B. B. Osler as Crown counsel. The detection and proof of crime is a difficult matter, and the safety of the community demands that it should be in the best hands possible. So far as Mr. Osler's share tends in that direction, the end is attained. He is terrible to the guilty because of the extreme rigor of his attention to absolute truth. His example in this respect might be copied with benefit by some other lawyers, whose unreasoning abuse of witnesses and detectives was carried to an extent that has evoked very proper protests.

The True Witness.

The Montreal True Witness, the excellent Catholic paper which represents the views of the Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec, has made an alteration in its form of publication, which consists now of eight large pages instead of sixteen smaller ones as heretofore. No doubt this is an indication of increased enterprise, a faculty before now evidenced by the Witness in its special St. Patrick's Day number, which was perhaps the most creditable production yet issued by a Catholic journal in Canada, not even excepting the initial Christmas number of the Register.

Cuba.

The American barometer is very susceptible to the winds that blow from Cuba. There need only be the first symptoms of a rebellion, no matter what its magnitude, and the United States press takes up the revolutionary cause in Great gust to. So much is this the case that there exists a suspicion that United States influences are frequently at work where these outbreaks occur.

Cuba is the largest of the islands of the West Indies and was the second at which Columbus called on his first trip. Father Las Casas was on the island from 1528 to 1542, and his beneficent influence did much for the well being of the people. He obtained from the King of Spain the promise that slavery should not be introduced into the island.

From 1607 until 1762 the condition is described as having been one of abject lethargy. The Spaniards did not understand their opportunity or they were not sufficiently active in promoting it, until the English came along in 1762 and captured the principal city, Havana, which they held until it was restored by treaty to Spain in 1763. In that short space however the commercial nation had recognized the possibilities of the island and had imported slaves. From that time until the beginning of this century there was marked improvement in the economic conditions.

As the impending struggle between the slave holders of the Southern States and the abolitionists of the North grew yearly more near to its culmination, the slave interests evinced a desire to bring Cuba into the United States. What purpose they intended it should serve may now be considered as problematical. The fact remains that one offer of one million dollars was made to the King of Spain, and in 1854 another offer of thirty millions, both of which were declined.

All the offices are in the hands of Spaniards. The other classes are held in contempt. Slavery, although retrograding, is not yet extinct. The total population is about one and three quarter millions, a very small portion of what the island is capable of sustaining under energetic, acceptable administration. As it is the selfish principle is dominant in the governing circles, and revolutions are frequent. They are likewise expensive, for where once Spain had a net revenue of six millions yearly, revolutions have cut that off and left a large debt in its place.

Rev. James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis, the Passionist) is soon to preach a mission at Kenyon, O., the place where stands the Protestant Episcopalian seminary of which he was the president some thirty years ago, before he became a Catholic. Dr. Stone's return to the scenes of his former labors in another faith will doubtless recall many memories to him, as well as to those who knew him when he was the head of Kenyon college. The learned and eloquent Passionist appears to be in great demand as a missionary, and he is called to all parts of the country, so eager are pastors to secure his efficient services in behalf of their flocks.

Infallibility and Intolerance.

Under the above caption, the Christian Guardian maintain with a great flourish, as though announcing something new to most people—"that infallibility is the parent of intolerance." It is very evident that a teacher in mathematics who proposes an axiom, or who demonstrates the solution of a problem, will not tolerate an unreasonable or foolish opinion contradictory of evident truth. He would be intolerant of the saying "that two and two make five," or that "the shortest distance from one point to another is not the straight line." But would the teacher's intolerance or just indignation be a reason for hiding the truth, or not proclaiming it, or would those who in spite of demonstration, still hold to the error, be justified in resisting competent authority and denying the teacher's, or rather the axiom's infallibility? To such absurd conclusion must our contemporary have reached when it declares that "whenever infallibility is claimed, intolerance is the natural consequence," and that "the knowledge of truth depends upon no office or position." Had the Guardian made the statement that the knowledge of truth depends upon no man individually, we might agree with the writer, but very different is the assertion that "the knowledge of truth depends upon no office or position." The best men are fallible and may be deceived. But the office or position they occupy, if established by God, and guaranteed against all possibility of error, will render them capable not only of imparting a knowledge of truth, but of teaching all truth necessary to salvation, and of teaching such truth infallibly. It was the commission given to the prophets and apostles, not their personal characters, that secured for them a hearing from an unbelieving world.

If we had nothing but the piety and self-sacrifice and other eminent virtues of the sacred writers and evangelists on which to rely, honest and righteous as they were, we have no sufficient reason for believing what they wrote or said to be the Word of God. Their personal characters may be important when the question turns on their credibility as witnesses to the facts they record, but does not enter into the account when the question is on their authority as teachers of revealed truth. As Brownson puts it, "No man's personal character is a sufficient warrant for believing that anything he asserts to be a doctrine of revelation is really and truly a doctrine of revelation." If it were, we should be obliged to believe whatever any man, whose character is, so far as we know, honest and irreproachable, who chooses the teach us the word of God. So that it is quite wrong to assert that "the knowledge of truth depends upon no office or position."

It was the office to which God raised Balaam and Jonas that made them prophets and exponents of the saving truths they were commissioned to announce. Both men were unreliable as men, but in their official capacity they were glorious prophets and saviours of God's people.

The Twelve Apostles received the commission to teach infallibly "all

they had heard" and to baptize the nations. The command given them to teach, implied the command given to the nations to allow themselves to be taught. All peoples and individuals were commanded to hear and be instructed. "They who hear you hear Me, they who contemn you contemn Me." In their office or position they taught infallibly. Their successors (or the Church) teach infallibly to-day, and shall so teach to the end of time. "Behold I am with you all days." God's Church was not established for one generation of men, but for all the children of Adam as long as the world endures.

In spite of the knowledge of this Heavenly commission, and in face of the most evident and clearly explicit passages of Holy Scripture, and in opposition to all the most important facts and events of history in proof, the Christian Guardian has the audacity to say "there is no evidence whatever of such infallibility as is claimed for the Popes."

The Popes, or successors of Peter (for whom it was prayed "that his faith should never fail"), are intolerant of error, as the teacher of mathematics is intolerant. In spirituals he alone is justified in being intolerant; for he alone received the commission: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Protestants who claim themselves and their ministers to be fallible and just, as likely to err and teach error as not, on principle give up all claim to intolerance. But why is it that in practice they are so intolerant; that they have no faith in Catholics; that they keep them out of office; calumniate them, misrepresent them, believe in all the abominable lies of Mrs. M. L. Shepherd and others? But there is no consistency in Protestantism. We give it up.

Two Gatherings.

All who have an interest in the literature of Ireland, and all who have acquired that admiration of her Excellency the Countess of Aberdeen which the people of Ireland delight to manifest would do well to be present at the lecture in the Massey Music Hall on the evening of Friday the 31st inst. The subject is one which should have a charm for everyone; the price is so low as to be within the means of all; the young ladies of the Association are doing a valuable work and deserve well of the community; and the distinguished lecturer deserves a continued tenancy of the warm spot in the affections of Irish Catholics and Irish Canadians that has been hers for a number of years.

Within a few weeks it is anticipated that we shall be favored by the presence of some American prelates of the highest distinction. The officials of the pan-American Congress promise that Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Bishop Keane of Washington University and Bishop Watterson of Columbus will be in the city. If such should prove to be the case, Toronto Catholics have in store for them the greatest intellectual treat in many years.

The Amnesty Movement.

Those who have been striving to impress upon the British Government the advisability of releasing the Irish political prisoners have received a welcome addition of strength by the publication of the following letter from Archbishop Walsh of Dublin, which was read at a recent monster meeting:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter, I have only to repeat what I wrote to the Secretaries of your Association, now nearly three years ago, that in my opinion, "the time has long since come for the granting of an amnesty to those who are in prison for political offences."

I am aware that it is contended by those who are opposed to the Amnesty movement, that the prisoners whose release is called for by your Association are undergoing imprisonment for crimes that cannot be regarded as merely political, and that therefore they have no claim to be annested on political grounds. As to this, I would once more suggest, as I suggested in my former letter, that your Association should take the most effective means of putting the public fully in possession of the true state of the case.

Your demand implies no sympathy with crime. Your case, as I understand it, is that men whose offences bore a political tinge were sentenced to terms of imprisonment notably longer than were imposed in the case of others whose offence in the eye of the law was no less grave, but who, nevertheless, being in no sense Irish political offenders were less rigorously dealt with. In those other cases the terms of imprisonment imposed have, I believe, long since expired. You therefore hold, and so far as I can form a judgment on the case, you seem to me rightly to hold, that the present imprisonment of those for whom you claim an amnesty is an imprisonment which they are undergoing simply in consequence of the political aspect of their case.

A claim for amnesty, made in such circumstances as these, seems to me so obviously equitable that I cannot conceive on what grounds the rejection of it can be justified. Once more I would urge my view as to the importance of getting the salient facts of the case well into the public mind. I can assure you that they are not at all so generally known as those who are closely engaged in the working of the Amnesty movement may suppose them to be. The more widely you make the facts known, the wider will be the range of sympathy your movement will command. But work of this kind cannot be done for nothing. I therefore enclose a cheque for £5, in aid of your expenses.

Personals.

Edison's fondness for electric science is only surpassed by his admiration of children, and he never wearies of showing them through his works and mystifying them with his experiments.

Miss Oims Loftus (Mrs. Justin Huntly McCarthy) visited the House of Commons the other evening and was shown over the building by her father-in-law, the leader of the Irish party. A pleasant family dinner-party took place subsequently in the dining-room of the House.

Vicar-General Farley of the New York archdiocese, whose silver jubilee is soon to be celebrated, is a priest whose reputation is by no means limited to the city and bishopric of New York, and there are few American priests more widely or favorably known than he. As Secretary to Cardinal McCloskey, Monsignor Farley distinguished himself not less for his prudence than for his ability, and he is grown in public esteem since his promotion to the more responsible positions which he now fills. There is said to be no other priest in New York who is so popular as he with his fellow-clergymen of all ranks; and the belief is very common that he will one day wear the purple, if not as coadjutor to Archbishop Corrigan, as the ordinary of some diocese in the New York province.

To a Little One.

The way is long for thee, dear one,
But 'tis the same way I have trod;
I cannot say: "This evil chun,
Or take this way that leads to God."
Find thou the way with thy frail feet,
Ever as I have found it, sweet!

I cannot say: "Beware the thorn!"
Because above it climbs the rose;
Nor whisper: "Night will follow morn,"
For stars will shine at daylight's close.
Find thou the light and darkness fleet,
Even as I have found them, sweet!

And yet, for only thy dear sake,
The tenderest prayer that thrills my breast

Is that the kind, good God shall make
A world of roses for thy rest!
But thou must find with my dear feet,
The thorn or rose—as I have, sweet!

—FRANK L. STANTON

Blossom-Time.

Oh! the sweet world of the blossoms,
When the blithe winds to and fro
Rock the softly tinted cradles
Where the fruited orchards grow,
All the breezes wafting perfume
O'er wide fields of drifting snow.

Snow of summer and of flowers,
Not the flakes of feathery chill
Once that filled the sleeping hollows,
Rounded out each watching hill;
Snow of summer and of flowers,
Acres of it, where you will.

Hidden deep among the petals,
Even from eyes that love her best,
Many a patient little mother
Broods beneath her beating breast
Wings and songs that wait their rapture
When they flutter from the nest.

Oh! the white world of the blossoms,
Where the sweet winds to and fro
Softly, softly rock the cradles
Swinging high and swinging low,
Cradles of the fruited orchards
In the blossoms' tinted snow.

—Harper's Bazaar.

Possibilities.

By RICHARD KLIPING.

Ay, lay him 'neath the Simla pine—
A fortnight, fully, to be missed—
Behold! we lose our fourth at whist,
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men
Have bought his ponies, guns and traps;
His fortune is the great perhaps,
And that cool rest house down the glen.

Whence we shall hear, as spirits may,
Our mundaue revel on the height,
Shall watch each flashing rickshaw light
Sweep on to dinners, dance and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball
With lighted room and braying band,
And he shall hear and understand
Dream faces better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapors flee
Across Sanjaolie after rain,
His soul may climb the hill again
To each old field of victory.

Unseen, whom women held so dear,
The strong man's yearning to his kind
Shall shake, at most, the window blind
Or dull a while the cadroom's cheer.

Yet may he meet with many a friend—
Strewed shadows, lingering long unseen.
Among us, when God save the Queen
Shows even extras have an end.

And when we leave the heated room,
And when at four the lights expire,
The crew shall gather round the fire
And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talk, and they, ere death—
Then wanly dance in ghostly wise
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
And vanish at the morning's breath.

One of the most weary things in life is the sense of an obligation you can never repay.

Remember there is but one man in the world with whom you are to have perpetual contention, and be always trying to exceed him, and that is yourself.

The apples of sin are all poisoned at the core, and every unlawful pleasure we pursue is transformed at last into a hound that turns and rends us.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
For though they gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human.

—Robert Burns.

We may as well think to see without eyes, or to live without breath, as to live in the spirit of religion without the spirit of humility. All the world preaches to an unattentive mind and that if you have but ears to hear, almost everything you meet teaches you some lesson of wisdom.

AT TEAGUE POTEET'S.

A Sketch of the Hog Mountain Range.

BY JOEL OHANPLER HARRIS.

Cohen certainly was a droll fellow. He stood in the road until the revenue men had disappeared. Then he unbuckled the straps of his pack, dropped it upon the ground, and sat down upon a boulder. With his head between his hands, he appeared to be lost in thought, but he was only listening. He remained listening until after the sounds of the horse's feet had died away.

Then he carried his precious pack a little distance from the roadside, covered it with leaves, listened a moment to be sure that the deputies were not returning and then proceeded to a little ravine in the side of the mountain where the Moonshiners lay. He had been waiting nearly two days where the revenue men found him, and his story of the capture of Teague Poteet was concocted for the purpose of sending the posse back down the mountain the way they came. If they had gone on a mile further they would have discovered what would have led to a bloody encounter, if not to the capture of the leaders.

The deputies rode down the mountain in the best of spirits. They had accomplished more than any other posse; they had frightened the Moonshiners of Hog Mountain to their hiding places, and not a deputy had been killed, or even wounded. The clatter they made as they journeyed along attracted the attention of Abe Bonner, a boy about fifteen, who happened to be squirrel-hunting, and he stepped into the road to get a good view of them. He was well grown for his age, and his single-barreled shot gun looked like a rifle. The revenue men balked at once. They suspected an ambush. Experience had taught them that the Moonshiners would fight when the necessity arose, and they held a council of war. The great gawky boy, with the curiosity of youth and ignorance combined, stood in the road and watched them. When they proceeded toward him in a compact body, he passed on across the road. Hearing a command to halt, he broke in to a run, and endeavored to make his way across a small clearing that bordered the road. Several of the deputies fired their guns in the air but one, more reckless than the rest, aimed directly at the fugitive, and Abe Bonner fell, shot through and through.

Viewed in its relations to all the unfortunate events that have marked the efforts of the Government officials to deal with the violators of the revenue laws from a political point of view, the shooting of this ignorant boy was insignificant enough. But it was important to Hog Mountain. For a moment the deputy-marshals were stunned and horrified at the result of their thoughtlessness. Then they dismounted and bore the boy to the roadside again and placed him under the shade of a tree. His blood oozed upon the leaves, and his pallor, shrunken face told a pitiful tale of terror, pain, and death.

The Deputy-marshals mounted their horses and rode steadily and swiftly down the mountain, and by nightfall they were far away. But there was no use of any special haste. The winds that stirred the trees carry no messages. The crows flying over, though they made a great outcry, could tell no tales. Once the boy raised his hand and cried "Nanny!" but there was no one to hear him. And though ten thousand ears should listen, the keener could hear him no more. He became a part of the silence—the awful, mysterious silence—that sits upon the hills and threads the mountains.

This incident in the tumultuous experience of Hog Mountain—the killing of Abe Bonner was merely an incident—had a decisive effect upon the movements of ex-Deputy Woodward. When Jake Cohen succeeded in turning the revenue officials back, the mountaineers made themselves easy for the day and night, and next morning prepared to go to their homes. Some of them lived on one side of Hog Mountain, and some on the other. They called themselves neighbours, and yet they lived miles apart, and it so happened that, with few exceptions, each went in a different direction. Teague Poteet gave the signal—

"Come, Cap," he said to Woodward, "yess be a traipsin'. Puss'll be a-puttin' on biskits for supper before we get that if we don't push on. No good to yourself, boys, an' don't raise no fracas."

Poteet and Woodward rode off together. That afternoon, half a mile from Poteet's, they met a woman running in the road, crying and wringing her hands widely. She moved like one distracted. She rushed past them, crying—

"They uv killed little Ab! They uv killed him. Oh, Lordy! they uv killed little Ab!"

She ran up the road a little distance and then came running back; she had evidently recognized Poteet. As she passed in the road near them, her faded calico sun-bonnet hanging upon her shoulders, her grey hair falling about her face, her wrinkled arms writhing in response to a grief too terrible to contemplate, she seemed related in some vague way to the prophets of old who were assailed by fierce sorrows. Here was something more real and more awful than death itself. Woodward felt in his soul that the figure, the attitude, the misery of this poor old woman were all Biblical.

"Oh, Teague," she cried, "they uv killed him! They uv done killed my little Ab! Oh, Lordy! that mortal hain't a-livin' that he ever done any harm. What did they kill him for?" Then she turned to Woodward: "Oh, Mister, Mister! please tell me what he done. I'm the one that made the liquor, I'm the one. Oh, Lordy! what did they kill little Ab for?"

Teague Poteet dismounted from his horse, took the woman firmly but gently by the arm, and made her sit down by the side of the road. Then, when she was more composed, she told the story of finding her son's body. It was a terrible story to hear from the lips of the mother, but she grew quieter after telling it, and presently went on her way. The two men watched her out of sight.

"I'll tell you what, Cap," said Teague, as he flung himself into the saddle, "they er boundin' airters us. They er boundin' the wimmen an' killin' the children, stiddy carryin' out the law, they er gwine about a-shootin' an' a-murderin'. So far, so good. Well, now, lemme tell you: the hawk's done it once too much in the chicken-ot. This is a free country. I hain't a-layin' no blame on you. Me an' Sis stood by you when the boys sworn they wuz a-gwine to rattle you up. We made 'em behave the way, an' I hain't a-blamin' you but they er boundin' airters us, an' if I wuz you I wouldn't stay on this hill nary 'nuther minnit longer than it 'ud take me to get off'n it. When the boys get wind of this ongodly business, they'll be mighty hard to hold. I reckon maybe you'll be a-gwine down about Atlanta. Well, you thes watch an' see what stan' the Government's gwine to take 'bout Ab Bonner, an' if he don't take no stan' you thes drap in that an' tell 'em how you seed er ole man named Teague Poteet, an' he 'lowed that the revenue fellers better not git to doat ter Hog Mountain, becaze the hidin'-out business is done played. The law what's good enough fer pore little Ab Bonner is good enough fer the men that shot 'im."

They rode on until they came to Poteet's house.

"We'll thes go in an' git a snuck," said Teague, "an' airters that your best gait is a gallop."

But Woodward declined. He was dazed as well as humiliated, and he had no desire to face Sis Poteet. He pictured to himself the scorn and bitterness with which she would connect his presence on the Mountain with the murder of Ab Bonner, and he concluded to ride on to Gullettsville. He took Teague Poteet by the hand.

"Good-bye, old man," he said, "I shall remember you. Tell Miss Sis—well, tell Miss Sis good-bye." With that he wheeled his horse and rode rapidly toward Gullettsville.

It was a fortunate ride for him, perhaps. The wrath of Hog Mountain was mightily stirred when it heard of the killing of Ab Bonner, and Woodward would have fared badly at its hands. The wrath of others was stirred also. The unfortunate affair took the shape of a political issue, and thus the hands of justice were tied. But all this is a matter of history, and need not be dwelt upon.

In the meantime, as the days passed, Teague Poteet became dimly and uncomfortably conscious that a great change had come over Sis. One day she would be as bright and as gay as the birds in the trees, the next, she would be quiet, taciturn, and apparently depressed. As Teague expressed, "One minnit hit's Sis, an' the nex' hit's some un else." Gradually the fits of depression grew more and more frequent and lasted longer. She was abstracted and thoughtful, and her petulance disappeared altogether. The contrast resulting from this change was so marked that it would have attracted the attention of a person of far less intelligence than Teague Poteet. He endeavored to discuss the matter with his wife, but Puss Poteet was not the woman to commit herself. She was a Mountain Sphinx.

"I'm afeard Sis is aillin'," said Teague, upon one occasion.

"Well," replied Puss, "she ain't complainin'."

"That's hit," Teague persisted; "she hain't complainin'. That's what peters me. She looks lonesome, an' she's got one er them kinder fur-away looks in her eyes that gives me the all-overs." The Sphinx rubbed its snuff and swung in its rocking-chair. "Some dsys she looks hoip up, an' then ag'in she looks cys' down. How'd may be you mought know what aillid her."

"Menfolks," said Puss, manipulating her snuff-swab slowly and deliberately, "won't never have no sence while the worl' stan's. Ef a 'oman ain't gwine neiber an' yaa, rippity-clippity, day in an' day out, an' half the night, they er on the heads. Wimmen hain't men."

"That's so," replied Teague gravely, "they hain't. Ef they wuz, the men 'ud be in a mighty nice fix."

"They'd have some sence," said Puss.

"Likely so. Yit 'oman er man kin shet one eye an' tell that Sis looks droopy, an' when Sis looks droopy, I know in reason sump'n' nuther ails her."

"Well, goodness knows; I wish in my soul somebody'd shet one eye an' look at me," exclaimed Puss, with a touch of jealousy in her tone. "I traipse 'roun' this hill untill I'm that wore out I kin akactly drag one foot airters the t'other, an' I don't never bear nobody up an' ast what ails me. It's Sis, Sis, Sis, all the time, an' eternally. Ef the calf's fat, the ole cow ain't got much choice betwixt the quagmire an' the tan-rat."

"Lord, how you do run on," said the iron-gray giant, rubbing his knuckles together sheepishly. "You don't know Sis ef you go on that away. Many's the time that chile 'ud foller me up an' say, 'Pap, ef you see my abawl a-hangin' out on the fence, Puss'll be asleep, an' don't you come a-lumberin' in an' wake

her up, nuther.' An' many's the time she'd come out an' meet me, an' up an' say, 'Pap, Puss has takin' an' bin a-mopin' all day long; yess you an' me go in an' fetch her up.' An' bless your life," Teague continued, addressing some imaginary person on the other side of the fire place, "when me an' Sis sets our heads for to fetch anybody up, they er shes natchally orbleeged to come."

Puss rubbed her snuff and swayed to and fro in her rocking-chair, disdainful to make any reply to this array of facts and arguments, and Teague was as ignorant as ever of the cause of the queer change in his daughter. Perhaps, as becomes a dutiful husband, he should have retorted upon his complaining wife with complaints of his own, but his interests and his isolation had made him thoughtful and forbearing. He had the trait of gentleness which frequently sweetens and equalises large natures. He remembered that behind whatever complaints—reasonable or unreasonable—Puss might make, there existed a stronghold of affection and tenderness. He remembered that her whole life had been 'make up of a series of small sacrifices; he knew that she was ready, whenever occasion made it necessary, to cast aside her snuff-swab and her complaints, and go to the rack without a murmur.

But Teague was by no means satisfied with the condition of affairs, so far as Sis was concerned. He said no more to his wife, but he kept his eyes open. The situation was baffling to the point of irritation, but Teague betrayed neither uneasiness nor restlessness. He hung about the house more, and he would frequently walk in quietly when the women thought he was miles away.

There were times when Sis ignored his presence altogether, but as a general thing she appeared to relish his companionship. Sometimes at night, after her mother had gone to bed, she would bring her chair close to Teague's, and rest her head upon his shoulder, while he smoked his pipe and gazed in the fire. Teague enjoyed these occasions to the utmost, and humoured his daughter's slightest wish responding to her every mood and fancy. If she talked, he talked; if she was silent, he said nothing. Once she dropped asleep with her head on his arm, and Teague sat holding her thus half the night. When she did awake she upbraided herself so earnestly for imposing on her old pappy (as she called him) that Teague yawned, and stretched himself, and rubbed his eyes, and pretended that he, too, had been asleep.

"Lordy, honey! I wuz that gone tell I didn't know wh'er I 'uz rolled up in a havstack er stretched out in a feather-bed. I reckon ef you'd a-listened right close you'd a'hearn me sno'. I thes laid back an' howled at the rafters, an' once er twice I wuz afeard I mought waken up Puss."

Sis's response to this transparent fib was an infectious peal of laughter, and a kiss which amply repaid Teague for any discomfort to which he may have been subjected.

Once, after Sis had nestled up against Teague, she asked somewhat irrelevantly—

"Pap, do you reckon Mr. Woodward was a revenue spy after all?"

"Well, not to'rds the last. He drapped that business airters he once seed its which ways. What makes you ast?"

"Becaze I hate and despise revenue spies."

"Well, they hain't been a-botherin' 'roun' lately, an' we hain't got no call to hate 'em tell they git in sight. Hatin' is a mighty ca'ah disease. When Puss's preacher comes along, he talks ag'in it over the Bible, an' when you call'im in to dinner, he talks ag'in it over the chicken-bone. I reckon hit's mighty bad—mighty—bad."

"Did you like him?"

"Who? Puss's preacher?"

"Now, you know I don't mean him, pap."

"Oh Cap'n, Woodward. Well, I tell you what, he had mighty takin' ways. Look in his eye, an' you wouldn't see no muddy water; an' he had grit. They hain't no two ways about that. When I ast 'im out with us that night, he went like a man that had a stool to a quiltin-bee; an' when Duke Dawson an' Sid Parmalee slung out some er the'r slurs, he thes snapt his fingers in the'r faces, an' ups an' says says he, 'Gents, ef youer up for a frolic, I'm your man, an' ef youer in for a fight, thes count me in,' says he. The boys was a little drinky," said Teague, apologetically.

Sis squeezed up a little closer against her father's shoulder.

"Did they fight pap?"

"Lord bless you, no. I thes taken an' flung my han' in Duke's collar an' fetched 'im a shake or two, an' put 'im in a good humour thereckly; an' then airterwards Tip Watson sot 'em all right when he read out the letter you foun' on the floor."

"Oh, pap!" Sis exclaimed in a horrified tone, "I slapped that letter out of Mr. Woodward's hand!"

Teague laughed exultantly.

"What'd he say?"

"He didn't say anything. He looked like he expected the floor to open and swallow him. I never was so ashamed in my life. I've cried about it a thousand times."

"Why, honey, I wouldn't take an' cry 'bout it ef I wez you."

"Yes you would, pap, if—if you were me. I don't know what came over me, I don't know how I could be so hateful. No lady would ever do such a thing as that."

Sis gave her opinion with great emphasis. Teague took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Well, I tell you what, honey, they mought er done wuss. I let you know when folks is got to be a-runnin' here an' a-hidin' vander, hit's thes about time for the gals for to lose their manners. Nobody wouldn't a-blamed you much ef you'd a-fetched the Cap'n a clip studder the letter; 'eastways, I wouldn't."

The girl shivered and caught her breath.

"If I had hit him," exclaimed vehemently, "I should have gone off and killed myself."

"Shoo!" said Teague in a tone intended to be at once contemptuous and reassuring, but it was neither the one nor the other.

This conversation gave Teague fresh cause for anxiety. From his point of view, Sis, newly-developed humility was absolutely alarming, and it added to his uneasiness. He recognized in her tone a certain shyness which seemed to appeal to him for protection, and he was profoundly stirred by it, without at all understanding it. With a tact that might be traced to either instinct or accident, he refrained from questioning her as to her troubles. He was confused, but watchful. He kept his own counsel, and had no more conferences with Pass. Perhaps Pass was also something of a mystery; if so, she was old enough to take care of her own affairs.

Teague had other talks with Sis—some general, some half-confidential,—and he finally became aware of the fact that every subject led to Woodward. He humoured this, awkwardly, but it was a clew that pestered him more than ever.

He turned it around in his mind and brooded over it. Woodward was a man of fine appearance and winning manners, and Sis, with all the advantages—comparative advantages merely—that the Gullettsville Academy had given her, was only a country girl after all. What if—Teague turned away from the suspicion in terror. It was a horrible one; but as often as he put it aside, so often returned to it. It haunted him. Turn where he might,



W. H. Ward.

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go where he would, it pursued him night and day.

One mild afternoon in the early spring, Mr. Philip Woodward, ex-deputy marshal, leaned against the railing of Broad Street bridge in the city of Atlanta, and looked northward to where Kennesaw Mountain rises like a huge blue billow out of the horizon and lends picturesqueness to the view. Mr. Woodward was in excellent humour. He had just made up his mind in regard to a matter that had given him no little trouble. A wandering prospector, the agent of a company of Boston capitalists, had told him a few hours before that he would be offered twenty thousand dollars for his land-lot on Hog Mountain. This was very important, but it was not of the highest importance. He nodded familiarly to Kennesaw, and thought, "I'll slip by you to-morrow and make another raid on Hog Mountain, and compel that high-tempered girl to tell me what she means by troubling me so."

A train of cars ran puffing and roaring under the bridge, and as Woodward turned to follow it with his eye he saw standing upon the other side a tall, gaunt, powerful-looking man, whom he instantly recognised as Teague Potter. Teague wore the air of awkward, recklessly-helpless independence which so often deceives those who strike the mountain men for a trade. Swiftly crossing the bridge, Woodward seized Teague and greeted him with a cordiality that amounted to enthusiasm.

"Well, of all the world, old man, you are the one I most wanted to see." Teague's thoughts ran with grim directness to a reward that had been offered for a certain grey old Moonshiner who had made his headquarters on Hog Mountain. "How are all at home?" Woodward went on, "and what is the news?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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CHRIST THE WORKMAN

A Lecture by Father McBrady
at Galt.

A SUCCESSFUL CHURCH CONCERT.

The recent Concert given in aid of St. Patrick's church was a memorable occasion on account of the eloquent address delivered by Father McBrady of St. Michael's College.

The lecturer said his subject was Jesus of Nazareth, the father of the working man. He told the gospel story of Jesus of Nazareth. He described the early scenes, associations, history and events connected with Christ's birth and how the memory of the City of Nazareth in which He lived had been made precious by the Incarnation. The evangelists made known to us Christ's triumph, His victory, His glory, and the doctrines that He taught and we should all go to this Jesus of Nazareth and learn a lesson. The speaker dwelt upon the courtesy and amiability of Jesus in His childhood, how divine wisdom filled His mind and Grace poured out to Him her choicest gifts. As a servant Christ premeditated the man of external perfection. The lecturer dwelt upon the respect for the law of God and the love of truth which Christ's childhood taught and told of Jesus beginning His public life when His wisdom surprised even the wisest of men and He said "Know ye not that I must be about my Father's business." Christ grew in age and wisdom. Jesus Christ, the carpenter and the carpenter's son, revealed His life to us, and although during His period of childhood Christ could have created things by a single word, still He chose to do them naturally, and His hands were often blistered with the rude tools put into them. Jesus was obedient and earnest and earned His bread by the sweat of His brow, and later on He bid His father, Joseph, rest, when he was old, and Christ Himself working at the carpenter's trade, became the mainstay of the family. Thus the veil of a carpenter's life hid the flower and bloom of Christ's manhood, growing in age, in order that he might become stronger before beginning His public life. As in many of the moral pursuits of the present day, Christ made the preparation proportionate for the work to be undertaken and also to the life of Jesus of Nazareth. It would be well for every public man to make his Nazareth in order to ponder and study the questions which he was to teach. How many unlucky fatalities would we not escape if this was done, how many misfortunes! But men often had the advantage of borrowed audacity, party interests, and the paramount claims of self-aggrandizement. They should take example from God and make preparation for the work in hand.

But the reverend father said he was no agitator. How useful to us were the abasements of Jesus Christ the workman. We should try and understand them, Christ intended to teach one thing—the necessity and dignity of labor. He taught us to labor; for the working man to love his position and for us all to respect the working man. Labor was a burden which most of us tried to get rid of, but labor was a law of which sin was not the author. The law of labor had its roots in God. He was the first worker and His work was the world. But Christ in order to teach us the value of labor put slowness in His work. He might have created the world in a day but He did not. Man must exercise his powers of mind and body. It was never intended that he should be a sluggard. The meaning of all was good. There were stored up in nature immense forces for man to discover, to master, to

discipline and carry on for the development of physical, social and moral life. Man was given all these possibilities to develop in order to make him more like his original Creator. Man was a worker and God did not shrink from coming to the law He made. There was no stupid trade, but stupid workmen who would separate work from the law of God and the assistance Christ gives to man in his work. Work came from God. How much more beneficial and moral then labor appeared when applied to man! By reason of sin labor was made more difficult; to the other difficulties sin added expiation and preservation. Sin made suffering and man did not have to go far to find that out. In the distribution of the crosses of pain the working man had received a large proportion, but Christ said, "I can forgive him, he has suffered much."

Speaking of preservation the lecturer said the man who repudiated the law of labor was generally found prostituting his powers in vice. Labor expiated and preserved and was noble. There was not only the labor of hand but the labor of thought, the labor of watchfulness and wise administration and the labor of serving others, etc. Each descended from God, and obeyed the law of God. Men were often found trying to classify labor. All men were reducible to two classes—the nobles and the ignobles. The former were those who looked upon labor as coming from God and upon it as an instrument to help man unto God. We did not understand the dignity of labor; we too often looked upon labor with a sort of mental resignation and when heavy as a malediction or a vitality to correct our dignity. But labor was to teach us that God worked; how he chose to stoop down to the workingman, and lift him up to His level. Labor was a divine thing. Let us all be laborers. Jesus sets the example and God was the Father. There were those who thought to be a mere worker with the hands was a humiliation and those birth and fortune had favored, often looked down upon it. The manual labor had grown much in appreciation during the last 1500 years. The ancient Romans and Greeks looked upon labor as selfish and that to be an independent citizen a man must be a man of leisure. A laboring man was looked upon as a beast of burden, a slave, an outcast from society. But Christ stooped to what was lowest in society, to restore and rehabilitate those whom society had trampled under foot. Christ did it to show that labor was not unworthy of a man. He espoused labor because He was a laborer Himself. There never was a man that God had honored as He had the working man.

In closing the reverend father urged all to love work and its conditions and apply the principles of Christianity to the labor problems which loomed up so frequently for solution, for Christ himself was a laborer.

At the close of the lecture Rev. Father Slaven thanked on behalf of the audience, the learned lecturer of the evening for his masterly and comprehensive address. He was sure all were well pleased with the lecture and the concert and he would express his gratification to all those who had so kindly assisted in the musical and vocal programme.

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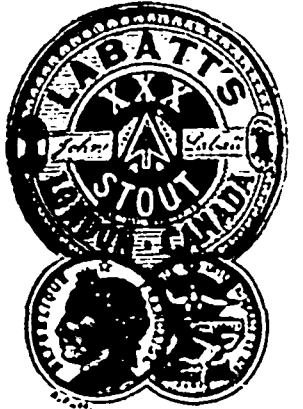
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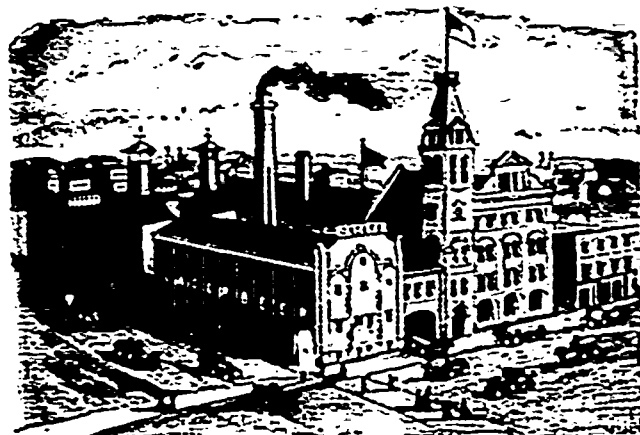
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An Important Letter from Archbishop Langevin.

WILL INSIST UPON RESTORATION.

Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, has addressed an important letter on the school question to the Verite, the Catholic organ of Quebec. Archbishop Langevin, in the course of his letter, says:

"The hour is a solemn one, and I feel that the eyes of the whole country are turned towards Manitoba. The school question is not a racial or religious question, or one of personal convictions; it is a question of justice and equity, it is a social question of the highest importance. It is no longer a political question, but a vital question for the Canadian Confederation. The rights of a minority are solemnly recognized by the highest tribunal of the British Empire, and even protected by the Royal seal, by our gracious Sovereign the Queen-in-Council. Even they who do not share the belief of this minority admit that our grievances are legitimate. The public declarations of enlightened Protestants, members of the bar or clergy, the pamphlets of the learned lawyer Ewart, of Winnipeg, and the writings of Mr. Louis Kribs, of Toronto, have called public attention to the fact that there is a strong feeling in Winnipeg and in Ontario on behalf of this oppressed minority. I am of the firm conviction that the majority of our separated brethren are sympathetic to us.

THEIR SCHOOL RIGHTS.

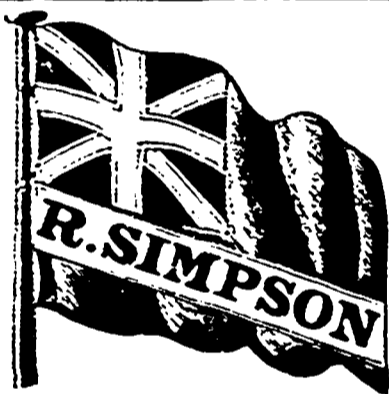
"Is justice going to be given, yes or no, to the Manitoba minority? Is the Federal compact going to be maintained? This is what we want to know. My duty as representing the Catholics of Manitoba is to simply demand our school rights. I cannot sacrifice them. Depositum custodi. Certes, we are quite willing to come to an understanding with our rulers, but never at the cost of our scholastic liberties. This is what has been declared by numerous representatives of the Catholics of St. Boniface and Winnipeg, and especially last winter by Senator Bernier and Rev. Abbe Cherrier, who were sent to Ottawa to second the effort of our admirable lawyer, Mr. Ewart, charged with upholding our rights before the Federal Cabinet. We have suffered for more than four years. For more than four years the tide of immigration has been stopped because people write to us from Europe and Canada, saying, 'What is the use of going to Manitoba? You have no free schools.'

INDEBTED AND CRUSHED.

For four years our good Catholics of Winnipeg, without distinction of nationality, have been called upon to pay \$3,500 per annum, besides the taxes paid for the schools which are satisfactory to the Protestant majority, and which no person wants to take away from them. We are indebted and crushed. Several of our young parishes in the country districts have been putting forth the same generous efforts for a year past as the Catholics of Winnipeg have done to maintain their schools. It is time, it seems to me, that our cause be taken vigorously in hand. The order-in-Council of the Ottawa Government is the echo of the Royal word, and the loyal subjects of her Majesty cannot remain indifferent to it. No matter what interpretation be given to it, it is evidently the consecration of our rights, and it stipulates what we ask. We hope that those who have power in hand at Winnipeg will like to make up for the past. If they should refuse we would

invoke what the honourable Privy Council of England styles "the Parliamentary compact," that is to say, the constitution. It is then that we would benefit in relying upon the prompt and telling action of the Federal power, assisted by all the friends of the constitution, justice and British fair play. We do not forget the energetic declaration of the leader of the Ottawa Government, and we shall appeal to them in opportune time.

"If miserable party interests cause our claims to be overlooked we will remember that above the local and Federal powers dependent upon popular favor is the Royal throne. We will invoke the legend, 'Dieu et mon Droit,' and we will respectfully await the legend which will consecrate all compacts and all treaties. In the meantime God knows what we will suffer. I am asking myself where we are to find means of maintaining our schools. It is possible, dear sir, that my declarations may appear too strong for some people, but I would ask them to suppose for an instant that it was the Protestant minority of Quebec which was so oppressed. Would there be a single man in the Dominion—the archbishop, bishop, priest, statesman, or an ordinary citizen—who would hesitate to uphold it, and who would find its claims too strong? I am a bishop; I am not a partisan. I say to all—pax vobis, peace be with you; but justice and peace must give to each other an amicable greeting. In any case I place my confidence and my hopes in God, 'adjutorium nostrum in nomine Domini.'"



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IRISH NEWS SUMMARY.

LATEST LOCAL COUNTY ITEMS

LEINSTER.

Dublin.

Since 1861, through Ireland generally, and especially in the West, early marriages have become less frequent. The decrease in early marriages, especially among women, accounts (say the Registrar General), to a great extent for the diminution in the average size of families in Ireland, and also explains in part the diminished birth-rate, which, in the ten years from 1881 to 1890, had fallen from 24.5 to 22.3 per 1000 of the population. There ought to have been an increase in the Irish population, in the ten years, of over 25,000, that being the increase of births over deaths, but this natural increase has been more than counter-balanced by emigration - so that, in the same period, the population sank by nearly 500,000.

With much regret we record the death, on April 29th, of the Rev. Patrick Doyle, C.C., Rathgar. Father Doyle was one of the first students who entered the Dublin Diocesan Seminary, at Clonsilla, when opened, in September, 1839. In 1862 he went to Maynooth College, where as in Clonsilla, he gained the respect and love of his superiors and fellow-students. He was ordained priest on the 13th of May, 1869, and his first appointment was to the curacy of St. Laurence O'Toole's, from which he was soon promoted, to Milltown, where he began his connection with the parish of Rathgar, in which the greater part of his priestly life was spent. During the twenty-six years of his missionary life, Father Doyle endeared himself to all who knew him, priests and laymen, by his charm of manner, his good nature and kindness. His death is mourned as a domestic affliction, by rich and poor, in Rathgar.

Wicklow.

On April 27th, Mr. Jos. Abbott, C.E. Government Arbitrator sat in the Arbitration Room in the Four Courts, to hear claims for compensation for land proposed to be taken by the War Department for a new military camp and rifle range at Kilbride, near Blessington. In addition to claims for land actually taken there are claims for compensation for other land that is alleged will be injuriously affected by the shooting on the ranges. In reference to the case of Thomas Fustace who had been paid £55, and had withdrawn his claim, Mr. Moore said that compensation had ruined the happiness of the country round; it had excited the avarice and rapidity of everybody, they gave Fustace too much, and witness (Murphy) to little. The further hearing of evidence was adjourned for a week.

Kildare.

We regret to learn that Rev. Father McWey, parish priest at Balcock, is suffering from mental prostration, and has been ordered complete rest. The Rev. gentleman is staying at present at Killorgan.

An old man named Laurence Keegan, residing at Blackrath, aged 76 years, was found dead on Sunday morning, April 15th. It appeared he had been complaining for a long time of chest disease, and was under care of the late Dr. Murphy, who told deceased he was suffering from a weak heart. The case was reported to Dr. Smyth, coroner for North Kildare, who, under the circumstances, thought there was no necessity for holding an inquest.

Wexford.

One of the most sensational occurrences which took place in the town of New Ross for a long time was enacted there, shortly after noon, on May 23, when Mr. Godfrey L. Taylor, agent of the Ely property, was fired at and dangerously wounded. The Quarter Sessions had opened, and Mr. Taylor had been at court getting out a large number of decrees for ejectment against persons on the Ely estate. He left the court about one o'clock in company with Mr. J. T. E. Boyd, solicitor, and just as they were nearing the office of the latter, a half-breed named Nathaniel Hammond, of Irish town, New Ross, who was threatened with eviction by Mr. Taylor, came up behind the land agent and asked what was he going to do with him. The party addressed replied that if Hammond did not get security for the payment of his arrears he would have to turn him out of the premises. At this Hammond pulled a revolver out of his breast pocket and fired at Mr. Taylor. Fortunately for the latter the charge went low but he received a serious wound in the leg. Hammond was about to fire a second time, when John Donoran, an Fenian-society hooligan, and Mr. Boyd sprang upon him and wrenched the revolver out of the hands of the desperate man and held him until the police arrived. Hammond who, in firing, had blown off the fore finger of his left hand, was committed to jail on a charge of attempted murder. Mr. Taylor bled profusely from the wound, but it is not expected that it will prove fatal. Hammond had been charged with a similar offence some years ago.

Queen's County.

At the last Mountmellick Petty Sessions a well known character named Penrose Morris, was sentenced to two months imprisonment for various offences in the neighborhood. The prisoner, it appeared, had absconded, and was arrested at Athlone, and brought up in custody of the police at Mountmellick, with the result as stated above.

King's County.

On the morning of April 30th, it was found that the water supply to Tullamore had been completely cut off. On investigation it was found that some mischievous person had turned a number of stopcocks at different points along the main which brings the water to the town from the reservoir at Clonsilla. Great inconvenience was caused to people living in town, many families having to send for supplies to places a mile distant.

Kilkenny.

We regret to announce the death, at the Convent of Marie Reparatrice, Cork, of Harriette, in religion Mother Mary of St. Francis de Sales, daughter of the late Mr. James Corr of Callan, County Kilkenny, which took place on the 20th ult., to the great grief of the community and friends of this amiable and devoted member of the Order, who had given nearly thirty years of her life in the service of God. She had been up to the day of her death apparently in her usual health, and attending with characteristic energy to her routine duties, when she died, suddenly, through heart disease.

Meath.

A permanent branch of the Hibernian Bank has been opened in Oldcastle. Mr. White, who, for the last five years, was manager at Ballaghaderria, co. Mayo, has been appointed to the new branch.

MUNSTER.

Cork.

On May 31, a man named John Thompson, alias Arthur Blatch, was charged at the Cork Police Office with the murder of Alfred Welch, at Colchester, Essex, England, on the 21st December, 1893, and with arson and robbery on the same occasion. The prisoner was arrested by Detective Constable Brennan from a description in the Hue and Cry, and acting on telegrams received from the Colchester police. When the description of the man wanted was read to the accused, he said, "I was speaking to that man at Lady's Bridge. He also stated that he had been previously arrested for murder by the police, but was discharged. Detective Brennan said the accused's appearance corresponded with the photograph of the man wanted for the Colchester murder. He was accompanied by a woman whose description answered to that of a woman supposed to be in the company of the alleged murderer. She stated she was the prisoner's wife. The accused was remanded.

Kerry.

On April 30th, in the Grand Jury Rooms of the Courthouse, Tralee, at the adjourned inquest into the circumstances attending the deaths of John Sugrue and Timothy Sullivan, who were killed on the Great Southern and Western Railway, near Cortatla, on the previous Thursday morning, as detailed in our last, was resumed. The guard, driver, and fireman of the six o'clock train from Tralee to Mallow were examined. Their evidence showed that they saw objects on the line near the place of the accident, but did not discern that they were men until within thirty yards of them, and they were then lying asleep on both sides, and the driver was unable to pull up the train until he had passed them nearly 100 yards. The jury found a verdict of accidental death, and recommended the relatives to the favorable consideration of the railway company.

Limerick.

On the night of May 4th, the Limerick city police arrested a man who gave his name as Mackey, and who was identified as a returned convict, who had failed to report his movements to the constabulary, as required by the conditions of his ticket of leave. At the Limerick Spring Assizes of 1890 Mackey was sentenced to five years penal servitude for manslaughter, and in December, 1893, was discharged from the Maryborough establishment, on a ticket of leave. He left for New York, last year, and returned to Limerick in October. The accused was brought up at the Police Court on May 6th, but as there was no magistrate in attendance, he was remanded.

Clare.

It was rumored in the Lobby of the House of Commons, recently, that Mr. Sweetman is to have the reversion of Mr. Rochford McGuire's seat in West Clare, to console him for his Wicklow defeat. No doubt Mr. Sweetman ought to be glad to get any chance, however feeble, of returning to the House, for which he professes a great contempt; but in this arrangement he will have to reckon with Mr. Maguire, who is declared to have the plan in view of running as an entirely independent candidate at the next election - independent even of the Independents. At present, no doubt, while under the depressing influence of his defeat in East Wicklow Mr. Sweetman may be ready to consider the proposition that he should fight a hopeless seat, but when he was completely overpowered

his self-esteem he is confidently expected to put in a claim for one of the Dublin seats as the only adequate requital for his services that the Independent Party can offer.

Tipperary.

His Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, accompanied by the Rev. Father Ryan, V. P., St. Patrick's College, Thurles, visited Fethard a few days ago, and presided at the election of Rev. Mother at the Presentation Convent. Mother Magdalen Fitzgerald was elected in place of Mother Agnes Ryan, who retired, having filled the office for many years. The Archbishop was the guest of the respected pastor, Very Rev. Wm. Jones, on whom he conferred the dignity of Archdeacon of the diocese. Next day his Grace drove to Clonmel and paid several visits.

ULSTER.

Antrim.

A married woman named Wilson was burned to death in Belfast, on April 30th, through the upsetting of an oil lamp. Inquests were held on the same day in Belfast, on the body of a woman named Tate, who, with her child, succumbed to similar injuries, and on a man named Alexander Rainey, who also suffered a like fate. The jury added to their verdicts riders requesting the Government to carry out the recommendation of the Select Committee of Petroleum, which was reported during the last session of Parliament.

Armagh.

On April 25th, his Eminence Cardinal Logue, Primate of All Ireland, paid his triennial visit to Beebrook, County Armagh, for the purpose of administering the Sacrament of Confirmation to the children resident in the parish of Lower Killeavey. At eleven o'clock, Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father McDonald, C. C. At three o'clock his Eminence ascended the altar, attended by the following priests: Rev. Charles Quinn, P. P., Camlough; Rev. Father McCarty, P. P., Mullabawn; Rev. Father McDonald, C. C., Beebrook; Rev. Father Quinn, C. C., Lisla; Rev. Father McFivogue, C. C., Meigh; Rev. Father Michael, C. C., Meigh; Rev. Father Gallagher, C. C., Mullabawn and Rev. Father Moore, C. C. His Eminence then addressed the children on the subject of the Sacrament of Confirmation. The children were then confirmed.

Derry.

Ten constables in charge of District Inspector Irwin, Magherfelt, arrived, on April 23, in Draperstown, to escort the Sheriff's men while carrying out a number of evictions on the Skinner's estate, near Draperstown. It was understood that three evictions were to be carried out, but it seems two of them were settled on the 23d. In the house where the other eviction was to be carried out the tenant is an old man who is confined to his bed. As the day wore on a settlement was arrived at on the payment, it is said, of £10 and costs out of £15. The three parties who were to be evicted are in very straitened circumstances.

CONNAUGHT.

Galway.

The first railway passenger carriage ever seen in Clifden arrived there on May 3d, with Sir Ralph Curzon and the directors of the Mullend Great Western Railway, so that Dublin and Clifden are now virtually connected by rail, and the Galway and Clifden Railway is practically completed. It will not, however, be formally opened until the 1st of July next. Mr. Tatlow, who accompanied the party to Clifden on their tour of inspection, stated that the tourist arrangements with public cars this season would remain unchanged until that date, when, of course, the running of public cars on the Clifden road would be suspended. The directors, on arriving at Clifden, were met at the station by Mr. James Ginnell, C. E., the contractor's engineer, who has charge of this section of the work, and immediately afterward they drove to Clifden Castle.

Roscommon.

Mr. Charles McDermott, B. L., got severely injured in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on the 29th ult, by a fall from his horse, his leg being badly fractured in two places.

We hear and read so much of centenarians that it may be worth while mentioning that there lives in Manor, near Tolak, an old woman who has passed her 107 summers, and is hale and hearty and able to use all her faculties. Not the least interesting of her numerous stories is that, close on to 90 years ago, she saw a neighbor of hers receive six out of seven sacraments in the one day. On his marriage day he was confirmed, having in the morning been to Confession and Communion, after being baptized and in the evening on being taken suddenly ill, he was anointed.

Mayo.

The Castlebar Telegraph, on April 27th, says: The sorrowful scenes that were witnessed at most of our railway stations during the early portion of the present week, remind us that the tide of emigration has once more set in. Several young boys and girls left Castlebar on Thursday morning, (April 23d), the parting between whom and their friends was pathetic. Similar scenes of anguish occurred in Manulla, Balla, and



Thomas A. Johns.

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"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

Free from Eruptions

as ever they were. My business, which is that of a car-driver, requires me to be out in coat and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's **The Only** Sarsaparilla

Admitted at the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

other stations along the route. It is deplorable to think that, concurrently with this pouring of the life-blood of the country, the cry of want and destitution is ringing through the land. The emigrant ship, now as heretofore, bears away to foreign shores the cream of our population, while callous officials, who are sent to inquire into the condition of the people, turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the destitute."

Disease is cured not by magical incantations, but by medical science. Hence it is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures, and that it proves so eminently successful. It is a skillfully prepared and strictly scientific blood-purifier and tonic, the only one admitted at the World's Fair.

When God throws His arms around a soul and draws that soul away from its companion, and to Himself, then is that soul very lonely, but the loneliness is but the being gathered to the heart of God.

For every variety and phase of the many diseases which attack the air-passages of the throat and lungs, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will be found a specific. Its anodyne and expectorant qualities are promptly realized, and it is always ready for use.

Friends fall off friends mistake us; they change, they grow unlike us, they go away, they die, but God is everlasting and incapable of change, and to Him we may look with cheerful, unpretentious hope.

It may only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fasten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affection of the throat, lungs and chest.

Hope is the last thing that dies in man, and though it be exceedingly deceitful, yet it is of this good use to us, that while we are travelling through life it conducts us in an easier and more pleasant way to our journey's end.—Rochefoucauld.

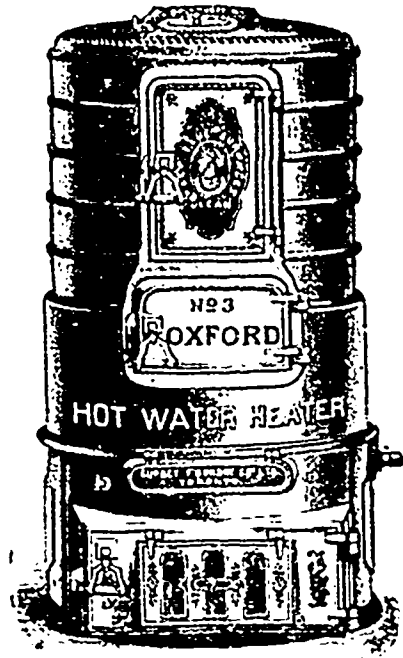
The proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

Talents give a man a superiority far more agreeable than that which proceeds from riches, birth, or employments, which are all external: they constitute our very essence.—C. Rollin.

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

In a Storm on the Irish Coast.

Friday 13th.—Every prospect this morning of having the remainder of the passage favorable—a little breeze from the westward, the weather fine, sky clear, and the ship gliding along close on twelve miles an hour. With spy-glass in hand I can see from the bridge quite plainly two large ships, the first thing I saw in the shape of a sail since last we passed through the bunkers a week ago. One of them does not seem to be more than six or seven miles away, while the other is a long way off, and evidently going in the opposite direction, for I kept sight of her till she appeared like a snow drop on the horizon, and gradually vanished from sight. By the time the dinner bell rang the wind had veered round from the southern quarter and began to blow pretty strong. At dinner, the captain, all along in good cheer, now looked rather puzzled and said to the first officer: "I can't account for the barometer going down so quickly." He said nothing and seemed not at all surprised at the Captain's remark, from which I inferred that he too had noticed the sudden change in the weather glass. The thoughts of having another gale to battle with on the briny element made me shudder, yet I said nothing. That there is another storm brewing is quite evident, for soon the captain gave the second officer, whose watch on deck now begins, his orders: see that fresh lashings are secured round the deck cargo amidships, put extra fastening on the fore hatch and secure everything as well as possible, for it is well to be prepared for the worst. After supper, I stepped on deck to find the officers carrying out the captain's orders and the sailors busy executing them. Now and then one of the old tars would raise his head and give it an ominous shake at the dark clouds that had by this time shut out the blue sky. The wind was now about south-south-west and kept on increasing since dinner time and was now blowing, in sailors language, "a reefed breeze." The last few days, nice and fine, had now completely changed for the worst. The ship is running like a race-horse on her course and frequently kicks her heels high in the air from the slips of the rising sea which makes her bound with increased speed. It is now eight o'clock and I take my departure from deck to more congenial quarters not without some uneasiness of having another unfriendly visit from Father Neptune. Alone in the cabin to while away the time, as I feel I cannot sleep, I continue my notes though under unfavorable circumstances. The howling of the wind and the rolling of the ship distract me too much to continue longer, so I lay down on a stretcher to rest myself. An hour or so passed away when, between sleep and awake above the roaring of the storm, I heard noise and confusion on deck. I began to realize that something had gone wrong, and was trying to console myself as best I could by saying a prayer for our safety when the ship suddenly seemed to stand almost on end and at the same time a tremendous crash shook her whole frame as if she were going to pieces; she gave a tremendous roll over, which sent me and the stretcher and everything movable in the cabin to leeward. The water, by this time, came pouring down and there in a state of confusion, doubt and perplexity, I remained for an hour—what an hour of suspense—till at long last at a quarter to twelve, the captain put in an appearance and asked me how I would like to be a sailor. I learned from him the cause of the uproar I heard, and the perilous predicament the ship was in. The wheel chains overriden for a few moments, which interfered with the working of the ship, leaving her for the time being completely at the mercy of the heavy sea. This was the time, falling off



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broadside a little in the trough of a swelling sea, that she shipped the heavy sea which burst open the cabin-doors and came gushing down. He pointed out to me how disastrous it would be to the ship and all on board, if she remained a few moments longer without answering her helm. "She would," said he, "in coming broadside, be totally unmanageable, and Heaven only knows what the consequence would be. The only hope I should then have, was that owing to the buoyancy of the cargo, that she would not go to the bottom, and that same would be a consolation."

Saturday 14th. — The first news I heard this morning from the steward, as he came into my berth with a steaming cup of coffee, was, that Tory Island was sighted last night about one o'clock, after the storm abated. I dressed quickly and looked out the port hole. Sure enough, we were passing in sight of land on the north of Ireland. A thrill of joy swelled my heart as I saw for the first time the land of saints and scholars. I have just left the bridge where I've been two hours or more taking a view of Ireland on the one side and Scotland on the other, as we move gaily along on our way to the Clyde. The distance from land to land is not more than ten or twelve miles and with glass in hand I can see distinctly white houses and green fields; but conspicuously over all, stand out in bold relief, formidable lighthouses, dotted at regular intervals along the coast on either side. There has just passed from Scotland side, on her way to Londonderry, a large fourmasted steamer called the Parisian, which the second officer says, left Montreal with them, and having discharged freight in Scotland, is now calling at her usual ports en route to Montreal again. The land on the Irish side is high and stands out with a bold front along the seacoast, while on Scotland side for the most part, though long mountain ranges are vividly outlined in the back ground, it takes the shape of a gentle incline till it meets the water's edge.

After supper the captain sent for me to catch a glimpse of "Bonnie Scotland with the sun shining on her head." When he pointed to me the pretty sight, I exclaimed: "What an admirable picture if it could truly be produced on canvas!" "Ah," said he, "when will the hand of man copy faithfully the works of nature?" We were just about a mile and a half from shore and just rounding a point of land which tapered off from the centre to either side with a graceful curve till it kissed the sea below. The sun was just peeping out from behind a cloud and casting a brilliant ray of light as far as we could see on this one spot, lit

up the green fields and snow-white cabins with such brightness that all the surroundings were cast in the shade. This it was that formed such a pretty scene. The thought struck me very forcibly as I gazed on the comfortable homes on this headland that its occupants were the most enviable people in the world, for the setting sun seemed to smile on them alone. A little while longer and the beautiful landscapes disappear in the gloom. The cattle grazing in the fields, the men gathering in the harvest, or cutting down the crops are no longer visible. Even the lined cottages are shut out from sight, and no trace to be seen of them except hundreds of starlike lights, which line the coast and mark the spot where stands some cosy fireside. About eight o'clock we entered the Firth of Forth, and four hours afterwards dropped anchor in Greenock. The tide being low we had to wait for the tug which took us up the Clyde during the night. Of this I know but little, for worn out for the want of rest I did not wake till nine o'clock this morning (Sunday) when to my great joy in looking out I found we were snugly moored along the quay at Glasgow. My first thought was a fervent Deo Gratias for our safe though long, tedious and stormy passage. Having a few hours to spare I went on shore and passed through some of the principal streets of the city. The city itself presents a very antique appearance, and has some very fine buildings constructed after the ancient Gothic style, and built of limestone or Scotch brick. Framed buildings are conspicuous by their absence, I enquired the reason, and found such are not allowed within the precincts of the city.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SURE FITT.—Mrs. F. J. Neill, New 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."

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NOTICE.

Tenders will be received at this Department up to and including

THE 4TH DAY OF JUNE NEXT

for the right to cut the Pine Trees over seven inches in diameter on the stump on that part of the Township of Vankoughlin, in the District of Algoma, lying outside the boundaries of the Lake Huron Indian Reserve except the following parcels: S. E. 1/4 of Section 11, S. W. 1/4 Section 12, S. W. 1/4 Section 13 and the S. E. 1/4 of Section 14.

Parties making tender will state the amount they are prepared to pay as bonus for the right to receive a license to cut the pine trees over seven inches in diameter on the stump, which when cut, will be subject to the following rates of dues:—On square or waxy timber, \$1 per thousand feet cut on sawlogs, \$1.25 per thousand feet board measure. No pine trees of a less diameter than seven inches on the stump shall be cut.

The Department reserves all timber except the pine, together with the right to dispose of such other timber at any time, and purchaser of the other timber will have the right to make roads and to do whatever may be necessary in the premises to cut and remove the same.

Terms of payment—Half cash, balance in three and six months. Notes for balance to be endorsed by parties satisfactory to the Department. A marked cheque for per cent. of the offer must accompany each tender.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to H. C. CAMPBELL, Esq., Crown Timber Agent, South St. Marie, or to the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto.

A. S. HARDY,
 Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Department of Crown Lands,
 Toronto, April 24th 1895.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of May, 1895, mails close and are due as follows:

| | Close. | Dir. |
|--------------------|--------------|--------------|
| | a.m. p.m. | a.m. p.m. |
| G. T. R. East | 7.30 7.45 | 7.25 9.40 |
| 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 4.30 | 10.10 8.10 |
| T. G. and H. | 7.00 4.30 | 10.55 8.50 |
| Midland | 7.00 3.35 | 12.30pm 9.30 |
| C. V. R. | 7.00 3.00 | 12.35pm 8.50 |
| | a.m. p.m. | a.m. p.m. |
| | noon 8.35 | 2.00 |
| G. W. R. | 6.30 4.00 | 10.45 8.30 |
| | 9.30 | |
| | a.m. p.m. | a.m. p.m. |
| | 6.30 12.00 | 8.35 5.45 |
| U. S. N. Y. | 4.00 12.35pm | 10.50 |
| | 9.30 | |
| U.S. West's States | 6.30 12 noon | 8.35 5.45 |
| | 4.00 | 8.30 |
| | 9.30 | |

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 9.30 p.m., on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of May: 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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

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THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, May 27, 1895.

| | | |
|----------------------------|--------|--------|
| Wheat, white, per bush | 90 1/2 | 90 1/2 |
| Wheat, red, per bush | 0 1/2 | 0 1/2 |
| Wheat, goose, per bush | 0 30 | 0 30 |
| Oats, per bush | 0 43 | 0 43 |
| Peas, common | 0 00 | 0 67 |
| Barley, per bush | 0 47 | 0 47 |
| Barley feed, per bush | 0 00 | 0 45 |
| Turkeys, per lb. | 0 07 | 0 10 |
| Geese, per pound | 0 07 | 0 09 |
| Chickens, per pair | 0 50 | 0 60 |
| Ducks, per pair | 0 60 | 1 00 |
| Butter, in pound rolls | 0 14 | 0 15 |
| Fresh eggs | 0 11 | 0 11 |
| Onions, per bag | 0 08 | 0 75 |
| Turkeys, per bag | 0 25 | 0 40 |
| Potatoes, per bag | 0 50 | 0 50 |
| Beans, per peck | 0 70 | 0 75 |
| Roots, per bag | 0 50 | 0 60 |
| Carrots, per bag | 0 40 | 0 50 |
| Pumpkins, per bag | 0 40 | 0 50 |
| Apples, per bbl. | 1 75 | 3 00 |
| Hay, timothy | 10 50 | 11 50 |
| Hay, clover | 7 50 | 8 50 |
| Straw, sheaf | 7 00 | 8 00 |
| Hoof, hind | 7 00 | 9 00 |
| Hoof, fore | 5 00 | 6 50 |
| Lamb, carcass | 9 00 | 10 00 |
| Spring lamb, carcass, each | 4 00 | 6 00 |
| Veal | 6 00 | 8 50 |
| Mutton, carcass | 6 50 | 8 00 |
| Dressed hogs | 5 25 | 6 80 |



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A Missionary Recommends It Heartily. 5

St. Paul's Mission, CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 12 '90. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is wonderful in its long action on any nervous disease caused by over-exertion or overwork. Three children of my family had had this sickness, the use of the Tonic stopped the paroxysms at once and restored the system to its normal condition. I most heartily recommend it to all who are afflicted with this disease. FRED LEISWELDER, S. J., Superior, Ill., Oct. 27 '91. Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is the only medicine I have used for my nervous system for over twenty years. It has cured me of all my nervous ailments and I have been able to do my work as usual. I have cured many others who were afflicted with this disease. I have cured a lady who had been afflicted with this disease for over twenty years and I have cured a man who had been afflicted with this disease for over twenty years. I have cured a man who had been afflicted with this disease for over twenty years. I have cured a man who had been afflicted with this disease for over twenty years. SISTERS OF ST. FRANCIS.

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| | |
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