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TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENT

REV. FATHER HARTY, B.D., LECTURES

"Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator"

An Eloquent Lecturer—A Fine Audience—An Interesting Story Told in an Interesting Way—Songs and Music of Ireland—Substantial Collection in Aid of O'Connell Memorial Church.

The audience that assembled in Association Hall on Thursday last to hear Rev. Father Hartly, B.D., of Cahirciveen, Ireland, in his interesting lecture, "Life and Times of Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator," was both large and representative, and as the evening advanced it was further seen that it was likewise enthusiastic and appreciative. The chair was taken by the Hon. J. J. Foy, who in a few graceful words introduced Rev. Father Hartly, and supporting him on the platform were Very Rev. Dean Egan, Rev. Father Jeffcott, Nicholas Murphy, K.C., and Messrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Herson and J. J. O'Donoghue. A pleasing musical programme in which the Misses O'Connor and Ford, Mr. Andrew Laughlin and Master Willie Young took part, supplemented the lecture and was deservedly applauded, the closing number, a duet, "Maggie Darling, now Good-bye," by the Misses O'Connor, being given with dramatic charm and effect. Miss Angela Breen made an acceptable accompanist. A good deal of interest had been awakened in advance, the always absorbing character of the subject being added to by the genial presence of the broad-shouldered ambassador from Ireland, who during a short stay in the city had already gained many friends. Though much had been predicted as to the pleasure in store, yet in this instance at least anticipation had fallen far short of the reality. Father Hartly spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes, and yet at the close of his charming address his listeners wished for more. The story of the Liberator from his birth, and on through his eventful and glorious career, until the fateful moment when the world learned that O'Connell was dead, was lovingly and graphically told, the full, soft voice of the speaker, his ready command of his subject and the many anecdotes and witty stories adding point and grace to the address. Father Hartly is a speaker of many gifts, and the cause which he advocates, that of the Memorial Church of O'Connell at Cahirciveen, could not be in better hands than those of the eloquent and cultured priest from County Kerry, Ireland. On rising to address his audience, Father Hartly said:

...the real home of the O'Connell family. Here Maurice O'Connell, the boy's uncle, ruled for many years as Chief of the O'Connell sept, and was the inheritor of whatever escaped the confiscating tides of the O'Connell patrimony. Maurice having no family, brought thither young Daniel at an early age and adopted him as his heir. Thus were the future "Liberator's" early days during the formative period of his career, when the mind is plastic and impressionable, spent amidst romantic and inspiring surroundings. Here amidst the Alpine scenery of his native Kerry he spent his boyhood. Here he saw Mother Nature in all her beauty, majesty and grandeur. He trod the soft meadow lands and climbed the craggy heath-covered hills that cast their shadow over his home. He saw the mighty Atlantic in all her moods—now lashing the cliffs with briny foam and awakening the distant echoes; anon gazed on the same Atlantic, gentle as a mother's smile rippling on the beach. Sometimes as he tells us he used to wander through the ruins of an old Abbey and monastery near by and dream of the sanctity and learning of the Ireland of the past. At 13 years of age he was sent to study classics at Redington, near the Cove of Cork, to a school kept by a Father Harrington, the first of its kind to be opened after the rigor of the penal days. There being no schools of higher learning available for Catholics in Ireland, young O'Connell was sent at the age of 15 years to the friendly schools of the Continent at St. Omer's and Douai, France. But the French Revolution soon interrupted his studies and on the very day that Louis XVI was guillotined in Paris he quitted France. The horrors of the French Revolution so influenced his mind that ever afterwards he had an unmitigated hatred for bloodshed and revolution. (Applause.)

Returning to his native Kerry, he took advantage of the Relief Bill of 1793, which admitted Catholics to the Bar. He studied at Lincoln's Inn in London and was called to the Irish Bar in 1798—the memorable year of the Irish Revolution. And in 1800 he made his first political speech. Now to form an accurate idea of the life of any public man we must study him in the light of his surroundings. We must view his acts as forming part of the contemporary chapter of history and we must review the causes that influenced that chapter. O'Connell labored in an Ireland in which the rigor of the penal days was somewhat softened, but in which the degradation of that accursed code existed in all its intensity. Political differences between England and Ireland had grown at the time of the Reformation into religious differences and bigotry and had given birth to a system of laws which for the dual purpose of pauperising and degrading a people has never yet been surpassed. To quote the words of Edmund Burke: "The ingenuity of the human intellect never succeeded in the invention of an instrument to disgrace a kingdom and destroy a race more perfect than this."

In the economy of law there was no place for the existence of the Catholic, or if indeed he were to exist it was only as a mere serf. A Catholic under the penal laws could not sit in Parliament nor serve in a civil or military capacity. He enjoyed the privilege of serving the King as a common soldier; but he could not even become an ensign in a marching regiment. A Catholic could not vote, nor possess freehold property. He could not travel a mile without a permit from the Justice of the Peace nor quit his own home between the

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hours of sunset and sunrise. The avenues of social intercourse were closed and the happy gathering by the winter fireside, where fairy tales were told and Irish songs were sung and merry feet danced to native music were ended for a mirth-loving and light-hearted people. "Yet meet him in his cabin rude Or dancing with his dark-haired Mary, You'd swear they knew no other mood Than mirth and love in Tipperary." (Applause.)

A Catholic under the penal laws could not own a horse or if he did any Protestant neighbor could seize upon it by paying the paltry sum of \$25, no matter how valuable the animal might be. If a tax of \$1 were imposed on the Protestant it meant ipso facto \$2 on the Catholic. Any son on becoming a Protestant inherited thereby his father's property. Then a Catholic was bound to support a religion which he considered false and a clergy which to say the least he did not love. He could not be a doctor, lawyer—and of course it goes without saying he could not become a priest—but above all he was denied education. If you take from a man his worldly goods and leave him art and letters he has still imperishable treasures. But close to him the avenue of thought and knowledge and deprive him of the culture of the intellect and you leave him poor indeed. Now I am not going to preach a panegyric on the Irish race. I confess we have our faults because I recognize that we are human. But our greatest enemy must admit that the Irish love art and learning. (Applause.) History is my proof. Read our annals; study our works of art; listen to our music. It is a matter of history that the Irish peasantry—in their cabins, under the light of the turf fire, studied Homer, Horace, the classics of Greece and Rome, side by side with the poems of Ossian and Keating and Owen Roe. And there is an old saying that Kerry cows know Latin. (Laughter.) Never did a people love learning more for its own sake. But under the penal code for a father to send his son to a Catholic teacher meant a fine of \$100 per week and the school master who was guilty of the crime of spreading light and learning, who taught his people feloniously to learn, was fined \$25 for the first offence and forfeited his life on the gallows for a third. And this degrading system continued in all its malignant intensity from the early years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth down to the Catholic Relief Act of 1793.

Two events happened, however, before O'Connell's day which to some extent relaxed the rigor of the penal code. The first of these was the war of England with her American colonies. England wanted soldiers and England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity (applause), the Irish Catholic was granted a paltry concession regarding land tenure. But again England was involved in a deadly war with France. Her armies needed Irish recruits and so a bill known in history as the Catholic Relief Act was passed in 1793. By this Act Catholics could vote for members of Parliament and for municipal officers. The Catholic if he could not sit on the Bench might plead at the Bar, and there were also thrown open some commissions in the army and navy. At the end of the 18th century a wave of liberal thought, too, passed over Europe and it had some effect in softening the rigor of the penal system.

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Such was the condition of Ireland when O'Connell appeared in public life. The soil was fertilized by the blood of the Celt. Persecution had driven desperate men to grasp rude weapons and rush to combat an empire's might. Revolution after revolution had followed. Reaction set in and the whole country settled down in a lethargy that was like unto death. There was no public spirit in the land. Famine and persecution had done its work and the higher faculties and the nobler instincts of the people were crushed.

O'Connell as we have seen was called to the Bar in 1798—the memorable year of the Revolution—and if he possessed no other claim to fame the versatile, eloquent, fearless—nay almost magical—barrister would live forever in the minds and hearts of the Irish people. He brought to grace his profession many qualities—legal and oratorical; unbounded resourcefulness, sparkling wit, rollicking humor, hear-rending pathos. He could denounce the executive, hood-wink the jury, brow-beat the presiding judge and cover his opponent with the choicest Billingsgate. In his day political circumstances often brought the Irish peasant within the meshes of the law and O'Connell was pre-eminently counsel for the defence. He was the people's champion at the Bar as on the political platform. But above all as a cross-examiner he was relentless and unequalled. He knew the workings of the Irish mind and was the terror of the informer. In the famous Doneraile conspiracy case in which he saved 150 men from execution or penal servitude one of the informers under the stress of O'Connell's relentless cross-examination cried out hysterically, "Wisha, then God knows, 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here to-day, Counsellor O'Connell, may the Lord save me from you."

He was frequently employed by his political opponents; and Peel himself declared that he would prefer to have O'Connell plead his suit than all the other lawyers of his time. The first exclamation of an Irishman in the grip of the law to his attorney was "Get me Counsellor O'Connell, he is the only man that can save me." O'Connell himself tells a story of a native of Kerry who came to him asking him to use his influence with the Government to obtain a position for him on the police (laughter). O'Connell replied that he had no influence with the Government. "Wisha, then," replied his friend, "if I was to kill some persecutor of the people like a tithing proctor or a landlord, it's you that would save me from the gallows let alone getting me into the police." To illustrate the use O'Connell made of his humor at the Bar, I shall cite a case in point: A journalist in Cork named Boyle had frequently attacked the corporation; but so guarded were his words that he escaped legal punishment. On one occasion, however, as the sheriff was leaving a Cork theatre two of his ribs were broken, and Boyle, who was the immediate cause of the injury, was prosecuted. O'Connell was counsel for the defence. The jury was hostile to Boyle and sympathized with the corporation. O'Connell began his defence in this way: "Gentlemen of the jury, as I have received a brief and its accompaniment a fee and as I am in no humor to make a speech I will tell you a story. I was once present at the Clonmel assizes where a man was tried for murder.

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Two neighbors between whom existed an old feud had met at a fair and quarrelled. They met in the evening and quarrelled again, and one left for home vowing vengeance against the other. The following morning this other was found murdered by the wayside and his threatener was charged with the murder. It seemed to be a clear case of circumstantial evidence. But just before the jury retired a witness was brought into court and it was no other than the murdered man. (Laughter). It seems that another and entirely different person had been murdered. The jury, however, retired and soon the foreman returned with a verdict of guilty.

"Well," said the judge, "of what is he guilty? Surely not of murder?" "No, my lord," said the foreman; "but if he did not murder the man, sure, he stole me gray mare three years ago."

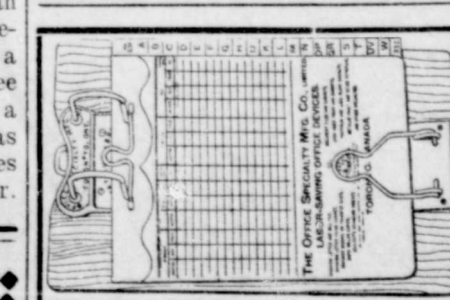
The Cork jury laughed loud and long, and then O'Connell proceeded: "Now, gentlemen of the jury, if Mr. Boyle did not assault the sheriff at least he libeled the corporation. Find him guilty by all means. It is scarcely necessary to add that Boyle escaped the well merited punishment. O'Connell's success at the Bar was phenomenal. Toward the end of his legal career he was earning steadily \$40,000 a year. But he gave it all up to serve his country. On one occasion when he was taunted with being what is known in this country as a professional politician, he replied that he was entirely a disinterested servant of Ireland.

"I throw away my profession, I cast its vast emoluments to the winds, I shut out the vistas of its dignities and its honors, to embrace the cause of my country. And come weal, or come woe, I have made a choice of which I never or shall ever repent."

O'Connell, as we have seen, made his first political speech in 1800 and it was in opposition to the Union. And from this time onward he may be said to have been the leader of the Catholic forces in Ireland. In 1823 he succeeded after innumerable difficulties in founding the Catholic Association. His task was indeed a hard one. The people were apathetic. The clergy were timid. The tears shed for '98 were not yet dry. However, he appealed to the masses of his countrymen to take heart and unite in a common brotherhood to obtain redress of their grievances. He brought the priests into the movement and made them the captains of the association. He did not believe merely in a league of the upper classes. The clamoring of eight millions for freedom would be irresistible. Grattan had met with short-lived success by appealing to the sympathy of liberal Protestants. But O'Connell would infuse new life and new inspiration into the masses of his oppressed Catholic countrymen. (Applause.) Many thought his plans were too premature. But his trumpet voice aroused the slumbering populace. He never wearied of quoting the dictum of Byron, "Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not, who would be free, himself must strike the blow."

Words like these could not fail to produce effect. O'Connell welded the people together at such a time and in such a way as no one but an O'Connell could have done. By his dogged perseverance, by his matchless eloquence he succeeded in appealing to instincts of freedom which were languishing. He knew how to touch every chord of the Irish heart. Never did a skillful musician touch the various strings of his instrument with greater success than O'Connell touched the Irish heart-strings. Now it was a light note of drollery or satire that vanquished some enemy. Again it was the deep note of pathos as he rehearsed the wrongs of Ireland.

The Catholic Association had resolved to oppose the return to Parliament of every supporter of the ministry of Wellington and Peel. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, M.P. for Clare, was appointed to the presidency of the Board of Trade and so had to seek re-election. The Catholic Association resolved to stand by its resolution and invited Major McNamara, who lives in history as O'Connell's second



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in the fatal duel with D'Esterre. But he refused. Tazet it was proposed that some Catholic should stand and show the world the intolerance of the British Parliament by being denied admittance. But who was to accept the proposition? There was but one man in Ireland equal to the occasion and that was O'Connell. One evening he set aside his lawyer's gown and started off on the historic journey to Clare. Now came the day of trial and the hour of martyrdom. Would the electors of Clare (tenants at will) rise up and cast off the shackles of serfdom? You must remember that the votes of the tenants at this time were regarded as, as much the property of the landlord as the rent. (Laughter). To the undying glory of the electors of Clare they rose up and cast off their bonds. And O'Connell was elected. (Applause). The whole country heaved and vibrated. The current of a new life passed over the land. The very soldiers themselves cheered for O'Connell. The tide was running high. Old King George was in tears lest the Papists should burst their bonds. Wellington dreaded a civil war. A measure was rushed through Parliament and the old King gave it a grudging signature, then dashed the pen that wrote it upon the ground. The Irish Catholics stood forth emancipated. O'Connell became the liberator of his people. O'Connell being in London, applied to the Bar of the House of Commons for admission to Parliament and the old oath was handed to him. This declared that the King of England was head of the Church and that veneration of the Virgin Mary and the sacrifice of the Mass were impious and idolatrous. The Commons was thronged for the occasion. Every voice was hushed and every eye was centred upon the giant proportions of the Irish Tribune. O'Connell took the card containing the oath, read the text carefully and then in a loud voice exclaimed: "I see in this oath an assertion as a matter of opinion which I know to be false; I see in it another assertion as a matter of fact which I believe to be untrue. I therefore refuse to take the oath." (Applause.)

He immediately withdrew and was elected under the new Emancipation Bill for Clare. O'Connell entered Parliament in 1850 and it was predicted by many that he would be a Parliamentary failure. Circumscribed as he was by Parliamentary procedure and rules of order he was likened to a huge palm under a glass case. He was accustomed to addressing hundreds of thousands of his countrymen on an Irish hillside. Yet he became one of the most effective orators and astute debaters in the House. Macaulay referring to O'Connell, remarked: "We never take count of time when the Hon. gentleman is talking." And Dickens used to relate that on one occasion when it fell to him to take notes of a speech by O'Connell, he was compelled to lay down his pencil, so moved was he by the orator's description of a widow seeking her only son among the peasants killed by the military, and of a young girl shot while leading her blind grandfather.

During all this time O'Connell was, to quote his own words, the best abused man in Europe. He came to loggerheads with several of the ministers. Wellington was "a stunted corporal," and he likened Peel's smile to "the glint of the silver plate on the lid of a coffin. (Laughter). He and Disraeli had a war of words and O'Connell wound up by declaring Disraeli, who was of Jewish descent, to be the lineal descendant of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross, whose name, said O'Connell, "I firmly believe to have been Disraeli."

His encounters with the Times newspaper are well known. "Don't mind the Times," said O'Connell, "It is like a misplaced mile-stone; it can never by any possibility tell the truth." On one occasion he complained to the editor for being misrepresented in a speech delivered in the House of Commons, and the reporter was sent to give an explanation. The reporter said that when returning from the House of Commons a shower of rain had fallen,

(Continued on page 5.)

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BARNABY RUDGE

By CHARLES DICKENS

CHAPTER VI.

Breaking the silence they had hitherto preserved, they raised a great cry as soon as they were ranged before the jail, and demanded to speak with the governor.

Some said one thing, some another, and some only groaned and hissed. It being now nearly dark, and the house high, many persons in the throng were not aware that any one had come to answer them, and continued their clamor until the intelligence was gradually diffused through the whole concourse.

"Are you," said Hugh at length, "Mr. Akerman, the head jailer here?"

"Of course he is, brother," whispered Dennis. But Hugh, without minding him, took his answer from the man himself.

"Yes," he said. "I am."

"You have got some friends of ours in your custody, master?"

"I have a good many people in my custody." He glanced downward as he spoke, into the jail; and the feeling that he could see into the different yards, and that he overlooked everything which was hidden from their view by the rugged walls so lashed and goaded the mob, that they howled like wolves.

"Deliver up our friends," said Hugh "and you may keep the rest."

"It's my duty to keep them all. I shall do my duty."

"If you don't throw the doors open, we shall break 'em down," said Hugh; "for we will have the 'toters out."

"All I can do, good people," Akerman replied, "is to exhort you to disperse, and to remind you that the consequences of any disturbance in this place will be very severe, and bitterly repented by most of you, when it is too late."

He made as though he would retire when he had said these words, but he was checked by the voice of the locksmith.

"Mr. Akerman," cried Gabriel, "I will hear no more from any of you," replied the governor, turning towards the speaker, and waving his hand.

"But I am not one of them," said Gabriel. "I am an honest man, Mr. Akerman, a respectable tradesman—Gabriel Varden, the locksmith. You know me?"

"You among the crowd!" cried the governor in an altered voice.

"Brought here by force—brought here to pick the lock of the great door for them," rejoined the locksmith. "Bear witness for me, Mr. Akerman, that I refuse to do it, and that I will not do it, come what may of my refusal. If any violence is done to me, please to remember this."

"Is there no way of helping you?" said the governor.

"None, Mr. Akerman. You'll do your duty, and I'll do mine. Once again, you robbers and cut-throats," said the locksmith, turning round upon them, "I refuse. Ah! How till you're hoarse. I refuse."

"Stay—stay!" said the jailer, hastily. "Mr. Varden, I know you for a worthy man, and one who would do no unlawful act except upon compulsion!"

"Upon compulsion, sir," interposed the locksmith, who felt that the tone in which this was said, conveyed the speaker's impression that he had ample excuse for yielding to the furious multitude who beset and hemmed him in, on every side, and among whom he stood, an old man, quite alone; "upon compulsion, sir, I'll do nothing."

"Where is that man," said the keeper, anxiously, "who spoke to me just now?"

"Here!" Hugh replied.

"Do you know what the guilt of murder is, and that by keeping that

honest tradesman at your side you endanger his life!"

"We know it very well," he answered, "for what else did we bring him here? Let's have our friends, master, and you shall have your friend. Is that fair, lads?"

The mob replied to him with a loud hurrah!

"You see how it is, sir," cried Varden. "Keep 'em out, in King George's name. Remember what I have said. Good-night!"

There was no more parley. A shower of stones and other missiles compelled the keeper of the jail to retire; and the mob, pressing on, and swarming round the walls, forced Gabriel Varden close up to the door.

In vain the basket of tools was laid upon the ground before him, and he was urged in turn by promises, by blows, by offers of reward, and threats of instant death, to do the office for which they had brought him there. "No," cried the sturdy locksmith, "I will not."

He had never loved his life so well as then, but nothing could move him. The savage faces that glared upon him, look where he would; the cries of those who thirsted, like wild animals, for his blood, the sight of men pressing forward, and trampling down their fellows, as they strove to reach him, and struck at him above the heads of other men, with axes and with iron bars; all failed to daunt him. He looked from man to man, and face to face, and still, with quickened breath and lessening color, cried firmly, "I will not."

Dennis dealt him a blow upon the face which felled him to the ground. He sprang up again like a man in the prime of life, and with blood upon his forehead, caught him by the throat.

"You cowardly dog!" he said: "Give me my daughter. Give me my daughter!"

They struggled together. Some cried "Kill him," and some (but they were not near enough) strove to trample him to death. Tug as he would at the old man's wrists, the hangman could not force him to unclinch his hands.

"Is this all the return you make me, you ungrateful monster?" he articulated with great difficulty, and with many oaths.

"Give me my daughter!" cried the locksmith, who was now as fierce as those who gathered round him: "Give me my daughter!"

He was down again, and up, and down once more, and buffeting with a score of them, who banded him from hand to hand, when one tall fellow, fresh from a slaughter-house, whose dress and great high-boots smoked hot with grease and blood, raised a pole-axe, and swearing a horrible oath, aimed it at the old man's uncovered head. At that instant, and in the very act, he fell himself, as if struck by lightning, and over his body a one-armed man came darting to the locksmith's side. Another man was with him, and both caught the locksmith roughly in their grasp.

"Leave him to us!" they cried to Hugh—struggling as they spoke, to force a passage backward through the crowd. "Leave him to us. Why do you waste your whole strength on such as he, when a couple of men can finish him in as many minutes! You lose time. Remember the prisoners! Remember Barnaby!"

The cry ran through the mob. Hammers began to rattle on the walls; and every man strove to reach the prison and be among the foremost rank. Fighting their way through the press and struggle, as desperately as if they were in the midst of enemies rather than their own friends, the two men retreated with the locksmith between them, and dragged him through the very heart of the concourse.

And now the strokes began to fall like hail upon the gate, and on the strong building, for those who could not reach the door, spent their fierce rage on anything—even on the great blocks of stone, which shivered their weapons into fragments, and made their hands and arms to tingle as if the walls were active in their stout resistance, and dealt them back their blows. The clash of iron ringing upon iron, mingled with the deafening tumult and sounded high above it, as the great sledge-hammers rattled on the nailed and plated door; the sparks flew off in showers; men

worked in gangs, and at short intervals relieved each other, that all their strength might be devoted to the work, but there stood the portal still, as grim and dark and strong as ever, and saving for the dents upon its battered surface, quite unchanged.

While some brought all their energies to bear upon this toilsome task, and some rearing ladders against the prison, tried to clamber to the summit of the walls they were too short to scale, and some again engaged a body of police a hundred strong, and beat them back and trod them under foot by force of numbers; others besieged the house on which the jailer had appeared, and, driving in the door, brought out his furniture, and piled it up against the prison gate, to make a bonfire which should burn it down. As soon as this device was understood, all those who had labored hitherto, cast down their tools and helped to swell the heap, which reached half-way across the street, and was so high that those who threw more fuel on the top, got up by ladders. When all the keeper's goods were flung upon this costly pile to the last fragment, they smeared it with the pitch, and tar, and rosin they had brought, and sprinkled it with turpentine. To all the wood-work round the prison doors they did the like, leaving not a joist or beam untouched. This infernal christening performed, they fired the pile with lighted matches and with blazing tow, and then stood by, awaiting the result.

The furniture being very dry, and rendered more combustible by wax and oil, besides the arts they had used, took fire at once. The flames roared high and fiercely, blackening the prison wall, and twining up its lofty front like burning serpents. At first they crowded round the blaze, and vented their exultation only in their looks; but when it grew hotter and fiercer—when it crackled, leaped and roared, like a great furnace—when it shone upon the opposite houses, and lighted up not only the pale and wondering faces at the windows, but the inmost corners of each habitation—when, through the deep red heat and glow, the fire was seen sporting and toying with the door, now clinging to its obdurate surface, now gliding off with fierce inconstancy and soaring high into the sky, anon returning to fold it in its burning grasp and lure it to its ruin—when it shone and gleamed so brightly that the church clock of St. Sepulchre's, so often pointing to the hour of death, was legible as in broad day, and the vane upon its steeple-top glittered in the unwonted light like something richly jewelled—when blackened stone and sombre brick grew ruddy in the deep reflection, and windows shone like burnished gold, dotting the longest distance in the fiery vista with their specks of brightness—when wall and tower, and roof, and chimney-stack, seemed drunk, and in the flickering glare appeared to reel and stagger—when scores of objects, never seen before, burst out upon the view, and things the most familiar put on some new aspect—then the mob began to join the whirl, and with loud yells, and shouts, and clamor, such as happily is seldom heard, bestirred themselves to feed the fire, and keep it at its height.

Although the heat was so intense that the paint on the houses over against the prison, parched and crackled up, and swelling into boils as it were, from excess of torture, broke and crumbled away; although the glass fell from the window-sashes, and the lead and iron on the roofs flattered the incautious hand that touched them, and the sparrows in the eaves took wing, and reneged giddy by the smoke, fell fluttering down upon the blazing pile; still the fire was tended unceasingly by busy hands, and round it, men were going always. They never slackened in their zeal, or kept aloof, but pressed upon the flames so hard, that those in front had much ado to save themselves from being thrust in; if one man swooned or dropped, a dozen struggled for his place, and that, although they knew the pain, and thirst and pressure to be unendurable. Those who fell down in fainting fits and were not crushed or burned, were carried to an inn-yard close at hand, and dashed with water from a pump; of which buckets full were passed from man to man among the crowd; but such was the strong desire of all to drink, and such the desire to be first, that, for the most part, the whole contents were piled upon the ground, without the lips of one man being moistened.

Meanwhile, and in the midst of all the roar and outcry, those who were nearest to the pile, heaped up again the burning fragments that came toppling down, and raked the fire about the door, which, although a sheet of flame, was still a door fast locked and barred, and kept them out. Great pieces of blazing wood were passed, besides, above the people's heads to such as stood about the ladders, and some of these, climbing up to the topmost stave, and holding on with one hand by the prison wall, exerted all their skill and force to cast these fire-brands on the roof, or down into the yards within. In many instances their efforts were successful, which occasioned a new and appalling addition to the horrors of the scene; for the prisoners within, seeing from between their bars that the fire caught in many places and thrived fiercely, and being all locked up in strong cells for the night, began to know that

they were in danger of being burned alive. This terrible fear, spreading from cell to cell, and from yard to yard, vented itself in such dismal cries and wailing, and in such dreadful shrieks for help, that the whole jail resounded with the noise, which was loudly heard even above the shouting of the mob and roaring of the flames, and was so full of agony and despair that it made the boldest tremble.

It was remarkable that these cries began in that quarter of the jail which fronted Newgate street, where it was well known the men who were to suffer death on Thursday were confined. And not only were these four who had so short a time to live, the first to whom the dread of being burned occurred, but they were, throughout, the most importunate of all, for they could be plainly heard, notwithstanding the great thickness of the walls, crying that the wind set that way, and that the flames would shortly reach them, and calling to the officers of the jail to come and quench the fire from a cistern which was in their yard, and full of water. Judging from what the crowd without the walls could hear from time to time, these four doomed wretches never ceased to call for help, and that with as much distraction, and in as great a frenzy of attachment to existence, as though each had an honored, happy life before him, instead of eight and forty hours of miserable imprisonment, and then a violent and shameful death.

But the anguish and suffering of the two sons of one of these men, when they heard, or fancied that they heard, their father's voice, is past description. After wringing their hands and rushing to and fro, as if they were stark mad, one mounted on the shoulders of his brother, and tried to clamber up the face of the high wall, guarded at the top with spikes and points of iron. And when he fell among the crowd, he was not deterred by his bruises, but mounted up again, and fell again, and when he found the feat impossible, began to beat the stones and tear them with his hands, as if he could that way make a breach in the strong building, and force a passage in. At last they cleft their way among the mob about the door, though many men, a dozen times their match, had tried in vain to do so, and were seen, in—yes, in—the fire, striving to pry it down with crowbars.

Nor were they alone affected by the outcry from within the prison. The women who were looking on, shrieked loudly, beat their hands together, stopped their ears, and many fainted; the men who were near the walls and active in the siege, rather than do nothing, tore up the pavement of the street, and did so with a haste and fury they could not have surpassed if that had been the jail, and they were near their object. Not one living creature in the throng was for an instant still. The whole great mass were mad.

A shout! Another! Another yet, though few knew why, or what it meant. But those around the gate had seen it slowly yield, and drop from its topmost hinge. It hung on that side by but one, but it was upright still, because of the bar, and its having sunk, of its own weight, into the heap of ashes at its foot. There was now a gap at the top of the doorway, through which could be descried a gloomy passage, cavernous and dark. Pile up the fire!

It burned fiercely. The door was red-hot, and the gap wider. They vainly tried to shield their faces with their hands, and standing as if in readiness for a spring, watched the place. Dark figures, some crawling on their hands and knees, some carried in the arms of others, were seen to pass along the roof. It was plain the jail could hold out no longer. The keeper and his officers and their wives and children, were escaping. Pile up the fire!

The door sank down again; it settled deeper in the cinders—tottered—yielded—was down!

As they shouted again, they fell back, for a moment, and left a clear space about the fire that lay between them and the jail entry. Hugh leaped upon the blazing heap, and scattering a train of sparks into the air, and making the dark lobby glitter with those that hung upon his dress, dashed into the jail.

The hangman followed. And then so many rushed upon their track that the fire got trodden down and thinly strewn about the street, but there was no need of it now, for, inside and out, the prison was in flames.

CHAPTER VII.

During the whole course of the terrible scene which was now at its height, one man in the jail suffered a degree of fear and mental torment which had no parallel in the endurance even of those who lay under sentence of death.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause. Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may see my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

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When the rioters first assembled before the building, the murderer was roused from sleep—if such slumbers as his may have that blessed name—by the roar of voices, and the struggling of a great crowd. He started up as these sounds met his ear, and sitting on his bedstead, listened.

After a short interval of silence the noise burst out again. Still listening attentively, he made out, in course of time, that the jail was besieged by a furious multitude. His guilty conscience instantly arrayed these men against himself, and brought the fear upon him that he would be singled out, and torn to pieces.

Once impressed with the terror of this conceit, everything tended to confirm and strengthen it. His double crime, the circumstances under which it had been committed, the length of time that had elapsed, and its discovery in spite of all, made him as it were, the visible object of the Almighty's wrath. In all the crime and vice and moral gloom of the great pest-house of the capital, he stood alone, marked and singled out by his great guilt, a Lucifer among the devils. The other prisoners were a host, hiding and sheltering each other—a crowd like that without the walls. He was one man against the whole united concourse; a single, solitary, lonely man, from whom the very captives in the jail fell off and shrunk appalled.

It might be that the intelligence of his capture having been bruited abroad, they had come there purposely to drag him out and kill him in the street; or it might be that they were the rioters, and, in pursuance of an old design, had come to sack the prison. But in either case he had no belief or hope that they would spare him. Every shout they raised, and every sound they made, was a blow upon his heart. As the attack went on, he grew more wild and frantic in his terror, tried to pull away the bars that guarded the chimney and prevented him from climbing up, called loudly on the turnkeys to cluster round the cell and save him from the fury of the rabble, or put him in some dungeon underground, no matter of what depth, how dark it was, or loathsome, or beset with rats and creeping things, so that it hid him and was hard to find.

But no one came, or answered him. Fearful, even while he cried to them, of attracting attention, he was silent. By and by, he saw, as he looked from his grated window, a strange glimmering on the stone walls and pavement of the yard. It was feeble at first, and came and went, as though some officers with torches were passing to and fro upon the roof of the prison. Soon it reddened, and lighted brands came whirling down, spattering the ground with fire and burning sullenly in corners. One rolled beneath a wooden bench, and set it in a blaze; another caught a water-spout and so went climbing up the wall, leaving a long straight track of fire behind it. After a time a slow thick shower of burning fragments, from some upper portion of the prison, which was blazing high, began to fall before his door. Remembering that it opened outwards, he knew that every spark which fell upon the heap, and in the act lost its bright life, and died an ugly speck of dust and rubbish, helped to entomb him in a living grave. Still, though

A Clear Healthy Skin—Eruptions of the skin and the blotches which bluish beauty are the result of impure blood caused by unhealthy action of the liver and kidneys. In correcting this unhealthy action and restoring the organs to their normal condition, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will at the same time cleanse the blood, and the blotches and eruptions will disappear without leaving any trace.

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CATARRH

The true Cause and the true Cure.

How and why "Fruit-a-lives" completely eradicate this disease from the system.

Catarrh means inflammation. Ordinary catarrh is inflammation of the nose cavity opening into the throat. This cavity receives all the air going to and from the lungs. Food and drink passes through it to the stomach. And the prime cause of catarrh is indigestion.

Because indigestion means an irritated stomach. This irritation spreads to the throat and nose. Belching gas keeps up the inflammation. The blood is impure and badly nourished. And nine times in ten, there is Constipation and poor skin action.

The only way to cure Catarrh is to cure the cause of catarrh. Digestion must be improved—inflammation in stomach soothed—blood purified—and the liver strengthened so it will give up enough bile to make the bowels move regularly every day.

Leave sprays, atomisers, powders and snuffs alone. Take "Fruit-a-lives" regularly—be careful of your diet—and catarrh will soon be a thing of the past.

One 50c. box of "Fruit-a-lives" will prove how effectively these tablets relieve catarrh—and will do you so much good that you will gladly continue the treatment until cured.

50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 Sent prepaid on receipt of price. If your druggist should not have them.

FRUIT-A-LIVES LIMITED, OTTAWA.

will always cure Catarrh of the throat and nose because these marvellous fruit tablets cure indigestion—sweeten the stomach—and eradicate all impurities from the blood by its stimulating and invigorating action on liver, bowels, kidneys and skin.

Leave sprays, atomisers, powders and snuffs alone. Take "Fruit-a-lives" regularly—be careful of your diet—and catarrh will soon be a thing of the past.

The HOME CIRCLE

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE. If you have a gray-haired mother, And from home you are away, Sit down and write the letter...

The tender word unspoken, The letter never sent, The long-forgotten messages, The wealth of love unspent...

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Do not leave scrubbing brushes with the bristles turned up, or the dampness from them will run into the body of the brush and loosen the bristles in their sockets.

When housecleaning the bedroom's wash the toilet ware with soap and water, then fill the vessels with boiling hot soda water; put them out in the air and leave them filled for half a day until thoroughly disinfected.

Never put summer clothes away in a soiled condition. They may be needed in a hurry when the first warm days of spring occur, and then there is much discomfort.

A glass decanter may be cleaned by breaking up egg shells into small pieces, putting them into the decanter, which is half filled with water, and thoroughly shaken.

Ordinary writing ink may be removed from carpet or colored stuffs as follows: Soak up as much as possible with a blotter, then apply milk with a soft, clean rag, allowing the milk to soak thoroughly into the stain.

Wicker furniture which has been varnished will not take enamel until the varnish has been washed off with boiling water, in which there is a little washing soda.

A ham is greatly improved if, after being boiled, it is wrapped in buttered paper and baked for an hour. Flatiron-holders, if lined with a layer of old leather, like the top of a boot, will protect your hand from heat far better than if made in the ordinary way.

HELP THE JEWS.

Cardinal Fischer, Archbishop of Cologne, Germany, has contributed 100 marks to a fund in aid of the Russian Jews.

PURITY OF THE BLOOD THE BEST PROTECTION AGAINST DISEASE—OBTAINED BY USING Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

If you enquire into the cause of sickness, pain and suffering, you will find that fully nine-tenths of it results from derangements of the liver, kidneys and bowels.

This was the truth arrived at by Dr. Chase when he began experiments which led to the discovery of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The liver and kidneys are intimately related as filters of the blood, and the regularity of the bowels depends on the healthful action of the liver.

Hence it happens that when the liver and kidneys are made healthy and vigorous by the influence of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills such diseases as biliousness, liver complaints, kidney disease, indigestion and constipation soon entirely disappear.

With the liver and kidneys in healthful working order, the purity of the blood is engaged and you are protected against colds, fevers and contagious and infectious diseases.

As a family medicine to promptly cure the most common ills of life there is no preparation that can be compared with Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Bamberg has also sent a contribution to the fund. A despatch from San Francisco states that \$3,000 was contributed from that city for the relief of the suffering Jews in Russia.

A letter from Mgr. Byrne, V.G., which accompanied the gift, says: "Archbishop Williams, in sending his contribution to the fund for the relief of the sufferers from the recent anti-Semitic riots of Russia, wishes me to say that he fully shares your abhorrence of the inhuman and un-Christian treatment your co-religionists have met with at the hands of infuriated mobs."

THE POPE'S DEMOCRACY. Pius X. is not merely a peasant who has become Pope. Far from being ashamed of his peasant origin, he emphasizes it whenever possible.

The other day some of his courtiers begged him to create his two sisters Countesses, for every Pope has ennobled his own family. "Countesses!" ejaculated his Holiness; "it is enough honor for them to be sisters to a Pope, unworthy as is the present one."

A "RELIGIOUS ATMOSPHERE." Addressing the students of Notre Dame recently, Rev. President Cavanaugh thus illustrated the meaning of a "religious atmosphere."

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING. Potato parings burned in the stove will prevent the formation of soot in the chimney.

Bananas will retain their natural color if cut with a fork and not turn dark, as they do when cut with a knife.

Some stains on agate ware will not yield to soda or lye, but will disappear if rubbed with salt and vinegar.

All cream sauces should be seasoned with salt and a little cayenne. Plum pudding is very nice if steamed in cups.

Whalebone that has become bent can be made as good as new by soaking it in tepid water.

Small holes in table linen should be darned with ravelings of the linen itself.

Bread crumbs for all escalloped dishes should be heated in a frying pan, using a tablespoonful of butter to a cupful of crumbs.

Health and comfort are promoted by an abundance of every furnishing in the kitchen.

Love, whether newly born, or aroused from a death-like slumber, must always create a sunshine, filling the heart so full of radiance, that it overflows upon the outside world.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

A SAD LITTLE STORY.

Fifteen years ago the bachelor lawyer and Sam, his Chinese servant, had lived together in that peace which passes the understanding of all save those favored mortals who are their own servants.

But one morning, so the story runs in the San Francisco "Examiner," as Sam poured his master's coffee he said quietly, without a shade of emotion in his yellow face, "Next week I leave you."

"Next week I leave you," repeated the Chinaman. "I hire for you better man."

"So you are going to leave me. I don't pay you enough, eh? Dr. Sanders—how knows what a treasure you are—has offered you more than a hundred a month. Well, I'll make it a hundred and fifty. Say no more!"

"Oh, I see; you are going back for a wife. Very well, bring her here. There is work for two to keep this place in order; the place is lonely, anyway. I'll see the collector of the port myself and arrange your passage papers."

"I go to China next week; I need no papers. I never come back," said the man, with exasperating calmness and persistence.

"I will not tell you why I go—you laugh." "No, I shall not laugh."

"Very well; I go to China to die." "Nonsense! You can die here. Haven't I agreed to send your body back?"

"I die in four weeks, two days." "What do you mean?" "My brother, he is in prison. He twenty-six; I fifty. He have wife and baby. In China they take any man of same family instead to die. I go to China, give my money to my brother—he live, I die."

The next day a new Chinaman appeared as servant in the lawyer's household. In a week this new servant knew everything, and nothing, just like Sam.

Sam disappeared without saying good-by. He went to China and was beheaded, four weeks and two days from the day he broke the news of his intent to go.

Christian kindness to the poor and the working men and women, and the inculcation of patience in poverty after the example of Our Lord, are the best securities against the communism and anarchy that seem to threaten society.—Most Rev. Dr. Ryan.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong, nor makes a mistake, nor commits a blunder, to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can really judge of the hardships of a rough road and the frailty of weary feet.

The Postmaster Tells His Story

HIS HEALTH MAINLY DUE TO THE USE OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Postmaster Lee looks Ten Years Younger Than His Seventy-Six Years and He Gives the Credit to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tabucintac, Cumberland Co., N.B., Jan 22.—(Special).—Horatio J. Lee, postmaster here, is now in his seventy-sixth year, but so bright and healthy does he look and so energetic is he in his movements that he would easily pass for ten years younger.

"How do I keep young looking," the postmaster says. "Well I attribute it largely to my good health and my health is mainly due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I first learned the value of this Kidney Remedy some years ago. I was then suffering from Kidney Disease. My feet and legs swelled and I had to rise eight or ten times in the night because of urinary troubles. Six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills restored my health at that time and I have used them at intervals since."

USED UP AND TIRED OUT

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

are indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Keldon, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE QUALITY OF HOPE.

How many times has there been in your life something to which you have looked eagerly forward for months, and of which, when it came, the realization came far short of the anticipation? For most of us this has happened over and over again.

Our nature craves for religion, and if you force it out of life, you have opened the way to all disorder and darkness. The loose ideas of religion, the breaking down of all positive religious teaching, the refusal to obey the Church, are, indeed, causes of the present evils.

When I was getting better, and they dropped me up in bed, Oh, didn't I feel hungry! But I knew the doctor'd said, 'So I thought of things instead.'

I thought of basket picnics, And of mince and apple pie Of sandwiches and doughnuts, And the tarts I used to buy. I seemed to taste them, almost, Such a hungry boy was I.

My mother'd sit and read to me, Any story I'd pick out, I guess you know already The what stories were about. I'd listen and—imagine, And it helped me do without.

But oh, I want to tell you, That there's nothing you can take In thinking or in stories, In a dream or when awake, That ever tastes so splendid, As the first real slice of cake! —Youth's Companion.

When the nurse takes me out in my carriage, bye-bye, You would think I might quiet and peacefully lie; But, no, as she wheels me along through the town She joggles the springs, so I jump up and down.

If I wiggle and squirm and howl for relief, She still seems to hold her mistaken belief, But changes her tack—back and forth I am rushed, Till for sheer lack of breath my walling is hushed.

Offentimes my wee mouth is as dry as a chip, And of fresh cooling water I long for a sip, Not a draught do I get, because they don't think A baby can ever want water to drink.

His wants are not many, but one thing is sure— If grown people knew what we babies endure, They's very soon learn to interpret each tone, And when we are good they would let us alone.

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THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE Benedictine Salve

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases. A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says 212 King street east. Toronto, Sept. 18, 1902.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1906, John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a cure for lumbago.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism.

198 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve.

St. James' Rectory, 428 N. 2nd street, Rockford, Ill. Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR,—Please send me three more boxes of Benedictine Salve, as soon as possible. Enclose please find cheque and oblige.

241 Sackville street Toronto, August 15th, 1902. John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles.

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is now calling upon Toronto Subscribers

TORONTO, JANUARY 25, 1906.

BAPTIST HETERODOXY.

It has always seemed strange to us by what course of reasoning any Protestant, clerical or lay, could be tried for heresy. Surely a trial of this kind violates the first principle upon which Protestantism is based, the right of private judgment. If an individual has the right to interpret Scripture as he pleases he has the right of expressing his views. He may not have the right to use a sectarian pulpit for enunciating views and principles contrary to the tenets of that sect. Who is to be judge? There is no competent court. Nor is there any power to carry out the sentence. Courts cannot be formed by self-appointed committees. But let us come to a case in point. A minister of the Walmer street Baptist Church of this city, the Rev. Mr. Horsman, has been teaching what some of his hearers regard as heretical and has been advancing views of the higher criticism. A large congregational meeting was held, before which the minister appeared, explained his views and handed in his resignation. He holds "to the theory of evolution," and "to the doctrine of the atonement"—whatever he may mean by that. He maintains "the total depravity theory, the infallibility of the Bible," the incarnation as maintained by modern Protestant thinkers. Amongst his other views he teaches that God is not a person. The gentleman's tenets and resignation were referred to a committee. Here are some members of a congregation siding with these strange doctrines; others strongly opposed to them. Where does truth lie? The majority cannot claim the power of infallibility—nor even the whole committee. According to Mr. Horsman, who is the accused, it lies in the Bible. That again is absurd from two points. Infallibility can be the attitude of only a living teacher and interpreter. One man takes up the Bible and interprets it in one way, another in another way. Who is right? Mr. Horsman has one way of interpreting the Scripture. Several of his people have another—and claim that their pastor's views are wrong. How is the question to be decided? A local committee seems a very peculiar method—one too which lacks authority and stability. No such body can have power over the Rev. Mr. Horsman, except perhaps the power of stopping supplies. Nor will such a body assert a principle with such force that it will be a guide throughout the future and for all other Baptist pastors and flocks. Again the incoherent private judgment enters the field, sowing division and destroying the harvest. The danger of this private judgment is also evident in the views held by the Rev. Mr. Horsman. Take the theory of evolution and the impersonal deity advocated by this gentleman. If the first—evolution—be maintained materialism follows—spirituality falls to pieces, and the spiritual, immortal nature of the soul is denied. With this denial follows the denial of the whole Christian religion. The temple of Christianity rests upon the foundation of a spiritual soul and an invisible higher world. Evolution and spirituality are opposed in many ways. Evolution is material, spirituality is immaterial. The former is terminated by the senses; the latter not only looks higher to the reason, but even higher still to that supernatural life whose divine Author and Eternity is the one Mediator between God and man. No less opposed to Christianity is the view that God is impersonal. The dogmas of the Trinity of God and the Incarnation stand or fall together. If God is not a Person—and indeed if the Trinity of Persons is not true, neither is the Incarnation true. German philosophers have since the time of Hegel more or less obscured the doctrine of the Unity and Trinity of God by maintaining an impersonal Deity. Such theories have their effect upon minds which recog-

nize no living infallible guide—minds which are too self-confident and proud to humbly accept correction. What a consolation to find in our own dear Mother Church the protecting shield of truth—the safe guidance of St. Peter's unflinching faith, the care and watchfulness of Apostolic authority.

THE STREET RAILWAY.

The Toronto Street Railway is quite a school. If any ordinary person wishes he may receive in addition to his ride, either standing or sitting, a number of lessons upon character, custom and etiquette, all for the sum of five cents. Let us suppose a typical case. The car at this time is not crowded. There is plenty of room. At least three seats are vacant four places beyond the rear entrance; whilst nearer the front several are unoccupied. A young lady enters. Does she advance like one who has an objective point in view? Not she. She poses at the door, her eyes cast down, a mixed look of mock modesty and feigned fatigue upon her countenance. Immediately two young gentlemen rise simultaneously and spontaneously, doffing their hats, and bowing graciously to the fair martyr at the door. A smile is their reward. She selects which side she will take, nervously advances, and as she sits down she bows an acknowledgement to the cavalier who now grasps the nearest strap. One could not admire the hesitation of the one party—or the gallantry of the others. That was not the politeness which is prompted by Christian charity. Had it been a poor old woman the rising would not likely have been so prompt nor the doffing of the hat so gracious. That cars are frequently crowded, so that men should rise and make way for the weaker sex must be the order of things. But when young children occupy seats and men are expected to make room for girls, that is not the order. It is the artificial custom of artificial society.

Another point in which the Toronto Street Railway resembles a school is the tension and continued friction between the company and the public. It is natural enough for young pupils to look upon tutors as sworn foes. This state of feeling should not be displayed when it comes to such public service as that rendered by a street railway. Yet for a long time irritation and reprisal have been going on without regard to all true interests concerned, and with a loss of dignity both to a fair city and a representative company. Companies with directors such as are on the Board of the Toronto Street Railway, should not, and cannot, allow their affairs to be managed in such a way as always to provoke condemnation. That condemnation has come not from the crowds waiting impatiently on the street corner for a car. It is not merely the criticism of the press or the complaints of the public; it is the frequent decision of law. This is a bad state of affairs—one to which men in charge should never have allowed them to come. Faults lie on both sides. The city has grown, and the Street Railway has not at all kept pace with that growth. The Company has not extended or multiplied its tracks. The service was enough for a city of half the size. Many more tracks are needed in order to relieve the congested lines, and in order to accommodate the rapidly increasing faubourgs. There was a time, not long ago, when Toronto had about the best car service of any city on the continent. No valid reason can be alleged why this should not continue—or be revived. If it is a question of the company making money they should remember that a street railway is a servant rendering a service in return for privileges, not a landlord to gather all the rent and spend as little as possible on the property. Some of the criticisms about the service are trivial; others are hard to remedy. Mutual forbearance and more business-like and honorable treatment on the part of the company are earnestly desired. We are tired enough holding on to car straps, but we are still more weary of the friction and the quarrelling between Toronto and its irritating street railway.

A STATESMAN MOURNED.

From the land of his forefathers to the land of his nativity and the place where was centred the work of an active and diffusive career, the remains of the Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, late Minister of Marine, are brought. The great man-of-war Dominion, having in her care Canada's dead statesman, has bravely breasted the wintry seas, and all unharmed and with loving care she has confided to waiting hands her sad and precious charge. Once before, while in discharge of duty and in behalf of Canada's cause, had a great son of the Dominion received his last earthly call while far from home and friends, and once before had all honor been shown the de-

parted chief, both at home and abroad. And now history repeats itself. The casket is placed on the gun-carriage, the Union Jack which he served enveloping it, blue-coated sailors lead the way, soldiers with arms reversed line the road-side, thousands through the streets, and the "Dead March in Saul" rises and falls in subdued and sorrowful tones. Seldom has the city of Halifax beheld a more imposing sight than that offered by the procession that proceeded to the special train which was to convey the funeral cortege to Montreal. In the long train of mourners were the three sons of deceased and Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax. A mortuary car adorned simply with mourning emblems, the floor, ceiling and ends draped in black and festooned in purple, awaited the casket, which was placed on a bier at one end. To attend the last sad rites, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick and many others, have come from the Dominion's capital to Montreal. Here the city guarded by the Royal Mount which broods mournfully over the scene, has received her dead son, and here in the Council Chamber lies for a brief space the one who was once Chief Magistrate of Canada's greatest city, her chief metropolis. From Maisonneuve to Hochelaga was the dead chief known, and the people of the city and its suburbs came out en masse to gaze once more and for the last time upon the all familiar features. Colors, royal and papal, black, purple and yellow, speak the city's mourning and the faith of Raymond Prefontaine is proclaimed by the inscription raised above his casket, "Requiescat in Pace." Before this day is closed a loyal son of the Church will have lain before the Altar rails of a grand Cathedral, princes and prelates will have assembled to honor him for the last time and to beseech heaven in his behalf. Kyrie Eleison will have sounded plaintively from the sanctuary precincts, and Libera Me Domine will have pierced Cathedral dome and reached even as far as Heaven's court. The lilies of France will have been steeped in the tears from many eyes, while thousands who lined the streets will join the grand though mournful march to Cote des Neiges, where Canada's loyal statesman and a faithful son of the Church will find a last earthly resting place. May he rest in peace.

The Only Catholic Bishop of the Negro Race

(From the Boston Transcript.)

The widespread and enthusiastic celebration the other day of the Garrison centennial makes more than ordinarily interesting any bit of news about the achievements of any member of that long-oppressed (and, indeed, still oppressed), race for which Garrison dared and did so much. Hence the interest which attaches to an account in a Spanish-American newspaper of Monsignor Gomez Pimenta, Bishop of Marianna, Brazil, who up to his recent death had the distinction of being the only Roman Catholic Bishop of the Negro race in the world. There are, of course, in that world-wide Church clergymen of the Negro race (there are two or three in the United States), and over one of our North American dioceses there presided until recently a man who had some trace of Negro blood in his veins. But Monsignor Gomez Pimenta, the Brazilian prelate, was the only full-blood Negro Bishop, and now that he has passed away there remains in the Catholic Church no Bishop of the African race.

The story of Monsignor Pimenta's life is an inspiring record, a proof of what ability and merit will do, and a further proof (if any were needed) after beholding the rise of Pius X., the present occupant of Peter's chair) that in the Roman Catholic Church apparently so autocratic and aristocratic, lowly origin is no bar to the attainment of the highest offices and honors. Still further than this, Monsignor Pimenta's life history is a most striking instance of Negro progress and achievement.

Silveria Gomez Pimenta was the son of slave parents. Born in extreme poverty, he knew what it was to be destitute and hungry. When a child he attended school half naked and barefooted, but he was from the first remarkable for his application and his good conduct. He was, in fact, so excellent a school boy that his case came to the attention of the Archbishop of Bahia, who took a liking to the exceptional young Negro and placed him, after some time, in the seminary of his see city. Here Pimenta, now a young man, pursued his studies for the priesthood, winning admiration on all sides, not only for his intellectual powers, but for the kindness and nobility of his heart. Ordained a priest, he overcame the prejudices which exist against Negroes even in Catholic countries (though these are by no means so strong as the prejudice against Negroes which prevails in the United States) and was given ecclesiastical charges and offices of much importance, in which he bore himself so well and so creditably that, while still quite young, he was raised to the episcopal dignity as Auxiliary Bishop of the Diocese of Bahia. In this office he still won favor, and when, in 1902, the late Pope Leo XIII. restored the Diocese of Marianna, Amazon, whose area was 300,000 square kilometres and whose population is two millions, he designat-

ed as its prelate the Negro Bishop. This new office was by no means a sinecure. For years the Bishop's territory had been more or less neglected, and the state of religion was far from ideal. He was almost alone and without resources in his vast diocese. Added to this, he had been the scene of an anti-Catholic propaganda which rendered the new Bishop's task particularly difficult. But this son of slave parents, who had overcome so many obstacles in his life, was not discouraged by the situation, no matter how hopeless it seemed. He bent every effort to the work in hand—the building and maintaining of churches, schools, seminaries, houses of charity, etc., and gave so little thought to himself and his own dignity as a Bishop or even to his own comfort as a man, that he often went almost as poorly clad, and certainly with feet as destitute of covering, as when he attended school years before in Bahia. But he succeeded before his death in rehabilitating the diocese, which he had found in ruins, and in elevating the tone of its religious and social life.

The merit of this Negro Bishop was not confined to his own diocese or to Brazil; nor did his life of labor prevent him from continuing those studies in which he showed himself so brilliant at school. He was a man of vast learning, and had a high reputation among Orientalists for his knowledge of the Semetic languages. He was, besides, held as authority of great weight in Biblical questions, and in Rome, that city of religious experts, his opinion was much esteemed. His death removes a man of whom the Negro race of North as well as South America may well be proud.

A Patriotic Concert

A splendid entertainment was given in the C.M.B.A. Hall in this good old Irish Catholic Parish of Huntley on the 10th inst. The evening was an ideal one and the crowd was very large, in fact too large for the capacity of the hall, but the programme and the success of the evening were in every way worthy of the cordial patronage given. The new Pastor, the Rev. Father Cavanagh, assumed the chair about 8 p.m. He prefaced the evening's programme by a few words of welcome to the large assembly, and then briefly stated the purpose in presenting a programme such as they were to enjoy. A closer union, social and otherwise, and as a means to that a revival of some of the best and noblest features of our race's song and music would be attempted. All this was with a view of strengthening ourselves in our closer union and elevating our ideals to a higher standard. The programme was then commenced which ran as follows:

Song of welcome by two little girls, Lizzie and Teresa Casey.
Chorus—O'Donnell Aboo—By the local choir.
Vocal Solo—Kilroney, by Mrs. Thos. Brown.
Recitation—The Carpiade, by Miss Maggie Carroll.
Duet—Meeting of the Waters, by the Misses Egan.
Vocal Solo—The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me, by Miss Ethel McCoy.
Recitation—The Irishman, by Master John Casey.
Vocal Solo—I'll Not Deny the Shamrock, by Mr. Burns.

PART II.

Lecture by Rev. Father Harkins, Pastor of Almonte, on "The Pillar Towers of Ireland."
Recitation—The Pillar Towers of Ireland, by Miss Vina Casey.
Duet—Dear Little Shamrock, by the Misses Casey.
Vocal Solo—Come Back to Erin, by Miss Maggie Manion.
Recitation—Orange and Green, by Miss White.
Chorus—Rising of the Moon, by the local choir.
Duet—The Clock Song, by two little boys, P. and A. Manion.
Recitation—Michael Dwyer, by Master Joseph Gosson.
Grand Final Chorus—"God Save Ireland," by all.

Rev. Father Harkins did justice to his subject in his beautiful discourse on the "Pillar Towers of Ireland." The Reverend Lecturer showed a great amount of research and on the whole presented a very interesting lecture on this subject. The chairman briefly explained the meaning and the historic interest connected with the good Irish songs that largely made up the programme. The recitations, as may be seen by their titles, were of patriotic interest and were all given and much enjoyed. The grand old anthem, "God Save Ireland," which everybody honors and which was written to commemorate three of Ireland's martyred dead, was given with great enthusiasm. Just before the gathering rose to disperse Rev. Father Newman beckoned them to be seated a moment longer. In a few well chosen words the Reverend Gentleman called the attention of the audience to the political conflict now going on in Great Britain and Ireland. He pointed out the importance attached to every movement there, by their political leaders and of the opinions, convictions and demands of their kith and kin in these lands beyond the sea. As a people proud of the old race to which we belong it behooves us now to speak in no uncertain terms about our convictions on these matters. Accordingly he proposed a resolution expressing the entire sympathy of this assembly with the Hon. John Redmond and his followers in their struggle for Irish legislative freedom and our dignified demand that the English parties desist from their offensive attitude towards our people of the Irish race in the Old Land. The resolution was seconded by the Rev. Father Brownriff and Rev. Father Harkins, both of whom pointed out in the course of their remarks the unreasonableness of

English rulers in Britain to expect Irishmen here or in the Old Land to take kindly to British institutions or to recognize anything but duplicity in the boasted British fair-play, so long as the iniquitous state of things continued as now in Ireland. The speakers declared that it was an opportune time for Irishmen the world over to let Englishmen understand that we do not believe in giving the kiss of peace as a slavish return for the unfriendliness of those who smote, slandered and derided us. The resolution was carried unanimously amidst enthusiastic applause.

G.A.E.L.

West Huntley.

A Missionary Awakening in Kentucky

Still another diocesan Apostolate has been recently organized and added to the dozen or more already existing and doing great work in this country. Bishop Maes of Covington has recently announced in a pastoral letter to his clergy that he has secured a fine old country mansion at Richmond, Ky., and there he has located three priests: Rev. Joseph Mersman, who will be the superior, and pastor of St. Mark's church in the town; Fathers W. Punch and Thos. D. Cooney, who will be associated with him, through devoting their time to the giving of diocesan missions and Father Charles Rolles, who is now at the Apostolic Mission House preparing for the work. Bishop Maes says in his letter: Our desire has always been to have the work of preaching the gospel to those outside the fold attended to in every city, town and district of the diocese. Every soul within the limits of his parish appeals to the true priest of God. Unable on account of fixed and increasing local duties, to go into the highways and byways of their district the Rev. Pastors have now placed at their disposal men whose heart is in the work and who will count it a privilege to come and preach in any parish of the diocese at the invitation of the pastor for the benefit and enlightenment of those not of the faith. All they expect when giving missions to non-Catholics is the kind hospitality of the pastor without any remuneration. It is with deepest feelings of thankfulness to Almighty God for his gifts and graces that we may extend and broaden in the diocese committed to our pastoral care the greatest work of saving souls."

Richmond, located in the foothills of the mountain regions of Eastern Kentucky, is a good railroad centre and it gives the missionaries ready access to all Eastern Kentucky. They will spend the six summer months in unremitting labor among the natives of that very extensive field, preaching, instructing, saying Mass, holding special services and lecturing and during the winter months on account of the lack of roads making the hills and creeks of the state impassable, they will devote their energies to the work of the propagation of the faith in the more settled parts of the diocese. For the past year or more Father Punch has been stationed at Beattyville higher up in the mountains and he has been extremely successful in his missionary labors making scores of converts and carrying the truths of the Church into countries heretofore unvisited by a priest. Now, with able assistance he will push on this work with greater energy, locating churches and gathering the neophytes about him. This glorious work is worthy of the palmiest days of the missionary career of the Church. It reads like the wonderful stories of St. Francis Xavier and other great missionary heroes. It is striking evidence of the vigorous, aggressive life that animated this portion of the Church.

This diocesan missionary band has found energetic supporters in the local Federation of Catholic societies. The laymen have caught some of the missionary zeal of their bishops and have come to the assistance of the devoted missionary both by financial and moral aid. They arranged for a great non-Catholic mission in Newport, Ky., to open February 4th. They have secured the Odd Fellows' Hall and are bending every effort to make effective the results of the preaching of the missionaries. A great wave of missionary activity seems to be passing over this portion of the vineyard and it is due largely to contagious missionary zeal of an energetic bishop.

Funeral of Well-known Player

The funeral of Eddie Doyle, the well-known lacrosse and hockey player, took place Jan. 17th, at Newmarket, and was one of the largest ever seen in that place. Work throughout the town was practically suspended. The employees of the different factories walked in the funeral cortege. The floral offerings were exceptionally numerous and beautiful and came from friends throughout the province. Rev. Father Whitney officiated. R. I. P.

Prominent Lawyer of Ottawa Dead

Word is to hand of the death of Mr. William H. Barry, a prominent member of the legal profession in Ottawa. The late Mr. Barry was born in Cork, Ireland, forty-seven years ago. He was the son of the late Mr. Jas. Barry of the Customs Department. He was unmarried, but is survived by his mother and four sisters, as follows: Mrs. E. J. Steers, Ottawa; Mrs. H. Bottomley, Huntsford, England; Miss Lily E. F. Barry, Montreal, and Sister Dorothea of Loreta Academy, Sault Ste. Marie. The funeral took place from St. Joseph's Church on Monday morning. R. I. P.

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TOPICS OF AN OLD-TIMER

Prominent Catholics in Toronto in 1850, when Old-Timer Came Here—O'Brien and Barry Lawyers—Doctor Ferguson, Lennon, Lawlor, Cassidy—John Mulvey, Merchant—James O'Connor and his Brother the Bishop of Peterborough—The Lee Family, Father, Mother, Five Sons and Two Daughters—William, the Father of the Lees now Living Here.

I will now proceed to chronicle my further recollections of the prominent Catholics I found here in 1850. There was a lawyer named O'Brien, a rather large personage bodily, but not commanding much professional respect, and evidently seeking business for others more than for himself. I don't know whether Thomas Barry, a lawyer, was here in 1850, but if not, he came soon after. Mr. Barry was a reputable man, but not looked upon professionally as a man to be entrusted with large business. He was always anxious to advertise himself as a speaker at all Catholic gatherings, never failing to mention that he was a lawyer. He was from somewhere in the North of Ireland and came to Canada in 1847, the year of the great immigration fever calamity, when families coming by way of the St. Lawrence were separated from each other by sickness or death. Mr. Barry was one of those victims, losing his wife by the prevailing epidemic and his children by separation at Grosse Isle, the quarantine station in the lower St. Lawrence. Many of those children who lost their parents were adopted by French-Canadian habitants and brought up in their families, and in this way we have now a population in Lower Canada that are of mixed Irish and French blood. Mr. Barry married again here and possessed a wife who was very much devoted to him. He was very well known, was sober and trustworthy. I have no recollection or knowledge of the time of his death. His residence was somewhere in the east end of the city.

Doctor Patrick Treanor was here in 1850 and for a while was the only Catholic doctor besides Dr. King, who was one of the professors in the university. Dr. Treanor I knew well. He was a very popular man and pre-eminently a people's physician who put on no airs. He kept no horse and trudged around on foot visiting his patients, carrying a big stick and cracking jokes with his patients, especially the women. I believe he was pretty successful in his work. I remember him well the time of the cholera in 1854, when he went fearlessly among the people. I do not think he was married. At any rate, if so, I never saw his wife nor have I any recollection of her. Peter Treanor, a well-known builder, was Dr. Treanor's brother.

I knew Dr. Lennon before he studied medicine. His parents lived somewhere in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Market, which was on Queen street west. When I first knew him he was serving his time at cabinet-making with Jacques & Hay, then the largest manufacturers in Toronto. He quit the cabinet-making and studied medicine at the Rolph school in Yorkville. He was a modest young man, sober and industrious and was successful. He had several brothers and sisters, one of whom married a Mr. Kavanaugh, who was prominent as an orator who often graced our assemblies.

Dr. Lawlor's parents were old settlers in Toronto who were well known. I have no recollection of his father, who was of some consequence in the community. He died before I came here. His mother, however, I knew well, and often visited the family at their residence in Spadina avenue. Dr. Lawlor's eldest sister was married to a man named Hughes, a builder, who lost his life by a fall, while working on St. Michael's Cathedral. Mrs. Hughes had several sons, who were well brought up, and were very nice boys as I remember them. She married again, her second husband being a man named Monaghan. Monaghan was a grocer's clerk, working for a man named Kehoe, who had a well-stocked store on Front street, near the old city hall. Another sister married William Mitchell, an active man, who has been employed in a number of capacities.

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and is now filling a responsible place, I believe, in the service of the city. Another sister was the mother of the present active Lee family, she having become the wife of William Lee, a cabinet-maker by trade, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lee, teachers, a couple that I knew very well, as I boarded with them before I undertook the responsibility of house-keeping for myself. Dr. Lawlor, I think, studied medicine at the Toronto University. He was a large, generous man and was the proprietor of considerable property.

The parents of Dr. Cassidy, and the doctor himself, were here in 1850. The elder Cassidy was a tailor by trade, working for one of the prominent firms of that time. The Cassidy's were good, pious people, with many connections that I have a recollection of. The doctor, who received his medical education in the Toronto University, I had a passing acquaintance with. He is one of the survivors of my many friends of forty years ago, and I presume is prosperous and high-up in his profession. At any rate I hope so.

John Mulvey, the father of the present Assistant Provincial Secretary, I knew well, having made his acquaintance shortly after coming here. He was a thrifty, active and enterprising young man, who saw Toronto in the early stages of its life. He was full of sentiment and had a warm regard for his religion and the land of his fathers. He was employed with Mr. S. G. Lynn, a prominent Catholic whom I have mentioned, when I came here. I think Mr. Mulvey was born here. The family lived on a farm out Yonge street, and when only five or six years old he witnessed the battle at Montgomery's between the rebels and the royalists and retained a vivid recollection of what he saw and once described it to me. He was with his father, who had him by the hand at the time. After leaving the employment of Mr. Lynn he started a grocery store in the west end, and prospered. He afterwards removed to Bathurst street in the neighborhood of St. Mary's church, and entered on a large and lucrative business. He married a young lady from the Gore of Toronto, whose name I now forget, but her appearance I well remember. She was taller than her husband, Mr. Mulvey being rather short of stature. One of his sisters married Mr. Michael Murphy, the well-known patriotic leader of 1866. Another sister was married to James O'Connor of Toronto, a printer by trade, that I well knew, and a brother of the venerated Bishop of Peterborough, who also I often met when he was a studious youth here in those days. Mr. Mulvey got on well as a business man and at one time owned the largest schooner sailing on the lakes, the "Annie Mulvey," I think her name was. Mr. Mulvey was a man of literary tastes and I remember his once reading for me a copy of a letter he had written to an uncle in the Old Country describing this country and its various resources and the flattering prospects of himself and family. Some time before his death he wrote and published his "Recollections" in a local publication at Parkdale that were very interesting. They went through a good many issues of the paper, which were regularly sent to me and which I thought to preserve, but I find I have lost them. Mr. Mulvey is a few years dead, but in his sons I am glad to notice that he has worthy successors. I organized two literary societies of Catholic young men in Toronto at different times in my younger days and Mr. Mulvey was an active member of both of them.

I want to say something more of the Lee family, who belong to the old regime. Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lee were here when I came to Toronto. They were among my first acquaintances. Both were teachers at that time. They had a private school in Frederick street, opposite the old Canada Company's building, quite close to the spot where Robert Baldwin was born. I think the land of their nativity was the county of Cork, Ireland. When and where they were married I cannot say, but most likely in Canada, perhaps in the County of Victoria and Township of Ops or Emily, where I believe they first settled. They afterwards removed to the town of Niagara, whence they came to Toronto, as many others did. Niagara 75 years ago was the leading town of Ontario and its principal mercantile city. I made the acquaintance of Mr. William Lee, their oldest son, in Hamilton, before I came to Toronto. He was then learning the trade of cabinet-maker, and became a member of a literary society I organized among the Catholic young men in the fall of 1849. When he came to live with his parents shortly afterwards, he took up the business of contracting and building. The Lees had a great many acquaintances and their house always had many visitors, local and from a distance. I know this because I was fortunate enough after I was a while in Toronto to secure a home in their house. It is interesting to me to remember all those who have had careers that I met there, priests among the number, and including editors and

musicians. It was always a lively place, because the Lees were very sociable people, but more especially Mrs. Patrick Lee, who was a great favorite with the young people. When I visited the British House of Commons in 1870 on the invitation of Hon. John Francis Maguire, then the Irish leader in Parliament, I was reminded of Patrick Lee, when Mr. Gladstone rose to speak. The Lees were very pious people too, and went to Mass in St. Michael's Cathedral every morning regularly and some of the boys served Mass. John, the second son, was a very amiable young man, who studied for the priesthood and received holy orders. He died young, however. Edward was the third son and I think died in Chicago. Thomas, who died recently, and whose funeral I attended, was the fourth son and the last son to survive, was an amiable young fellow. Daniel was the name of the youngest son. There were two females in the family, Amelia and Margaret. The latter, whose name in marriage was Mrs. Patten, died a few weeks ago in Ottawa, and her remains were taken to Collingwood. The Lees, who are now somewhat prominent in Toronto, are the children of William Lee and Miss Mary Lawlor, a sister of the late Doctor Lawlor. We were married on the same morning together, by the late Bishop Count De Charbonnell, in St. Mary's church, Bathurst street, on the 6th day of June, 1852, in the presence of a considerable number of friends of both parties and people of that parish, and made our wedding trip together, visiting the Falls of Niagara and the city of Buffalo, and receiving on our return the congratulations of many acquaintances and well-wishers.

WILLIAM HALLEY.

REV. FATHER HARTY'S LECTURE

(Continued from page 1.)
percolated through his coat and washed away his notes. "Well," replied O'Connell, in good humor, "that was the most extraordinary shower of rain I ever heard of, for it not only washed out from your note book the speech I made, but washed in another and an entirely different one." (Laughter.)
O'Connell having won religious freedom for his countrymen, set himself the task of obtaining for them civil liberty. For 17 years the Titanic struggle went on. O'Connell adopted the old methods. He appealed to his countrymen to unite. His voice rang from end to end of the land, now making speeches which showed the glint of the steel and smelled of powder; again protesting that his was a peaceful organization. At Tara hall a million of people hung upon his lips. Lord Lytton thus describes the scene

"Once to my sight the giant there was given,
Walled by wide air and roofed by boundless heaven;
Beneath his feet the human ocean lay
And wave on wave flowed into space away.
Methought no clarion could have sent its sound
Even to the centre of the hosts around,
And as I thought rose the sonorous swell
As from some church tower swings the silvery bell,
Aloft and clear from airy tide to tide
It glided easy as a bird may glide,
To the last verge of that vast audience sent,
It played with each wild passion as it went,
Now quelled the uproar; now the murrain stilled
And shouts and laughter answered as it willed." (Applause.)

Over half a million people had assembled at Tara, and O'Connell demanded a monster meeting of 1,000,000 to assemble at historic Clontarf. All preparations were made for the meeting. The Government was shipping regiment after regiment of soldiers into the country. Yet there was no move made to proclaim the meeting. But on the very eve of the meeting a proclamation was issued from Dublin Castle. Bad faith on the part of the Government was evident. Orders were despatched on the advice of O'Connell, asking the people to return to their homes and thus the intentions of the Government were foiled. O'Connell was arrested for sedition, sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and was obliged to pay 2,000 pounds sterling. An appeal was made to the House of Lords, and after three months O'Connell was liberated (applause). In the debate in the House of Lords, Lord Denham used the memorable words, "that such proceedings would render trial by jury a mockery." O'Connell was liberated, but his health was failing. A famine was creeping over the land and people were dying in hundreds. The Irish Tribune, whose greatest characteristic, according to Grattan, was his philanthropy witnessed the spectacle of seeing the people for whom he had lived die of hunger. His big heart was breaking. He arose and appeared in the House of Commons to ask redress for his country. The great voice no longer filled the Commons. It was evident that the end was not far off. It was decid-

ed that he should go abroad for his health's sake and he immediately set out for Rome to pay his respects to the Chair of Peter. He travelled as far as Genoa and there the light went out. O'Connell was dead and Mother Erin mourned the loss of her greatest son.

Yes, O'Connell died. But the undying principles of freedom which he advocated still live. (Applause.) He loved his creed and was not forgetful of his kind. He championed the cause of the persecuted Non-Confessionists in England and his voice rang with denunciation of slavery. His was the broad platform of civil and religious liberty and equal rights for all. (Applause.) He was the incarnation of the Irish race. He saw as they saw and felt as they felt. Grattan was their advocate, but O'Connell was their representative. He created a new Ireland, put a tongue into every festering wound and made expressive the muttered feelings of the Irish masses. He found his brothers serfs. He left them comparatively free men.

His end was shrouded in sorrow. But his labors were not in vain. The foot prints of every great man leave an impress on the sands of time and serve to guide his successors. O'Connell's place is amongst the immortal leaders of humanity. His speeches have been translated into many languages and serve as a note of hope or inspiration for the oppressed of many lands. He was admittedly the greatest popular agitator the world has ever seen and he taught the world a new lesson, viz., how great reforms may be gained and human liberty advanced without appeal to the bloody logic of the sword. (Applause.) O'Connell died when his work was unfinished. But Parnell took up the torch and passed on the flaming brand to Redmond. (Loud applause.) And on the cause must go through joy, or weal or woe. For you may as well go stem the incoming tide when it rushes along in the fury of its might, as to destroy the national ideals and national aspirations of the Irish race. (Applause.) O'Connell has disappeared from off the stage of life, but he has left us the tangible results of his labors and the inspiration of his example. And as grain after grain drops in the sand glass of time his giant personality recedes into the past. But his figure looms up before the vision like some mighty Colossus and we like children salute him with the words, "Hail Liberator."

The lecture was received with long and continuous applause and a vote of thanks was heartily moved by Mr. Herson, and seconded by Nicholas Murphy, K.C., who vouched for the fealty to the Irish cause of those present, by declaring that Canadians are more Irish than the Irish themselves. Rev. Father Jeffcott, to whose efforts a good deal of the success of the evening was due, said a few words in support of the cause for which the gathering was held. To the Hon. chairman a vote of thanks was tendered on behalf of all present by Very Rev. Dean Egan, the vote being seconded in a humorous speech by Mr. J. G. O'Donoghue, B.C.L. and LL.B., who ended with the practical suggestion that a collection be taken up for the cause in which Rev. Father Harty was engaged. The hint was at once taken, several gentlemen passing round the hat and taking up the substantial sum of \$500.00. The audience then dispersed, highly pleased with the enjoyment of the evening and wishing the Rev. lecturer continued success in his work.

Indulgence of First Communion Day

First Communion Day, always a great occasion in a parish, is made greater than ever by the following: Decree of the S. Congregation of Indulgences granting special Indulgences to First Communicants and to their relatives and others of the faithful who assist at the First Communion Masses.
The young who approach for the first time to receive the most august sacrament of the Eucharist should be aided by strong helps, that thus they may receive it with more fervent piety and receive therefrom richer fruits. Wherefore most humble prayers have been offered to our most Holy Father Pope Pius X., that he might deign to open up the treasury of indulgences in favor of the children who are nourished for the first time at the holy table.

But as the custom prevails almost everywhere that the parents of these children, and not a few of the faithful, are wont to be present at the pious ceremony of First Communion and also themselves to receive, that this praiseworthy custom may not be abandoned, seeing that it contributes greatly to the more solemn ceremony of the said First Communion, and by the same the memory thereof may continue more strongly and deeply indelible, our Most Holy Father was asked kindly to bestow some indulgence also on those who are present at the solemnity of First Communion.

These prayers, therefore, having been laid before His Holiness in an audience given on the 12th of July, 1905, by the undersigned Cardinal Prefect of the S. C. of Indulgences and holy relics. His Holiness most lovingly received them and kindly granted the indulgences, making them applicable also to the souls in Purgatory, as follows: Plenary, first, for the children, who, having gone to confession, and praying piously for the intentions of His Holiness, on the day on which they receive their First Holy Communion; second, to the blood relatives down to the third degree, of these same children assisting at the pious ceremony of First Communion if they also have received absolution in sacramental confession and have partaken of the Holy Communion with them and have prayed as above; seven years, and as many quinquages, to the faithful, who with contrite heart have been present at these same ceremonies. These letters to have force in future, all things to the contrary notwithstanding.
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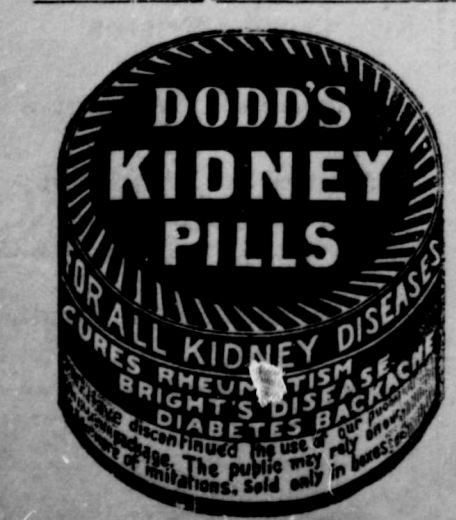


The Message of the Star

Have you ever noticed, as the evening shadows fall, how the stars peep one by one through the black canopy of darkness, until at last the heavens are ablaze with light? Sometimes night after night the sky is black and lowering and no light can be seen, but as sure as day is day and night is night the stars will at last appear.

Sold for a Silk Rag There is an hour in each man's life appointed To make his happiness, if then he seize it.

Beaumont and Fletcher. It was New Year's eve at one of the gay military stations of the Central Provinces, India. The ball, given by the officers of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth, was in full swing. The large dining room of the mess bungalow had been turned out and decorated as a ball-room.



ed by the disappearance of the young couple immediately afterward. This, together with his embryo cold, conduced to bad temper, and made the drive home anything but pleasant for wife and daughter. He did not dislike Captain Hamilton personally. On the contrary, the Colonel recognized in him an unusually smart soldier, but he loathed the Indian Staff Corps. Its higher pay and righer plumes lured the young subalterns from the Queen's regiments, and, in his time, he had seen at least a dozen youngsters go from One Hundred and Twenty-fourth alone. They had no business to leave the regiment. It was only debt or love which made them do it. Why couldn't the Staff Corps be properly recruited without having to steal men from British regiments, just as they were beginning to know their work?

Colonel Baring put his feet in hot mustard and water and tried all the well-known old household remedies, so fraudulent, so futile in most cases. The sleepy servants were roused from their warm blankets and sent flying in different directions, one for hot water, another for the whiskey bottle, a third for the traveling rug, a fourth for sweet spirits of nitre.

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parties concern'—he fell asleep among his blankets, and was at peace; at peace, except for the portentous snore that shook his frame. Very early in the morning, before it was light, the ayah crept at the door of the bedroom with the tea tray. "I am afraid your master is no better; his breathing is very thick," said Mrs. Baring, in answer to the ayah's inquiring look; "however, he must go on parade. I hope his uniform is laid out ready, and tell the butler to see that the horse is saddled in good time."

Mrs. Baring returned to the bedside and found her husband awake. He was already firing off the feu de joie on proclamation morning in a volley of sneezes. "Oh! confound this cold! Get me out some old soft silk handkerchiefs. I feel as if my head would burst," he cried, as soon as he could speak.

The English troops were drawn up in line on the opposite side, and on their left the native regiments were in position. All was ready for the eagle eye of the General. Colonel Baring pulled up as he reached the ground. The General had not yet arrived. It was a relief and

Bank of Hamilton

Annual Meeting Held 15th January, 1906.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

The Directors beg to submit their Annual Report to the Shareholders for the year ended 30th November, 1905:

Table with financial data: Balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1904; Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1905; Dividends; Carried to Reserve Fund; Stock as above.

The Directors have pleasure in pointing out that after paying the customary 10 per cent. dividend, they have been able to place to Reserve Fund, out of profits, the substantial sum of \$135,000. The year's earnings are, in the opinion of the Directors, very satisfactory indeed, considering that out of the year's profits the maximum estimated loss (\$90,000), which the Bank has sustained by the embezzlement and forgeries of T. Hillhouse Brown, has been provided for.

The Directors beg to report that the progress of the Bank still continues in a marked degree, and that, while they had thought it prudent to open during the year a few branches in Ontario and Manitoba, in recognition of the rapid development of the country, they had mostly confined themselves to the strengthening and building up of the business at the various points at which offices had already been established. It is proposed, however, to ask of the Shareholders, at the Annual Meeting, power to increase the Capital of the Bank by \$500,000, in order that the Directors, in case it become advisable, may be in a position thus to provide for the future growth of the Bank's business.

The Directors have noted the growing tendency on the part of banks and other corporations to pay dividends quarterly, and believing that such a practice may become more or less general, have decided to adopt it, and propose hereafter to declare dividends every three months.

WM. GIBSON, President

GENERAL STATEMENT TO THE PUBLIC

Table with financial data: Notes of the Bank in circulation; Deposits bearing interest; Amount reserved for interest due depositors; Balances due to other Banks in Canada; Former Dividends unpaid; Capital stock; Reserve Fund; Amount reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills; Discounted; Balance of Profits carried forward.

ASSETS

Table with financial data: Gold and Silver Coin; Dominion Government Notes; Deposit with the Dominion Government as security for Note; Circulation; Notes of and Cheques on other Banks; Balances due from other Banks in Canada and the United States; Balances due from Agents of the Bank in Great Britain; Canadian and British Government, Municipal, Railway, and other Securities; Loans at Call, or Short Call, on negotiable Securities; Notes Discounted and Advances current; Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for); Bank Premises, Office Furniture, Safes, etc.; Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc.; Other Assets not included under foregoing heads.

Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton, Nov. 30th, 1905. J. TURNBULL, General Manager.

In moving the adoption of the Annual Report Hon. Mr. Gibson said: Gentlemen,—Your Board of Directors beg to express the pleasure they have in being able to present the report to the shareholders. During the whole history of the Bank, covering a period of 34 years, this year would have been the best and the most successful that we have ever enjoyed but for the unfortunate incident in connection with our East-end branch in this city. Had that not occurred our net earnings would have been 19.30 per cent. on our capital, and notwithstanding that we had to make provision for that loss, the net earnings of the year are 15.42. After deducting the loss of \$90,000 already referred to, our earnings for the year are considerably greater than the average for the past ten years. In the period from 1875 to 1885 the rate of earnings was 10.1; 1885 to 1895, 11.03; 1895 to 1905, 12.95. I invite the attention of the shareholders to the fact that every dollar earned by the Bank, except what has been carried to rest, has been paid to the shareholders, and that the misfortune of the past year in the East-end branch is likely to fall on the employees more heavily than upon the shareholders, for, as you know, though the Bank has had under consideration, and it is still its intention, to establish a pension system, such has not yet been begun.

During the year new agencies have been opened at Collage Street and Ossington Avenue, Toronto; Toronto Junction, Carberry, Kenton and Killarney, Man.; Battleford, Sask.; and at Fernie, B.C. While we have been somewhat conservative in opening new branches, we have been endeavoring to strengthen those where we already have agencies. It may be said that some of the places where we have opened branches are small in the matter of population, but it must be remembered that they are in growing centres, surrounded by rich country, and that the prospect for increased business in the future is very bright. The Directors have great faith in the country. I am very glad to notice that the Bank is popular with the investing public. Last year there were 645 shareholders on our books, and this year the number is 713, showing that the stock is going into the hands of investors.

At the same time we have made 63 new friends for the Bank. By the report I have just read you will see that it is proposed to increase the capital stock by \$500,000. During the last six months a quarter of a million dollars was taken up at a premium of 100 per cent. The same care will be exercised in issuing the new stock only as the business of the Bank requires it.

Now, in regard to the incident in the East-end. Much comment and criticism have been indulged in. I had been away from the country at the time, but I want to say for the members of the board that they acted like men in the best interests of the public and of the Bank. The board determined to give the public the result as soon as the result could be ascertained. Our inspection is as rigid as that of other banks. You can do something with the staff of the bank when the agent is honest, but when the agent is not honest, and adds forgery to his stealing, the Bank is largely at his mercy. You have to trust the people employed by you, and we have to depend on the fidelity of our agents, and while one man has proven false, the 399 other employees of the Bank have not, and we have confidence in them. You may say that the inspection is not rigid enough; I believe that you may have too much inspection. If you let an agent think that he is being spied upon he will probably sit and do nothing, and your business is bound to suffer. Now, in regard to quarterly dividends, I need not say much—they cannot come too often.

Mr. John Proctor seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. On motion of Mr. Samuel Barker, M.P., seconded by Mr. John A. Bruce, the following motion was unanimously carried.

"That the thanks of this meeting be given to the President and Directors for their services during the past half-year." Carried and replied to by Hon. Mr. Gibson.

Mr. W. A. Robinson moved, seconded by Dr. Russell: "That the thanks of this meeting be given to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager, Inspectors, Agents, and other officers of the Bank for the efficient performance of their respective duties." This was carried, and responded to by Mr. Turnbull.

Hon. Mr. Gibson moved the adoption of the by-law to increase the capital stock from \$2,500,000 to \$3,000,000. Mr. John Proctor seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

The Scrutineers reported the following gentlemen unanimously elected Directors for 1906: Hon. William Gibson, John Proctor, Hon. J. S. Hendrie, George Rutherford, Cyrus A. Birge, C. C. Dalton, and J. Turnbull. At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Hon. William Gibson was re-elected President and Mr. J. Turnbull Vice-President.

GOLD MEDAL FOR ALE AND PORTER AWARDED JOHN LABATT AT ST. LOUIS EXHIBITION, 1904

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR E. B. Eddy's FIBRE WARE. DURABLE LIGHT IMPERVIOUS TO LIQUIDS ABSOLUTELY TASTELESS. Which can be had in TUBS, PAILS, etc., from any first-class dealer. SOMETIMES for the sake of making a little extra profit a dealer may urge you to buy an inferior class of goods, saying "It's just as good as Eddy's," but, experience proves to the contrary, so don't be led astray. Buy Eddy's every time and you will buy right.

THE DOMINION BREWERY CO., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED White Label Ale TORONTO, ONTARIO JOSEPH E. SEAGRAM WATERLOO, ONT. DISTILLER OF FINE WHISKEYS BRANDS 83 WHITE WHEAT TORONTO OFFICE 30 WELLINGTON EAST C. T. MEAD, AGENT

'THE GENUINE ARTICLE' If there was a hall mark 18 or 22 karat fine to distinguish between the different grades of bread, don't you think Tomlin's Bread Would be hall marked. Well, it would, if a critical but generous public could place the stamp thereon—they have classed it now as the best and proved it by giving the preference daily. Office Phone Park 553, Factory Located at 420 to 438 Bathurst Street

a respite, for it would give him time to blow that much-affected nose of his once more. The morning air was sharp, for the sun was only just touching the horizon, and—confound it all! here was another fit of sneezing coming on!

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Stick. The Kind That Turn To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That End In CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Hoarseness, or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. Mrs. Gushaw, 42 Clarence Street, Toronto, writes: "I wish to thank you for the wonderful good Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for my husband and two children. It is a wonderful medicine. It is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house."

They shook hands and exchanged the usual New Year greetings. "Oh, you need not look at your father in that terrified fashion. He has given his consent, and I'm invited to breakfast."

She gave him a startled glance and then turned away incredulous. "Don't tease me, George. You know I can't bear it." And her lips actually trembled.

"My darling, I'm not teasing you. It is perfectly true. It was a bargain. Your father sold you to me this morning just before the General came."

"Sold me!" She began to think that he had taken leave of his senses. "Yes, sold you for a silk rag—for half a pocket handkerchief. See here is the other half," and he pulled the remnant out of his sleeve.

Her troubled face cleared a little, but showed no sign of enlightenment. "I must go now," he exclaimed, "I'll tell you all about it if you will invite me into that snug little morning room of yours after breakfast."

When George wants to tease his wife now he tells her that she isn't worth much, for she was "Sold for a Silk Rag."—London Society.

"The Blessed Hand"

The following poem is by Mr. Wallis, jurist, prose writer and poet, to whom a statue has just been erected in Baltimore. The poem tells of a monk, who had copied and illuminated many books, hoping to be rewarded in heaven and whose hand was miraculously preserved from decay:

For you and me, who love the light Of God's uncloistered day, It were, indeed, a dreary lot To shut ourselves away From every glad and sunny thing And pleasant sight and sound, And pass, from out a silent cell, Into the silent ground.

Not so the good monk Anselm thought, For in his cloister's shade The cheerful faith that lit his heart Its own sweet sunshine made; And in its glow he prayed and wrote, From matin-song till even, And trusted in the Book of Life To read his name in heaven.

What holy books his gentle art Filled full of saintly lore! What pages brightened by his hand The splendid missals bore! What blossoms, almost fragrant, twined Around each blessed name, And how his Saviour's cross and crown Shone out from cloud and flame!

But unto clerk as unto clown, One summons comes away, And Brother Anselm heard the call At Vesper-chime one day. His busy pen was in his hand, His parchment by his side— He bent him o'er the half-writ prayer, Kissed Jesus' name and died.

They laid him where a window's blaze Flashed o'er the graven stone, And seemed to touch his simple name With pencil like his own; And there he slept, and, one by one, His brothers died the while, And trooping years went by and trod His name from off the aisle.

And lifting up the pavement, then, An Abbot's couch to spread, They let the jeweled sunlight in Where once lay Anselm's head. No crumbling bone was there, no trace Of human dust that told, But, all alone, a warm right hand Lay, fresh, upon the mold.

It was not stiff, as dead men's are, But, with a tender clasp, It seemed to hold an unseen hand Within its living grasp; And ere the trembling monks could turn To hide their dazzled eyes It rose as with the sound of wings Right up into the skies.

Oh loving, open hands that give! Soft hands the tears that dry! Oh patient hands that toil to bless! How can ye ever die? Ten thousand vows from yearning hearts To heaven's own gates shall soar, And hear ye up, as Anselm's hand Those unseen angels bore.

Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McLaughlin, Marlon Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep or read. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Oh never may the hearts ye guard The griefs ye comfort feel; May He in whose sweet name ye build So crown the work ye rear That ye may never clasped be In one unanswered prayer!

Found at Last Mr. McGill, Analyst of the Dominion Inland Revenue Department, after an analysis, reports that the best English and American goods are inferior to the Canadian-made brand known as "Japanese" writing ink.

Like silent rivers flowing on Through storm and calm, through ebb and flow, Illusions leave us one by one, long ere the heart itself lies low, In dreamless rest.

Bearing bravely the evils that beset us, doing cheerfully the duties that are near, trusting in God, guided by Christ, fear shall not confound us in the way, and death shall find us ready.—Henry Giles.

Let us bear the Cross; our greatest cross is ourselves. We shall get out of ourselves only in proportion as we look upon ourselves simply as a neighbor with whom we must bear patiently. If we would let ourselves die every day of our life, we should not have much difficulty in really dying when the time comes; and that which makes us so frightened when we contemplate it from afar off, would scarcely frighten us at all when we come closer to it, provided always that we did not exaggerate it to ourselves by the uneasy foresight of our self love. Bear with yourself, and consent humbly to be borne with by others. Oh! how these little daily deaths take away the sting of the great death.—Feneku.

Corns cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it and see what amount of pain is saved.

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ROYAL INSURANCE CO. OF ENGLAND ASSETS \$62,000,000. DOLLARS

EXCELSIOR LIFE Insurance Company Head Office—TORONTO

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST Homestead Regulations

Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

Insurance in force - \$7,646,798.35 Increase, 24 per cent., \$1,474,192.85 New Insurance issued - \$2,238,157.00 Increase, 26 per cent., \$609,958.75

Agents Wanted E. MARSHALL, Secretary. DAVID FASKEN, President.

JAS. J. O'HEARN PAINTER has removed to 249 Queen St. W. and is prepared to do Painting in all its Branches both Plain and Ornamental

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In and Around Toronto

COLLECTION FOR HOUSE OF PROVIDENCE.

The annual collection in aid of the House of Providence will be taken up in all the churches of the city on Sunday next.

CATHOLIC YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The above association held their weekly meeting on Monday last at the home of Mrs. Campbell, 62 Spadina avenue. Miss O'Donoghue presided and the work of the meeting was the study of the 3rd and 4th scenes of the III. Act of "As You Like It," under the direction of Mrs. Fulton, B.A. In connection with the season's work on Newman, Miss Nora Moriarty read a paper on the Orotorians and Miss Katie O'Donoghue gave a synopsis of the Dream of Gerontius. The next meeting will be at the home of the Misses McMahon, D'Arcy street.

FIELD OF LABOR CHANGED.

Rev. Father Doherty, late assistant at St. Cecilia's, Toronto Junction, has been moved to St. Paul's, Power street. Rev. Father Walsh, one of the lately ordained, replaces Rev. Father Doherty.

AT ST. FRANCIS'.

The yearly statement was read at St. Francis on Sunday last and the Pastor expressed every satisfaction with the results of the year, both spiritual and temporal. A mission to be given by the Redemptorist Fathers, who gave the late Mission at St. Mary's, is to be opened in the parish three months from date, of announcement. It was also stated that plans for a new presbytery would soon be considered, the present house being inadequate for the requirements of the parish. The stained glass windows for the church, twelve in number, are to be put in at once. Some have already expressed a desire to be donors, others are invited to take part. Those intending to erect windows in memory of deceased friends were asked to make their wishes known before hand, so that concerted action may be taken as to the scheme to be adopted.

GOUGH AND SELLERS ESTABLISHED.

The old firm of Cummings and Sellers, the well known furriers of Yonge street, have dissolved partnership, and the new firm of Gough & Sellers Co., Limited, is now formed. The new firm will do business at the old stand and the well known business qualities of Mr. Gough and his partner are an assurance of future success.

ST. HELEN COURT C.O.F.

The members of St. Helen's Court have arranged a series of lectures to be delivered at their meetings. The following have been scheduled: Feb. 18th, lecture on "The Beautification of Toronto and the Lake Front Boulevard," by Controller J. J. Ward.

March 18th, lecture on "The Effect of Exercise on Health," by John T. Loftus.

April 15th, lecture on "Business Methods," by M. J. Crottle.

ST. MARY'S LITERARY AND ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

On Thursday evening of last week the St. Mary's Literary and Athletic Association held their 7th annual Reunion Smoker. During the evening the following prizes were distributed to the winners of the billiard tournament. Gold medal to Geo. O'Donoghue, winner of Class A, and gold stick pin to Frank Kelly, winner of Class B.

Mr. D. A. Carey, the president was in the chair and the clergy were represented by Vicar-General McCann, Fathers O'Donnell and Hayes. The affair was very successful and a good time was spent by those present.

SAD ACCIDENT.

The death which Arthur Rainer, the seven-year-old son of Mr. Charles H. Rainer, met with a few days ago, was particularly sad. The little lad was on his way to St. John's School, Bolton avenue, when in some way he fell under a trolley car at the corner of Queen and Morse streets. He was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, where he died shortly afterwards.

MR. JOHN RADEY.

Mr. John Radey, the head of a large and respected family of St. Francis Parish, passed away on January 4th, 1906, and the funeral took place from his late residence, 46 Brookfield street, on Wednesday morning, from St. Francis Church, where High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McCann. Six sons-in-law were pall-bearers and Father McCann officiated at the grave. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent by sympathizing friends, amongst them being a handsome design from the Chosen Friends, of which he was a member. All the members of the family were present at the bedside of Mr. Radey, and Rev. Father McCann attended him and gave him the last rites of the Church. The chief mourners were his widow and his daughters, Mrs. O. Johnson, Mrs. J. Dickinson, Mrs. D. Dickinson, Mrs. M. Rossiter, Mrs. P. McKenna, Mrs. J. Manion, Mrs. J. Curtis, Miss K. Radey and two sons, Mr. M. J. Radey and Mr. M. Radey. Mr. Radey is also survived by twenty-eight grand children. The deceased was an old resident of Elora but had moved to Toronto about twenty

years ago. To his family and to his brothers and sisters, the sympathy of many friends is offered. May his soul rest in peace.

PATRICK J. O'NEILL.

At the residence of his father, 309 Sackville street, the death occurred of Patrick J. O'Neill, the seventeen year old son of the household. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from St. Paul's church to Mount Hope Cemetery. The deceased youth was a member of Div. No. 4, A.O.H. R.I.P.

DEATH OF JOHN LEECH.

At St. Michael's Hospital on Saturday, Jan. 20th, the death occurred of Mr. John Leech. Deceased was in his 44th year. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from 133 Jarvis street, to St. Michael's Cemetery. R.I.P.

FRANK J. TRACY.

In New York on Friday, January 19th, death came to Frank J. Tracy, at the home of his brother, M. J. Tracy. Deceased was formerly of Toronto, and the funeral took place from the residence of his sister, Mrs. M. J. Shaw, 258 Church street, on Monday morning. R.I.P.

DEATH OF MARY JANE LYNCH.

At the late residence, 236 Parliament street, on Thursday, January 18th, the death occurred of Mary Jane Lynch. The funeral took place on Monday from St. Paul's Church, to Mount Hope Cemetery. R.I.P.

HOME BANK STAFF BANQUET.

The staff of the Home Bank dined last week at the King Edward, the dinner being tendered by the directors of the Bank. Felicitations were tendered all for their prompt and effective work during the late change of quarters. The chair was taken by Lieut.-Colonel Mason, General Manager.

CANADIAN CATHOLIC UNION.

At the Canadian Catholic Union meeting held Monday evening at McConkey's, Prof. A. T. De Lury of Toronto University, read a paper on Mathematical Allusions in Literature, which was well received.

By quotations from the standard authors from Cicero to date, Prof. De Lury showed the bearing mathematics had on literature. Some fifty members of the Union were present and an enjoyable evening was spent. Reference was made to the death of A. Cottam, a member, by the chairman, J. J. Seitz, who said that as a testimony to the fine character of the deceased he had but to refer them to the words of Very Rev. Father Barret, quoted in the Catholic Register.

A vote of thanks to Mr. De Lury was moved by Mr. Wm. Prendergast and seconded by H. F. McIntosh. T. E. K.

Mrs. Craigie's Brilliant Lecture

There was a good-sized audience, says the Catholic News of New York, assembled in St. Francis Xavier's College Theatre, on Thursday night, Jan. 11, to hear Mrs. Craigie, and incidentally to show their interest in the Dramatic Oratorio Society, for whose benefit the lecture was given. The Archbishop, a number of priests and ladies and gentlemen occupied seats on the platform. The lecturer was introduced by Monsignor Lavelle, V.G., who in his brief remarks commended the object of the Dramatic Oratorio Society and had a hearty word of praise for the energy and self-sacrifice of Madame Kronold, its director.

Mrs. Craigie charmed her audience not less by her manner than by the matter of her bright discourse. She reviewed the lives of three men—St. Ignatius, John Wesley and Leo Tolstoy—prominent each in his own century, each a type of earnestness and religious zeal, and each differing widely from the others. Her lecture sparkled with relevant anecdotes, humorous and gently satirical comments and brilliant sallies of wit, that appealed to the humor of the audience and kept them ever on the alert for what was coming next.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Craigie's talk the Archbishop added a few words. He said he had never attended a lady's lecture that gave him so much pleasure and material for thought, and further that Mrs. Craigie's was one of the most interesting lectures he had ever heard. He called on the audience to give a rising vote of thanks to "John Oliver Hobbes" for her kindness in volunteering her talents for the good of a cause so worthy. The tribute was given with a good-will and with ringing applause.

Death of Mrs. Farley

(Arthur Enterprise.) Sad is the occurrence that on New Year's Day at 11.15 p.m. deprived a husband of one who was his partner in life and deprived the children of a loved and loving mother. On the first of December, 1905, Mrs. Farley left her home in Arthur to visit and spend Christmas with her daughters in Toronto. The deceased lady had been feeling ill for only a few days and up till about 4.30 New Year's Day had been conversing with her children, when she suddenly took worse. Her husband, one daughter and three sons were telegraphed for to Arthur, and arrived but a few hours before she breathed her last. Mrs. Farley had lived most of her life in

Peel Township on a farm till a few years recently, when, with her husband she retired and moved to Arthur village. She was of a genial and very kind disposition, especially with those to whom she was well known—it was often said that to know her was to love her. Her great suffering, her heart over-flowing with sympathy to those in distress, a cheery word at all times to those afflicted brought consolation to many where she was best known. She will be missed by many friends. By her bedside at the time of death were her bereaved husband, seven daughters and three sons, viz., Mrs. Royce, Mrs. Mannell, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Bailey and Miss Fannie of Toronto, Mrs. Chown of Niagara Falls and Mrs. Gainer of Peel Township, Wm. J. on the homestead, Peter of West Garafraxa and Thomas of Arthur Township. The remains were taken by McCabe & Co., undertakers, to the Union Station, thence on the five o'clock train to Arthur, to her family residence. The funeral took place on Thursday to St. John's Church, where, after solemn high mass had been offered for the repose of her soul, the body was interred in the Catholic Cemetery, Burwell line. The floral tributes were very numerous, testifying to the high esteem in which she was held. The pall-bearers were P. McGivney, J. Riordan, P. Farley, P. Crimmins, J. McGivney and P. Fitzpatrick. The friends of the family extend their deep sympathy in the hour of their sad affliction. May the soul of the deceased lady rest in peace.

Duty of the Young Man

(Rev. Walter J. Shanley in the Columbian.)

The distinction between the duty of the young man and the duty of any other man is not marked, nor is the difference wide. Some would say that the duty of the young man is to grow up and get over it. This sentiment supposes that it is desirable to be disassociated from the state of young manhood. There are few adherents to this opinion. As a rule, men who have passed the borderland of young manhood look back with fond recollection to that comparatively happy period of life, with its bright hopes and expectations, its warm enthusiasm, which frequently carried the young man on the breast of a full tide over the rocks and shoals to success. The world's sympathy is with the young man. Many qualities go to define the duty of the young man. It would be too long to discuss all of them.

Generosity, courage and energy are dispositions which ought to be brought into exercise by the young man in order to faithfully discharge his duty. Generosity finds its exercise in contributing to the welfare of others. The young man is a member of society. He is a social being, not a solitary. He has duties toward his fellow-men. He is dependent on his elders and upon men of his own generation. Others depend on him and expect service at his hands. The dominant principle of Christian society is, "No man is intended to live for himself." If one has the true spirit of Christian charity, he will in some measure, live for others, and live for himself in order the more effectually to live for his fellow-man. The better we are equipped, the more serviceable can we be to others.

The stronger, the higher one is, the more effectively can he raise others to a higher plane and fortify them in that position. The world is a selfish world, and is mainly influenced by the principle, "Every man for himself." Men are generous when self-interest requires of them an open and a helping hand. Comparatively few make sacrifices for the welfare of others, with no view at ulterior personal compensation. Generosity implies sacrifice, high motive, kindness, which, if not Christian charity, is commendable—an afterglow of the Gospel of love.

True, sterling generosity is not foreign to courage. The young man should be a man. He is no longer a child. He should not think as a child, understand as a child nor speak as a child. He should put away the things of a child, as St. Paul advises. Defects which are among the tempers of mind, which are childish, should be eliminated from his life. Human respect, cowardice, fear of ridicule should have no part with him. Self-respect, strength, fortitude, self-mastery, which are the elements of Christian manhood, should be fostered by him. Self-denial is a powerful means. Unless the young man is a mere child in disposition and habit, he ought to be able to deny himself. An occasional effort will not suffice. He must take up his cross daily. No man is truly great who is not master of himself, and there is no self-mastery without courage.

Energy is the necessary accompaniment of courage in the development of character. Man naturally dislikes exertion. His tendency is downward. He seeks the easiest way. The indispensable condition of success in life is effort. Without effort there can be no true development. The duty of the young man is to find out what he is able to do, and, having found it, to do it with all his might. He may not have great ability, but if he has the genius of labor he can do wonders. Labor is a kind of omnipotence. It is the philosopher's stone that turns common material into gold. There is no excellence without labor. It is God's wonder worker. It is the condition of success. Excellence in any department," said Dr. Johnson, "can now be obtained only by the labor of a lifetime; it is not to be purchased at any lesser price." Michael Angelo said of Raphael: "One of the sweetest souls that ever breathed, he owned more to his industry than to his genius." This great artist died at the age of thirty-seven, yet he left 287 pictures and over five hundred drawings. Leonardo da Vinci, the

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celebrated painter, would often go to work at daybreak, and not come down from the scaffolding to eat or drink till night. Millais, another painter, said: "I work harder than any plowman."

My advice to all boys is "Work!" It is God's law of progress: Is locked by nature in a granite hand, Sheer labor must unclench. There is always room at the top for those who have learned to be skillful by patient, assiduous labor. But in all this the young man must not lose sight of the end for which he exists. His first and highest duty is to "seek the Kingdom of God."

In the Land of the Turk

From Syria comes a letter written by a Sister of Charity to her former Archbishop, giving a few details of the life she and her nuns are living. They work hard and suffer much, but are happy withal, because it is for the Sacred Heart and the salvation of souls.

"The good God has sent me far from my native land into the high mountains of Liban, a poor and ill-fated country. Placed over this new foundation, I found on my arrival only the bare walls, and for furnishings three beds and a pair of curtains, a table and two packing boxes which serve in turn as chairs or cupboards.

"The good mountaineers again and again appealed to our superiors for Sisters and three of us were finally sent, the oldest in her sixty-seventh year. She acts as our interpreter in this land of the Turk, where the language is very difficult to learn. Bad as our living quarters are, it is not our worst trial. We must work, which is not easily done when you recall where we are. We have no resources, and to reach Beyrout over the dreadful mule trail requires ten hours.

"The mountains of Liban yield us nothing. Since our arrival mothers with babes in their arms have come to us beseeching us to take their little ones. The old people are frequently cast off by their own.

"A particularly sad case was brought to my attention lately—that of a woman dying of cancer of the stomach, whose bed was the bare earth and her pillow a goat skin. A small vessel beside her contained some brackish water. I attended to her wants as best I could, and received in return the everlasting gratitude of the poor creature.

"Some days ago a little one died of variole. The family, in deadly fear lest they should contract the disease, had constructed a kind of tent on the mountain side, and there the unfortunate was housed and fed from a plank by its heartless parents. Mercifully death soon took it out of misery. Is it not all very sad, the more so when there is no hope in sight to relieve such a condition of things. A dispensary is absolutely necessary where the afflicted may be properly cared for.

"We have started a school for the village children to the number of forty. Poor little ones, they have scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness, nor a morsel to eat save a raw tomato with salt and a crust of native bread.

"Gladly would we put up with such privations if we could in some way relieve the general distress. Although we, too, must be content with the usual fare, with a potato occasionally, we are perfectly happy. This truly apostolic life has its compensations, and we are content to work with our whole heart for this work which He has confided to us. It is indeed hard and trying, but we think of heaven, which we will some day enjoy, and this gives us fresh courage."

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