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THE MOTHERLAND.

Latest Mails from England, Ireland and Scotland.

Description of the Dominion Line S. S. Canada... Lord Kinnear and the Kerry Hog Dist... The Heirs of King Charles I. St. Mungo's Glasgow.

ASTORIA.

The biggest vessel in the world has left Belfast. The Pennsylvania, as she is called, was launched on the 10th September last, and since then thousands of men have been engaged in completing her for the trade in which she is to be engaged. All the resources of the eminent firm of shipbuilders who designed and constructed the hull have been lavished to make the Pennsylvania the finest ship in the world and anyone who has seen the model of the vessel will readily admit that the endeavour has not with complete success. The dimensions are very striking—Length, 585 feet; beam, 62 feet; and depth from keel to upper deck, 42 feet. Her weight is 8,000 tons, but her displacement will be little short of 10,000 tons.

COCK.

The Dominion Line, as Canada took her departure from Queenstown yesterday for Boston after embarking a number of passengers, says The Cork Examiner of January 30. Any account of the Canada would be incomplete without a description of the magnificent vessel, which is a masterpiece of engineering. She is a perfect model from stem to stern. She is almost a fac-simile of such vessels as the Majestic and Tonic, and possesses the advantage over those vessels of not only supplying first-class accommodation, but also of carrying an immense cargo. The large and handsome saloon is situated in a deck house erected on the hurricane deck with seating accommodation for nearly two hundred, and is surrounded by a beautiful skylight dome of stained glass with decorated panels bearing the crests of Montreal, Quebec, Toronto and Liverpool, as well as the arms of the Dominion of Canada. The state rooms are models of elegance and comfort, perhaps the most important feature about them being that they are well ventilated. On the lower deck there is a handsomely arranged second-class saloon capable of seating about one hundred, and also a large number of first and second-class staterooms which are all that could be desired. The stateroom accommodation is one of the most excellent features of the vessel. The company has left nothing undone to add to the comfort of the stateroom passengers. These quarters, which are situated in the poop, are most commodious. The bed fittings are of galvanized iron, and the rooms are supplied with steam radiators and electric light, the latter being under the control of the passengers. Adjoining the stateroom quarters is a large bath-room and lavatory. There is also large deck accommodation for this class of passengers, and everything about the stateroom accommodation shows plainly that Messrs. Richards, Mills & Co. were attentive to the comfort of this class of passengers. The dining saloon is the most modern pattern, combining privacy with comfort. The first class smoking-room, which is situated on the upper bridge deck, has doors opening on this deck as well as a staircase to the promenade deck, and is furnished with a nationally attractive with plants. There is also a large and commodious smoking room for the second class passengers. The ladies room and library, which are also situated on the saloon deck, are two of the most modern features of the ship, being decorated in polished wood, the latter containing an oak case containing the works of the best known authors, while the ladies' room is especially fitted up for the accommodation of the fair sex.

ENGLAND.

The Catholic Church in England. The Daily Mail says information comes from Rome that England will soon have a second Metropolitan See to relieve the fatigue and responsibility of the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury. Cardinal Vaughan has fourteen suffragans, some of them several hundred miles distant. One of the dioceses in the North of England is to be raised to rank of an archdiocese. Saturday, Jan. 30th being the anniversary of the execution of King Charles I, the characteristic scenes in honour and memory of the "martyred-sovereign" were repeated at the statue at Charing Cross by ardent Jacobites and devotees of the Stuart cause. Several representatives of the Loggins Club, the White Cockade Jacobite Club, and other societies devoted to the Stuart cause, most of them wearing white roses in their button holes, gathered about the statue, and waited for the wreaths to be placed on the statue of the King. The White Cockade Club and other organizations distributed lists of printed matter containing a list of "The Heirs of King Charles I."

SCOTLAND.

Restoring St. Mungo's, Glasgow. For some considerable time past it has been felt that St. Mungo's Church, Townhead, Glasgow, was in great need of thorough overhauling, both internally and externally. For fourteen years the church was not painted or properly cleaned out, so that the parishioners felt that the time was now ripe for carrying out a much-needed scheme of redecoration and repair. For this purpose a public meeting of the congregation has been held in the church. Father Wilford said they were not for the purpose of taking steps for the decoration and embellishment of the church. They had only to look round them (he said) to see the necessity of such a proceeding. This church has been long ago but for the fact that other things, such as the building of the new presbytery and new schools, had taken up their attention, and so prevented them from getting their church redecorated. Mr. Brown moved a resolution to the effect that "the decoration of their church was a matter of the most urgent necessity, and should be gone on with at the very earliest opportunity."

IRELAND.

Much of life's misery is due to indignation: for who can be happy with a pain in his stomach? As a corrective and strengthener of the alimentary organs, Ayer's Pills are invaluable, their use being always attended with marked benefit.

IRELAND.

An inquest has been held in Drogheda on two men Cranny and Slavin, who met their death from being suffocated in a house in West street. The cause of gas was caused by a leak in the pipe.

The Schwabenberg Organist

By F. F. Schabenberg, the Grand Duke's Organist.

The post of organist in the little town of Schwabenberg, in Germany, was strictly hereditary, and descended from father to son with the greatest punctuality and routine. It used to be the saying in Schwabenberg that there would only two people in the Duchy who could reckon for certain on a patrimony of their own and heir—these were the organist and the Grand Duke, since the laws of succession and entail were as hard and fast in one case as in the other. The organist's son got the organ, and the Grand Duke got the coronet, both of which things brought a competence in their train.

The post of organist in the town of Schwabenberg was worth about five thalers a year, and was consequently as highly esteemed as any post of the kind in Germany. These were the days when a great musician like John Sebastian Bach though the very well paid with 500 per annum, along with firewood and occasional gratuities, so that the organistship of Schwabenberg, which was worth quite 500, that is to say, nearly treble the aforesaid amount—was a lucrative post, coveted by many a poor player, throughout Germany, though coveted in vain, since, as we say, it was as hereditary and of as immutable a succession as the throne of the Grand Duke himself.

The hereditary organist of Schwabenberg was Rudolf Mannheim, who was now a very old man; and the law of succession, which had operated so potently during his lifetime and that of his ancestors for generations past, was likely to undergo a peculiar development in this case, inasmuch as he had no son to whom to bequeath his manual and pedals, but only a daughter—his only child, and reputed with reason the prettiest maiden in the duchy. The Duke's steward and the Duke himself, to whom the peculiar hereditary difficulty connected with Rudolf had been familiar for a long time past, had searched the archives of the Grand Duchy of Schwabenberg, to discover what precise course ought to be taken in so anomalous a dilemma, and they had discovered a precedent for its solution. "In 1514," so ran the old German record, "Christian Mannheim, the organist of the Grand Duke's chapel and of the town of Schwabenberg" (both duties he it noted lay included in the court organist's function), "being without heirs male to whom he could bequeath his organ-stool and instrument, the Grand Duke decided that Margaret Mannheim, his only daughter, was the proper person to inherit the organ, but she being a female, and a man being necessary for the post, her husband (who was Ludwig Mannheim, her cousin) should succeed in due course to the post of organist, and by this means, His Grace, the Grand Duke, justly and impartially solved the great problem."

Relying on this precedent the present Grand Duke had intimated that same necessary condition to Rudolf Mannheim, but with the additional proviso, that as the old man's playing had been very bad of late, and he was determined not to put up with bad music if he could get better, the post of organist should be offered to public competition, and the successful competitor should marry Emily Mannheim.

"By this means," said the Grand Duke, who thought the solution of the difficulty an excellent one, "I shall keep the appointment in your family, Rudolf; I shall provide a home for yourself, and I shall secure an accomplished husband for your daughter. And how do you like this?" he added, turning round to Emily Mannheim.

Emily confessed with many blushes, that she was not averse to the proposal, for as a matter of fact the matter had been pretty well settled between her and Fritz von Osterode, who was one of the lords-in-waiting at the Grand Duke's court. It was mainly owing to Fritz's influence that the Grand Duke had come to this remarkable decision. For Fritz had heard that various Mannheimers in various parts of Germany had been applying for the coveted post, and urging their claims to relationship as the ground for their appointment, coupled with their exceeding willingness to marry Emily. In order, therefore, to disappoint them, he had persuaded his royal master to offer the post for public competition, in the hope, which was almost a complete assurance, that he should win the prize, gain the organ, and marry Emily, the greatest prize of all.

As a matter of fact the young man had very good chances. He was a most accomplished organist, and had for years past been a pupil of old Rudolf Mannheim, in point of playing being far superior to his master.

Emily was a quiet retiring girl, and had only one great friend in the place, a woman called Etelka Friedlander, to whom she opened her heart.

"I think," replied Etelka to Emily's oft-repeated question, "that Fritz is sure to come off victorious in the contest. Keep your mind easy, my dear. You know I am a good judge of music, and I can assure you that I never heard any playing like Fritz's either in Dresden or Prague, or Berlin

or Vienna. There is one organist that I know of who plays better, and that is the great organist of Osnabruck, and I don't think it at all likely that he will appear on the scene. So keep your mind easy, and I will answer for it, Fritz will be yours.

Any other fate was too dreadful for Emily to contemplate. She became uncontrollably anxious as the day for the competition drew nearer, and Etelka having to go to visit her sick parents in a neighboring town, she was left to her own hopes and fears.

The day of the contest at length arrived, and organists from all parts of the Fatherland assembled to compete for the coveted post of court organist of Schwabenberg. There were competitors of all kinds, from old gaitered organists with spectacles on nose and waistcoats liberally besprinkled with snuff, to the young swash-buckler virtuoso, with swords at their sides and powdered wigs, who looked more like courtiers, than poor players, and who the Schwabenberg maidens whispered as they saw them pass along the street were certainly fitted to be organists at court.

There was a sworn jury of musicians to decide on the merits of the competitors, and the Grand Duke himself, seated in his private box in the concert-chapel, which was more like an opera box, overlooking the altar, in order that he too might assist in the arbitration—in fact, the final decision rested with him.

One after another the competitors played—there were all sorts of styles, for each player was allowed to choose any piece he pleased for his performance, and on the merits of that he was judged. At last Fritz von Osterode stepped forward to the organ, and at once his superiority over the other players was manifest. The ease of his execution, the brilliancy of his combinations of stops, the dexterity of his pedalling—all combined to give him the supremacy, an easy supremacy among the crowd of performers.

The contest was well nigh over. Fritz had finished his selection. The judges were unanimous in their verdict in his favour, and the Grand Duke was just rising to pronounce him the successful aspirant when a confusion arose at the church door, and a loud voice was heard exclaiming, "I am not too late. The competition is not over till four, and there remain a few minutes. I claim the privilege and the leave of the Duke to enter the contest;" and without any more preamble the figure of a big man strode up the church and seated itself at the organ.

"He is within his rights," remarked the Duke, sitting down once more. "We must give him leave to play." No sooner had he uttered these words than he turned pale with astonishment. Such a peal of brilliant volunturnous sound poured forth from the organ as surely had never issued from instrument before. It swept through the air and intoxicated the senses of all who heard it with rapture. But before the listeners could recover from the effect of the mighty impression thus made on them the performer changed his notes and broke into the most plaintive and passionate music. anon, he suddenly changed to the peal of a triumphal march, and torrents of glorious sound rolled from the organ, so that not only the people who sat in the church, but the very judges, and, last of all, the Grand Duke himself, stood up clapping their hands and crying that this man was the victor of the competition!

Alas for poor Emily! The mere thought of having such a person for her husband and losing her beloved Fritz was misery and torture to her. What was to be done? This question was asked with equal pertinacity by Fritz himself, who saw all his hopes dashed to the ground. All the people were surrounding the victorious stranger, who now stood in the centre of the church, speaking and laughing with this one and then with that, while the Grand Duke, who had already pronounced him the conqueror, was descending from the ducal pew to congratulate him likewise. He had announced himself as Herr Schultz, from Breslau, and his name began to ring around in a manner most irritating to Fritz and most heart-breaking to Emily.

They soon joined one another in the cloisters of the chapel, which led outside the Duke's pleasure grounds. "My dear," said Fritz, "what is to be done? I have lost you—unless you give up your home and your father, which I would not ask you to do."

"The dear little house," sighed Emily, "where my dear father is so pleased to spend his declining years—the little annuity which falls in so regularly, and is so welcome to him—and, above all, the position, the honour of being Court organist, or at least of having it in his family, that he can walk about with sooked hat as one of the Duke's officials. To take away all this from him would be to kill him. And yet what a cost must I pay for it? I must marry that Schultz! Oh, I never can," she cried, clinging close to Fritz, and hiding her face in his bosom as he caressed her. "I cannot do it, and yet I must do it will kill my father."

"I know what I will do," cried Fritz suddenly. "I will challenge him to a duel!"

"Ah! you must not do that," exclaimed Emily. "You are not so expert with your rapier. He might kill you."

"I do not mean a duel of swords. I mean a duel of music," returned Fritz. "I will practise diligently for some time to come, until I can perform feats of execution that will eclipse those of this Herr Schultz, and then I will defy him to a contest, and beat him."

The idea struck them both as a good one. If it did not solve the difficulty, at any rate it had the advantage of putting off the evil day, and in the midst of their misery even this was something.

When Herr Schultz received the challenge, which was delivered shortly after the above colloquy, he burst out spluttering and swearing. "Gott in Himmel," he cried, "this is locherlich. Here, have I been adjudged victorious, only to toss away my prize and enter the lists with this young upstart, whom I have already beaten? No! A thousand times, no!"

"But they will say, if you refuse him, Herr Schultz," suggested one of his numerous admirers (for all the musical talent in Schwabenberg was now clustering round the successful hero), "they will say that you are afraid of him. They will say that perhaps you gained your victory this time by accident, and that you shrink from offering yourself to the risk of being beaten by entering a new contest."

"If they say that then," roared Schultz, "I will meet him any day he chooses, within a reasonable time, for a public trial of skill. For I cannot wait here long; I must return to Breslau in order to put my affairs in order there, preparatory to returning here for good to settle and claim my pretty bride."

The day of the second contest arrived. The two rivals drew lots for precedence in playing, and the lot was in favour of Fritz. His performance was pronounced admirable, and his skill was noticed to have improved very much in the interim. But as soon as Herr Schultz played his magical fingers on the organ, once more the instrument awoke to miraculous tones such as had never been heard before, and once more the organist of Breslau was pronounced victorious.

"I can stay no more, I need stay no more," he said as he descended from his stool into the body of the church, "to waste my time in idle experiments such as these. I have fairly won my prize now twice over, and I intend to claim it. I leave for Breslau at once, and when I have settled my affairs there I shall return here and begin my new life as organist, and also my new domestic career as husband of Fraulein Emily Mannheim."

Emily revolved at the hideous leer with which he favoured her as he uttered these words, and her face became the picture of misery and despair. "It is a pity," said some, "that the Grand Duke has made such a condition."

"He never believed that any one else but Fritz von Osterode would win her," was the reply. "It was on that account that he proposed the plan. Be assured he will find some way out of the difficulty."

But the Duke did not condescend to have anything to do with it. He was appealed to by Fritz von Osterode. He was pathetically entreated by Emily, but all to no purpose. People thought—and they were right—that the Grand Duke admired Schultz's playing, and did not see why, for the sake of sparing a young girl's feelings, he should deliberately deprive himself of the best music he could ever have in his private chapel.

Such was the state of things in Schwabenberg, and the time drew nigh when Herr Schultz would return from Breslau to claim his bride and his post of organist. The misery of the lovers was extreme. "We have tried everything, my dear," said Emily to Fritz. "We have thought over every conceivable plan, and no light appears in the darkness. There is yet one person whom I would fain consult, and that is Etelka Friedlander. She told me she would always help me in any difficulty, and here is one which demands the utmost help which it is in her power to give. How I wish she were here! But as she is not, how I should like to go to Weimar to see her!"

There was no such thing as the penny post in those days. A letter meant two or three marks, and poor people seldom wrote letters. Etelka Friedlander had therefore never been informed of the result of the contest at Schwabenberg, and still under the idea that everything had gone well with her young friend. To her surprise, one day, as she was out in Weimar making purchases, she saw the carrier's cart come in from the country, and seated in it poor Emily and Fritz, looking as miserable as human beings can. They soon told her their tale, in which she seemed very much interested, and after listening awhile she replied:

"It is just possible that this man Schultz may be the very organist of Osnabruck of whom I told you. If so, it were idle and hopeless for Fritz ever to attempt to compete with him. Nay, from the very first he might have spared himself the trouble. But the man says he comes from Breslau. Well, he may be telling a falsehood; though, of course, he may be speaking

the truth. I know not exactly what course to take; but I think it will be best for you, my dear, to let things go on."

"And be married to the monster?" shrieked Emily.

"That remains to be seen," replied Etelka Friedlander. "Let the banners be put up—the ceremony arranged—and let me be your bridesmaid. I will support you through the ceremony, and see if I can stop it."

Such profound confidence did Emily have in her old friend's wisdom and discernment, that she quite fell in with her suggestion, though Fritz looked very blank at the mere prospect of his beloved Emily being led to the altar by any man but himself.

"I am sure all will be well, said Emily, on the way home.

"How if it is not well? What shall I do?" objected her lover.

"Can you propose a better plan?" asked Emily.

"I cannot," he replied.

"Let us take then the only plan we have, and hope for the best. For beyond hope and confidence we seem to have little."

The wedding-day was duly fixed, which was to see the post of organist handed to Herr Schultz, of Breslau, and the pretty Emily Mannheim converted into Emily Schultz—a by no means euphonious change, as some of her friends remarked.

"The change in name is as bad as the change in life for her," said others, sympathetically. "Poor girl! I believe it will kill her."

The wedding was in the Grand Duke's private chapel. The bridegroom was there early, and, with a number of his admiring friends around him, played the wedding march while the bride and her party entered the church. Poor Emily was as pale as death. Fritz was one of the group attending her, but his condition seemed to be worse than that of the bride. The only one party who seemed to restrain her composure was the bridesmaid, who wore a long white veil like the bride herself, nearly concealing her features from view.

The clergyman advanced from the altar and began the service, which was broken by the convulsive sobs of Emily, and occasionally interrupted by the impatient mutterings of Fritz, who, standing behind with his hand on his sword hilt, seemed ready to rush on Schultz and impale him directly the fatal words came to be uttered which were to make him and his beloved Emily one.

The ceremony proceeded to that critical point, and the clergyman enquired of Schultz if he took Emily Mannheim to be his wedded wife. Schultz replied loudly in affirmative. The minister then turned to Emily, and asked her if she took Herr Joseph Schultz to be her wedded husband. To the surprise of all a clear ringing response came, not from the bride herself, but from the bridesmaid, "I do," and throwing off her veil, Etelka confronted the bridegroom and the assembled company.

"Hear me," she cried as the tall man quailed and blanched before her. "Hear me, esteemed minister, and all you who assembled here. I too was an organist's daughter; like Emily Mannheim, I too had to take as my husband the best player in a public competition. This man was the successful competitor. He was young then; so was I. I loved him and married him willingly, and he took my father's post and entered into my father's house. But after living with me awhile, his ambition tempted him to Osnabruck, where was a more important post with a similar condition attaching to it—that he should marry the organist's daughter. Knew that he was, he scrupled not to enter the contest, and to desert me. But I followed him to Osnabruck and denounced him, frustrating his bid and dishonourable mention. Since then he abandoned me entirely, and years have passed since I saw him. I saw him for the first time again to-day, and I beseech you, my Lord Duke, to put a stop to his part in the ceremony, and to allow Fritz von Osterode, who is an excellent organist, an honourable youth, and well beloved by Emily Mannheim, to take his place."

"Well said," cried the Grand Duke, "and so let it be! Minister, finish the ceremony between the young pair, and Fritz shall be my organist in future. With regard to Herr Schultz, what do you desire, Etelka Friedlander?"

"That he may be recognised as my husband once more, if he will leave his evil ways," replied Etelka; "but if not, that he shall depart to Breslau, where he came from, and leave me in peace as he found me."

But Etelka Friedlander, who was always one of the chief partisans in the household of Emily and Fritz, remained Etelka Friedlander and not Schultz, until her dying day.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parneloe'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, Maine, Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parneloe's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Wife (dejectedly)—"I'm a perfect fright!" Husband (consoling)—"No mortal is perfect, dearest."

ESTABLISHED 1849

TO THE TRADE.

Successful selling follows careful and keen buying. This is applicable to all branches of business, and perhaps to none more so than

General Dry Goods, Men's Furnishings, Haberdashery, Carpets and Woollens.

At present and until after the Millinery Openings the city will be visited by more than the usual number of buyers. We wish to impress this fact not only upon these buyers but on every merchant in the Dominion who sells the above class of goods, that the stocks in each of our respective departments are **NEW, FASHIONABLE, SEASONABLE and SALEABLE GOODS**; that it will be advantageous to see our **NOVELTIES, SPECIAL, LINES and MANUFACTURERS' CLEARING LINES** before buying elsewhere. We have learned by experience of almost half a century that **NEW GOODS** are more satisfactory to consumer, retailer and wholesaler than out-of-date goods are at any price, and therefore we commence every season with the latest production of manufacturers as they appear in the markets of the world. Owing to the depressed state of business in many of the manufacturing centres we have, through the power of prompt cash payments, secured many very desirable lines greatly below regular prices.

Our Linens are admitted to be the best value in the market.
Our Prints sell with greater ease than any others.
Our Dress Goods have reached a popularity that is enviable.
Our Hosiery is noted for fastness of color and durability in wear.

Our Woollens are sold in every county and province in Canada.
Our Carpets have no equal in design and value.
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WE ARE SPECIALISTS IN FILLING LETTER ORDERS.

JOHN MACDONALD & CO'Y,

WELLINGTON AND FRONT STS. EAST, TORONTO.

The Domain of Woman.

TALKS BY "TERESA."

"THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE CRADLE ROCKS THE WORLD."

One is constantly hearing all sorts of strictures on the conduct of women in the street cars, especially in the cold weather. The most general complaint is that they do not close the car doors after them upon entering or leaving. This is not surprising considering that no little strength is required to either open or close the doors, and since the conductors and motormen are usually ready enough to perform this service for ladies, I think they may reasonably be excused from it. It is no easy matter for a woman to close the doors while standing on the platform, as I am aware from experience, and when one is the only passenger slighting one is apt to be nervous, for the conductor is waiting ready to jerk the string almost before one's foot is off the step. Women have not yet attained to the masculine accomplishment of raising while the car is going at full speed, opening the door, stepping jauntily out and gracefully slamming it to again with one finger. But in view of the complaints against them, which are going the rounds just now, I think they had better begin to practice it, and, while we are about it, we may as well learn how to swing ourselves off without stopping the car. For my own part, I have always found the passengers on the street cars affable and obliging enough, with possibly one or two exceptions hardly worth noticing.

Gentlemen, as a rule, when sitting near the door invariably open and close it for a lady, and I have yet to stand in the car in which men are sitting. I have been in overcrowded cars times without number, and never failed to find a seat, once or twice being invited to sit on a lady's lap. Of course, if one goes around in a street car or anywhere else determined to pick all sorts of holes in our neighbour's conduct, opportunities will never be wanting, for the slightest and most inoffensive act can be magnified into a deliberate intention to offend and cause discomfort, if the spectators through which we look at it are large and dark enough.

I have just finished perusing "The Catholic Almanac of Ontario for 1897," published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood.

I was very much surprised to learn from the editors that the Almanac, which has been in existence three years, is only just beginning to find favor; all the more so, as it is the very thing that is wanted.

We Catholics are, unfortunately, only too apt to forget our obligations. Proceedings and notices give us no information regarding the different feasts and festivals, and unless we have some reminder in the shape of an almanac that is distinctly Catholic in tone we very often forget them. That we do forget is, of course, no excuse whatever, especially

as we have within our reach a publication, which is not only a perfectly accurate Catholic calendar, but which contains also every information likely to be of use from astronomical calculations, rates of postage, &c., to a complete list of the Catholic clergy in Ontario, besides valuable information regarding the different religious societies, a large quantity of miscellaneous facts, stories and poetry. The Almanac would be valuable in every district in the Dominion which does not possess one of its own. Another recommendation is, that in purchasing the Catholic Almanac of Ontario we materially help the Sisters of the Precious Blood, and that consideration alone should induce every Catholic to expend twenty-five cents upon a copy of this elegant and useful almanac.

The following letter from a correspondent will be read with much interest by all my readers who have Catholic progress at heart and who desire to see our young people better looked after. If any of my readers have anything to say on this subject they shall have as much space as I can give them:

"DEAR TERESA.—I have been an interested reader of your page of THE REGISTER since you appeared on the scene (as it were) and I have been sorry to note how slow our Catholic ladies are in responding to your invitation to contribute their mite to your column."

"Now, I am going to ask you to solve one or two things that are mystical to me."

"1. Why are our people always so slow to respond to anything Catholic? In other things they are willing and anxious to help, but ask them to contribute to a Catholic paper or help a Catholic cause in any way and they don't hear you at all: they are deaf on that side."

"2. Why are there not more societies formed in our Church to bring our young people together—as they have in other churches? I am not speaking of the city now, as I know the young people have many opportunities to meet there, but of the country towns. Now I live in one of those towns and I know the young people are sadly neglected. There is no way they can meet and have a pleasant evening together, no society where they would have a mutual interest, and besides, what is the consequence? There are more mixed marriages in this town than any town of its size in the Dominion. It is really deplorable, and if you can suggest anything that will be a help in solving this difficulty you will be doing a great benefit to our people. Thanking you for the valuable space I have taken and wishing you every success in your column I will sign myself

A MOTHER."

Now I think the fact of the indifference shown by Catholics toward papers and magazines published in their home, and towards their writers, is one of the greatest bars to their social and political progress.

This indifference is all the more singular, and, to my mind, all the more reprehensible, because Catholics themselves are aware of it, and for that very reason it will be more difficult to overcome. The wonder is that there are any Catholic papers in existence to-day in the Dominion; and it is a credit to those concerned in their production, that their herculean struggles against difficulties have been maintained as long

as they have. I have not been connected with THE REGISTER very long, but, speaking personally, I think it is the best written and best conducted Catholic paper in the country, and Toronto Catholics ought to be proud of it. But on the other hand, they could see the terrible difficulties their representative paper has had to struggle with—is struggling with still—the sight ought to awaken in them a feeling of shame that they, as Catholics, are not public spirited enough to come forward and help THE REGISTER to the place it should hold, a foremost place in Catholic journalism. But I trust times are changing, we are beginning to recognize, slowly perhaps, the enormous power wielded by the press. The greatest power it possesses, however, is contained in the expression of the opinions of the people. Let us, Catholic women, not forget this, we hold in our hands an enormous lever, singly we cannot move it, but united we may overturn the whole vast wall of prejudice and hatred against everything Catholic, which is being raised and strengthened by the efforts of the anti-Catholic press.

But how can we do any good? By united effort. Let every woman support as far as she can some Catholic publication, let my readers write to me, no matter what they say, so that the subject is interesting. I tell you, Catholic women, you have a power in your hands of which you do not dream, I am here for the purpose of telling you, and I shall keep on saying it until I see some definite result. This power is, organization. Organize yourselves in Women's Auxiliaries to raise funds for your churches and charitable societies, into committees for visiting the poor, into a Catholic National Council of Women if you like, but, whatever you are doing in that direction, or any other, take care the world hears of it. Keep yourselves before the public, seize every opportunity, the Protestant women are miles ahead of you, and the world is going down before them.

I mentioned the want of social meetings for our young people a week or two ago. Of course, it is easy enough to make suggestions, but the needs and resources of individual parishes have to be considered, and what is possible for one may not be possible for another. The best of all suggestions are those based upon practical experience, and as I intend to try and get up a few social events for the young folks connected with the different churches here, I will give my readers the benefit of my experiences. If any of you have anything to say in this matter, write to me about it.

If there is a good large schoolroom attached to a church, it ought not to be difficult to get up social teas, conversational, musical evenings &c. One more thing I have to say, don't leave everything to the clergy and the religious, the good sisters have quite enough upon their hands as it is, and, willing enough as they are to do everything possible, we ought to be ashamed to heap the work upon them as we do.

What do you think I heard once, dear reader? "Oh, the clergy don't like outside interference!" Rubbish! nothing pleases them better than to see their half moribund people wake up, and display a little energy, and interest in their social affairs. Of course they would not be pleased to about the services, or the socialities, or church matters, or anything of that kind, if you wants to interfere in such things?

Pray put that stale old excuse for idleness into the background, and look about and see what you can do.

I have received another exceedingly interesting letter, which I will treat of next week.

When one considers the difficulties that attend the printing and publication of even the smallest paper the wonder is not there are so many errors, but that the errors are so few.

But, when I look at this poor column sometimes my feelings are such that I dare not trust myself in the composing room for fear of doing something desperate. Take the spelling for instance, I always used to pride myself on the fact that there was not a word I couldn't spell without the aid of a dictionary, and at school I was preferred to death with importunate entreaties to tell my schoolfellows how such and such a word was spelled. One girl, a particular chum of mine, was a splendid arithmetician as a thing I had no head at all for, but she could not spell, and on one occasion, while the dictation class was on, I felt a kick under the desk, and, on looking up, beheld a piece of paper on which was written the request: "Do tell me how to spell digressed." Looking at "digressed" as I could give the required information. When any mistakes occur my readers must obligingly wink at them as "typographical." But one part of my talk last week was completely spoilt by the omission of a paragraph. I give it below as it should have read:

"But if any of my girl readers are wearing themselves out slaving early and late, dragging back and forth in all weathers, for a miserable pittance of two dollars or so a week; I would ask them to consider whether they are really doing the best for themselves. Whether they might not do better at service in a comfortable home. But perhaps one is to blame oneself, if a more than usually involved sentence comes out hind part before, or wrong side up."

Some of the papers break off in the middle of a perfectly lucid remark to utter the awful conjuration, "I'll gwot o—l'm l' co," and you begin to wonder whether it is Welsh, when suddenly the fit of temporary typographical insanity vanishes, and you are reading the tail end of a sentence, which has been beleaguered after the manner of a quotation from the Fathers as given by Protestant controversialists.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Attention to rules is requested. Correspondents will kindly limit number of queries to two. Questions will be answered in the order in which they are received. No questions replied to by post. Letters must be addressed to "Teresa," Office of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, 40 Lombard St.

A MOTHER.—Behold your epistle in print, I am pleased to give it space, and shall always be glad to hear from you at any time.

SHIN COLONY.—I hope I have got your non de plume correctly. Thank you very much for your letter. I shall indeed be very much pleased to hear from you whenever you can find time to write. I am glad you like the idea of Needlework Guild; all my correspondents seem to like the idea, but I am only feeling my way just at present in regard to the matter.

Do not say your opinion is worth very little, on the contrary the opinions of all my correspondents are of incalculable value to me, and you will see the use I shall make of yours. If you have any

thing else at heart be sure and write to me, I shall not forget you. Please pray for me, I am trying to wake our Catholic women up, and the task is not an easy one.

A MEMBER, I.O.G.E.U.—I am much obliged to you and will not fail to let my readers know of the benefits accruing to members of your society. Write to me again, upon any subject. I shall always be pleased to hear from you. Your notice shall appear next week.

MISS M. O'BRIEN.—Many thanks, I live a considerable distance from the hall but will make a special effort to come to the meeting.

TERESA.

Death of a Centenarian

There passed away on the 9th inst. of Arthur township, about the hour of midnight on Saturday last, in the person of Mrs. Margaret Oushen, probably the most aged person—man or woman—in the county of Wellington, says THE ARTHUR ENTERPRISE of the 11th inst. Deceased was the relict of the late Thomas Oushen sr., and lived for a number of years after her husband's death alone in a house near the roadside, spending much of her time visiting and making herself generally useful among the neighbors in what is known as the 'Kerry Settlement.' Deceased was a native of county Kerry, Ireland, and immigrated to Canada a full half century ago, living in Guelph for several years before coming to Arthur township. The funeral took place on Monday to Kentworth R. O. cemetery, her remains being attended to their last resting place by a large number of people who assembled to pay a deserving tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. She is generally considered to have reached the very ripe and rare old age of 115 years. Rev. Father Dubé officiated at the grave. R. I. P.

FACTS FULL OF SUNSHINE.

FOR RHEUMATIC SUFFERERS.

Shakespeare says that "the miserable have no other medicine but only hope," but for those who are made miserable by Rheumatism, even hope has fled in a great majority of cases.

Twenty years I long time to be the victim of a disease, and yet that is the time Thos. Stevenson, of 122 John St. South, Hamilton, makes oath that he was afflicted with Rheumatism. Twenty years a fiction is enough to banish any hope of cure, and yet Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, after everything else failed, restored Mr. Stevenson to health.

Seven years one would think too long to suffer miserable torture, and yet Mr. C. B. Hamilton, of 131 Sydenham Street, London, Ont., endured the agonies of Rheumatism for that length of time. At times he could not use his limbs. Kootenay Cure has cured him, and he's truly thankful for it. Hundreds of others, besides these, have sworn to be cured by Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1897.

Calendar for the Week.

- 18—Prayer of Our Lord in the Garden. 19—St. Valentine and Com. 20—St. Peter's Chair at Antioch. 21—St. Peter Damien. 22—St. Matthias, Ap. 23—St. Valentine, Ap. 24—Passion of Our Lord.

We are forced to hold over till next week the continuation of the interesting original story of Kateri Tekakwitha now appearing in THE REGISTER.

In the next issue of THE REGISTER three letters in the Langtry controversy, which have been refused insertion in The Mail and Empire, will be published.

It is not known what steps, if any, Rev. Dr. Langtry has taken to prevent the civic authorities from erecting an image in Toronto in commemoration of the 60th year Her Majesty's reign.

The letters published in this issue from Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, and Hon. Edward Blake, on the Irish Parliamentary Party show for one thing, that the recent cable despatch, which said the Archbishop had proposed Mr. John Redmond for the leadership, was false.

Hard times for the people mean quiet times for the doctors. So says Dr. J. J. Cassidy in The Canadian Journal of Medicine and Surgery. There are fewer consultations and less business for doctors and druggists. A startling summary of the results of the prevailing poverty and distress in Toronto. Dr. Cassidy explains it by saying when people are struggling for life they pay no attention to trifles. Men do not. But what of the women? They "bitch" and forget both their fancied ailments and the wolf at the door. Hygiene is another cause of the "visible" falling off in patients and notable reduction in revenue. But the best corrective popular medicine is hard times. Truly it is an ill wind that blows no good.

The Globe sends out to its friends an artistically arranged booklet descriptive of its handsome offices and prosperous business. The wonders of modern newspaper making are here pictured in the up-to-date mode. There is a fine harmony about The Globe as an institution. Everything connected with the paper is on a big, solid scale. In fact The Globe is one of the institutions of Canada. Political at all times, it is entirely reliable as a public medium of impartial intelligence, whilst its tone is distinctly and unvaryingly Canadian. It is the rule rather than the exception that the property of newspapers excites a considerable amount of public jealousy, very often of a class or partisan description. The Globe is free from that sort of ill will. Most Canadians are almost equally well pleased to mark the growth of The Globe and any recognized institution of the Dominion. The Register subscribes itself a well-wisher.

Our contemporary, The London (England) Universe, writes quite enthusiastically in its compliments to The Daily Chronicle, upon the amazing journalistic enterprise of the latter paper. The almost incredible enterprise in question consists in the publication last week of the text of the school "settlement" drawn up by Messrs Laurier and Greenway, and which The Chronicle says, Mr. Fitzpatrick carried to Rome for submission to the authorities of the Vatican. The Universe could easily have beaten The Chronicle in its wonderful feat of journalism had it been half alive. The document published by The Chronicle is exactly the same as was published in every paper in Canada months ago, and in many papers in England and elsewhere. The fact that The Chronicle's enterprise amazed The Universe shows how well informed the Catholic press of England keeps itself upon this matter of Catholic education in Manitoba. No wonder that when Mr. Fitzpatrick tells half the story in London the Catholic press, knowing nothing of the other side, undertakes on the instant to lay down its law.

Our respected friend, The Christian Guardian, referring to the denial of Rev. Dr. Sutherland that he had spoken of the French Canadians as half-civilized, says:

How much triter it would have been for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to have corresponded with Mr. Maclearen or Dr. Sutherland before complaining or criticising, and have found out that the offensive words did not represent the thought of either of these gentlemen.

Perhaps it would have been better for Mr. Maclearen and Dr. Sutherland had this paper privately satisfied itself about how these gentlemen really felt towards the French Catholics. But what about the French Catholics themselves? Remember the offensive words had appeared in The Globe and The World, two journals of great circulation and reputation inside and outside of Canada. They had not been corrected by Mr. Maclearen the chairman of the meeting or by Rev. Dr. Sutherland. They would have been, and prior to the appearance of the paragraph in THE REGISTER no doubt were, copied by journals in any part of the world as truly describing the state of French-Canada. They would have been backed by the high reputations of The Globe and The World, and by the official character and standing of Rev. Dr. Sutherland. The duty of THE REGISTER, as of every paper, is to criticize, not to discover for its own satisfaction by private correspondence whether public journals accurately report public speakers. The criticism we are pleased to say has made the matter right, and such things are much better cleared up than left uncontradicted to be used as evidence against the character of the inhabitants of a great Catholic province.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's Diplomacy.

Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General for Canada, is on his way home; but the results of his mission to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome have pleased him. The daily papers gave on Tuesday a synopsis of the correspondence between Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Blake, armed with which the former approached the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda. In this issue we publish the full text of the letters exchanged, as they appear in The Tablet of February 6th. The first thing that strikes the reader of Mr. Fitzpatrick's letter is his diplomacy. He asks Mr. Blake for an opinion, not upon the facts of the case, but upon the following purely hypothetical case: It has been represented to me that the Roman Catholic bishops of the Province of Quebec have stated to the Cardinal Prefect of the Propaganda at Rome that the effect of the judgment in the case of Brophy by the Privy Council was that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba were entitled to their separate schools as they enjoyed them prior to the Manitoba Act of 1890.

Mr. Blake, of course, even in the language of the judgment of the Privy Council, characterizes Mr. Fitzpatrick's proposition as an "entire misapprehension." And so it is. Perhaps for aught we know, it is a deliberate misapprehension. Mr. Blake further repeats the substance of his own argument before the Privy Council in the Brophy case; but towards the end of his letter he says:

And having considered the provisions of the settlement now under discussion I think them infinitely more advantageous to the Roman Catholic minority than any Remedial Bill which is in the power of the Parliament of Canada to force upon the Province of Manitoba.

Archbishop Langevin and all the Catholic bishops of Canada who have spoken on the proposed "settlement" entertain an entirely contrary opinion from Mr. Blake. Who should be the better judge of what is or what is not advantageous to the Catholic minority we will not for the present discuss. Mr. Fitzpatrick has been in Rome; he has used Mr. Blake's opinion on a hypothetical case there; and the near future will tell with what result. Mr. Blake's letter, it will be observed, does not contain anything that is new, with the exception of his approval of the "settlement," which branch of the case he is most careful to repeat again and again in purely political.

But Mr. Fitzpatrick and The Tablet have made a strange use of Mr. Blake's opinion. The Tablet is apparently deceived by the hypothetical line of argument. It fears Mr. Blake's opinion "will be a sad disappointment to the hopes of many." Had it read the judgment of the Privy Council it would not have been disappointed or surprised. It would have known, as Mr. Blake points out, that the judgment says it is "not essential" that separate schools be restored as they were "enjoyed previous to the Manitoba Act of 1890." And certainly The Tablet should have known better than to think that Canadian Catholics

want restored the identical system then abolished. What Canadian Catholics in reality ask is that the principle of separate schools be restored, and they say the state can make what conditions it please to ensure efficiency.

That some understanding exists between Mr. Fitzpatrick and The Tablet is made abundantly plain in the issue of that paper to hand. The letters between Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Blake were private, and the first mention of them appeared in The Tablet. Notwithstanding this fact, in the same issue of The Tablet in which the correspondence appears, there is another letter from "A Catholic Canadian," whom we have already supposed upon good evidence to be Mr. Fitzpatrick himself. "A Catholic Canadian" makes a triumphant allusion to Mr. Blake's opinion in the same issue. As no one but Mr. Fitzpatrick could have written the letter. Having established this point we would draw attention to a rather peculiar allusion of Mr. Fitzpatrick's to the so-called "settlement." He speaks of the "proposed settlement, or as I should prefer to call it the proposed basis for negotiations." What? the boasted settlement only a "proposed basis for negotiations!" Wonderful! The Tablet gives a similar suggestion of a better settlement seeming when it says: "Let it be granted that the proposals as they are, are not satisfactory; it that any reason why they should not be made so?" This is a horse of a different color. If Mr. Fitzpatrick and Mr. Laurier have a satisfactory settlement to propose, let them produce it. Catholic opinion in Canada will throw no difficulty in their way, and if they succeed, their success will be candidly and cordially acknowledged.

Strength of the Provincial Idea.

A number of considerations out of the ordinary course of provincial politics may have contributed to the interest felt in the opening of the present session of the Ontario Legislature. But, we venture to say, that had the occasion been devoid of these accidents—a personal nature all of them—the public interest would not have been perceptibly less. In the first place it might have been supposed that the House of Assembly without Sir Oliver Mowat would have lost one of its important claims to dignity. The effect of last Wednesday's "function," (as the humorists of the press unfailingly describe it) however, proved that popular pride in Canadian representative institutions is rooted, not in men, but in the institutions themselves. Sir Oliver Mowat was present as a spectator; but the crowd did not know he was to have been on hand and did not come to see him. We do not mean to say that the people esteem the ex-Premier less because his influence has been removed to Ottawa; but that love for their local institutions is a different and altogether a greater influence than personal popularity. The new Premier, Mr. Hardy, was to make his appearance as a star in the field of statesmanship; and he could not have made a better impression were he premier, like poets, born not made, and had he been one of the fatal destinies of the Province of Ontario to carry on the succession. But the people were not assembled as spectators of Mr. Hardy's part in the proceedings. They were already familiar with his pleasing presence and attractive oratorical style; they were equally familiar with the routine of opening the legislature. The fact that a new Speaker was to be elected and that a portrait of Hon. Edward Blake was to be unveiled were further departures from the ordinary routine. To these latter incidental attractions almost all of the speech-making of the day appertained. The tone of the speeches brought out in a more striking way than the presence of the large and animated crowd could have done, the very fact upon which we are dwelling: that loyalty to the provincial idea is an important feature of public spirit. At all events it is so in Ontario.

The new Speaker, Mr. Francis Eugene Alfred Evanturel is a French-Canadian Catholic who has always been a popular member of the Assembly. Some references made to his personality from the leaders of both sides of the House are well worth quoting. Premier Hardy proposed his election in the following terms:

I am to propose a Speaker Mr. Evanturel, the member for Prescott. (Applause.) He has been a member of the House for some ten years. He is a graduate of Laval University, a bachelor of laws, a barrister, and for some time he was connected with the public service at Ottawa, and had an opportunity there of witnessing the procedure of Parliament and making himself familiar with the rules of debate. His father before him was a member of the Government of 1862, was the first Minister of Agriculture in Canada, was himself the creator, in a sense, of what is now the great Department of Agriculture. These are considerations which should have very great weight in the choice of Mr. Evanturel. That he will well fulfill the duties I do not doubt; that he has ability is beyond question. He has stood in the foremost ranks of the debaters of the House, and, although not perhaps taking as active a part in debate as some other members, he has always spoken to attentive ears. He is familiar with the rules and procedure of the House. He knows well the duties of the Speaker, and he would be glad to mention his name to all the members of this House to find a general admission that he will well and ably discharge the functions of the distinguished position to which I propose that he should be elected.

Mr. Stratton who seconded the motion said:

It is very gratifying to know in this, the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign, that in the first Province of the first colony of the first empire of the world a man's race and religion are not taken into consideration by the members of this House, but that only ability, integrity and fitness for the position are required.

Mr. Whitney, the leader of the Opposition, was more complimentary still to the Speaker-elect. He said:

I will say, however, premising that I intended to endorse the action of the Government in this respect, that it may be perhaps a matter of surprise throughout this Province, and a great many of our people may perhaps wonder as I wondered to-day at the choice of my hon. friend, the Premier, not at all on the merits of the choice which are beyond cavil; but we have heard and some of us have believed during the past few months that Mr. Evanturel was to be made the Cabinet and to be given a position there not only in accordance with the desires and aspirations, naturally so, of his own people, but with the belief in the fitness of such a promotion, which I think, was generally shared in by the people of this Province. I have no means of judging as to the reasons which have moved the Government to refrain from taking Mr. Evanturel into the Cabinet. They have selected him as their nominee for Speaker, and I imagine that all the members of the House are heartily in accord with the choice for several reasons.

As long as the spirit expressed in the above quoted remarks animates the popular representatives in whose hands the administration of provincial affairs is placed, there is no reason to fear that the people of Ontario will have cause to regard their local institutions, with any other feeling than pride. Provincial rights are the life-boats carried by the good ship Confederation; and men who are worthy of the trust of administering provincial affairs will always keep the life-boats seaworthy, no matter how securely the big ship may ride the waves. It will always be a matter for congratulation that the people show their pride in the provincial idea, and that the popular representatives, as at the opening of the present session of the Legislature, display the statesmanlike patriotism and sense of responsibility worthy of our provincial institutions.

Wealth and Extravagant Display.

For weeks ahead of the event, the newspapers of the United States and Canada trumpeted throughout the continent the preparations going forward for a fancy dress ball in a New York hotel, to be given by a fashionable and wealthy woman named Mrs. Bradley-Martin. The puppet-show had been given greater notoriety by reason of a popular pulpitist—Rev. Mr. Rainford, formerly of Toronto—making it the subject of a railing discourse. The preacher drew down upon himself the criticism of a hundred able editors, whose desire for a sensational subject usually runs away with their sense. The newspapers argued that if such fashionable extravagance did nothing else than put money into circulation, that merit alone should protect its promoters from condemnation. Heralded by universally excited anticipation the ball was held on Thursday night last, and the associates of Mrs. Bradley-Martin enjoyed next day the distinction of an advertisement that is not always given to the frivolities of courts. That class of Americans—and they have their counterpart in every people and nation under heaven—instinctively know how to take advantage of so rare an opportunity. They "wore all their money," as the phrase goes; and thanks to the newspapers the whole world got an idea of their worth in dollars. Mrs. Bradley-Martin herself was apparently the second wealthiest person there. She was described, as

"queen" of the ball, wearing her "famous robe of diamonds." Mr. John Jacob Astor was "king" of the ball; but whether his coat or breeches, or both of these articles of his apparel, were of diamonds is not mentioned.

There are thousands of persons in the city of New York wanting bread. While on the one hand it is claimed that if the Bradley-Martin ball did not materially help these people it could not have materially injured them, the inevitable contrary contention is advanced that a vulgar display of the baubles of American millionaireism may have an exasperating effect upon the impoverished mob. It is to be borne in mind that the spirit of American social institutions seems to nourish emulation and envy at all times among the classes composing society. But it is doubtful if Mrs. Bradley-Martin bothers her head with either set of considerations. Happening to have money she has the right to spend it as she pleases for the entertainment of her friends. Whether good or ill comes of it is none of her business. A degenerate race of ancient heathens held this to be good philosophy. "Whether, at its lowest ebb, the love of pleasure that brought heathen Rome to ruin was more degenerate or heathenish than the modern class of festivity that associates itself with the upthothesis of the immortal dollar is not a question to be lightly decided. There can, however, be no difficulty in discerning that the idea of promoting pleasure for the wealthy now-a-days leaves out of sight completely the responsibilities of wealth. It is such an easy matter for wealth and arrogance, surfs of a large following of worldlings, to rise superior to the world's opinion. And it is such a hard thing for those who never knew, or have forgotten, the love of God to understand the love of mankind.

Protestantism and the Old Testament.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott (Congregationalist) the successor of Henry Ward Beecher, in Plymouth church Brooklyn, has been preaching of late upon some features of Holy Writ which he conceives are not above literary criticism. He accordingly proceeds to play upon the sacred Scriptures with the bright shafts of his wit. The book of Job, although superior to Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet," is, he says, but a work of fiction, its superiority consisting in its more ingenious construction. The history of Job must be much inferior to that of Job, since its standard, as Dr. Abbott avers, is not above Lowell's "Bigelow Papers." Dr. Abbott appeals to a host of biblical scholars for support and affirmation of the justice of his ridicule.

Dr. Abbott's "leading flight in the subject" members of modern Protestantism. The biblical scholars who have arrived at his stage of development are the elite of modern Protestantism.

Yet we are never permitted to forget that in every nation of Europe where the ancient faith was overthrown at the Reformation, the Bible was the proclaimed and accepted charter of the divine right of the Protestant religion. The book has, indeed, been worshipped as the all-in-all, literally inspired, evidence of God and divine things. It is still so worshipped by thousands, eye millions, of Protestants. It might be said with truth by all except the elite above referred to. They the teachers, the preachers, the leaders of the people, in their literary pride have smashed the idol.

Will the mass of Protestants follow their ministers into unbelief? The whole business is but a game of follow-my-leader. The American Abbott's, Briggs and Smith's are only following the English "higher critics," who in turn have drawn upon philosophical Germans that for half a century have taken only what pleased them in the Old Testament as true. Even here in Toronto it seems the Old Testament cannot hold a candle to the new light Presbyterians.

Some one has said that as soon as any man has produced a book equal to the Bible he will be at liberty to make light of Holy Writ, and to direct the conceits and raileries of his criticisms against it. Dr. Abbott and the "higher critics" of his class have certainly not qualified upon this condition. They are only able to draw comparisons with "Faust," thinking the German goods of equal value. History repeats itself. Protestantism itself, as everybody knows, was "made

in Germany," and now the revolt against the Protestant belief in the Bible as the sole rule of faith is recommended by the same famous and fan-far brand. So it happens that the apologists of Goethe may have their own peculiar view concerning this latter day revolt against the Old Testament.

How these "biblical scholars" can overlook or deny the fact that the Jewish covenant and the old revelation formed the chief cornerstone upon which Christianity was erected, is something for the spacious intellects of the critics. The preservation, too, by the Hebrew race of the ancient revelation, side by side as it were with conquering Christianity, should have some bearing upon this somewhat frivolous discussion. A crusade against the Old Testament as a feature of an anti-Jewish campaign would be intoligible, because hate and prejudice can respect nothing. But where the higher critics are not preaching an anti-Semitic propaganda the Jewish contentions must be accounted a rather serious fact.

The idolatry of Egypt has passed from the world. They who were led out of Egypt by Moses—the inferiors of the Persians and of the Egyptians—as Frederick von Schlegel well remarks: "They are now the carriers, and we may well say, the porters of the designs of Providence, destined to bear the torch of primitive tradition and sacred promise from the beginning to the consummation of the world."

A re-acton of Protestantism against the Bible was inevitable. That it should be expressed by ridicule is to be deplored; but in whatever form it may find expression, it is bound to turn the minds of humble believers in the Bible back to that ancient faith and one true Church which has in all ages protected and preserved the sacred Scriptures for the comfort and instruction of her children.

Mr. H. T. Kelly's Re-Election.

In congratulating Mr. H. T. Kelly upon his re-election as Chairman of the Public Library Board, THE REGISTER wishes to state one or two facts of interest alike to the Catholic people of Toronto and to the citizens generally. Mr. Kelly's second term, it strikes us, is a testimony to the intelligent personal interest he has taken in the Public Library, and to his energetic, and so far very successful efforts to make that institution what it should be. Those who have occasion to go to the Library often have in the last year seen with satisfaction that the Reference Library is beginning to fill a long felt want in Toronto. Very largely the Leading Library has in the past been providing light reading for a class of people whose chief aim is amusement and the indulgence of idleness. If the money that has gone so plentifully into the purchase of novels is being diverted towards the acquiring of educational works of all kinds for the Reference Library, the result cannot be less than a two-fold blessing. If Mr. Kelly has helped to divert the money into the proper channel, as we believe he has, then he is well deserving of the esteem of the citizens expressed in the handsome address with which his re-election has been signalized.

Another point we would make is this, that the interests of the citizens are best served on boards really representative of all the taxpayers. The Library Board was always worked harmoniously, and the Catholic representatives appointed on it have invariably proved themselves fit representatives of the citizens. When a Catholic in any public position in Toronto wins praise, Catholics themselves should be the first to express their estimation, as such things must lead to a better public spirit among our citizens generally. We also congratulate Mr. Lee as Chairman of the Library Committee on his election.

The Revolution in Crete.

The "Slowbellies," as St. Paul called the Cretans, have raised the hopes of the Christian world. As long as the Armenians bore unspicable outrages at the hands of the Turk the European concert was not much disconcerted. But when the Turk laid his bloody hand upon the Cretans, the European concert found that its music could not soothe the "Slowbellies." The Cretans rose in revolt and the little tenth-rate power of Greece was not afraid to come to their aid. The powers have suspended the concert and are presently endeavoring to keep Turkey and Greece from fighting on the frontier of Thessaly, and prevent a Greek occupation of Crete. The sympathy of civilization is with Crete and Greece in the business, at the same time the awful peil of a general European melee has been brought so much nearer to realization that the conduct of Greece is deemed unwise, albeit undeniably plucky. Whatever course future events may take, Turkey is bound to come out of the scrape with the loss of a quantity of feathers. The Cretans have also taught the Armenians and others that it is much better to sell their lives than bare their breasts to the sabre of a cruel and fanatical master.

Western Canada Loan & Savings Co.

THIRTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Annual General Meeting of this Company was held at its offices, No. 70 Church Street, Toronto, on Monday, 16th February, 1897, at 11 o'clock a.m. A number of shareholders were present. The Honorable Senator Allan occupied the chair and the Managing Director, Mr. Walter B. Lee, acted as secretary of the meeting.

The following financial statements were read, and, with the Directors' annual report, were unanimously adopted and passed on motion of the President, seconded by George W. Lewis, Esq.

The Directors beg to submit the Thirty-fourth Annual Report, together with the balance sheet to the 31st December, 1896. After deducting cost of management, interest on debentures, and all other charges, the net profits of the Company amount to \$114,702.95. Out of this sum the dividend, one of four per cent. and the other of three per cent., on the paid up capital stock of the Company, have been paid, and the balance carried to the contingent account. The amount standing at the credit of this account is \$59,679.93.

The repayments on account of mortgage loans, both in Ontario and Manitoba, and notwithstanding the continued depression in business in the former province, have upon the whole been satisfactorily met.

The Directors have to record, with great regret, the death of one of their colleagues, the Hon. Sir D. Macpherson, B. C. M. G., whose connection with the Company had extended over the long period of thirty-one years. The vacancy in the Board has been filled by the election of George F. Galt, Esq., of Winnipeg.

The balance sheet and profit and loss account, together with the auditors' report, are submitted herewith.

G. W. ALLAN, President.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT For the Year ending on 31st December, 1896.

Table with columns for Capital Stock, Reserve Fund, Contingent A/c, and Dividend payable. Total assets and liabilities are listed.

THE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF REV. C. H. BACKLUS.

For Five Months he was Helpless and Endured agonizing Pains—Could Neither Rise Up Nor Sit Down Without Aid—He Tells How He Found a Cure.

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The vacancy created by the death of Sir David Macpherson has been filled by the appointment of Mr. G. F. Galt of Winnipeg. The shareholders are to be congratulated on the acceptance by Mr. Galt of a seat on the Board, and his high standing as a man of business, his long residence and intimate knowledge of the country cannot fail to be of great value to the Company and our excellent Manager at Winnipeg will find it a very great advantage to be able to avail himself of Mr. Galt's counsel and advice.

While it must be admitted that the depression in business and the depression in real estate, both in town and country, has continued longer than some of the more sanguine among us had anticipated, there are many hopeful signs that better times are coming, and that a period of renewed prosperity and progress is not so very far off as some desponding people will have us believe.

We have, after all, been undergoing in Canada, though to a less extent, what other countries have experienced, and what our more immediate neighbors have in many respects felt more severely than we have, and which from the business relations between this country and the United States has reacted largely upon us. Canadians, however, have not lost faith in the national capabilities and many resources of Canada, which, while making all due allowances for the exaggeration of more speculators, are destined to have an enormous effect upon the trade and wealth of the country.

In spite of the low prices which have prevailed for some of the productions of the farm, other branches of farming industry, which have already proved highly remunerative, are being developed and extended. There seems to be every prospect of a large emigration flowing into Canada and Manitoba, and the Northwest may hope to see their population very considerably increased during the present year.

I think, therefore, we are fully justified in anticipating for our country that, in spite of temporary checks and discouragements, brighter days are in store, and that even now as I have already said, there are many indications that "better times" are not very far off.

Scrutineers having been appointed, a ballot was taken, and the retiring Directors, George Gooderham, Esq., Alfred Gooderham, Esq., George W. Lewis, Esq., and Walter B. Lee, Esq., were re-elected. Messrs. Galt, Thomas H. Lee and the Hon. G. W. Allan, form the Board.

At a subsequent meeting held by the Directors, the Hon. George W. Allan and George Gooderham, Esq., were re-elected President and Vice-President respectively.

A MINISTER'S STORY.

THE PAINFUL EXPERIENCE OF REV. C. H. BACKLUS.

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13 Days

ONLY ANOTHER THIRTEEN DAYS

of the Sale Extraordinary of Carpets, Curtains and Draperies

Our announcement a week ago of a special sale, limited absolutely to the business days of February, has inspired the confidence we had anticipated. Many who are not in immediate want of the goods are buying, realizing the thoroughly honest and paying nature of the values. Here is the offer:

All Carpets—Fleest Brussels, Tapestry, Wiltons, Axminsters and English Wool Carpets at 10 per cent. discount from our closest prices, with no charge for making, laying and lining.

Oriental Rugs, Parquette Squares and Hearth Rugs 20 per cent. discount. Draperies, Lace and Heavy Curtains, Silk Brocades and all Draping Materials 20 per cent. discount.

You find here Carpets and Curtains of a quality, design and exclusiveness found in no other house. Goods sold for net cash only. No booking.

13 DAYS MORE. JOHN KAY, SON & CO., 34 KING ST. W.

You Can't... Forget Your Hands. American Dunlop Tire Co. Professional. Foy & Kelly, Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Mulvey & McBrady, Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. J. T. Loftus, Barrister, Solicitor, Notary. Hearn & Lamont, Barristers, Solicitors, Proctors in Admiralty, Notaries & Co. Anglin & Mallon, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Tytler & McCabe, Barristers, Solicitors, Etc. Willoughby, Cameron & Lee, Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Dr. Jas. Loftus, Dentist.

The Rossland Gold Mining Development & Investment Co.

The dividends announced in this advertisement are Paid out of the commissions earned by our Brokerage Department at 114 Yonge Street.

Buffalo Brokers' Office. We have now opened an office in the Ellicott Square Building, Buffalo, in connection with our Brokerage Department, and the profits of this branch of our business will therefore be greatly increased for the future.

Rossland Gold Mining Development & Investment Co., Ltd. Office—114 YONGE STREET, TORONTO. Dividends. Dividend No. 1. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one half cent per share on the paid-up capital stock of this Company on record Feb. 5th has been declared, and the same will be payable at the Imperial Bank of Canada, Yonge Street Branch, Toronto, on and after Thursday, Feb. 25. The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 25th, both days inclusive. Toronto, Feb. 8th, 1897. By order of the Board. FRED ROYER, Secretary and Treasurer.

NEW MINING PROPERTIES. We have just closed a new deal for five properties, considered of great value in the Slocan District on Twelve Mile Creek, not far from Galena Farm. The assay shows \$60.00 gold and 263 ounces in silver. Remember, our Brokerage Department deals in shares of all other mining companies as well as our own. All shares are issued fully paid up and non-assessable. Present price, and for a short time, will be fifteen cents per share.

The Rossland Gold Mining Development & Investment Co., Ltd., 114 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO. LTD. SILK SELLING. Our 1897 showing of silks outrecords the best showing of this silk store. Such offerings for quantity and lowness of price have been unknown in the silk world; all our new silks bought in big quantities at Special prices, and every line marked on this basis for the benefit of shoppers.

NATIONAL ART SOCIETY'S GIFTS, \$10 for \$1.25.

1. LA MADONNA DEI ANSIDELI. By Raphael. The original recently purchased by the British Nation for \$500,000. The Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, writes: "Toronto, February 4th, 1897. 'Dear Sir— Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness in sending me a copy of Raphael's famous Madonna dei Ansideli. I heartily approve of the objects of the National Art Society, and wish it all the success it so well deserves. Your Society, if well patronized and encouraged, should sooner or later banish from the homes of our people the vulgar daubs that now disfigure their walls and exercise a most healthy educational influence in educating the taste and inspiring the minds of our Canadian youth with the love of the beautiful, the true. You may add my name to the list of your patrons.' 2. THE SHEPHERD OF YERUSALEM. By Pi. 3. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. By Debona, S.A. Each 12x12 inches; ordinary retail price \$10 each given away for \$1.25 each, or \$5.50 the set of three; applications by post will be attended to insofar as received. It supply exhausted money returned in full. Please mention this paper.

National Art Society, 3 Snowdon Chambers, 9 1-2 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

THE HOME SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY LIMITED.

ESTABLISHED UNDER LEGISLATIVE AUTHORITY. CAPITAL, - \$2,000,000. Office, No. 78 Church Street, Toronto. DIRECTORS: HON. SIR FRANK SMITH, Senator, President. EUGENE O'KEEFE, Vice-President. WM. T. KIELY, JOHN FOX, EDWARD STOCK. SECRETARY: JAMES J. FOY, Q.O. Deposits Received from 20c. upwards, and interest at current rates allowed thereon.

Money loaned in small and large sums at reasonable rates of interest, and on easy terms of repayment, on Mortgages on Real Estate, and on the Collateral Security of Bank and other Stocks, and Government and Municipal Debentures. Mortgages on Real Estate and Government and Municipal Debentures purchased. No Valuation Fee charged for inspecting property. Office Hours—2 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Saturdays—9 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. JAMES MASON, Manager.

BOECKH'S BRUSHES AND BROOMS. Always Reliable and as Represented.

OPIMUM, MORPHINE, COCAINE Habits. Cure Guaranteed in six days. CHEAPEST, PAINLESS and easiest cure in the world. Send for Book to St. George's Pharmacy Co., 245 Eppington Street, Toronto, Ont. Postage Stamps bought. Any Old Canada Provinces, early British Colonies, United States, or Collections bought. Wm. H. ADAMS, of Adelaide St. East (take elevator). Residence, 7 Ann Street, Toronto.

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DOMESTIC READING.

Many a man who prides himself on being self-made is simply the product of a good wife.

We cannot conquer necessities, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

Failure after a long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure.

Music can nobly hint impart, engender fury, kindle love, with unsuspected eloquence can move and manage all the man with secret art.

No one can ask honestly and hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.

Love in this world is like a seed taken from the tropics and planted where the winter comes too soon.

Precepts and manners are of great weight, and a few useful ones at hand do more towards a wise and happy life than whole volumes of cautions that we know not where to find.

Tasso replied to a proposition that he should take vengeance on a man who had injured him: "I do not wish to deprive him either of his goods, his honor, or his life. I only wish to deprive him of his ill-will."

We talk much of the contagion of evil, and deplore it; we rarely speak of the diviner contagion of good which is abroad in the world, inspiring reforms, correcting abuses, redressing wrongs, and stimulating an almost omniscient philanthropy.

Beware of slight evils, of what are called "little sins." They check the flow of bliss and mar the character, injure your usefulness, and hurt others. The goblet of human happiness and peace is only filled after wonderful care; it may be upset by a single slight mistake.

Shortly before he died Sir Walter Scott said: "I have been, perhaps, the most voluminous author of my day, and it is a great comfort to me to think that I have tried to unsettle no man's faith, to corrupt no man's principles, and that I have written nothing which on my death-bed I should wish blotted out."

There is at this day, undeniably, among the rising generation, a lack of courteous demeanor in the family. Of all the places in the world, let the boy understand that home is the place where he should speak the gentlest and the most kindly, and there is the place, above all, where courteous demeanor should prevail.

Sometimes I compare the troubles we have to undergo in the course of a year to a great bundle of fagots, far too large for us to lift. But God does not require us to carry the whole at once. He mercifully unties the bundles and gives us first one stick, which we are able to carry to-morrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's sticks over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it.—Newton.

The need of "brain-feeding" is beginning to be recognized by the lay public. For example, it is at length perceived that to perform intellectual work thoroughly men must be supplied with fresh air. It is not unreasonable to anticipate that in process of time it may dawn on the consciousness of ordinary thinkers that, just as muscles need to be trained for physical exercise, so brain needs to be prepared and sustained in mind work. It must be fed and nourished by special design. An adequate supply of oxygen is the preliminary requirement. Then comes the question of food; and, whatever else may feed the brain, workers with this organ should be assured that alcohol will not sustain it. Alcoholization and oxygenation are directly antagonistic processes; and even if alcohol be food for the brain, the organ cannot feed when the nutrient fluid circulating in its vessels is disabled from the task of conveying oxygen, which happens whenever spirit is present in more than very moderate proportions in the blood. The relief afforded by alcohol from the sense of depression produced by a lack of oxygen is, therefore, illusory. It is procured by overstimulating an organ which is both exhausted and impaired.—The Lancet.

INJURY AND NEGLECT.

He Failed in Health and Strength—His Kidneys Ached and He Took Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Deeronto, Feb. 15 (Special).—Among business people here, and especially by his fellow workmen, great interest has been taken in the case of Mr. James Stokes, who for the past fifteen years has been shipper for the Rathburn Company.

Labels he had run down in health and strength to the point of being compelled to quit work, and his recovery now as the result of using Dodd's Kidney Pills, is the talk of the town. On seeing Mr. Stokes he said: "From over-lifting and strain I suffered greatly from kidney trouble; being advised, after all else had failed, to use Dodd's Kidney Pills, from the first dose I got relief, and hundreds of people here can vouch for my cure."

FIRESIDE FUN.

Pedagogs (savorily).—"Now, sir, for the last time, what is the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle equivalent to?" Boy (desperately).—"It's equivalent to a looking for me, sir."

"You don't mean to say that that stinky old man has given you ten shillings for telling him fortune?" "Indeed I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was twenty-four years old."

He (to his wife).—"You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions." She.—"I should like to know how you arrive at that conclusion." He.—"You say there's no use talking, and then you talk for hours."

The gentleman you see pacing up and down yonder, as if he were mentally agitated, is Smith, the famous accountant. "What is the matter with him?" "He has been trying to unravel the complications of his wife's housekeeping books."

Miss Lucy (stopping opposite Mrs. Jane).—"Here's where you and I are to sit, Major." The Major.—"By Jove! rather warm place." Miss Lucy.—"What! You a Major, and can't stand fire?" The Major.—"Not at all, but you, know, Miss Lucy."

At a country school examination one day (according to Harper's Round Table), a visitor, noticing the great promptness and correctness with which the questions were answered by the scholars, suspected that the children were only given such questions as the teacher was sure of their knowing. So, requesting the privilege of asking a few himself, the gentleman addressed a small child thus: "Where is 'urkey, my dear?" The little girl was greatly confused for a minute; then suddenly a bright look came into her little face, and she piped forth: "In the back-yard with the poultry, sir."

A friend of Dean Swift one day sent him a turbot as a present by a servant lad, who had frequently been on similar errands, but had never received anything from the dean. He opened the study door, and putting the fish on the floor, cried out: "My master has sent you a turbot." "My boy," said the dean, "is that the way you deliver a message? Let me teach you better manners. Sit down on my chair. We will change places, and I will show you how to behave in future." The boy sat down, and the dean, going out, came to the door, and, making a bow, said: "Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present." "Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a half-crown for yourself." The dean, thus caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his ready wit.

"Bacteria do not occur in the blood or in the tissues of a healthy living body; either of man or the lower animals." So says the celebrated Dr. Koch. Other doctors say that the best medicine to render the blood perfectly pure and healthy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Peterborough Weddings.

Peterborough, Feb. 10.—At eight o'clock this morning St. Peter's Cathedral was the scene of the marriage of Miss Mamie Riley, daughter of Mr. M. Riley, of the Peterborough Lock Manufacturing Co., to Mr. W. Chadwick, contractor, of New York city. Ven. Archdeacon Casey performed the ceremony in the presence of a number of friends of the young couple. The bride, who was prettily gowned, was attended by her sister, Miss Jennie Riley, and Mr. Geo. Riley performed the duties of groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of Mr. Riley, Stewart street, where a wedding déjeuner was served. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick left for New York.

Yesterday the nuptials of Miss Katie O'Callaghan, daughter of Mr. John O'Callaghan, Otonabee, and Mr. Thomas Twomey, of Otonabee, took place. Ven. Archdeacon Casey performing the ceremony. The bride was attended by Miss Nora Devlin, and Mr. Jeremiah Twomey supported his brother as groomsmen.

WHY SUFFER WITH PILES?

Dr. Chase's Ointment Will Cure Them at a Cost of But 60 Cents.

Piles, scalds, eczematous eruptions, scald head, sore throat and all other annoying and painful skin diseases can be easily cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has produced cures in "I" has protruding piles for ten years," writes H. H. Sutherland, commercial traveller, of Truro, N. S.; "I tried many remedies, and had doctors operate. It was no use. Was completely laid up three times. Chase's Ointment was recommended to me by Mr. Brennan, of the Summerside, P. E. I. Journal." "I tried it, and one box completely cured me."

Mr. Stasia, the editor of the Streetville, Ont., Review, gives this unsolicited testimonial under date of Nov. 6, 1895: "Half a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment cured my daughter of eczema. That was six months ago, and there has since been no reappearance of the disease."

Dr. Wallace, blacksmith, of Iroquois, Ont., was troubled with bilious itching piles for 20 years. "I tried every remedy that came out in vials," he writes, "until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. It was a godsend. One box cured me."

All dealers and Dispensaries, Bates & Co. manufacturers, Toronto, Price 60c.

FARM AND GARDEN.

Many farmers make a practice of burning the cobs in the hog pens for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof. There is a right and wrong way to do this job. Some simply burn the cobs and out the hogs get what benefit they can out of the ashes, which are sometimes salted. It is better to rake the cobs in a long pile, set fire to one end, and then, after it has burned awhile, pour water upon the glowing coals where the fire was started. This will reduce the cobs to charcoal, which is one of the best of hog medicines. After the fire has burned awhile longer pour on more water, and so on until the cobs are all reduced to charcoal, not ashes. Do not pour the water on where the cobs are burning, but back farther where they have been reduced to live coals.

The main essential for growing sweet potatoes is to make a hot bed that will keep as near an even heat throughout as possible. For this purpose use coarse horse stable manure. Pile it up and let it heat; turn it over and mix it up. If too rank mix in more coarse litter. When the heat is well distributed throughout the mass pack it into the trench or frame. The depth required will depend upon the earliness of the season, but it should range from one to three feet, well packed. Put on five or six inches of good light soil, leave the rank heat pass off, remove at least half the dirt, mellow and level the bed. Lay the "whole" potatoes, so they will break joints and not touch each other or the frame of the bed. Cover with the soil you took from the bed for this purpose. Make the bed narrow enough so you can reach over it on working from the sides. Run a ridge pole along the center of the bed raised about a foot for the soil. Cover with sheeting or plant cloth. Watch the moisture. Give air as needed so the plants will not become drawn, and to preserve as even, gentle heat as possible. In about four weeks the plants will be ready. The sooner they are taken off, after being sufficiently rooted, the more plants you will get. Sprinkle the bed and disturb the potatoes as little as possible when pulling off the plants. Late in the afternoon is the best time to transplant them. Throw two good furrows together, dress them up with the hock and set the plants on the ridge about eighteen inches apart. Give good cultivation, keeping the soil well worked up around the plant. Do not allow the vines to take root, as it detests nourishment from a main hill. Dig as soon as the vines begin to kill. Store in a warm dry place. Soil for sweet potatoes should be rich, light and well drained.

The object sought in cultivating plants is to produce an extraordinary growth of size part natural to it in wild state. In the rose it is the flower, in the grains, the seed, in beet, turnips, etc., it is the roots, in celery, rhubarb and asparagus it is the stalk and spinach it is the leaf. Wild spinach is spindling, with thin, rough, narrow leaves, but centuries of skillful culture by the gardener has produced a species with broad, thick, brittle, succulent leaves which furnish one of the most palatable and wholesome dishes of the modern dinner table.

Many attempts to grow spinach fail because it is not given a soil rich enough. It has been pampered till it requires a soil as rich as it can be made. On a poor soil or one even moderately rich it becomes spindling and tough—reverts to its natural or wild state.

Spinach should be so thinned that while the leaves nearly or quite cover the ground there shall be no crowding or overlapping. By proper thinning the season of cutting may be prolonged for several weeks if desired. The bower leaves are the portion harvested. The leaf miner and mildew are the chief enemies of spinach. The insect cannot stand cold weather; hence, plant the fall crop late, and get the spring crop off early, and you will not be troubled by the leaf miner. Mildew, on the contrary, is favored by cool weather. Neither Bordeaux mixture nor any other spray can be applied to spinach without injuring its sale. The only remedies seem to be to change land every year, and be careful to use seed from plants that were free of mildew. Bulletin 41 of Rhode Island station is a handsomely illustrated pamphlet of 33 pages on "Spinach." No crop grown in Rhode Island gives a more profitable return than spinach. Within eight weeks from the sowing of the seeds it produces 500 to 1,000 bushels, which often sells for as much per bushel as potatoes, though the averages price is less. But the expense of growing it is also less, and it occupies the land at a season—very early or very late—when scarcely any other crop could be grown. Another advantage of spinach is that it requires no period of preparatory growth, but the very earliest growth of the plant is edible.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OINTMENT, do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

Chats With the Children.

HOW TO MAKE MOTHER HAPPY.

"Why, mother, how bright and cheerful you look to-night! What has happened?"

"I feel very happy, my dear, because my little girl has really tried to be good all day. Once when her brother teased her, and she spoke quickly and crossly to him, she turned around a moment after of her own accord and said she was wrong, and asked him to forgive her. I believe I should grow young, and never look tired or unhappy again, if every day my little boy and girl were as thoughtful, unselfish, and loving as they have been to-day."

Here's a grand secret for you, little one; and now that you know how to make mother happy, may you keep her face always full of sunshine!

TOMMY'S SCHEME.

"If I were a darling big mamma like you,"

Said Tommy one day, "do you know what I'd do?"

I'd take out a dime and I'd say, 'Tommy, my dear,

Just hold up your two little hands to me here.

I'd put the dime in them, and then I should say:

'You've been a good boy, little Tommy to-day;

So put on your hat and go right down the street

And buy some nice chocolate candy to eat.'

You'd run and come back, and you'd jump and you'd laugh

And kiss me and hug me and give me a half.

"So now mamma dear, don't you think 'twould be fun

To give me a dime and just see how I'd run?"

THEY WERE READY.

One of the district school trustees was a crank on the subject of fire, and when he called around with the examining board he always confined his remarks to a question addressed to the pupils as to what they would do in case the building should catch fire.

The teacher was acquainted with his hobby, so she prompted her scholars as to the answer they should give when he arose to propound his accustomed enquiry.

When the board called, however, this particular trustee, perhaps from a desire to emulate his associates in their addresses, rose and said:

"You boys and girls have paid such nice attention to Mr. Jones' remarks, I wonder what you would do if I were to make you a little speech?"

Quick as thought a hundred voices piped in unison:

"Form a line and march down stairs!"

SINGING BIRDS.

The little birds alone that have sweet song. As every one knows they sing most often early in the morning and at evening. They had the sun in a loving farewell. Most of them do not sing until they have reached full size and are therefore scarce, that unhappy time when the voice "breaks," but the bull-finches tune their whistles as soon as they can perch. Almost all the songsters, too, are birds of sober feather, although the goldfinch, great titmouse and American bluebird are exceptions to the rule. Among the skilled mimics may be named the robin, which imitates hedge birds; the skylark, which copies field birds; the starling, which picks up the notes of town and country birds alike, and the thrush, which copies from many birds, imitating the partridge's call as well as the house sparrow's notes. The first notes of the young are the call notes and the alarm notes of other kind. When these mimics find themselves in districts where their enemies are numerous they are artful enough to practice ventriloquism and throw their foes off the scent, or rather the hearing, by making notes come from any spot but the right one.

BABYLAND.

How many miles to Babyland?

Any one can tell—

Up one flight,

To your right.

Please to ring the bell.

What can you see in Babyland?

Little folks in white,

Downy heads,

Cradle beds

Faces pure and bright.

What do they do in Babyland?

Dream and wake and play.

Laugh and crow,

Shout and grow,

Jolly times have they.

What do they say in Babyland?

Why, the oddest things.

Might as well

Try to tell

What the birds sing.

Who is the queen of Babyland?

Mother, kind and sweet.

And her love,

Born above,

Guides the little feet.

THE IRISH PARTY.

Letters of the Archbishop of Dublin and Hon. Edward Blake important Prose.

The following letter appears in the Dublin Evening Telegraph—

Archbishop of Ireland, Dublin, January 20th, 1897.

DEAR SIR—It is not yet four weeks since speaking at the Mansion House on the first Sunday of the New Year, I made a brief reference to the disastrous discussions that now form so prominent and so painful a feature of public life in Ireland.

Some discouraging things have, no doubt, been done since then, but to those who look beneath the surface there have, at the same time, been not a few indications that the restoration of the old spirit of Nationality in Ireland is very far, indeed, from being the impossibility that it seemed to be when the new year was coming in. A few weeks ago, in my brief reference at the Mansion House to the possible restoration of peace, I felt constrained to add the words "If we are ever again to have peace in this unfortunate country."

I do not think that I should feel called upon to add any such qualification if I were speaking on the same subject now. So far, indeed, not much practical help has come from the newspapers at any side, but there are exceptions.

When the day comes on when our Irish race "at home and abroad," to use the still expressive, though hackneyed phrase, will be gladdened by the restoration of unity, and not alone of unity of action, but of the old spirit of comradeship between our public men, your article in yesterday's Evening Telegraph will, I venture to say, be looked back to as one of the chief factors that contributed to the accomplishment of the blessed work of peace. Referring to an article of special significance in this week's United Ireland, you say that "Mr. Harrington suggests re-union with Mr. Redmond in the chair." Then you rightly ask "Is it not better not to complicate the cause of re-union by question of leadership?"

Allow me to observe that this reference to leadership may possibly be misunderstood as tending to confound two things which, I recently endeavored to point out, are altogether distinct—the Chairmanship of the Irish Parliamentary Party and the leadership of the Irish Race. Who should be selected as the Chairman of a re-united Irish Parliamentary Party and what should be the extent of the chairman's leadership of the Party, are fair subjects for negotiation and settlement, but who is to be the leader of a re-united Irish race, or whether we are to have such a leader again in our time, must be decided, and not by negotiations or settlement, but by the course of events. Subject to this requisite explanation of the terms, "I, for one, thoroughly concur in your declaration that the question of leadership is a very minor matter. If that question—the question of the Chairmanship of the Parliamentary Party—could only be handed over to the decision of a small representative committee, the composition of which had been approved of for the purpose, say, by Messrs Dillon, Healy, and Redmond, our Parliamentary forces could be re-united within a month. The work of unity would be found still easier of accomplishment if that question could be placed in the hands of three representatives of the people with the concurrence of their leading Parliamentary friends and supporters in the hands of some one strong man in whom all three would put trust, supposing that such a man exists in Ireland or out of it."

Under a settlement such as I contemplate every principle of national importance could be safeguarded, and every aspiration expressed in your truly patriotic article of yesterday could be realised. There would be no need that anyone should be asked to pass under the yoke. There need be no 'humiliation of any party or section such as would tend to produce a party of sections instead of a homogeneous whole.'

Surely something practical ought forthwith to be done to reciprocate the spirit of the declaration in this week's 'United Ireland.'—We are more ambitious to win the National cause than to triumph over opponents. We advocate first of all an independent policy and an independent judgment. If the safety of that party and the future of that policy be assured, we can read no man out of the ranks who has ever done or is capable of doing a day's service for Ireland."

Mr. Harrington seems to be credited with the writing of the article, which already has justly attracted so much notice in Dublin. He has himself done in his time many a good day's work for Ireland. In my humble judgment, if he is the author of the article, he never did a better stroke of work for his country than he did in the writing of it.

The present state of disunion and conflict in Ireland is working ruin to the best interests, spiritual as well as temporal, of our people.

Everyone who seeks to do his part towards the bringing round of a cessation of the strife is doing a work of religion, as well as of patriotism.

I remain, dear Sir, faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. WALSH,

Archbishop of Dublin.

The following letter appears in The Freeman's Journal:

House of Commons, January 25th, 1897.

Sir—Some comments on the resolution about Party funds, induce me to trespass on your columns.

The problem to be faced was this—A system which had, as I believe, been worked by the treasures with absolute fairness, but which rested on the trust of colleagues in the honor of each other, and of the treasurer, had been for years assailed by imputations on the honor of both, and an agitation had been carried on for administration by outside trustees on the ground of distrust in the fair play of the Party and its officers.

It was impossible for self-respecting men to agree to the proposed stigma on their honor, or for the Irish Party to allow any outside body to become paymasters of its members, and to decide which of them should be paid, at what rate, for what time, and on what terms. It was, however, essential to recognize the changed situation and to frame a new plan to meet a new condition.

The present plan gives to every member of the Party, no matter what his individual views or preferences, no matter what his votes in Party meeting, the absolute right, so long as he remains a member of the Party, under its rules, to share on equal terms with every other member on one single condition, namely, that he signs the declaration.

Those who have voted this session against the Party resolutions on the election of chairman, of unity and discipline, or on the funds, and those who may hereafter vote against any other resolution carried by the Party, are palpably as secure as if they had happened to be in the majority.

This is removed at one stroke all possible pretence for the propagation of degrading and unfounded suspicions of favoritism, influence, dependence, or insecurity.

Provision is made for audit and publication, so that the country may know what has been done. The ancient and higher sentiments of loyalty and trust, confidence and good fellowship, having been shaken publicly is the only substitute, and it is also the best defence against continued imputation of evil.

Then, what of this sole condition, the declaration? Reasonable men will admit that some provision must be made for the allocation of the Fund. What plan can be suggested so tender of the honor and independence of a colleague as that his own statement should be at once the proof and the title of his claim?

But the terms of the declaration? Let me examine them.

There are members who have, before election, agreed not to become a charge on the Party National Fund.

Would it be right that they should, notwithstanding, quarter themselves thereon? To prevent this is the first precaution taken.

Then, there are members whose constituencies have, instead of contributing to the National Fund, provided for them individually by a local subscription, and there is also another fund opened, not for the Party as a whole, but to quote its originator's words, "in support of those members of the Irish Parliamentary Party who work with Mr. Healy, and act with him outside as well as inside the House of Commons."

Would it be right that those paid locally by their constituents, or those accepting the grants offered by the paymasters of the Healy Fund, should also deplete the National Fund? To prevent this is the second precaution taken.

Lastly, the only purpose of the National Fund is to provide indemnity for those whose circumstances do not enable them to attend Parliament at their own expense.

Would it be right that those who are able to attend should come upon such a fund. To prevent this is the third and last precaution taken.

It has been suggested that the sign is humiliating. But ex-Cabinet Ministers of this Imperial Government sign an analogous declaration as a prerequisite for pension. It is no humiliation to accept the indemnity if unable to attend without, and it can be no humiliation to avow the existence of the true condition of acceptance.

I cannot help thinking that the fineness of hostile criticism is the best evidence of the completeness with which the resolution has met the attacks on the system it supersedes.

Permit me to express the hope that it may meet the approval and stimulate the zeal of Irish Nationalists, and in that hope to enclose a draft for £200, the balance of my subscription.

Yours faithfully,

EDWARD BLAKE.

Why will you allow a cough to locate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Mr. Fitzpatrick Comes Home. London, Feb. 12.—Mr. Charles Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General of Canada, who has been in England for some time in connection with the Manitoba school question and other matters, sailed from Liverpool for New York on board the steamer Ilocnia yesterday.

A BROKEN VOW.

A STORY.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER BY TERESA.)

It was a magnificent portrait painter, or, everyone, even his bitterest enemies, admitted. In the Salon his pictures always had a place on the line, and were surrounded by admiring crowds. There was, however, one peculiarity about him, a peculiarity differing essentially from the usual eccentricity of genius, and one which caused widespread comment; he would never paint the portrait of a woman.

bow, which was still more haughtily returned, strode to the door and disappeared. Left to himself De Mauban walked to a picture that was standing at one side of the room with its face to the wall, and placed his hand upon it as though to turn it round. "No," he muttered suddenly. "What good would it do? Why should I revive an agony that has been dormant for thirty years? Thirty years, mon Dieu! and the memory? Not dead yet, shall I never forget that face? No, beautiful, soulless and alluring, it will haunt me to my death."

triving at the same time to give it an almost imperceptible lilt, which had the effect of placing her partly in shadow, and somewhat neutralizing the effect of the obnoxious drapery. He saw the ruse, however, and was unrelenting. "Turn to the light, Madame," he commanded. She did so, about a quarter of an inch. He came forward and arranged the chair in the desired position, bringing her within the full focus of light. She submitted, helplessly, fearful lest a protest should lose her the victory she had already gained. Having arranged her to his satisfaction, his swift pencil was soon at work, tracing the outline of her features upon the canvas. Once or twice she addressed him, but his monosyllabic replies discouraged conversation, and she relapsed into silence, watching him intently. Occasionally their eyes met, but as if by mutual consent, were immediately averted.

to an exact reproduction of her features." She did not need to look in the mirror to see that, she knew it only too well! "Monsieur is making me look very old," she said, gently, and the still soft and lustrous eyes were full of tears. He saw them, but was unmoved. "Madame must blame her age, I am not responsible." "But, monsieur, I—is it not usual and permissible to tone down a little, to flatter, especially ladies?" "If Madame wished a flattering, and, therefore, untruthful portrait, there are many artists who would gladly gratify her. I prefer to be true to—" he was going to say "Nature," but substituted "the original."

"I should much prefer Madame's remaining still," was the cold reply. "her movements distract me." "I am tired, Monsieur, I so tired, it ruins me to walk about a little. I will look at some of the pictures; may I see that one, yonder, with its face to the wall?" "It would not be worth its face to the wall if I wished it seen, therefore Madame must excuse it."

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flush tint and began to paint them in. She watched, breathlessly, the wonderful brush was transforming the hideous wrinkled, middle aged face upon the canvas to the features of a young girl of surpassing loveliness. Only the hair remained, more colour; were blonded, and rapidly the horrible greenish yellow gave place to a lovely gold, in which seemed to be imprisoned some rays of the rapidly departing sunlight. The bright scarlet drapery was gradually toned down to a tint that threw up the lovely face and sun gilded hair in magnificent relief. It was done, never did a more exquisite face look out from painted canvas. She drew a deep, quivering breath, once more, he arose and faced her. "What was that in her eyes that sent the blood rushing back upon her heart in one wild torrent, leaving him cold and numb as with the chill of death?"

Bubbles or Medals.

"Best Sarsaparilla." When you think of it how contradictory that is to a "bottle" in the only one in existence—some best sarsaparilla as there is one highest mountain, no longer river one deep sea. And that best sarsaparilla—? There's the rub! You can measure mountain height and ocean depth but how test sarsaparilla? You could if you were chemists. But then do you need to test it? The World's Fair Committee tested it,—and thoroughly. They went behind the label on the bottle. What did this sarsaparilla test result in? Every make of sarsaparilla shut out of the Fair, except Ayer's. So it was that Ayer's was the only sarsaparilla admitted to the World's Fair. The committee found it the best. They had no room for anything that was not the best. And as the best, Ayer's Sarsaparilla received the medal and awards due its merits. Remember the word "best" is a bubble any breath can blow; but there are pins to prick such bubbles. Those others are blowing more "best sarsaparilla" bubbles since the World's Fair pricked the old ones. True, but Ayer's Sarsaparilla has the medal. The pin that pricked the medal proves it gold. The pin that pricks the bubble proves it wind. We point to medals, not bubbles, when we say: The best sarsaparilla is Ayer's.

St. Ann's Choir, Montreal.

At a meeting of St. Ann's choral section (St. Ann's choir) Monday evening at 8 p.m. the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, Rev. Father Stubbs; Hon. president, Mr. P. Burns; vice-president, Mr. W. Murphy; secretary, Mr. R. F. Hillon; executive committee, Messrs. P. Malone, T. Sullivan, E. Quinn, J. Quinn, P. Prondorgast, J. Morgan, (leader), Prof. P. J. Shea, (organist).

Listowel, Sept 22nd, 1896. Edmondson, Bates & Co.

Gentlemen—I have pleasure in saying that Dr. Chaso's Ointment, Pills and Catarrh Cure and Linsed and Turpentine are selling well, and are giving every satisfaction. Many of my customers have spoken highly in their praise. Yours truly,
J. A. HACKING.

Parliament Buildings on Fire.

The Western Block of the Ottawa Parliament Buildings caught fire on Thursday afternoon through the carelessness of a smoking employee. The top floor proved a fire trap, the hydrants were frozen and useless and the hose was rotten. The damage amounted to \$250,000. No insurance. All concerned have been airing their wisdom after the event.

Souris, Man., Sept. 21, 1896. Messrs. Edmondson, Bates & Co. Dear Sirs—I find your goods taking remarkably well with my customers and they appear to give every satisfaction, as indicated by the fact of our having sold one-half gross of your Kidney-Liver Pills alone during the month of August. S. S. SMITH, Souris, Man.

No Immediate Danger of War.

LONDON, Feb. 18.—It is generally believed in Athens that the landing of Greek troops on the island of Crete, as announced, is not likely to turn out a casus belli between Turkey and Greece.

Monthly Competition Commencing Jan., 1897, and Continued during the year

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Total given during year '97, \$19,500

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