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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 6.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

Register of the Week.

The most important event which has marked the Canadian week is the opening of the Dominion Parliament on the 20th ult. The following is the speech from the throne:—

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate.
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

In meeting you at the commencement of another session of parliament it affords me pleasure to congratulate you on the continued progress which the history of the past year unfolds with regard to Canada.

The increase in trade, as illustrated by the exports and imports during the period for which the official returns have been prepared has been most gratifying, and that increase has continued down to the present time, with promise that the volume of trade during the current year will exceed that of any year in the history of the Dominion.

The revenues of the country have likewise provided for all the services for which parliament has made appropriation, and the operation of the government railways has been less burdensome as regards the difference between income and expenditure than has been the case for a long term of years previously.

In Manitoba and the Northwest Territories the increase in immigration has been decidedly encouraging both as regards the number of persons who have come from other countries and as regards the number of homestead entries made by settlers of all nationalities.

Measures have been taken to carry into effect the agreements arrived at with the United States on the subjects of the boundary of Alaska, boundary line in Passamaquoddy Bay, and the prevention of destructive methods of fishing and the preservation and increase of fish life. With regard to reciprocity in wrecking and towing, a correspondence has taken place which indicates that privileges are demanded for United States vessels in Canadian canals which were not anticipated, but it is not impossible that a satisfactory conclusion of the discussion may yet be reached.

During the recess a friendly conference took place between delegates from my government and from the government of Newfoundland on the questions which were pending between the two countries. It is hoped and expected that the interchange of views which then took place will be productive of beneficial results and lead to an amicable adjustment of those questions.

The statutes of 1887 relative to a department of trade and commerce and to the office of solicitor-general having been brought into force, the appointments were made which were contemplated by these acts.

It is to be regretted that the government of the United States were unable to accept the suggestions made by my government on the subject of canal tolls, and that the president should have thought it necessary to impose exceptional tolls on Canadians using the Sault Ste. Marie canal, which has so long been free to the people of both countries. My government, while ready to consider in a friendly spirit any proposals which made be by the government of the United States, have caused efforts to be made to hasten the completion of the Canadian canal works which will soon afford to the commerce of the Dominion a highway within our own country.

Measures will be laid before you for the improvement of the franchise act, for the amendment of the laws relating to the civil service and the superannuation of civil servants, and in regulating the admission of evidence in causes and matters under the control of the parliament of Canada, for extending the system of voting by ballot to the Northwest Territories, and for simplifying the laws relating to lands and land transfers in the territories.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The public accounts of the past year and the estimates for the ensuing year will be laid before you without delay, and I trust it will be seen that ample provision may be made for the public service without increasing taxation.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate:
Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I have every confidence that all these matters will receive your best attention, and that your deliberations will keep in view

above all other considerations the welfare and stability of the country.

On Saturday, Jan. 21st, the appeal in the Manitoba School case was heard by the Governor-General in Council. The Hon. Mr. Ives occupied the chair in his capacity as President of the Privy Council. Sir John Thompson and several other members of the Government were present. Mr. J. S. Ewart, Q.C., of Winnipeg appeared for Archbishop Tache and our co-religionists of Manitoba. The following are the points which the Committee had previously recommended for any future arguments upon the schools' question:

1. Whether this appeal is such an appeal as is contemplated by sub-section 3 of section 93 of the B. N. A. Act, or by sub-section 22 of the Manitoba Act.

2. Whether the grounds set forth in the petitions are such as may be the subject of appeal under either of the sub-sections above referred to.

3. Whether the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in any way bears on the application for redress based on the contention that the rights of the Roman Catholic minority which accrued to them after the union have been interfered with by the two statutes of 1890 before referred to.

4. Whether sub-section 3 of section 93 of the B. N. A. Applies to Manitoba.

5. Whether the Governor in council has power to grant such orders as are asked for by the petitioners, assuming the material facts to be as stated in the petition.

6. Whether the Acts of Manitoba passed before the session of 1890 conferred on the minority a "right or privilege with respect to education" within the meaning of sub-section 2 of section 22 of the Manitoba Act, or established "a system of separate or dissentient schools" within the meaning of sub-section 3 of section 93 of the B. N. A. Act, and if so, whether the two Acts of 1890 complained of affect the right or privilege of the minority in such a manner as to warrant the present appeal.

In opening his address Mr. Ewart sketched briefly the history of the school question in Canada prior to Confederation, and gave several reasons for the difference of opinion between Catholics and Protestants. The Confederation Act speaks of rights and privileges which existed at the time of the union, and those which came into existence after the union. The former cannot be prejudiced. The latter—"those enacted by the province itself—the province gave and the province can take away subject only to supervision by the Governor-General in Council, and by the Federal Parliament." Manitoba entered the union in 1870 when provision was made for any future minority by giving power to the Legislature to make laws upon educational questions subject to two limitations, that the Legislature should have no power prejudicially to affect rights which existed at the union, and secondly that there should be a right of appeal to the Governor-General in Council when any right or privilege should be affected. One of the grave questions was whether the Manitoba Act was *ultra vires* or *intra vires*. If the Act was *ultra vires* it was null and void and therefore an appeal from such an act would be laughed at. As it is not *ultra vires*, the appellants cannot appeal at all. In order to found an

appeal there must be a good Act, from one which can and does affect rights or privileges. This second sub-section is in no way connected with the preceding claim; they do not stand to one another as prohibition and remedy; the second provides for a totally different set of circumstances. This view although it gives no precedent, lays down the whole thing, is an Act of the Local Legislature with an appeal to the Federal Government for which there is as much precedent as for the very Constitution of the Dominion. But assuming that an appeal lies from some *ultra vires* Acts, does an appeal lie from this particular Act? The answer depends upon whether any right or privilege of Roman Catholics in regard to education have been affected by the Act. Two arguments are advanced against the present appeal. That the Privy Council having held the Act to be *ultra vires* there can be no appeal, and there can be none secondly because no right or privilege has been affected. Now in regard to this second objection, Roman Catholics like any body else, acquire them by statute. No appeal is given in respect of rights acquired by practice. Must such statute have been passed before the union, or is there an appeal from a statute passed after the union? "Clearly, I say, the latter, firstly because there was no statute relating to education in Manitoba prior to the union; secondly, there is nothing in the statute which limits the appeal to cases of rights acquired before the union. Thirdly according to ordinary rules of interpretation, if a statute provided that if one man destroyed another's property the Act would not merely refer to property which belonged to the second party at the time of the passing of the Act. Fourthly, there can be no doubt that under the third section of the British North America Act there may be an appeal where rights acquired after the union have been affected. It can never be pretended that Manitoba is in a worse plight than the other provinces."

After quoting a couple of authorities the learned counsel went on to state that his argument would not be complete without showing that some rights or privileges conferred by Manitoba legislation had been affected. Prior to the union Roman Catholics had established and were supporting schools for their children. Episcopalians and Presbyterians were doing the same. During the first session of the Manitoba Legislature a school act was passed providing for Protestant schools and Roman Catholic schools. The Act of 1890 professed to abolish both the Protestants' and the Roman Catholics' schools and erect public schools. In effect it abolished the Roman Catholics' schools. In over 70 districts the Roman Catholic

schools are to become Public schools. At the time of the passing of the Act of 1890 there were 80 Roman Catholic school districts. In 68 of these there was comparatively hardly a single Protestant; in eight others population enough to have both systems.

Mr. Ewart further contended that his Excellency in-Council could not decline, as he had jurisdiction in the case. The recent order in Council is undoubtedly correct in asserting that if his Excellency had jurisdiction, "the enquiry will rather be of a judicial than of a political character." The next was for Parliament to act. He then briefly reviewed history showing that Parliament had steadily adhered to the principle of Separate schools. He called to witness the various motions in Parliament in regard to the New Brunswick schools that even in a case where it had no jurisdiction it indicated by overwhelming votes its adherence to the policy of fair play to minorities.

"I humbly submit, therefore, that for this reason, also, in order that Parliament may have power to deal with the matter that the remedial order should be made."

The Provincial Secretary of Manitoba communicated to the Hon. Mr. Ives, that the Manitoba Government did not deem it necessary to be present.

The absorbing news from Rome is the series of pilgrimages in honor of the Pope's Jubilee, lasting from early in January until May when the Dutch and Venezuelan pilgrims are looked for. The Irish pilgrimage which is expected to number no less than 800 will be in Rome from the 11th to the 20th of February. It will be accompanied by three bishops, and will be presented by His Eminence Cardinal Logue. The English and Scotch pilgrims will arrive on the 17th of this month and will remain till the 28th.

A good deal of comment has appeared here and there regarding the appointment of the Archbishop of Armagh as Cardinal in place of the Archbishop of Dublin as was expected. A correspondent of the London Daily Chronicle states that the chief opposition to Mgr. Walsh came from Mgr. Persicco who was a few years ago ab-legate to Ireland. While it seems certain that Mgr. Persicco opposed the elevation of Dr. Walsh, it must not be forgotten that the latter took an active part in politics. We commend him for it. But in the appointment of Cardinal the English Government had to be regarded, indirectly at least—and no English government cares much about a churchman who is politically inclined. This was no doubt a factor in the omission of the Archbishop of Dublin from the list of Cardinals.

LEO XIII'S JUBILEE.

BY MISS ONAHAN.

(Concluded)

On Jan. 27, 1848, Mgr. Pecci, though then only thirty-three years of age, was nominated titular Archbishop of Damietta and sent as Nuncio to Brussels. It was not without misgiving that he entered the Belgian capital, for his horizon had hitherto been bounded by the papal States; but the personality of the young Nuncio was a safe passport for him wherever he went. The qualities which had won the love of the Pontiff were readily recognised by the Protestant king; the tact which had been triumphant, too, at the dinner table and in Lady Seymour's drawing-room. In the more bohemian salon of Charles Lever, whose house adjoining the English embassy, Mgr. Pecci was often a guest. At these gatherings he met the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whatley and they became great friends. "The loud buzz of conversation," says John Oldcastle in his most interesting memoir of the Pope. "The louder laughter which followed the rollicking host wherever he wandered, made convenient cover for the conversation of these two quiet talkers on things theological, who were interrupted now and then by music, when Le Lever would sing, with a bow to the grave Nuncio, some of the German student's songs he had translated."

In the world, yet not of it, was the young Nuncio. He had a keen irony of his own too, for he had inherited not a little Roman wit, and more than one saying of his survives in the court circles of the Belgian capital. The following story is certainly worth telling:—

One night at a dinner a certain Marquis showed the Nuncio a snuff box having on the cover a very lovely Venus. The men of the party watched the progress of the joke gleefully, and, as for the Marquis, he was choking with laughter, until the Nuncio deferentially returned the box, with the remark: "Tres jolie, est ce le Portrait de Madame la Marquise?"

From which report it may be seen that the grave young ecclesiastic did not disdain worldly weapons, and knew quite well how to use them.

But the influence of Mgr. Pecci was not confined to salons. It was already exerted for that literary movement which is the glory of the century. L'accordaire, "keen for salvation and all that is beautiful," was then preaching this gospel to his countrymen in language that never can be forgotten: "Among living nations the culture of letters is, next to religion, the greatest of public treasures, the aroma of youth and the sword of manhood." This was the doctrine which the Nuncio propounded in Brussels, and which he has since preached from the height of Papacy. Such a character, an accomplished scholar, a diplomat, a well-bred and courteous gentleman, and a priest whose asceticism was mirrored in every feature, could not but have an irresistible tendency even in royal courts. Leopold I., who was a penetrating judge of men, formed a very high opinion of him. He endeavored to make of him a counsellor and friend, and induced him to be a frequent visitor at the court. The King often conversed familiarly with him, and took pleasure in propounding all sorts of difficult questions. The Nuncio, however, was never taken back, so that the King would end by saying: "Really, Monsignor, you are as clever as a politician as you are an excellent churchman." The Queen, too, had great veneration for him, and never lost an opportunity to obtain his blessing for herself and her children. He tells us himself that he often held the little Leopold, Duke of Brabaten, in his arms and, at his mother's request, blessed him

"in order that he might be a good king."

At the Belgian Court the Nuncio heard much of Queen Victoria, niece of King Leopold, and it is therefore not surprising that before he finally left Belgium the future Pope spent a month in London, strolled in the park, sat in the distinguished strangers' gallery in the House of Commons heard O'Connell and looked into the print shops of Pall Mall—memories which he recalls to English visitors at the Vatican year by year. "It is hard to imagine," says a writer quoted before, "Thomas Aquinas in Holborn; a more singular figure in some ways was that of this future Pope wandering down Piccadilly and breathing what Lord Beaconsfield called the 'best air of Europe' at the top of St. James street."

He knew little English then. In Brussels he had often visited an English family in order to "do conversation," but the knowledge has, in the lapse of years, unfortunately been lost, in 1846 he was appointed to the See of Perugia and King Leopold bade him adieu, adding smilingly, "I am sorry that I cannot be converted, but you are so winning a theologian that I shall ask the Pope to give you a Cardinal's Hat." "Ah," said the Nuncio, "but that would be a poor substitute for—since you mentioned it—an impression on your heart." "I have no heart," said the King sadly. "Then on your head," said the Nuncio—and so they parted.

When Mgr. Pecci reached Rome, after visiting Paris and Marseilles, the Pope was dead.

The intentions of the Pontiff who was gone were, however, known and regarded by the Pontiff who ruled in his place, the genial Pius IX. It was St. Anne's day, 1846, when Archbishop Pecci entered Perugia to take possession of his See, a day chosen in honor of his mother, whose feast-day it had been. Perugia the queen of the hill country, the names of whose saints are forever wedded to the names of its cities—Assisi, Cortona, Viberto, Foligno—towns guarded by the heights or set secure upon the hillsides with the sunshine pouring into their steep streets, is even now a city of the past. Along the solitudes of this hill country St. Francis walked meditating on his "Lady Poverty;" here were the very birds that he taught and it was over these uplands that he saw the sun rise and set—"our brethren Lord Sun,"—upon a peaceful and pure-minded people. Ah, the deep blue sky of Italy, it need not be seen to be loved. Those Umbrian twilights, delicate and cool as dawns; the trees—slender trees such as Pietro Perugino drew—standing out against the lucid blue, the horizons share yet soft with air and distance—the whole atmosphere of those purple shadowed mountains and wine clad plains teems with associations of the art and the glory of the past. "As late as 1869," says one writer, "those streets had no gas; no carriages no carts came and went by the dim oil lamps; and the pavement on soft summer nights knew only the footsteps of strollers and the sound of their ceaseless Italian voices. And if Perugia was so much a city of the past on the eve of the taking of Rome, it must have been most remotely old and most intensely Italian in 1846, when the civil Governor went back as Archbishop."

The entry was made amid the huzzas of the people, for Mgr. Pecci's wise and faithful administration was remembered with gratitude and those happy anticipations were not disappointed. Among the records of his rule are the building of thirty-six churches and the restoration of many others, the institution of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas for priests, a seminary for the clergy, a convent for

the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, the organization of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, for the relief of the poor (an order already widespread), of St. Joachim for the assistance of aged and needy priests, and the establishment of institutions for the care of magdalens and foundlings.

His zeal for education was unbounded; he not only founded schools, but he kept a constant watch over them to see that they were all conducted properly. The seminary was close by the Episcopal palace and the new Archbishop gave up a wing of his house for its further enlargement. He visited it at all hours, going in quietly and without any notice, seating himself, and listening to the recitations and lectures. One of the professors relates that one day, failing to be in his place at the appointed hour in the school of Belles Lettres, and hastening to repair the delay, with the trepidation of a man who knew that the most likely thing in the world was to meet the Cardinal in the corridor of the college, watchful over the silence and order to be kept there, what was his astonishment when opening the door of his class-room to see the Cardinal seated in his chair and translating for the benefit of the rapt scholars a passage from Cicero's "Pro Milone." The professor received no reproof save a gentle smile, but doubtless he was never tardy again.

Among the duties of an archbishop is that of writing at certain times pastoral letters to his flock, warning them of dangers, encouraging them in good works. Archbishop Pecci's pastorals were not only masterpieces of eloquence, but they showed the character of the man, firm and unmoved as an antique statue of the presence of danger, yet bursting forth into a tongue of living flame when called upon to protest against outrage and wrong. His pastorals were indeed addressed not so much to the people of Umbria as to the Christian world. In one of them he says: "Why should the Church be jealous of the wonderful progress of our age in observation and discovery?" Bacon, so eminent in science, has said, 'A little knowledge leads away from God, but much knowledge leads back to God.' This golden saying is always true; and if the Church fears the ruin that may be wrought by the vain ones who think they understand because they have a smattering, she has entire trust in those who apply seriously and profoundly to the study of nature; for she knows that at the end of their search they will find God who in all His works reveals Himself with all His attributes of power, wisdom and goodness."

The one on "Modern Civilization and the Church" is an energetic protest against the abuse of a noble world: "When men," he says, "turn into a mockery, the Word of God, it is the dictates of 'civilization' they are obeying. 'Civilization' commands them to curtail the number of churches and priests and to multiply the houses of sin. It is 'civilization' that requires the establishment of a class of theatres in which modesty and good taste are alike unknown. In the name of 'civilization' the usurer crushes his victim with shameless exactions and the dishonest trader heaps up his ill-gotten gain; a filthy press contaminates the mind of its readers, and art prostitutes its powers to promote universal corruption." The words recall the noble speech of Montalembert in the French Chamber in 1849: "You have dethroned some kings, but more surely still you have dethroned freedom. The kings have reascended their throne, the throne which she had in our hearts. Oh, I know well that you write her name everywhere, in all the laws, on all the walls, upon all the cornices" (pointing to the roof), "but in hearts her name is

effaced. Yes, the beautiful, the proud, the holy, the pure and noble liberty, whom we so loved, so cherished, and so served, this liberty is not dead, but she is languid, fainting, crushed, suffocated."

"Tell them to have no fear of science," wrote Leo XIII. to the students of Louvain, "for God is the author of all science."

Archbishop Pecci's pastoral fell upon troubled times, covering, as it did, the whole of the national movement in Italy—1848, 1869, 1870—and Perugia was the centre of the ferment. In the presence of the persecutors of his clergy and the perverters of his flock Archbishop Pecci was no longer the humble and gentle-voiced priest but a dauntless warrior, championing the rights of the Church. He wrote two powerful letters of protest and reproof to King Victor Emmanuel against the forcing of civil marriage upon Umbria after the Italian State had taken possession and against the expulsion and spoliation of the Camaldolese friars and other religious orders.

"Sire," he wrote in 1869, "with souls deeply grieved we come once more to bring before your majesty our respectful but serious complaints about the evils which are heaped unceasingly on the churches given us to govern; we are willing to hope that our voices may yet be listened to and that justice may be done. During each of the last four years we have raised our voice with increasing frequency, and have given utterance to the grief of our holy religion, afflicted and oppressed in so many ways—by the setting aside ecclesiastical immunities; by depriving her ministers of the necessary means of subsistence; by preventing all free intercourse between the head of the Church, the pastor and the people; by withdrawing from all dependence on the bishops both schools and institutions of piety which these same bishops had themselves founded, or which had been placed under their care and government by the pious founders; by profaning or even destroying their homes the religious orders, and by so many other acts which it would be too long and too sad to enumerate. Sire, the good of a nation is its morality, and this only comes from religion and from the salutary influence of its ministers. What will become of the Christian people when they are deprived of the necessary teachers of childhood, of the men who comfort the widow and the orphan, of those who soften the pains and labor of the present life by the thought and hope of the life to come, who wipe away the tears of the afflicted, who direct the doubting and hesitating by words of good counsel, and cheer the last hours of the dying."

In 1864, made remarkable in Perugia by the elevation of Mgr. Pecci to the cardinalate, Central Italy was threatened by famine. The Cardinal's fatherly forethought had already suggested the establishment of "monti frumentari" or deposits of grain in every country parish, and he gave an example to all by opening in the episcopal residence itself a free kitchen for the poor. True son of Countess Anna Pecci, he was mindful of the example of the mother on whose tomb is inscribed: "Feeder of the Needy."

For thirty-four years the Cardinal Archbishop kept his pastoral charge in Perugia. His life had always been as simple as a friar's; the daily Mass, long prayer, constant work and the frugal table of an old-fashioned Italian (even as Pope it is said that the cost of his table is but 100 francs, \$20 a month) had kept his mental and bodily vigor so high and fresh that when at sixty-seven he was called to the Pope's side, it was not to rest that he went, but to new duties. In July, 1877, he accepted the office of Cardinal Camer-

lunge to Pius IX., a post involving presidency of the Apostolic Chamber, and the chief charge of the temporalities of the Holy See. From the summer to the next February this duty lasted. Then came another trust. At the death of the Pope it was the Camerlengo's office to render the last services, to close the eyes, to prove the death according to the old solemn formula, to preside at the magnificent obsequies. On the evening of the 7th of February, 1877, Pius IX., whose reign had been emblematic of the title conferred upon him by the old prophecy, Crux de Cruce died; on the 20th of the same month Cardinal Pecci was elected by the vote of his colleagues to be the successor, and took the name of Leo XIII.

It must indeed have been a solemn scene when, robed in his immaculate white cassock, mozzetta of crimson velvet, the Fisherman's ring on his finger, and on his head the white skull cap of the Popes, the new Pontiff, after receiving the homage of the Cardinals, approached before the expectant multitude to raise his hand for the first time in Pontifical Benediction. The whole basilica was one whole mass of heads, the people being packed so closely as to be unable to kneel! The Pope knelt down against the balcony and hid his face in his hands. When he rose to his feet and, in a voice powerful and sonorous, though somewhat tremulous with feeling intoned the blessing, the solemn hush that followed was broken by a cry that rang through that great space—"Viva Papa Leone."

The ceremonies attending the coronation of a Pope have been handed down from the earliest times and are many of them most impressive, not the least is that by which the Pontiff is gently reminded that humility is to be his crowning virtue even in the highest position of the Church; that the pomp is due to his office and should not blind him to his own unworthiness. An eye-witness of the last coronation thus describes this detail of the ceremony:

"When the Pope was borne out into the full light of the Sala Regia, clad in full pontificals, he appeared above the heads of all in the rays of the Roman morning sun, backed by the flabelli, a gorgeous picture framed by the door of the Sistine. The nave was kept absolutely clear for the wide and long cortege; when it had arrived at a point half-way between the door of the chapel and the cancello it stopped and a clerk bearing a pole surmounted by three iron prongs lighted a taper the piece of tow on one of them and kneeling in front of the Pontiff as the flame blazed up and as suddenly expired, chanted in a plaintive minor, 'Pater Sancte, sic transit gloria mundi.' The animated face of Leo XIII. assumed a grave expression, he slightly bent his head and leaned back in his throne with the look of one to whom the solemn truth was by no means strange. When the last Amen from all present rolled through the chapel, the sound of a mortar was heard without, and at this signal the bells of St. Peter's and of all the churches announced to the city that a new Pope was crowned."

The career of Mgr. Pecci as Pope Leo XIII. is too well known to need comment here. One of the first acts was to restore the Hierarchy of Scotland and to give to England a new Cardinal in the person of John Henry Newman. "Lumen in Coela" he had been called and Lumen in Coela he had proved himself. "In the successor of Pope Pius," said the great English Cardinal, "I recognize a depth of thought, a tenderness of heart, a winning simplicity, a power answering to his name." Veritably this was a lion of the fold of Judah!

By his skilled diplomacy Germany from being a hostile has become a friendly power; the condition of the

church in that country has been greatly ameliorated, and even the inexorable Bismarck has been obliged to abrogate his Blue Laws and "come to Canossa." In the dispute between Germany and Spain concerning the Canary Isles Pope Leo was by mutual consent chosen arbiter, and his wise decision placated both powers and saved Europe from the disaster of war. Time and time again has his voice been raised and always in the interest of peace. Franco, ever dear to his heart, has been the subject of several Encyclicals: America has profited by his utterances on the much-voiced Labor Question.

Leo XIII., in the words of a great English writer, ascended St. Peter's throne as much the bearer of a spiritual power as St. Peter himself; and yet in the midst of a generation in which might is right, the authority of a landless Pope is recognized by the master of more legions than Augustus, and Governments throughout the world which cannot rule their own citizens are fain to look for aid to one whom they have repudiated for centuries."

This is the man whose jubilee the world celebrates at the opening of '98. Emperors and kings have their policies and statecraft; the policy of the Pope relates to things of a higher realm than these—it is to preach peace on earth and good-will to men. "Vicegerent of Christ on earth"—it is indeed a daring title in this age of warring social forces, of skepticism, of denial and of despair, but it is a title that has come down to us through centuries and that will last, we believe, when time, that "minute between two miracles," as Renan call it is over. It shines like a beacon star in the firmament, declaring to all earnestness seekers after Truth that Christ is not dead, but lives forever in the Church that He founded.

Great in intellect, noble in soul, pure in life. Leo XIII. stands forth to day as the embodiment of all that is highest and best on earth, true representative of Him who once walked in Galilee. The "Viva Papa Leone" of the pilgrims may be echoed throughout the Christian world, for this white-robed Man of the Vatican has grown old in the service of God and of humanity.

"Then you are going to marry him simply for his money. I hope he'll never find it out and despise you for it." "Oh, dear, no. I have told him just how it is. He says he knows his money is much more worth loving than himself, and he is grateful to me for taking him with it."

The leaders of the German Catholics in the days of the Kulturkampf are disappearing one by one. Dr. Peter Franz Reichensperger, who was, with his brother, one of a group of orators that stood by Mallinckrodt and Windthorst in the front of the long fight with Bismarck, died in Berlin on New Year's Day. He was born in Coblenz in 1810, was for many years a member of both the Imperial Reichstag and the Prussian Parliament and besides his fame as a debater, won a high reputation in Germany as a writer on economics and jurisprudence.

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HAMILTON SEPARATE SCHOOL.

Annual Report of Inspector Donovan to the Trustees.

The following report has been presented by Inspector Donovan to the Hamilton Board of Separate School Trustees:

GENTLEMEN—I beg leave to inform you that I have just completed an official inspection of the schools in your charge, and that copies of detailed reports of same will be forwarded to you in a short time from the Education Department, Toronto. Meanwhile a brief, general commentary may be found interesting. The buildings, seven in number, are in general remarkable for proper construction, ample size and fine appearance. This description is especially applicable to St. Mary's School, which, in all particulars is one of the best schools in the province. The old St. Thomas and St. Vincent Schools are handsome structures, and seem to be placed in exactly the right places. The main building in the St. Lawrence district is quite up to the mark, and it is hoped that the frame house now in use will soon give place to a more suitable structure. St. Patrick's School, the patriarch of the city, still creditably holds its own in spite of well nigh forty years conflict with time and weather. The play grounds for some schools are abundant, and for all are as ample as can be expected in city schools.

The class-rooms, almost without exception, are of the regulation size, commodiously arranged, well provided with facilities for light, heat and ventilation. I must request you, however, to be on the alert to meet the sudden arrival of cold spells, such as we have recently experienced, otherwise many of the rooms will be uninhabitable during the best part of the day. Besides being generally comfortable, the rooms are made pleasant and attractive by many neat decorations secured by the teachers themselves, with due regard for the beautiful, which is characteristic of the female sex. Furniture of the most approved quality is fully supplied throughout, except, perhaps, in matter of blackboard accommodation, of which it is hardly possible to have too much. There is no library attached to any school, but the long established library in St. Mary's parish has been wisely made free of access to all the school children. The teachers, of course, have their own private libraries in their private establishments. St. Mary's Hall, adjoining the Cathedral, is kindly allowed for school assemblies, which are regularly held and form an excellent feature in the system. While city water is in all premises, it is not in every case sufficiently protected against weather, and must be often entirely unavailable. The closet accommodation is all that can be desired for comfort, convenience and decency; but as an obstruction in the pipes is easily made and evolves serious consequences, it is advised that special attention be given to the care of these requisites.

The number of pupils steadily increases. I found it amounting to full 1,400; but in all probability it is greater, as the intensely cold or stormy weather existing during the two weeks of my inspection was an obstacle to the attendance of small children. The local superintendent, Rev. J. H. Coty, who is always on hand, is in better position to give complete figures. The schools of St. Mary's district contain the greatest number. St. Lawrence comes next, while those of St. Patrick, St. Thomas and St. Vincent are about numerically equal. It is a matter of gratification to know that your schools furnish comparably little work for the truant officer. This speaks well for the attractive power of the schools—their

discipline, order and management. Thorough teaching and tactful government, and school associations having the nature of cheerful happy homes, together form an almost infallible remedy for truancy, and do more to minimize all other kinds of absenteeism than all the average measures ever put into practice.

The theory of good classification—one form, one teacher—is fully observed and practiced. In a few cases where the numbers permit, the form is divided into two sections, each under its own teacher, thereby increasing the facilities for fine work. The distribution of the pupils is admirably equable. The average of 40 (1,400 pupils to 35 teachers) is really the number in charge of most teachers—the chief exceptions being naturally the two extremes, the senior fifth which is less than the average. The school in every district (one excepted) is a complete school, i.e., has the four regular forms in operation, and promotes pupils wishing to take up commercial and high school work to the La Salle Institute for boys and the Sacred Heart School for girls—both in the St. Mary's district. I am glad to notice that for some time back promotions have been made on the basis of the pupil's record for the whole term and not on the result of the pupil's final examination alone. When the reports come in from the department you will notice some important suggestions for the division and transposing of certain classes. Premature promotions should be carefully avoided.

The staff of 35 teachers is composed of Christian Brothers, Sisters of Loreto, Sisters of St. Joseph. They are earnest workers, have full knowledge of professional methods and are thoroughly imbued with the progressive spirit of the age. Besides the credit due them for the success that attends their efforts, we must give these ladies and gentlemen our special admiration for devoting their life-long labors, without personal remuneration, solely to the welfare of the rising generation. The particular standing of every teacher's class in the various subjects of the programme was duly noted. As these details are numerous and as you will have every opportunity of examining them in the particular reports above mentioned, I need not go into specifications. It is enough to state that the classes as a body are quite up to the educational standard, that your schools are amongst the first in the Province, and that they are steadily going ahead. The system is complete in itself, in all the essentials of accommodations, equipments and teaching abilities, and there is no need of outside assistance for the completion of your pupils' education. Congratulating you on this satisfactory state of affairs, and wishing your schools continued success.

I remain, gentlemen, your obedient servant,
CORNELIUS DONOVAN,
Inspector.

It was decided at the recent meeting of the Archbishops in New York to take up the Papal collections of '92 and '93 in February next, to make a special effort, and to cable the result to the Pope in time for the celebration of his jubilee.

A dispatch from Atlanta, Ga., says that Mrs. Edgar Thompson, the daughter of the late Senator Ben Hill, of Georgia, with two children, have been received into the church by Vicar-General Keily. The Hill family has always been regarded as one of the sturdiest Protestant families in the State.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$6; 3rd, \$3; 4th, \$1; 5th, to 14th a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto, not later than the 29th of each month, and marked "Competition," also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winner's names will be published in the Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Draft of Home Rule.

The newspapers of Monday morning contain the following of the new Irish Home Rule Bill. We publish it herewith, leaving our comments for next week:

The power to enact laws on the following subjects among others is retained by the Imperial Parliament: Treaties and other relations with foreign states; the imposition or any legislation relating to duties of customs and duties of excise as defined in the act. A sub-clause retains to the Imperial Parliament control for five years over land legislation.

The Irish Legislature is restricted from passing any laws respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or conferring any privilege, or imposing any disability on account of religious belief, or abrogating or derogating from the right to establish or maintain any place of denominational education, or denominational institution, or charity, or prejudicially affecting the right of any child to attend a school receiving public moneys without attending the religious instructions at that school. The Queen retains the same prerogatives with respect to summoning, proroguing, and dissolving the Irish legislative body as she has with respect to the Imperial Parliament. The Irish legislative body can continue for five years, and no longer, from the day on which it is appointed to meet.

The Executive Government of Ireland is to continue vested in her Majesty and to be carried on by the Lord Lieutenant in behalf of her Majesty.

The ninth clause of the bill relating to the constitution of the Irish Legislative body says it shall consist of a first and second order, but instead of providing that the orders shall deliberate together as in the bill of 1886, it provides that they shall sit and vote separately, thus constituting two distinct houses of the Legislature. If the result of the voting brings the two orders into collision, then the question at issue is to be referred to a joint committee of both Houses. If the question still remains undecided through inability to agree, then the question at issue may be referred to the people. The new bill thus provides for a popular referendum.

The tenth clause, Parliamentary representation, provides substantially the same as in 1886. An important new clause provides that 103 members of the Imperial Parliament shall be elected by the existing constituencies. These members shall vote on all questions reserved by the Imperial Parliament from the Irish Legislative body, and may also sit in the Irish Legislative body if elected thereto, as well as in the Imperial Parliament.

The annual contribution of Ireland on account of the national debt is reduced to £733,000; army and navy, £233,000; Imperial civil expenditures, £55,000; Royal Irish Constabulary and Dublin Metropolitan Police, £500,000; for reduction of the national debt, £180,000. These are great reductions from the bill of 1886.

Duties of customs and duties of excise collected in Ireland are to be applied to Irish charges, and any excess applied as part of the public revenues under control of the Irish Government. The Irish Land Commission is to remain in existence until all charges payable out of the church property in Ireland and guaranteed by the treasury are fully paid. Subject to any existing charges in the church property such property shall belong to the Irish Government.

It shall not be lawful for the Irish Legislative body to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address, or bill for the raising or appropriation for any purpose of any part of the public revenue of Ireland, or of any tax, duty or impost except in pursuance of a recommendation from her Majesty, signified through the Lord Lieutenant.

The exchequer division of the High Court of Justice is to continue to be a court of exchequer for revenue purposes and any vacancy occurring in the court is to be filled by her Majesty on the joint recommendation of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain.

The Dublin Metropolitan police is to continue subject to the Lord Lieutenant for a period of five years, or until the Irish Administration will guarantee that an adequate local police system has been organized. The Royal Irish Constabulary while it exists is to continue subject to the control of the Lord Lieutenant, but the Irish Legislature may provide for the establishment and maintenance of a police force in counties and boroughs in Ireland under the control of the local authorities.

There is an entirely new clause, 22, which gives the Crown the right to veto all bills of the Irish Legislature, and gives Irish representative peers the right to sit in the House of Lords at Westminster, and vote on all Imperial questions. The functions of the Lord Lieutenant are the same as in the bill of 1886, and the judiciary is to remain for five years under the control of the Imperial Government, then to pass under the control of the Irish Government. Other provisions are similar to bill of 1886.

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The Bennett Furnishing Co., of London Ont. make a specialty of manufacturing the latest designs in Church and School Furniture. The Catholic clergy of Canada are respectfully invited to send for catalogue and prices before awarding contracts. We have lately put in a complete set of pews in the Brantford Catholic Church, and in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, St. Lawrence Church, Hamilton, Rev. F. T. McEray; Thorold R. C. Church, Rev. J. F. Sullivan; Hespeler R. C. Church, Rev. E. P. Slaven; Little Current R. C. Church, A. P. Kilgannon, Esq.; Renous Bridge R. C. Church, New Brunswick, Rev. E. S. Murdoch. We have also supplied Altars to Rev. Father Walsh, Toronto, Rev. J. A. Kealy, Mount Carmel, Father McGee, St. Augustino, V. G. McCann, Toronto, Rev. G. B. Kenny, Guelph, Rev. J. O. Homan, Dundas, Rev. R. Maloney, Markdale, Father Ronan, Wallaceburg, St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Sacred Heart Convent, London and Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, N.S.

We have for years past been favoured with contracts from members of the clergy in other parts of Ontario, in all cases the most entire satisfaction having been expressed in regard to quality of work, lowness of price, and quickness of execution. Such has been the increase of business in this special line that we found it necessary some time since to establish a branch office in Glasgow, Scotland, and we are now engaged manufacturing pews for new churches in that country and Ireland. Address

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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Mr. Terence O'Brien died at his residence, 4 North Queen street, Belfast, on January 13th, at the great age of 84 years. During the Fenian movement of '03, he was one of those who were kept under police surveillance, and up to a short time before his death, he took a prominent part in National politics. He was born in Fenniskillen, and, fifty years ago, went to Belfast, where he started in the tobacco business, in North street, from which he retired about seven or eight years ago, after having acquired a respectable competence for his old age. He was one of the earliest members of the Home Rule League started by Isaac Butt, and for many years was one of its most trusted guides and counsellors in Belfast, in conjunction with Mr. John Duddy, Mr. W. J. Roche, and others. Mr. O'Brien was a man of considerable literary attainments, and his death has caused a feeling of widespread sorrow.

Armagh.

The death is announced of a well-known and respected parishioner of Clonfeshole, Mr. Thomas Connolly, at the ripe age of 82 years. Mr. Connolly, during the long years with which he was blessed, acted nobly his part in every movement, Catholic and charitable. He was the father of Mr. Edward Connolly, Mr. Alexander Connolly, and Mr. Patrick Connolly, three gentlemen who have resided in Belfast for a considerable time, engaged in trade. A fourth son, James, is the principal teacher of the Ravensdale School, near Dundalk.

Carlow.

The death of Mr. T. Dowling, of "The Coaks," county Carlow is announced in our Irish column, this week. His funeral took place, on January 11, from Rathool Catholic Church to Tinryland Churchyard. The remains of the deceased gentleman, whose family is one of the most respected in the county, and who was himself universally esteemed, were honored by one of the largest funerals which had been seen in the county Carlow for the past twenty years. High Mass was celebrated in Rathool Catholic Church by the Rev. John Murray, assisted by Father Quinlan and Father Gorry. There were 15 other priests present besides an immense congregation of the laity.

Clare.

The Sub-Sheriff of Clare with a very large protection force, attempted to make seizures in Bodyske, on January 12th, but only secured a few animals, as the people had received early notice of his arrival. Col. O'Callaghan's tenants, in Bodyske, are in a very wretched state; yet the landlord demands full rents for the last three half-years' gales. Emergency men have established themselves in a house on the estate belonging to the landlord. The tenants keep a sharp look out for the sheriff's cattle seizing parties.

Cork.

Mr. J. C. Flynn, M.P., speaking at Knockree, near Kanturk, on January 8, said the evictions on Archdeacon Bland's estate had cost the British taxpayer £14,000—a sum which would have bought the for-all-forever district for all eternity.

A dwelling-house in the occupation of a man named Halon, at Mountgabriel, near Schull, fell, recently. It appears the residence was, for a considerable time a tottering fabric, and was kept up with the aid of drops; but now it suddenly collapsed, killing a cow—Halon himself, with his wife and ten children, having a miraculous escape with their lives.

Derry.

On Jan. 9th, a sudden death took place at Coltrian, about two miles from Moneymore. An old and respected farmer named Patrick Hagerty, aged eighty-three years, got up out of bed and proceeded with his sister to the byre, to let the cattle out for a drink. Immediately on entering the byre he dropped down dead. The result of a medical examination went to show that his death had resulted from failure of the heart's action.

Donegal.

A large meeting was held at Gweedore, on Jan. 11th, under the presidency of Father McFadden, to urge on the Government to institute public works to enable the people to tide over the terrible crisis that threatened the district. The chairman gave an account of the pitiable condition of the people, and said the district had been boycotted by Mr. Balfour in the distribution of the £600,000 for the construction of railways in congested districts.

Down.

Such is the plentitude of potatoes in the vicinity of Dandrum, and the Barony of Kinalastly and Lecale, that farmers are disposing of them at 1s. 10d. per cwt. for "champions" and 2s. per cwt. for "magnam bonum." This abnormal supply and cheapness has encouraged dealers to ship the potatoes, by steamer, to Liverpool, and thence to New York.

Dublin.

At any Amenity meeting in the Dublin Workingmen's Club, on January 10th, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., said he would move an "Amendment to the Address" in favour of Amenity to all the Irish political organs.

Galway.

The death is announced of Lord Dunsandle, at the advanced age of 83 years. Lord Dunsandle was an extensive landowner in Galway, and for the most part resided on his estate. Though various acts of hardship have, from time to time, been alleged against him, and though he has come into conflict with his tenants on questions of abatement, these disputes, owing to the skillful management of Mr. Daly, his son and agent, were never of long duration. Lord Dunsandle could not be described as a good landlord. In other countries a very different epithet might be applied; but, everything is comparative, and, in comparison with the neighboring estate of the Marquis of Clanricarde, Lord Dunsandle's treatment of his tenants might almost be called reasonable. Various circumstances led to the belief that possibly some difficulties, and even litigation, may arise with regard to the large landed property he leaves behind him.

Kerry.

The Earl of Kinnaird, Lieutenant of Kerry, has appointed Sir Maurice Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry, of Olanbeam Valentia, and Ballinrudurry, Listowel, to be a deputy lieutenant of the county, in the room of Mr. Richard Mahony, D.L., of Dromore Castle, deceased.

Major Spring, of Clahane House, Tralee, died on January 9 at the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Dublin, from a tumor in the throat. The deceased, who was a major in the old Kerry Regiment, was through the Crimea war, on the Land Transport Corps. He was also a coroner for the Tralee district for a number of years.

Kildare.

At the quarter sessions at Athy, on January 12, before County Court Judge Kane, sixteen ejectment processes were entered for hearing, only a few of which were defended. The majority of cases were from the properties of the late Marquis of Drogheda and Mr. John La Touche, and decrees were given in almost every case.

Kilkenny.

The Rev. N. Murphy, P.P. of Ballycallan, reports the death of one of his parishioners at the age of 110 years. He states that he can prove she was 10 years of age in 1798, and had up to the last a vivid recollection of those stirring times. She was a great grandmother, and children whom she tended as a little girl, had they lived, would now have been 100 years old. Up to a few days before her death she attended the parish church every morning, fasting, although it was situated half a mile from her cabin. She was, the reverend gentleman states, never known to take tea, to snuff, to smoke, or to take stimulants of any kind, and she appeared like a young girl in her coffin, with a beautiful crown of auburn hair, scarcely a gray hair being visible.

King's County.

At the Tallamore Quarter Sessions, on January 7th, Mr. Bull, sub-sheriff, presented his Honor, Judge John Adye Curran, with white gloves, there being no criminal business to go before the grand jury.

Limerick.

We regret to announce the death of Rev. E. Russell, C.C., which took place at Ballygarry, on Jan. 11th, after a lengthened illness. Deceased was a very popular clergyman, and had been in St. Mary's Parish, Limerick, for some time before being transferred to Ballygarry. The funeral of the Rev. deceased was most numerously attended, as well by the parishioners of Ballygarry, by whom he was beloved, as by the truly good, zealous, indefatigable, and charitable Very Rev. T. R. Shanahan, the Parish Priest, the Rev. M. Russell, P.P., Stonehall, brother of the deceased, and a large number of the clergy of the county and city, with the Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer. The interment took place in the clergy's mortuary attached to the Mortuary Chapel, Mount St. Laurence, Limerick.

Louth.

On January 6th, Dr. Callan, county coroner, held an inquest, at Gibstown, on the body of Margaret Reilly, an aged woman, who was found dead in bed in the house of Bryan Quigley, with whom she lodged, on the previous morning. Quigley, who was the only witness examined, said deceased was nearly 80 years of age, and had gone to bed the night before at about seven o'clock. Witness spoke to her about 11 o'clock, and asked her if she was sick, but she said no. On getting up at about six o'clock next morning he found the old woman dead. The jury found a verdict of death from natural causes.

Mayo.

On January 11, Mrs. Sarah Joyce, relict of the late Mr. Lawrence Joyce, of Ballyroe, parish of Killoony, and aunt of Doctors Mark, Patrick and Michael Ryan, of London, died, in the 78th year of her age. Her interment took place on January 14th, at Killoony graveyard, attended by a large and representative cortege.

Meath.

On Sunday, January 8th Mr. John Chadwick, J.P., died at an advanced age, at his residence, Stameen. The deceased belonged to one of the oldest families in Meath, and was a generous contributor to Catholic charities. Mr. Chadwick was one of the owners of the Marsh Mill and chairman of the Drogheda Steam Packet Company.

Queen's County.

At a meeting of the Queen's County landlords, held in Maryborough Courthouse, on January 11, a resolution condemning the Ejectment Tenants Commission was passed. No other resolution was brought forward. The meeting was largely attended by the Tory Unionists who have so long misruled the county, and who now, apparently, are beginning to see the writing of their own condemnation on the walls behind which they imagined they had impregably entrenched themselves.

Roscommon.

On the evening of January 12, Miss Watson, daughter of Rev. Mr. Watson, Drum, Boyle, whilst skating at Mount Erris, ventured on a weak portion of the ice, which gave way, Miss Watson going down. A rush was made to save the young lady, when three more went down. After some exertions Miss Watson was rescued, as also were the others.

Sligo.

On January 21st the ceremony of installing Mr. Thomas Scanlon as Mayor of Sligo took place in the Town Hall. The proceedings opened at 12 o'clock, when the chair was taken by the ex Mayor, Alderman Higgins. There was a very large attendance of the members of the Corporation and the general public. Amongst those present were the new Mayor, the ex Mayor, Alderman Francis Higgins, Alderman Ligo, James Nelson, Bernard Collier, M.P.; Councillors J. Connolly, W. Connolly, O. Dolan, R. Anderson, W. R. Fonten, W. Petrie, R. B. McNeill, T. Hanney, E. T. Kell, Milmoe, McArthur, McGuire, J. A. Hall, and D. McLynn.

Tipperary.

On January 10th Clongateigh evicted their tenants near Golden, reinstated in their farms by the Receiver of the Court of Chancery. The tenants have purchased their farms. Subsequently a presentation was made to the Rev. Joseph Leyce, who had been instrumental in bringing about a settlement, and the Rev. gentleman, in reply, said the tenants would now have to pay only something like one third of what they contributed to the landlord.

Tyrone.

On Jan. 31 the remains of the late Rev. James Breslin, P.P. of Clonoe, were removed from the Parochial House, Clonoe, for interment in the parish churchyard. The funeral cortege was one of the largest seen in the district for many years, and comprised persons of all shades of religion. The coffin was borne on the shoulders of four parishioners to the graveyard. The chief mourner was Mr. Louis Breslin (brother), Derryloo, county Armagh. The clergy present included—Rev. Peter Mc Shea, C.C., Coalisland; Rev. John Koenan, C.C., Clonoe, Coalisland; Rev. Peter Fox, C.C., Dungannon; Rev. James Dunne, C.C., Dungannon, and others.

Waterford.

We regret to learn of the death of Mr. Edmund Walsh, of Boolyglass, which occurred on the 5th of January. Mr. Walsh worked hard in the Nationalist ranks for many years, and his death is sincerely mourned by those who were fortunate enough to have his acquaintances.

Westmeath.

The Sydney Freeman, of November 18th, records with deep regret the death of the Rev. Mother of the Yaas Convent of Mercy, Sister Mary Clare. The deceased lady, whose name previous to her religious profession was Miss E. McDonald, was a native of Westmeath, and was one of a band of heroic Sisters who left Ireland to form a convent in the "Bush," at the request of the venerable Bishop of Gouibou, Most Rev. Dr. Lanigan, and the Very Rev. Dean O'Keefe, of Yaas. Mother Clare had been a nun only nine years when she was called to her reward. A few hours before she breathed her last, Mother Mary Clare received the last rites of the Church from Very Rev. Father Alphonse, Superior of the Passionist Order in New South Wales, who at the time was conducting a Mission in St. Augustine's church, Yaas; and the last prayers were recited at the grave by Dean O'Keefe.

Wexford.

On the night of January 8th, about half-past 10 o'clock, Mr. James R. Hanrahan, organist, Farnogue cottage, met with an untimely death by falling over Wexford quay. He was alone at the time; the quay is dangerous at this part; the night was one of the darkest during the season; and it appears Mr. Hanrahan accidentally fell into the water at the outer edge of the Crescent, opposite the railing. The deceased, who was well known in musical circles was a general favorite in Wexford. On the previous evening he had conducted a concert. He was formerly an organist in Drogheda.

At the Pavilion.

The Empire of Tuesday says: The boisterous weather was not sufficient last night to prevent a large audience from attending the Pavilion to listen to the concert given by the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association in aid of St. Michael's hospital. The programme was a lengthy one, opened with a piano solo by Miss Fanny Sullivan, who once

more proved her undoubted ability in a double number composed of Schumann's "Aufschwung" and a composition by Greg. Mr. J. F. Kirk gave Fure's "Sancta Maria," a pretty melody, which was well suited to his robust tenor, and was well sung. Later on Mr. Kirk sang "The Relics of St. Mary's," by Rodney. Miss Marguerite Dunn won a hearty encore with "Old Ace," which was recited capitally. "Old Ace" was an old trotting horse which won a race and a bride for his owner at the same time. "The Song of the Market Place" was Miss Dunn's second number. Mrs. Isidore Klein, who is a pupil of Mr. Torrington, made her debut most successfully. Her voice is a dramatic soprano, not particularly powerful, but excellent in mellowness of its quality, perfect in intonation and very flexible. Ardit's waltz song was Mrs. Klein's first effort, and the difficult vocalization was mastered with great facility. A hearty recall was acknowledged with a bow. In the second part Mrs. Klein contributed the beautiful "Ave Maria," from Cavalieri Rusticana, and her rendering of Mascagni's devotional air was, perhaps, more successful than the previous effort. Mr. George Fox, in Leonard's "Haydi Souvenir" and Wionia-waski's "Valse Caprice," gave the greatest delight. The brilliant young violinist seems to be gaining in the mastery of his instrument. His playing last night was marked by wonderful power, combined with the most perfect execution, and the applause that followed in each case was a fitting tribute to his ability. Mr. Frank A. Anglin made his first appearance in concert, though he has for some time past been heard and greatly appreciated in church. His voice is a baritone of good quality and range and had fine scope in Pinault's "Queen of the Earth" and "The Yeoman's Wedding Song." Mrs. Mackolcan, the well known Hamilton contralto, was in capital voice and triumphed on each appearance. "He was a Prince," and "Happy Days," the latter with violin obligato by Mr. Fox, were her selections, and the inevitable recall was kindly responded to in each case. Mr. W. K. Ramsay was triumphant with his refined humor, and had to return several times. An Irish song as a second encore to the first number created thunderous applause. The programme was long, and owing to a late start, it was 11 o'clock when the concert ended.

The officers of the Committee in charge of the arrangements were W. T. Kernahan, Chairman, M. J. Crotte, Treasurer, and P. P. Kirwan, Secretary.

Official.

BROCKVILLE, January 20, 1893.

The following new District Deputies have been appointed for the Province of Ontario: Thomas Quinn and Mark Keilty Toronto, for the City of Toronto and County of York; W. P. Killacky, Chatham, for the County of Kent.

THE MARKET.

TORONTO, February 11, 1893.

Wheat, fall, per bush.....	67	0 67
Wheat, red, per bush.....	65	0 66
Wheat, spring, per bush....	61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	57	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	40	0 48
Oats, per bush.....	32	0 33
Peas, per bush.....	58	0 60
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	25	8 50
Chickens, per pair.....	60	0 64
Butter, per lb.....	22	0 24
Eggs, now laid, per dozen....	00	0 30
Paraffin, per doz.....	15	0 20
Turnips, per bag.....	30	0 35
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	40	0 50
Onions, per doz.....	53	0 00
Celery, per doz.....	00	1 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	15	0 00
Asparagus, per doz.....	45	0 00
Radishes, per doz.....	20	0 00
Carrots, per bag.....	40	0 50
Potatoes, per bag.....	80	0 85
Beets, per bag.....	60	0 65
Apples, per bbl.....	00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8	00 50
Straw, sheaf.....	7	00 80

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Jan. 31.—Good cattle were in more than usual demand here this morning, but the want could not be filled, as most of the stuff was very ordinary to decidedly poor, though it all ultimately sold. A good deal more prime cattle would have found a ready sale at stiff figures had it been here.

CATTLE—As much as 4 1/2 per lb was paid for several picked lots of cattle, and the only trouble was that the quantity wanted was so limited. Some lots sold at 4c; for ordinary good cattle 3 1/2 to 3 3/4 was the range; several lots sold at 3 1/2, and rough common stuff found a slow sale at from 2 1/2 to 3c per pound.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Just three hundred were in, and lambs are steady and wanted at unchanged prices. Sheep are nominal in price, mostly selling mixed with lambs.

CALVES—Only a few poor ones here, but are not worth quoting; but good calves are in request, and will find a quick sale at from \$4 to \$7 each.

HOGS—The 250 here sold at once. Prices are unchanged but firmer, \$8.80 to \$7 per cwt. was paid to day for the very best. All grades are wanted, and apparently anything in the shape of a pig will sell just now.

USED POSTAGE STAMPS.

They Belong to the Trifles that Make the Sum of Human Things.

What good are used postage stamps? What purpose under the sun can they subserve? These—in so far as they can be looked upon as distinct—are burning questions with many of the readers of the *Catholic Times*—questions calling for an immediate solution. A defaced postage stamp is a very small matter—a trifle, if you will. But "trifles make the sum of human things." Yes, and be it remembered trifles are sometimes great in their consequences, and an accumulation of them often result in an affair of great moment. The truth of these epigrammatic statements will, it is to be hoped, be borne out by our giving a brief sketch of Father J. N. Sender's (St. Truidon, Belgium) Used Stamp Association. This association was established in the early part of the present year by the Rev. J. N. Sender, a Belgian priest, in consequence of a suggestion made to him by a number of boys of the Congregation of St. John Berchmans. Becoming informed of the sad and deplorable condition of many of the natives in the Congo Free States (S. Africa), and understanding that used postage stamps, if secured in sufficient quantities, could be turned to advantage for the benefit of the missions, these boys proposed to Father Sender to found a Christian village in the Congo. The good Father, pleased to find them actuated by such noble and generous thoughts, gratefully accepted their kind offer. Forthwith the boys initiated their labor of love, yet not without earnestly praying God to help them in the accomplishment of the task which they had undertaken for the glory of His name. Their sincere and childlike prayers did not remain long unanswered. When their laudable project became known abroad many persons of both sexes and of every age came to their aid. Stamps poured in from every quarter, so that already 25,000,000 have been collected.

And now the great question as to what is done with these stamps comes to be answered. The idea is prevalent in these islands, and even gains credulity in many parts of the continent, that missionaries take these stamps with them to parts of Africa, to India, China, Japan, etc., and dispose of them at enormous prices to noble families in semi-civilized countries, and to chiefs of tribes in more savage lands. This is, however, a false opinion. It seems to owe its origin to the fact that for more than thirty years a traffic in stamps has been carried on in several countries in Europe, the profits arising from which have been generally devoted to missionary purposes. The fact is the stamps are never taken out of Europe. Used stamps may be divided into two classes, viz., (1) rare or antique stamps, and (2) those of the common sort, such as our modern English penny and half penny stamp, etc. These latter, i. e., the common sort, are sold at from about fourpence to sevenpence a thousand, according to quality and variety, and are employed to make various kinds of mosaics and pictures for the ornamentation of drawing-rooms and parlors. Persons have now become so skillful in blending and arranging the different colors that their work, when carefully finished, has the appearance of something coming from the pencil of an artist. This, to us, novel art is at present very much practised, especially in Switzerland and Bavaria. But in Belgium and Holland it is not unknown. In the City of Ghent, for example, the Brothers of St. John of God possess three rooms, the walls of which are tastefully ornamented with defaced postage stamps. These are so arranged as to produce a beautiful series of landscapes in which most of the prismatic colors, with many of their blittings, are agreeably exhibited. A

still greater triumph in art is to be seen in a nobleman's mansion at Rotterdam (Holland.) The walls of part of this mansion have been decorated with postage stamps at the enormous expense of 50,000 gilders, equivalent to about £5,000 English money. In this instance it ought to be noted, the cost of the material is small compared with the artist's fee. The rare stamps are sold at various prices, according to their value, to antiquaries and amateurs of collections, whence they find their way into public and private museums, scrap books and albums. Father Sender and those associated with him in his work, purpose to dispose of all the stamps in their possession in the above manner. In order, however, to realize as much as possible from the rare and curious stamps, Father Sender intends to hold an exhibition of them next year, and it will at the same time be an exhibition and a sale. When the exhibition is over the proceeds of it, together with the receipts of the establishment of the association, will be handed over to the Missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, to whom is entrusted a large part of the Congo Mission. With the money thus received the missionaries will purchase a large tract of land on which a church and a convent for the Holy Childhood will be built.

The convent must be of such size as to comprise within its dimensions an orphanage, school, hospital, etc. Moreover, cottages will be raised on the property for the accommodation of 300 negro families. The population is to consist of negroes only, and as such negroes as have been rescued by the soldiers of the Congo Free State from the infamous hands of Arabian slave dealers. If the means be forthcoming the Fathers of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, once they have made a beginning, will continue the work of negro plantation and christianization indefinitely. Hence the work of collecting used stamps will most likely continue for many a year. Indeed, it would be a great mistake to discontinue it so long as it can be utilized for the extension of the kingdom of Christ on earth.

As regards the appeal which we made some time ago in the various English and Irish Catholic papers, we are glad to be able to report that it has been, and still continues to be, generously responded to. Up to date over 1,600,000 used stamps have been received. Several contributions of un-used stamps, and a few postal orders for small amounts have also been sent us. The edifying letters which we received, relating principally to the work of the foreign Missions afford abundant testimony of the deep and earnest zeal for the promotion of God's honor and glory, which exist everywhere among English and Irish lay Catholics. Our "appeal" has not been in vain.

Apart altogether from the question of stamps, it has excited a healthy curiosity in many lands, opened a new field for the exercise of their charity, and turned the gaze of hundreds of thousands in the direction of their soul-perishing brethren in distant lands. While they are thus "gazing" and spanning with their mental vision the Continents or oceans (as the case may be) that intervene between them and their poor benighted brethren, may God inspire them with the thought to extend their hands in relief to them, and to raise their heads in prayer to Him Who is the Good Shepherd, the Pastor of all souls, that He may deign to look with eyes of mercy on the populous heathen world and bring it to acknowledge Him as the only true God, in Whom and through Whom alone there is hope of salvation.—*Rev. Fr. de Frailude, in Liverpool Catholic Times.*

A SHORT ROAD to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

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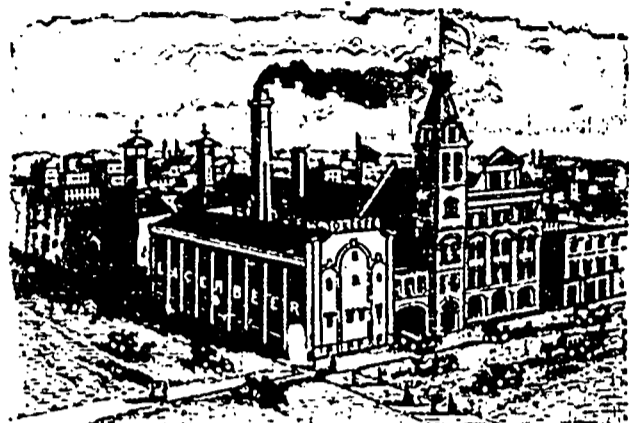
RHEUMATISM.—COL. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with

ST. JACOBS OIL.

In the morning I walked without pain."

NEURALGIA.—MR. JAMES BONNER, 168 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

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497

Pigeon-hole Paragraphs.

Part of the disorder of our correspondence may arise from our wish to send long answers to our friends, whereas a post card or brief note by return of post would satisfy them and put them out of suspense at once, and save them from getting fidgety and displeased. Apply this to prayer—our correspondence with God and his Saints. We must not wait for time for long regular prayers. Short, informal prayers, ejaculations, etc.—these may even please God and His Saints better by their frequency and fervor, and may make us feel more at home in prayer.

An American, Colonel Dodge, wrote a pleasant book about horses, in which he gives this advice to a young rider: "Don't be afraid of a fall; it don't hurt you much nineteen cases out of twenty. If you find you are really going, and can't save yourself, don't stiffen. Try to flop—the more like a drunken man the better. It is rigid muscles that break bones." The present writer has never seen a hunt; and what interests him in this advice is its bearing upon falls of another kind. In the race for perfection also, there must be occasional tumbles. "Try to flop." Don't be too much surprised or even distressed at your mishap. "Nothing," said a certain holy nun, "gets me out of a scrape like a good act of humility."

There is hardly one of Charles Dickens' innumerable creations that lives in the memory of his readers as vividly and as pleasantly as Sam Weller. He would hardly have given that name to Mr. Pecksniff's faithful valet if he at that time had reckoned among his friends a certain Mr. and Mrs. Weller, with whom he afterwards became intimately acquainted. He once sent the following lines to their daughter, with a note, which he said: "I thought of these rhymes, as I rode out yesterday. The name of my horse was not Pegasus":

I once put in a book, by hook or by crook,
The whole race, as I thought, of a "Weller."
And in doing so, pleased the town's race, much dis-
cussed,
And the name of that person was Weller.

I now find, to my cost, that one Weller I lost—
Cruel destiny, thus to arrange it!
How I love her dear name, which has brought me
some fame,
But, great heaven, how gladly I'd change it!

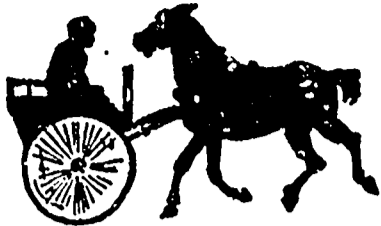
The gentleman to whom was reserved the privilege of changing Miss Weller's name was Mr. T. J. Thompson. Their children, Elizabeth and Alice, are now Lady Butler and Mrs. Wilfrid Meynell, the painter of "Roll Call," and the author of "Preludes." We are delighted to hear that from the latter the literary world may at once expect a new volume of poems and a volume of essays. We can hardly decide to which of the two we look forward more eagerly. We remember all the subtle refinement and originality of "Preludes," but we remember also the exquisite art of Mrs. Meynell's prose style.

I do not know who wrote the lines from which I have seen these quoted:

In Christian hearts, oh for a pagan zeal!
A heedful but opprobrious prayer.

The prayer may imply something discreditable to ordinary Christians, but alas! the implication is not unfounded. The upholders of good causes might often take a useful lesson from the upholders of bad causes. There are pagans now-a-days who manifest an ardent zeal in the propagation of their opinions which the champions of the truth might sometimes copy with advantage.—*Irish Monthly.*

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.



It isn't in the ordinary way that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the weak and suffering woman who needs it. It's guaranteed. Not with words merely; any medicine can make claims and promises. What is done with the "Favorite Prescription" is this: if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, your money is returned. Can you ask any better proof that a medicine will do what it promises?

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve, and a certain remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. In "female complaint" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and irregularities, it is a positive and complete cure.

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To the Trade.**

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With best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year,

We beg to remain,

Very gratefully yours,

(Signed,) **S. DAVIS & SONS.**

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Over 2000 graduates during past five years. Pupils assisted to positions.

Killed by a Falling Tree.

A despatch from Stratford of the 28th January says: Shortly after 8 o'clock this morning, Jas. Mungovan; a farmer residing about three miles from here, in the neighboring township of North Easthope, met with a tragic death in a bush about three miles from the little hamlet of Gad's Hill. It appears that he and a hired man were engaged felling a large ash tree. The tree lodged on a maple sapling, and immediately slipped back, striking Mungovan, who had retreated about twenty feet from the stump, on the small of the back. He was stunned by the blow, and before he had time to recover himself and get out of the way the teetering tree struck him a second time instantly killing him. The hired man rushed to his assistance, but he was too late to be of any aid. The unfortunate man never spoke after receiving the first blow. The assistant tenderly placed his coat under the head of the dead man, and rushed to an adjoining bush, where some men were engaged chopping, to convey the intelligence of the terrible tragedy. Thos. Mungovan, a brother of the deceased, had left the bush with a load of wood only a few minutes before the accident and when the news of the awful occurrence was brought to him he became bewildered with excitement and horror. A local coroner was notified of the accident, but an inquest was not deemed necessary. The occurrence took place about six miles from the residence of the deceased, and it was 4 o'clock in the afternoon when the body of the dead man was conveyed to the home of his mother. Mungovan was 35 years of age, was unmarried, and was a native of North Easthope. His death is the fourth that has occurred in the family in a little over a year and a half.

The Stratford *Daily Herald* says. "Later particulars confirm the reports of the manner in which James Mungovan of North Easthope met his death yesterday. The accident took place in the forenoon. The brother Thomas hurried into the city as soon as he learned of the accident, in order to procure medical help, but the unfortunate man was past aid. Much sympathy is expressed for the family, which is one greatly respected in the township, Rev. Father Mungovan, of Sandwich and Mr. D. J. Mungovan, publisher of the Orangeville *Post*, being brothers of the deceased."

The remains were interred in the family burying ground, Ellice, at 3 o'clock on Sunday afternoon. The funeral being the largest that has been witnessed in the neighborhood for years. The services were conducted in St. Joseph's church by Rev. E. B. Killroy, D.D. who delivered a few touching remarks on the uncertainty of life and the wisdom of being always ready to meet the summons of death. The reverend gentleman referred to a mission that had been conducted in the church only a few days before, and said that it was consoling to think that the deceased had been one of those who had been most devout in taking part in it. The remains were then taken to their last resting place and tenderly consigned to the clay.

At Its True Value.

The Manager of the Dominion Railway Advertising Agency, Mr. Alfred Roberts, 79 King St., W. Toronto, Ont., writes: "I desire to testify to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure remedy for sprains, bruises, rheumatism, &c., having had occasion to use it in my family for some time past. In fact I would not be without a bottle of the Oil in my house for double the amount charged." Well worth it.

When the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant, he utters the following beautiful sentiment: "Little baby, thou enterest the world weeping, while all around thee smile. Contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep." words which it would be well for all to remember.

The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1893.

Calendar for the Week.

- Feb. 2—Purification of the Blessed Virgin.
 3—St. Denis, Confessor; St. Blaise Martyr.
 4—St. Andrew Corsini, Bishop Confessor.
 5—Sexagesima Sunday.
 6—St. Hymenithe de Maricottis, Virgin.
 7—Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord.
 8—St. John de Matha, Confessor

To Our Friends.

Now that we are fairly started in the work of Catholic journalism, and that we have been more than kindly received, we wish to make an appeal, by simply pointing out to our friends how they can advance our cause, and place us on a firm, satisfactory basis. Besides absorbing a great deal of intellectual energy, a newspaper will also require a good bank balance—and this will be easily had if each of those who take an interest in our work will give a helping hand. We cannot promise a rich return, but there is good reason to hope that a fair per centage will be forthcoming before very long. Our shares are each worth twenty-five dollars, ten per cent. of which every three months, is all that is called for, so that for one share the holder is merely required to pay two dollars and a half every quarter. This is not heavy; and there are many, especially in the Archdiocese of Toronto, who can thus contribute to our firm establishment and steady advance. It is not when prosperity shines and we have an assured financial future that friends are scarce, but in the start of journalistic life. We shall therefore be happy to send a blank application for stock to those who feel like encouraging us.

Another mode of help is to increase our subscription list. If each of our patrons gave us one more name it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished for. No person would miss it at the end of the year, the cause would be served, a great deal of excellent reading would have been placed in the hands of families, and the future of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER guaranteed.

In order to keep our readers well informed upon the absorbing and interesting question of Home Rule we have secured the services of that brilliant and well known writer, the Rev. Dr. Flannery of St. Thomas, lately connected with the *Catholic Record*, who will favor us with an article upon this subject every week. Father Ryan of St. Michael's Cathedral has been also engaged to write a series of articles upon various ethical questions in regard to the important relations of life and the social problems of the day. By these means we hope that in presenting our claims for support we are basing them upon two good foundations, our own merit as a Catholic journal, and the good dispo-

sitions of our co-religionists and their interest in our success.

We have to thank the *New World* of Chicago for the following flattering notice. It reminds us of old associations, and we are glad to salute our friend, Judge Hyde, through the columns of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER:

The Catholics of Toronto—perhaps we should say of Ontario, if not of all Canada—have now a paper of which they may be proud. It is called THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, and it is edited by the learned and Reverend Professor Teofy of St. Michael's College and Toronto University. Being fortunate enough to have personal acquaintance with Father Teofy, we know of the talents he is able to bring to the responsible work of editing a first-class Catholic journal, and we know that he always does what he undertakes to do. It appears that the new paper has purchased the two Toronto Catholic papers called the *Irish Canadian* and the *Catholic Weekly Review*, that these papers go out of existence and the CATHOLIC REGISTER takes its place. We feel some regret at the disappearance of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, for it has been, in every sense, a good Catholic paper. We feel sure Rev. Prof. Teofy will not permit THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to become the mouth-piece, much less the tool, of any of the Canadian political parties, but will make it a Catholic paper in the best sense.

Church Union.

Rome, Jerusalem, Mecca will ever be celebrated in the world's history as great religious centres; and now it seems in the western world Toronto is making a bid for a similar reputation. On the 28rd ult. a meeting of clergymen of several non-Catholic denominations met to discuss the grave question of organic unity amongst the various Protestant sects. The Ministerial Association had extended a warm invitation to the deanery of the English Church of Toronto; and several members of the latter having accepted the invitation, the outcome was the meeting in question. This first scene, as reported, reminds one of the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. How is it that no card was sent to the deanery of the Roman Catholic Church in Toronto? Do we not desire the union of the Churches? Or do they not desire to unite with us? We by no means say this, as if complaining, because we shall be quite satisfied to take a part after the Protestant sects have really united. And, judging by their past history, we may not expect to be hurried; for here we have the Methodists, who separated from the English Church in the last century, now seeking union with them. We have the Presbyterians, who have been anti-episcopal through all their history, now discussing the preliminaries as to the consecration of Bishop Cavan, well known as Principal of Knox College, President of the Pan-Presbyterian Assembly, and Leader of the late Equal Rights Movement.

In the prologue the Rev. Septimus Jones distinctly stated that he and his brethren of the Anglican Church were not representative. This took the plot out of the play altogether. Thus a certain number, without any authority, not representing the bodies to which they belong, meet and talk about a Union between bodies which have been divided through all their history. However good the intentions may be, the success looks very doubtful and distant.

When reading over the reports we were gratified to learn that they are aiming at visible unity, "the full

manifestation of the unifying forces of the body of Christ, which is according to the mind of our dear Lord, and the sight of which should convince the world outside of the reality of His divine mission." One of the Fathers of the Vatican Council could not go further than that. One gentleman thought that too much belief should not be insisted upon. To be sure not—a lot of irresponsible, non-representative gentlemen in broadcloth, without authority, what could they insist upon? If ever the new catechism sees the light of day it will be an easy go-as-you-please one. The teaching—"he that believeth not shall be condemned"—should not even be mentioned in the new creed. Another speaker, a mild, conciliatory little man, taking the various modes of administering baptism as well as the question of baptism of infants and adults, mentioned that his own Church (the Anglican) recognized any or either mode. Here is a striking proof of what the Comodey of Convocation wrote, that it is the glory of the English Church that a man may hold two views diametrically opposed to each other, and still remain a member thereof. We regret that this speaker, Dr. Sheraton, did not touch upon the question of orders. No doubt, upon this subject also, his Church holds any or all views that can be held upon the subject.

We are, however, reversing the order of speakers, and turn to Mr. Langtry, whose part in the play was decidedly episcopal. According to him the Church was a visible organization through, and in, the episcopal authority. No matter how anxious they might be to unite, unless they received the consent of the old and true Church, no numerical aggregation would constitute them into a branch of the apostolic Church of Christ. They could not break the continuity of the Church, and "to that continuity the continuance of the historical episcopate is essential." That is apostolic succession for you with all the force of a Roman canonist. No other course is open except to consecrate Dr. Cavan. Theologians might raise a question concerning the validity of these English orders, and think that it would look better not to insist upon the ordination of the others—but such criticism is untimely as argument is reserved for the next meeting. If the subject of this meeting were not so serious we might think that those who took part were having a sly clerical joke. But if they are in earnest, let them take the short, quick way. Let them turn their eyes to Rome, and especially at this jubilee time when the princes of the East and the people of the West are laying at the feet of Leo XIII. the testimony of their generosity and their unity in faith. Let them turn to Rome and they will find visible unity, apostolic succession, interior life and external discipline; they will find a Church that has a positive doctrine; they will find a rampart against infidelity, lawlessness and irreligion. They will look elsewhere in vain for them. If they are in earnest and anxious about this union, why leave the task to time? Time will only disorganize them still more, and leave them

exposed to the ever swelling storm of anti-Christian thought and civilization. Persevere, gentlemen, but come and take the sure way.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy, who new styles himself as "chief of the wobblers," delivered in the village of Stayner on Wednesday last, another lengthy, if not, elegant speech which is bound to become famous. In this long address of two hours duration, he declares his entire independence of the Liberal Conservative party. With what section of politicians he is about to associate himself we are not told, he is merely a 'wobbler,' inclined to neither side in particular; but wobbling, with both arms reaching out like the devil-fish for some prey to fatten on and appropriate. When Hon. John Thompson was called to the ministry by Sir John A. Macdonald, and appointed to the very high and responsible position of Minister of Justice—Mr. Dalton McCarthy was a very disappointed man. His great forensic talents were overlooked, his knowledge of constitutional law availed not to bring him to the front and make of him a possible or probable successor of the Tory chieftain. Mr. Dalton McCarthy bore in sullen silence the humiliation, like the famed Achilles in Homer's story:

"Silent and in grief he strode along the shore of the far-resounding sea."

But Achilles and his friends, the poet tells us, invented a wooden horse of enormous size, in whose interior hundreds of armed Greeks were stowed away, which being introduced by craft and deceit of the wily foe, into the heart of Troy, proved the destruction of that city and state. Mr. Dalton McCarthy who imitates, not the greatness indeed but the moroseness of the Grecian hero, has also introduced a big horse into Canadian politics, and is riding him now for all he is worth. The history of the antics of the Protestant horse in this Province ought to convince the 'chief wobbler' of the necessity of attempting some new method by which he may reach the eminence that he covets. He can never become a Minister of State, much less a Premier, by furious appeals to frenzied passion and religious prejudice. A few years ago he dragged one of the ablest men in this Province into the same condition of helplessness and political obscurity by setting him astride the same unmanageable horse. And now, as we learn from the great speech delivered by him last week in Stayner, this modern Achilles is compelled to break away from all conservative moorings to cast to the winds all his former principles and predilections, merely because he was not "consulted in the formation of a new ministry." "I have now to tell you," said the orator "that, as a man of honor I shall be no longer found occupying a seat on the Ministerial side of the House, that I am no longer a Government supporter—and I take my seat on the cross benches. As a man of honor I cannot see that I can do otherwise, since I am not consulted by the Government. For the first time since I have been in public life a new Government has been formed and new members of the Government have

been added without my having been consulted in any way." Therefore I am determined to oppose the Government, and to embarrass the man at the helm by every available means. Therefore again shall I get astride the Protestant horse, and stir up a religious war, by appeals to fanaticism, and by encouraging the spread of Know-nothingism under the guise and name of the "Protestant Protective Association." Mr. McCarthy did not make use of the exact words in this last paragraph—but his action in opposing the Government on the Manitoba school question, and his acrimonious attacks on everything dear and sacred to French Canadian sentiment—make it very clear that he means to form a new party, the party endorsed by the *Toronto Mail*—the party of war upon Catholics, and death by the "ballot," or by the "bullet," to the French Canadian name and nationality.

The Orator of Stayner, if possessed of ordinary perspicuity, and not blinded by selfish ambition, might have foreseen the utter impossibility of his being admitted to the Councils of the Government. He did not take council with Sir John Macdonald when he opposed him so violently on the Jesuit Estate Disallowance measure. Mr. Dalton McCarthy did not act upon the advice of the Government he pretended to support, when at his own expense, and at his own or the devil's suggestion he carried the torch of discord into the peaceful towns and quiet villages of Manitoba; where all was peace before, and where Protestant and Catholic sat down together in undisturbed harmony and fellowship. It was certainly an evil day for that young Province when the member for N. Simcoe like another Scipio carried the war into Africa, but unlike that Pagan General, he went without a commission, he went to foment, not to heal strife; he went of his own accord to accomplish Satan's behests, and act in the capacity of a legate and first Vicar of the fiery Mephistopheles.

Neither was he in consultation with his Government when he made such desperate efforts, both on the stump and in the Senate, to destroy the French language and prohibit its use to two million Frenchmen, who could not speak a word of English. How could Mr. McCarty expect (except blinded by selfish ambition) that Messrs. Adolphe Caron, Ouimet, Angers and other self-respecting Frenchmen, would sit in the same Cabinet with the declared, open, and active enemy of their race, their religion and their nationality? To insult one's creed and plot one's destruction and then to expect recognition and trust in return is the very sublime of audacity. No Government in Canada could exist an hour if it took into its councils a Politician, however talented or great he might be otherwise, who had forfeited the esteem and earned the just contempt and hatred of two millions of his fellow subjects. It was utterly impossible then that any consultation should be held with Mr. Dalton McCarthy about the formation of a new ministry. Neither can we predict for him that his new venture may be crowned with success. The Equal Rightists were an utter failure at the general elections; and the

P. P. A. men, although encouraged and sustained by so able a man for Leader, as Mr. Dalton McCarthy, must come to grief, as soon as the honest and independent electors are called upon to pronounce upon their extinction and unsuitability to sway the destinies of this free Dominion.

James G. Blaine.

On Friday last the evening papers announced that this great American statesman had passed away that morning. It was a matter of expectation, for he had been sinking for some time. But no matter how death comes it gives a shock and leaves a void. In the present instance it has given a shock to a great nation and has left a void which will not be filled for a long time. What bearing his life has had upon American policy and history—whether it be lasting or of short duration, whether it be for better or worse, are the questions for future solution. Certainly J. G. Blaine, the plumed knight, deservedly ranked amongst the great men of the United States; and his name will be placed along with Webster, Clay and many others. President Harrison in announcing his death spoke of him, as a man "whose devotion to the public interests, whose marked ability and whose exalted patriotism have won for him the gratitude and affection of his countrymen and the admiration of the world. In the varied pursuits of legislation, diplomacy and literature his genius has added new lustre to American citizenship." That is a high eulogium from the highest civic authority in the United States—and endorsed by all. It is good as far as it goes—but it avails nothing to the poor man who served the world with talent and energy, and neglected his God in prime and health, in renown and power. The world disappointed him, and left him "naked to his enemies," refused him the sceptre which he coveted so much. Did he in his last hours turn to his God and the Church of his fathers? Most likely he did, but the only statement is the visit of Cardinal Gibbons and the struggling, unavailing effort of a dying man to express the soul within. But it is not saying much that a man should give his life to pride and worldly glory and a few fitting moments at last to the mercy of God. A strange use of talents, time, conscience and all the gifts of nature and grace!

The following sketch of his career is taken from the *Globe*:

James Gillespie Blaine was born at West Brownsville, Washington county, Pennsylvania, on Jan. 31st, 1830. He entered the preparatory department of Washington college in his thirteenth year, and graduated in 1847 at the head of his class. He then went to Kentucky, where he was professor in a military institute. Here he met his wife, who was from Maine, and at her persuasion he removed to Augusta, Maine, where he has since resided. Adopting journalism as a profession, he became part owner and editor of the *Kennebec Journal* in 1854 and editor of the *Portland Daily Advertiser* in 1857. He was one of the organizers of the Republican party in Maine, and served in the State Legislature from 1858 to 1862, the last two years being speaker. In 1862 he was elected a representative in Congress, and was re-elected for each successive term until 1876. He was speaker to the House of Representatives from 1869 to 1874, and was again the Republican candidate in 1875, but was defeated, the Democrats then having a majority in that body. In 1876 and in 1880 he was a candidate for the Republican

nomination for President, but was defeated by Mr. Hayes in the one case and by Mr. Garfield in the other. In 1876 Mr. Blaine was appointed United States Senator from Maine, to fill a vacancy, and was subsequently elected for a term expiring in 1883. This position he resigned in March, 1881, to accept the Secretaryship of State offered him by Mr. Garfield. The assassination of the latter caused Mr. Blaine to tender his resignation to Mr. Arthur, which was accepted Dec., 1881. In June, 1884, Mr. Blaine was chosen by the national Republican Convention at Chicago as its candidate for the Presidency, despite the opposition of a considerable wing of the party. This section, which in the ensuing campaign was termed "Mugwump," disliked the machine politics with which Mr. Blaine was identified, opposed his election after the nomination and lent its aid to the Democratic nominee, Mr. Cleveland. At the election in November Mr. Blaine received 4,845,022 popular votes to Mr. Cleveland's 4,910,075, and on the meeting of the electors in the several States in December he received 182 votes as against 219 for Cleveland, who was accordingly elected. Upon the election in 1888 of Mr. Harrison Mr. Blaine was again appointed Secretary of State, a position which he held until he resigned in the hope of securing the nomination for president. How his friends failed to secure this for him is a matter of recent history. His ever increasing illness followed soon after.

Book Notices.

"The Life of Jesus Christ according to the Gospel History," by Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Second edition.

We are glad to welcome a second edition of this admirable "Life of Christ," of the many excellent lives of our Lord that have lately appeared, we consider this in many ways the best. To compare it with only three others: Didon's, Fouard's, and Coleridge's. Each of these is in its way excellent: Didon's, for its striking assertions, graphic description, and charm of style; Fouard's, for exact historical and typographical detail, with a precious wealth of suggestive piety; Coleridge's voluminous work, combines in a manner the excellencies of each of these others, with the advantage of being written in English. Father Maas, while not aiming at the characteristics of any, gives us what is best in all three—the most approved Gospel Harmony—and what none of the others attempt, a compendium of the Dogmatic and Moral Theology of the Life and Teaching of our Divine Master. His book is written in English, and is in one volume. The style is just what it should be, clear, concise, forcible, exactly fitted to the thought. The thought itself contained in the notes is a mine of vast, profound earnest erudition, presented in such a form as to be easily understood and readily utilized by priests and people. The verbal commentaries, and textual "explanations" are the best and most useful we have ever seen for a busy priest in preparing a Sunday sermon on the Gospel. While the commentaries, explanations, and dogmatic conclusions supply, with the Gospel harmony, most interesting and excellent reading for all. The book should be in the home of every Catholic, and in the hands of every priest. It is published by Herdar.

"A Day in the Temple," by Rev. A. J. Maas, S.J., Professor of Oriental Languages in Woodstock College, Md.

This is a neat and attractive volume, in which are embodied the results of much reading and patient research. Its purpose, as announced in the preface, is twofold: (1) to throw light on portions of the New Testament history, and (2) to impart a deeper knowledge of the Law whose fulfillment was found in the sacred person of the Word Incarnate. This purpose the author has carried out in a thorough and conscientious manner, and the fruits of his learning and labour are presented to the reader in clear and methodical form. To the student of the Bible the book will be an invaluable aid, while all classes will read with devout interest its detailed account of the ceremonial and precept of the Old Law, from whose

bondage the coming of the Son of God has set us free. We heartily recommend it to all our readers, especially to the Reverend Clergy.

The *Ovi*—a monthly periodical issuing from the students of the Ottawa University—is to hand. The articles are well selected, and written in a most creditable style; while the mechanical part of the magazine is also of a high character. It is certainly worthy of a more dignified name.

We received a number of the *Colored Harvest*, published in the interests of the Josephite Fathers of Baltimore. It is most edifying to see that the Catholic Church in the United States is devoting some of its energies to the negroes of the south. Like all missionary works, it is yet struggling, but the zeal manifested by Father Slattery cannot fail to produce fruit. We are pleased to learn that the growth of the Seminary from which the *Colored Harvest* issues has grown so much that a new building has become a necessity. The cost when completed will be about \$80,000. At present Father Slattery has fifteen seminarians, amongst whom are two Canadians from Peterborough.

Miss Dunn's Recital.

Those who attended the recital given by Miss Marguerite Dunn at Association hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 19th, were amply repaid, as it is rare indeed that Toronto has witnessed a recital that gave such entire satisfaction as that given by Miss Dunn. She was not heralded in by trumpets, but advertised in a very unostentatious way, consequently the excellence of the programme was all the more appreciated. Miss Dunn has all the personal charms, talent, education and training to place her in the front rank of elocutionists, a position she will occupy ere long. Toronto should be proud of the fair elocutionist.—*Empire*.

The Princess Margaret, sister of the Emperor of Germany was married last week to Prince Frederick of Hesse.

The Church has of late been making great progress in Holland in a quiet, unostentatious manner. There is reason to hope for the restoration of the Teutonic nations to the faith from which the rebellion and passion of an apostate monk cut them adrift.

From the rest of Europe the week presents little excitement. There was some thought that Caprivi is talking war—but there will be a long pause between the talk of such a national crisis and the act itself. The news from France is dull, although the Khedive's action caused some stir, the French wishing to know what he meant, what England meant, what the whole thing meant.

The Rev. Father Brennan, pastor of St. Basil's church, preached a charity sermon last Sunday evening to a large congregation in St. Peter's Cathedral, London, on behalf of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of that city.

Musical Vespers are announced in St. Basil's Church for next Sunday. The eloquent Father McBrady will preach upon the occasion. A silver collection will be taken up to defray the expenses of the choir. Mr. Egan of Hamilton and Miss Kate Strong of Toronto have consented to assist.

On last Sunday morning eighty-seven members of the League of the Cross attended communion at St. Paul's church. At the afternoon meeting there was a large attendance. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Father Hand, Messrs. W. H. Cahill, M. Wallbridge, G. Duffy, C. M. Fox and M. Mogan.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Sonnet.

Editor Catholic Register:

Sir— I have been interested in reading in a late number of your excellent paper Mgr. Howley's criticism of a reference I made some time ago in the columns of the *London Catholic Record* to Maurice F. Egan as a Sonnet writer. Let me correct at the outset an error into which Mgr. Howley has fallen in imputing to me the statement that the Sonnet on "The Precious Blood," by Frank Waters, is supposed to be the greatest sonnet ever written in America. In truth I am not sufficiently acquainted with all the great sonnets written in America to be able to pronounce upon their respective merits. And besides I do not think you can bring down a poem to a condition of assessment as you might a tract of real estate or fat cattle in the market. Nor do I believe that excellence in technique constitutes either the "very essence" or chief merit of a sonnet—or of any other poem, be it ode, lyric or epic. A poem is a great poem in proportion as it reaches into the infinite. A faultless technique does not lift it a single inch from the earth. If it did then indeed might Pope's highly-wrought artificial but wearisome couplets as much alike as marbles in a bag be regarded as more perfect poetic utterances than the divinest lines of either Milton, Wordsworth or Tennyson.

As to the flaws which Mgr. Howley has discovered in Dr. Egan's sonnet "Fra Angelico," and which he considers sufficient to rob the "consummate flower" of its right to the title of sonnet, it is only necessary to say that such defects—better term them departures or innovations—are to be found in the very best sonnets of Shakespeare, Spenser, Cowper and Wordsworth—the latter a very prince of sonnet writers. The sonnet first bloomed under Italian skies, or to be strictly accurate in Sicilian gardens of verse. It is worth noting that at its inception it was not "cribb'd cabin'd and confin'd" to its present dimensions. It was used by Italian poets to denote simply a short poem limited to the supposition of a single idea sentiment or emotion. Confining its form was an afterthought.

A glance at our English sonnets shows that they are of different kinds. The English sonnet does not as in the Italian form fall asunder like the acorn into unequal parts of a perfect organism, but is sustained without break until it reaches a point at which a personal appropriation needs to be made. That is we have the symbol and then—mostly in the concluding couplet—the application. The Shakespearean form is three quatrains with alternate rhyme, followed by a couplet, which Mgr. Howley is pleased to call a barbarism.

Here is one of Shakespeare's personal sonnets, in which as Wordsworth says the "myriad minded Bard of Avon" unlocked his heart. Let the reader see if it will meet all Mgr. Howley's strict requirements:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines
And often in his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometimes declines
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd,
But th' eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long live this, and this gives life to thee."

As the sonnet in our day has become degraded by being used for unworthy themes so in the early days of its life in Italy it lost its dignity by being wedded to trivial subjects. Such was the craze for writing sonnets at one time in Italy that no event was so slight none was so commonplace—a tradesman could not open a larger shop a government clerk could not obtain a few additional scudi of salary, but all his friends and acquaintance must celebrate the event and clothe their congratulations in a copy of verses which almost invariably assumed the shape of a sonnet. Wordsworth conscious of the slight under which the sonnet lay has written a sonnet in defence of the sonnet. Here it is:

"Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound:
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Campeas soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gem myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glowworm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land
To struggle through dark ways, and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!"

There are indeed conditions which every well constructed sonnet must obey: It must have an unbroken continuity of motive—it must be absolutely complete in itself—it must be the evolution of one thought or one emotion, or one poetically apprehended fact. Continuous sonority must be maintained from the first phrase to the last.

"A sonnet is a wave of melody
From heaving waters of the lagoon'd soul
A billow of a tidal music one and whole
Flows in the "Octave"; then returns free
Its ebbing surges in the "sestet" roll
Back to the depth of life's tumultuous sea."

The excellence of Shakespeare's sonnet as critics esteem it, is the climax to which it

rises by means of the closing couplet. Milton's sonnet has been compared to a rocket rapidly thrown off, "then breaking into light and falling in a soft shower of brightness." The later school of sonnet writers however, aim to write sonnets that shall reproduce the rise and fall of a billow, or its flowing and ebbing. The idea and the verse rise together in the octave and in the sestet fall back again. If the reader wishes to make a study of these kinds of sonnets with a view to comparing their relative advantages let him read Shakespeare's "When to the Seasons of Sweet Silent Thought"; Milton "On the Late Massacre in Piedmont"; and Keats "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

The rules laid down by Italian critics for the right construction of the sonnet are very complex and elaborate, and are seldom observed in full by writers of English sonnets. Let me briefly enumerate the chief conditions which, according to the rules of Italian critics, the ideal sonnet would fulfil. In the first place it must consist of fourteen lines, neither more nor less. These again must be distributed into two groups or systems; the major group or system consisting of the first eight lines which should be complete in themselves; and then the minor group or system, of the six concluding lines. Again, the first eight lines should have only two rhymes between them; and these rhymes distributed in a fixed order and succession. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth lines should all rhyme with one another. The second, third, sixth and seventh should in like manner have but one rhyme among them. There should then be a pause in the sense and the six concluding lines or minor system should similarly contain only two rhymes; these in the most finished specimens of the sonnet alternating with one another. All other things being equal a sonnet may be considered as nearest to perfection in its outward form or technique which nearest approaches this model. Other rules have been laid down, some of them merely capricious, as for example, that the same word should never recur twice in the same sonnet. But enough about the conditions to be fulfilled in the construction of a sonnet. Mgr. Howley's sonnet "To Cape Smoky," faultless in its technique fulfils admirably the conditions required for a perfectly constructed sonnet fashioned after Italian rules. Indeed it is no small tribute to the scholarly poet-prelate of Bay St. George, Newfoundland, that amidst the many sacred duties attendant upon the mitre His Lordship finds time to write such beautiful and finished poems as the sonnet "To Cape Smoky." Another polished *litterateur* of the Maritime Episcopate is Most Rev. Dr. O'Brien of Halifax, whose sonnet on the occasion of the Baltimore Catholic Centennial celebration is much admired.

Yours, &c.,
THOMAS O'HAGAN.

King William Whereas Bell.

Mr. W. Bell, of Toronto, is an Orangeman. Mr. W. Bell is none of your milk and water Orangeman. Mr. W. Bell is an Orangeman, a True Blue, and a Young Briton, all rolled into one. Mr. W. Bell is sworn friend of civil and religious liberty—he would shed the last drop of his blood in its defence—he would allow himself to be torn to shreds rather than be faint-hearted in defence of his God-given boon to humanity: and yet Mr. W. Bell rose to "Whereas" at a meeting of the Toronto Young Conservatives that a Catholic should not be permitted to occupy the Premier's chair. All of which is respectfully submitted as demonstrating that Mr. W. Bell is in a thoroughly disorganized frame of mind. Thirteen Young Conservatives voted for his Whereas; and this fact calls to mind the humorous incident that occurred in the Dominion Parliament a few years ago when a similar number of Ontario rangers, headed by Dalton McCarthy, made laughing-stock of themselves before the country. As Mr. W. Bell is the chaplain and orator of the stone-throwing community of Toronto, his whereas and his speech made no impression whatever upon the respectable portion of the citizens. —*Catholic Record.*

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.—Mr. S. Ackerman, commercial traveler, Belleville, writes: "Some years ago I used DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL for inflammatory rheumatism, and three bottles effected a complete cure. I was the whole of one summer unable to move without crutches, and every movement caused excruciating pain. I am now out on the road and exposed to all kinds of weather, but have never been troubled with rheumatism since. I, however, keep a bottle of DR. THOMAS' OIL on hand, and I always recommend it to others, as it did so much for me."

Sick Calls.

This is, indeed, a very important chapter, both as concerns the priest and the people. Sick calls there will always be, and they must not be overlooked. Our Catholics must not die without the last sacraments. It is always hard to die, but more especially when deprived of those consoling rites of mother Church. Everything then must be done, and nothing omitted to prevent our people from dying an unprovided death.

When a person is so sick as to need the services of a priest, lose no time in calling at the pastoral residence. State your case clearly to the priest, give him all the details concerning the patient, and tell him how long the person has been ailing. This knowledge will give him at once, and before leaving, an insight into the needs of the case, and may thus prevent a hasty return to the church. In most of the large parishes it is customary to hand in the sick-calls early in the morning, thus the priest will visit the sick in going the daily rounds of his district. If the call be an urgent one, wait and accompany the pastor; this often saves considerable time, and relieves the priest from the troublesome task of seeking the house. If you send in the night, it is always presumed that it is a sudden and a most dangerous case.

Let some of our good Catholics pause here for a moment and reflect. Is this always the case? Ask our hard-worked priests about this, and what will be their reply? Too often, alas! yes, too often, the friends and relatives put off sending for the priest until it is almost too late. It is perhaps a dark, cold, rainy night, or in the early hours of the morning, all at once the bell is violently pulled. What is the matter? The first words which greet the ears of the priest are these: "O, Father, please make haste; so and so is dying, there is not a moment to lose." The good priest says: "Our Lord has died for that soul; I must go." So with the bearer of this message, he goes forth into the darkness of the night, to visit the dying person. He arrives at the house, and what does he find? The patient, as we say, is almost gone, he is gasping for breath, speech has left him, he has but a few moments to live. Again at other times, when the priest arrives, the last spark of life has been extinguished. Poor soul, too late, too late, you have gone before your God without the necessary preparation. The priest inquires: "How long has the deceased been sick?" "Only a few days, Father." "Did you call the Doctor?" "Yes, Father." "Then, why did you not call me in sooner?" "O, we were afraid it might alarm him, or make him worse." This is by no means an imaginary case, but one that daily happens. May God forgive such negligent Catholics, for indeed they need it; there should be no dilly-dallying when the salvation of an immortal soul is at stake. In all cases then send in good time for the priest; bear in mind that charity for the eternal welfare of that soul demands this; put every human consideration aside; depart on your errand of mercy and God will reward and bless you.—*From Practical Guide to Catholics.*

To grow old gracefully, one must live temperately, calmly, methodically; be interested in all that is going on in the world; be cheerful, happy, and contented, and above all, keep the blood pure and vigorous by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's.

When Cardinal Manning was urged on one occasion to go and winter in the south of France, he answered: "When my Father opens His door and wants Henry Edward Manning within, shall the child not be waiting on the step?"

A little girl who had mastered her catechism confessed herself disappointed, "Because," she said, "though I obey the fourth commandment, and honor my papa and mamma, yet my days are not a bit longer in the land; for I am put to bed at seven o'clock."

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The Old Year and the New.

By Josephine Pollard.

The Old Year sat beside the hearth
In thoughtful mood; the hour was late;
And ere he vanished from the earth,
The past he vain would contemplate.
"I brought a wealth of joy for those
Who had o'er burdened been with grief,"
He said, "and for unnumbered woes
Furnished the cordial of relief.

"To some I gave a garden's bloom,
Sweet pansies and forget-me-nots;
To some the cypress, and the tomb,
The barrenness of desert spots.
With Love I tarried for a while,
Breathing the sweet Elysian air;
And bidding Hope serenely smile
Across the threshold of Despair.

"I entered on my natal hour
Burdened alike with hills and bane,
Commissioned by my Lord to dower
Some hearts with care, and some with pain.
Where happiness had rich increase,
I shall be honored long I know;
But those I robbed of joy and peace—
They will be glad to have me go!

"I've followed many a bridal train,
Have watched by many a lonely bier;
With birth and death, with loss and gain,
Made up the record of the year.
And now beside December's gate
Where hangs the year's alarm-bell,
I pause to scan the past, and wait
The sound of my own funeral knell.

"One!—How the hours have slipped away!
Two!—Some will weep with sore regret;
Three!—Could I still on earth delay
Four!—Some good I might accomplish yet.
Five!—An angelic song awoke!
Six!—Surely are the fetters riven.
Seven!—Soon I shall hear the final stroke—
Eight!—Chime sweetly with the clock of
heaven!

Nine!—I am nearer to my goal!
Ten!—Time must eternally begin!
Eleven!—Awake immortal soul!
Twelve!—Farewell! and let the New Year in!"

"I come the Old Year's debts to pay!
I come his promises to keep;
I walk upon the world's highway,
And deck the grave where dear ones sleep.
Where he gave smiles I may give tears,
Life's path with good or ill bestrew,
For unto Him who views the years
The new is old, the old is new!"

TWO SAINTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

Every day of the year the Church honors in a special manner certain of her children who have departed this life in the odor of sanctity. On the 3rd of February, she brings before us two holy bishops, far separated in time and place, but united in their common faith, which one maintained by the martyrdom of blood, and the other by the longer, but no less painful martyrdom of daily work and suffering in the service of God.

ST. BLAZE.

The first of our saints is St. Blase, who is best known to us by the protection he gives against all throat diseases. St. Blase was a citizen of Sebaste, in Armenia, in the fourth century. He was educated for medicine, but on account of his many virtues, he was made bishop of his native city, where he adorned the Church of God by zeal and piety. During the reign of Licinius, Emperor of the East, a Greek Governor named Agricola came to Sebaste. He immediately began to use all the means his position afforded him to put down the prosperous church of the city. The violence of the persecution was such that, on the advice of his faithful people, the holy bishop retired to a cave in a neighboring mountain, whence he directed the management of his persecuted flock. But even here he found friends. The wild animals of the wilderness came every day to his cell to be cured of their sufferings and to testify their mute affection and sympathy. The governor, in imitation of Rome, resolved to expose the Christian captives to wild beasts. Accordingly he sent his men to the wilderness to catch lions and tigers for his purpose. What was the surprise of those men when they found St. Blase in the mountain, kneeling in prayer, and surrounded by a multitude

of the most ferocious animals. They ordered him to come with them, which he did gladly, rejoicing in the prospect of a martyr's crown. The Governor tried at first to win him by kindness, but that failing, he ordered him to be cruelly scourged and thrown into prison. Here he was visited by his faithful people, especially by the poor and sick, who were always his greatest favorites. One woman came with her only son, who was in immediate danger of death from a fish bone which had got stuck in his throat while eating. The saint prayed that the boy should be cured, and also all those who in future ages should invoke his intercession against any troubles in the throat. His prayer was granted, not only in that case, but in the other cases to which his prayers were applied. So many cures of this kind have been wrought by the intercession of this glorious martyr that the Church has placed in her ritual a formula for the blessing of throats on the anniversary of his martyrdom.

Again the heroic bishop was brought before the Agricola; but he wished nothing except to suffer in the name of Christ, and the enraged Governor ordered him to be flung into a lake. Making the sign of the cross, he stood on the waters and preached Christ to the assembled idolaters. Stung by his taunts against their gods, 62 infidels entered the waters to show the power of these deities, and were all drowned. Many believed in these signs, but the Governor ordered him to be beheaded. God at length suffered him to take the crown he had desired so long. He died praying with his last breath for those who should invoke him, and our Lord promised him then that his prayer should be granted. What a glory it is for the Church, which alone binds heaven and earth, making time and space as nothing, that one of her children who died fifteen centuries ago should today be using his salutary influence in our behalf! and what a comfort to us to know that poor and weak as we may be, we have friends and protectors always ready to assist us in the hour of need!

ST. ANSGAR.

Some saints there are who are not known to the faithful on earth as their virtues have deserved. It would almost seem as if they obtained after death that obscurity which they wished for during life. Among those saints is St. Ansgar, the subject of our sketch. He was born in Amiens in France, in 801. From his youth he was, like so many other saints, marked by special gifts and favors from God. Several visions stirred up in his youthful soul a desire for the things of God, and when his father placed him in a neighboring monastery at the age of 12 he gladly embraced the opportunity of becoming a religious.

When he was a young man of 25 he was invited by Harold, King of Jutland, who had been expelled from his provinces and reinstated by the French, to go back with him a missionary to his people. This was the desire of his heart; so he immediately set about his missionary labors. He founded a school in Schleswig, from which there went many zealous laborers into the whitening harvest.

In 829 Bjorn, King of Sweden, sent to the French King for missionaries. Ansgar was sent, and preached the Gospel with such success that he had scarcely time to instruct the numbers who came as catechumens. The progress of the faith was so marked, that it was resolved to create a metropolitan see at Hamburg, with Ansgar as its first Archbishop. The Pope, in sending him the pallium, gave him power as his legate in all the northern countries. Meantime his colleague had been driven out of Sweden by Bjorn's successor, and the brave bishop resolved to risk his life in a second endeavor to establish the faith. He

went straight to the new King, Olaf, and endeavored to gain his permission to preach. The superstitious monarch left it to be decided by lot; and by the Bishop's earnest prayer, the omen was favorable. He therefore began again preaching all day, and earning his bread with his own hands by night, so as to be a burden to nobody. When he had re-established the Church he returned to Bremen, which had been added to his see of Hamburg. The rest of his life he spent in the active duties of a bishop in a vast and growing diocese. But the bishop in him never drove out the religious. To the last he persevered in the many acts of mortification and penance he had practised in earlier days. His humility was wonderful—disclaiming all credit for his conversions and miracles. Prudence shone in all his actions. Before deciding any case, he heard several Masses, and then said his own devoutly. But it was in charity that the heart of the apostle showed itself. He spent nearly all his revenues in acts of charity, especially feeding the poor and ransoming slaves. He realized the description of a good shepherd drawn by St. Gregory. His whole life was spent in works of zeal and charity, and was signalized by numerous miracles. He had often longed for martyrdom, but he received the martyrdom of John, not that of Peter. On the 3rd of February, 865, he went to his reward, loved and lamented by his numerous spiritual progeny throughout all the north of Europe. And even now, though heresy has put its blot on the lands he loved so well, the Danes and Swedes still honor the memory of the man, the saint, who drew them from the darkness of barbarism into the brightness of Christian civilization.

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G. T. R. East	6.15	7.45	7.15	10.20	
O. and Q. Railway	8.00	8.00	8.10	9.10	
G. T. R. West	7.30	3.25	12.40pm	7.40	
N. and N. W.	7.20	4.10	10.15	8.10	
T. G. and B.	6.50	4.30	10.45	8.50	
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm	9.30	
C. V. R.	6.30	4.00	11.15	8.55	
G. W. R.		a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
		12.00	9.00	2.00	
		6.15	4.00	10.35	8.20
			10.00		
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00	5.45	
		4.00	10.30	11.00	
U. S. West States		10.00			
	6.15	10.00	9.00	7.20	
			12.00		

English mails close on Mondays at 10 P.M. and Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 P.M. The following are the dates of English mails for January: 7, 9, 12, 16, 23, 30. N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office. T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.

RAMONA.

A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

CHAPTER IV. (CONTINUED.)

"Ay, Ramona, I am tired," he replied. "Old age is conquering me. It will not be many times more that I shall see this place."

"Oh, do not say that, Father," cried Ramona; "you can ride when it tires you too much to walk. The Senora said, only the other day, that she wished you would let her give you a horse: that it was not right for you to take these long journeys on foot. You know we have hundreds of horses. It is nothing, one horse," she added, seeing the Father slowly shake his head.

"No," he said, "it is not that. I could not refuse anything at the hands of the Senora. But it was the rule of our Order to go on foot. We must deny the flesh. Look at our beloved master in this land, Father Junipero, when he was past eighty, walking from San Diego to Monterey, and all the while a running ulcer in one of his legs, for which most men would have taken to a bed to be healed. It is a sinful fashion that is coming in, for monks to take their ease doing God's work. I can no longer walk swiftly, but I must walk all the more diligently."

While they were talking they had been slowly moving forward, Ramona slightly in advance gracefully bending the mustard branches, and holding them down till the Father had followed in her steps. As they came out from the thicket she exclaimed, laughing, "There is Felipe, in the willows. I told him I was coming to meet you and he laughed at me. Now he will see I was right."

Astonished enough, Felipe, hearing voices, looked up and saw Ramona and the Father approaching. Throwing down the knife with which he had been cutting the willows, he hastened to meet them, and dropped on his knees, as Ramona had done, for the monk's blessing. As he knelt there, the wind blowing his hair loosely off his brow, his large brown eyes lifted in gentle reverence to the Father's face, and his face full of affectionate welcome, Ramona thought to herself, as she had thought hundreds of times since she became a woman, "How beautiful Felipe is! No wonder the Senora loves him so much! If I had been beautiful like that she would have liked me better." Never was a little child more unconscious of her own beauty than Ramona still was. All the admiration which was expressed to her in word and look she took for simple kindness and good-will. Her face, as she herself saw it in her glass, did not please her. She compared her straight, massive black eyebrows with Felipe's, arched and delicately pencilled, and found her own ugly. The expression of gentle repose which her countenance wore seemed to her an expression of stupidity. "Felipe looks so bright!" she thought, as she noted his mobile changing face, never for two successive seconds the same. "There is nobody like Felipe." And when his brown eyes were fixed on her, as they so often were, in a long lingering gaze, she looked steadily back into their velvet depths with an abstracted sort of intensity which profoundly puzzled Felipe. It was this look, more than any other one thing, which had for years held Felipe's tongue in leash, as it were, and made it impossible for him to say to Ramona any of the loving things of which his heart had been full ever since he could remember. The boy had spoken them unhesita-

tly, unconsciously; but the man found himself suddenly afraid. "What is it she thinks when she looks into my eyes so?" he wondered. If he had known that the thing she was usually thinking was simply, "How much handsomer brown eyes are than blue! I wish my eyes were the colour of Felipe's!" he would have perceived, perhaps, what would have saved him sorrow, if he had known it, that a girl who looked at a man thus would be hard to win to look at him as a lover. But being a lover, he could not see this. He saw only enough to perplex and deter them.

As they drew near the house, Ramona saw Margarita standing at the gate of the garden. She was holding something white in her hands, looking down at it, and crying piteously. As she perceived Ramona, she made an eager leap forward, and then shrank back again, making dumb signals of distress to her. Her whole attitude was one of misery and entreaty. Margarita was, of all the maids, most beloved by Ramona. Though they were nearly of the same age, it had been Margarita who first had charge of Ramona; the nurse and her charge had played together, grown up together, become women together, and were now, although Margarita never presumed on the relation, or forgot to address Ramona as Senorita, more like friends than like mistress and maid.

"Pardon me, Father," said Ramona. "I see that Margarita there is in trouble. I will leave Felipe to go with you to the house. I will be with you again in a few moments." And, kissing his hand, she flew rather than ran across the field to the foot of the garden.

Before she reached the spot, Margarita had dropped on the ground and buried her face in her hands. A mass of crumpled and stained linen lay at her feet.

"What is it? What has happened, Margarita, mia?" cried Ramona, in the affectionate Spanish phrase. For answer, Margarita removed one wet hand from her eyes, and pointed with a gesture of despair to the crumpled linen. Sobs choked her voice, and she buried her face again in her hands.

Ramona stooped, and lifted one corner of the linen. An involuntary cry of dismay broke from her, at which Margarita's sobs redoubled, and she gasped out, "Yes, Senorita, it is totally ruined! It can never be mended, and it will be needed for the Mass to-morrow morning. When I saw the Father coming by your side I prayed to the Virgin to let me die. The Senora will never forgive me."

It was indeed a sorry sight. The white linen altar-cloth, the cloth which the Senora Moreno had with her own hands made into one solid front of beautiful lace of the Mexican fashion, by drawing out part of the threads and sewing the remainder into intricate patterns, the cloth which had always been on the altar, when Mass was said, since Margarita's and Ramona's earliest recollections—there it lay, torn, stained, as if it had been dragged through muddy brambles. In silence, aghast, Ramona opened it out and held it up. "How did it happen, Margarita," she whispered, glancing in terror up towards the house.

"Oh, that is the worst of it, Senorita!" sobbed the girl. "That is the worst of it! If it were not for that, I would not be so afraid. If it had happened any other way the Senora might have forgiven me; but she never will. I would rather die than tell her," and she shook from head to foot.

"Stop crying, Margarita!" said Ramona firmly, "and tell me all about it. It isn't so bad as it looks; I think I can mend it."

"Oh, the saints bless you!" cried Margarita, looking up for the first time. "Do you really think you can mend it, Senorita? If you will mend

that lace, I'll go on my knees for you all the rest of my life!"

Ramona laughed in spite of herself. "You'll serve me better by keeping on your feet," she said merrily; at which Margarita laughed too, through her tears. They were both young.

"Oh, but, Senorita," Margarita began again in a tone of anguish, her tears flowing afresh, "there is not time! It must be washed and ironed to-night, for the mass to-morrow morning, and I have to help at the supper. Anita and Rosa are both ill in bed, you know, and Maria has gone away for a week. The Senora said if the Father came to-night I must help mother, and must wait on table. It cannot be done. I was just going to iron it now, and I found it—so— It was in the artichoke-patch, and Capitan, the beast, had been tossing it among the sharp pricks of the old last year's seeds."

"In the artichoke-patch!" ejaculated Ramona. "How under heavens did it get there?"

"Oh, that was what I meant, Senorita, when I said she never would forgive me. She has forbidden me many times to hang anything to dry on the fence there; and if I had only washed it when she first told me, two days ago, all would have been well. But I forgot it till this afternoon, and there was no sun in the court to dry it, and you know how the sun lies on the artichoke-patch, and I put a strong cloth over the fence, so that the wood should not pierce the lace, and I did not leave it more than an hour, just while I said a few words to Luigo, and there was no wind; and I believe the saints must have fetched it down to the ground to punish me for my disobedience."

Ramona had been all this time carefully smoothing out the torn places. "It is not so bad as it looks," she said: "if it were not for the hurry, there would be no trouble in mending it. But I will do it the best I can, so that it will not show, for to-morrow, and then, after the Father is gone, I can repair it at leisure, and make it just as good as new. I think I can mend it and wash it before dark," and she glanced at the sun. "Oh yes, there are good three hours of daylight yet. I can do it. You put irons on the fire, to have them hot, to iron it as soon as it is partly dried. You will see it will not show that anything has happened to it."

"Will the Senora know?" asked poor Margarita, calmed and reassured, but still in mortal terror.

Ramona turned her steady glance full on Margarita's face. "You would not be any happier if she were deceived, do you think?" she said gravely.

"Oh, Senorita, after it is mended? If it really does not show?" pleaded the girl.

"I will tell her myself, and not till after it is mended," said Ramona; but she did not smile.

"Ah, Senorita," said Margarita deprecatingly, "you do not know what it is to have the Senora displeased with one."

"Nothing can be so bad as to be displeased with one's self," retorted Ramona, as she walked swiftly away to her room with the linen rolled up under her arm. Luckily for Margarita's cause, she met no one on the way. The Senora had welcomed Father Salvorderra at the foot of the veranda steps, and had immediately closeted herself with him. She had much to say to him—much about which she wished his help and counsel, and much which she wished to learn from him as to affairs in the Church and in the country generally.

Felipe had gone off at once to find Juan Canito, to see if everything were ready for the sheep shearing to begin on the next day if the shearers arrived in time; and there was very good chance of their coming in by sundown this day, Felipe thought, for he had privately instructed his messenger to

make all possible haste, and to impress on the Indians the urgent need of their losing no time on the road.

It has been a great concession on the Senora's part to allow the messenger to be sent off before she had positive intelligence as to the Father's movements. But as day after day passed and no news came, even she perceived that it would not do to put off the sheep shearing much longer, or, as Juan Canito said, "for ever." The Father might have fallen ill; and if that were so, it might very easily be weeks before they heard of it, so scanty were the means of communication between the remote places on his route of visitation. The messenger had therefore been sent to summon the Lemecula shearers, and the Senora had resigned herself to the inevitable; piously praying, however, morning and night, and at odd moments in the day, that the Father might arrive before the Indians did. When she saw him coming up the garden walk, leaning on the arm of her Felipe, on the afternoon of the very day which was the earliest possible for the Indians to arrive, it was not strange that she felt, mingled with the joy of her greeting to her long loved friend and confessor a triumphant exultation that the saints had heard her prayers.

In the kitchen all was bustle and stir. The coming of any guest into the house was a signal for unwonted activities there—even the coming of Father Salvorderra, who never knew whether the soup had forcemeat balls in it or not, old Marda said; and that was to her the last extreme of indifference to good things of the flesh. "But if he will not eat, he can see," she said; and her pride for herself and for the house was enlisted in setting forth as goodly an array of viands as her larder afforded. She grew suddenly fastidious over the size and colour of the cabbages to go into the beef-pot, and threw away one whole saucy panful of rice, because Margarita had put only one onion in instead of two.

"Have I not told you again and again that for the Father it is always two onions?" she exclaimed. "It is the dish he most favours of all; and it is a pity too, old as he is. It makes him no blood. It is good beef he should take now."

The dining-room was on the opposite side of the courtyard from the kitchen, and there was a perpetual procession of small messengers going back and forth between the rooms. It was the highest ambition of each child to be allowed to fetch and carry dishes in the preparation of the meals at all times; but when by so doing they could perchance get a glimpse through the dining-room door, open on the veranda, of strangers and guests, their restless rivalry became unmanageable. Poor Margarita, between her own private anxieties and her multiplied duties of helping in the kitchen, and setting the table, restraining and overseeing her army of infant volunteers, was nearly distraught; not so distraught, however, but that she remembered and found time to seize a lighted candle in the kitchen, run and set it before the statue of St. Francis of Paula in her bedroom, hurriedly whispering a prayer that the lace might be made whole like now. Several times before the afternoon had waned she snatched a moment to fling herself down at the statue's feet and pray her foolish little prayer over again. We think we are quite sure that it is a foolish little prayer, when people pray to have torn lace made whole. But it would be hard to show the odds between asking that, and asking that it may rain, or that the sick may get well. As the grand old Russian says, what men usually ask for when they pray to God is, that two and two may not make four. All the same he is to be pitied who prays not. It was only the thought of that candle at Saint Francis's feet which enabled Margarita

to struggle through this anxious and unhappy afternoon and evening.

At last supper was ready—a great dish of spiced beef and cabbage in the centre of the table, a tureen of thick soup, with forcemeat balls and red peppers in it; two red earthen platters heaped, one with the boiled rice and onions, the other with the delicious *frijoles* (beans) so dear to all Mexican hearts; cut-glass dishes filled with hot stewed pears, or preserved quinces, or grape jelly; plates of frosted cakes of various sorts; and a steaming silver tea-kettle, from which went up an aroma of tea such as had never been bought or sold in all California the Sonora's one extravagance and passion.

"Where is Ramona?" asked the Senora, surprised and displeased, as she entered the dining room. "Margarita, go tell the Sonorita that we are waiting for her."

Margarita started tremblingly, with flushed face, towards the door. What would happen now! "O Saint Francis," she inwardly prayed, "help us this once!"

"Stay," said Felipe. "Do not call Senorita Ramona." "Then turning to his mother, "Ramona cannot come. She is not in the house. She has a duty to perform for to-morrow," he said; and he looked meaningly at his mother, adding: "we will not wait for her."

Much bewildered, the Senora took her seat at the head of the table in a mechanical way, and began, "But—" Felipe, seeing that questions were to follow, interrupted her: "I have just spoken with her. It is impossible for her to come;" and turning to Father Salvierderra, he at once engaged him in conversation, and left the baffled Senora to bear her unsatisfied curiosity as best she could.

Margarita looked at Felipe with an expression of profound gratitude, which he did not observe, and would not in the least have understood; for Ramona had not confided to him any of the details of the disaster. Seeing him under her window, she had called cautiously to him, and said: "Dear Felipe, do you think you can save me from having to come to supper? A dreadful accident has happened to the altar-cloth, and I must mend it and wash it, and there is barely time before dark. Don't let them call me; I shall be down at the brook, and they will not find me, and your mother will be displeased."

This wise precaution of Ramona's was the salvation of everything, so far as the altar-cloth is concerned. The rents had proved far less serious than she had feared; the daylight held out till the last of them was skillfully mended; and just as the red beams of the sinking sun came streaming through the willow trees at the foot of the garden, Ramona, darting down the garden, had reached the brook, and kneeling on the grass, had dipped the linen into the water.

Her hurried working over the lace, and her anxiety, had made her cheeks scarlet. As she ran down the garden her comb had loosened and her hair fallen to her waist. Stopping only to pick up the comb and thrust it in her pocket, she had sped on, as it would soon be too dark for her to see the stains on the linen, and it was going to be no small trouble to get them out without fraying the lace.

Her hair in disorder, her sleeves pinned loosely on her shoulders, her whole face aglow with the earnestness of her task, she bent low over the stones, rinsing the altar-cloth up and down in the water, anxiously scanning it, then plunging it in again.

The sunset beams played around her hair like a halo; the whole place was aglow with red light, and her face was kindled into transcendent beauty. A sound arrested her attention. She looked up. Forms, dusky black against the fiery western sky, were coming

down the valley. It was the band of Indian shearers. They turned to the left, and went towards the sheep sheds and booths. But there was one of them that Ramona did not see. He had been standing for some minutes concealed behind a large willow tree a few rods from the place where Ramona was kneeling. It was Alessandro, son of Pablo Assis, captain of the shearing band. Walking slowly along in advance of his men, he had felt a light, as from a mirror held in the sun, smite his eyes. It was the red sunbeam on the glittering water where Ramona knelt. In the same second he saw Ramona.

He halted, as wild creatures of the forest halt at a sound; gazed walked abruptly away from his men, who kept on, not noticing his disappearance. Cautiously he moved a few steps nearer, into the shelter of a guarded old willow, from behind which he could gaze unperceived on the beautiful vision—for so it seemed to him.

As he gazed, his senses seemed leaving him, and unconsciously he spoke aloud: "Ohrist! What shall I do!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

St. Michael's Bazaar.

The St. Michael's Bazaar is in full blast. That it will be well patronized, and prove a success we have no doubt. Ladies never fail in matters of that kind; and however unfavorable the prospects may be, the total receipts average very well. One special reason why such should be the result in this case, is that it is on behalf of the Cathedral, the metropolitan of the Diocese. We all take a pride in the Cathedral and are glad to see it adorned with new beauty. Such being the case we should give practical expression to our view by attending at 295 Yonge St. and doing what we can for the success of the present Bazaar.

E. B. A.

At the regular meeting of St. Patrick's Branch, No. 12, of Toronto, the following resolution of condolence was adopted:

Whereas, we, the members of St. Patrick's Branch, having heard with sincere regret of the death of the beloved child of our Marshal, Bro. Richard Lennard:

Resolved—That we tender to Bro. Richard Lennard and his wife, our heartfelt sympathy with them in the sad affliction that it has pleased Almighty God to visit them with; and pray that He will give them the grace to bow with humble submission to His holy will.

J. Fahey, Pres.; J. Mevill, Vice-Pres.; J. J. Hennessey, Rec.-Sec.; J. J. Nightingale, Vice Sec.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

O'Connell, Branch, No. 2, of Toronto, elected the following for 1899: Chaplain, Very Rev. J. McCann, V.G.; President, P. Crotty; Vice-Pres. J. Judge; Rec.-Sec. J. H. Doyle; Financial-Sec., P. Keenan; Treasurer, T. Doyle; Steward, T. Kelly; Marshal, E. Kerr; Asst. Marshal, P. Maddigan; Messenger, W. Gaffney; Librarian, J. McBride; Asst. Librarian, E. King; Insurance Sec., W. Donnelly. W. LANE, G. S. T.

C. M. B. A.

At the last regular meeting of Our Lady's Branch, No. 31, Guelph, held on January 23rd, the following resolution was adopted unanimously:

Moved by Bro. Edward O'Connor, seconded by Bro. Thomas P. Coffey:

Whereas it hath pleased the Almighty to remove by death the beloved wife of our much esteemed brother, Frank H. Frank:

Resolved that the members of Branch No. 31 of the C. M. B. A. do tender to Bro. Frank their heartfelt sympathy in his sad affliction.

Resolved further that this resolution be engrossed on the minutes and a copy sent to Bro. Frank; also a copy to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record for publication. JAMES KENNEDY, Secretary.

Diocesan Items.

Soon after his appointment of His Grace the Archbishop to the See of Toronto, he established bi-annual conferences in the deaneries of his archdiocese. His Grace left this city on Wednesday morning, and met the priests of the deanery of Niagara peninsula, at the residence of the Very Rev. W. R. Harris, St. Catharines. There were present the Dean, Rev. Fathers Kreidt, McRae, Harrold, Sullivan, Allain, McIntee, O'Mally, Lynett and Smyth.

The subject of the morning conference was the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans, its scope and import. The reverend members of the Conference had been notified according to custom—some months in advance; and the examination partook more of the nature of an interesting discussion—rather than a critical analyses. In the afternoon there was a three hours conversation and examination on the Sacrament of Penance, viewed from its dogmatic and moral side. After the Conference the Archbishop, accompanied by his clergy, visited the Separate Schools of the city, and after a familiar and interesting conversation with the children, he granted to them all a holiday. His Grace in his address to the children took occasion to compliment them on their intelligence and personal neatness, and congratulated the Catholics of St. Catharines on the splendid and costly buildings they had erected for educational purposes.

The following morning the Archbishop drove to Clifton and Niagara Falls, for the purpose of visiting the schools in these parishes.

The Separate School of Clifton, erected by Father O'Mally and the Catholics of that town, is among the finest in the Niagara peninsula, and in its equipment and appointment ranks among the first in this province.

His Grace spent an hour in pleasant conversation with the children, in which he took occasion to speak approvingly of their healthy appearance and personal neatness. Leaving Clifton that afternoon the Archbishop drove to the Falls, where he paid an official visit to the Carmelite Monastery, Loretto Convent, and the Separate Schools, all of which he was pleased to acknowledge he found in a flourishing condition.

The amount of work which an Archbishop is called upon to perform in a diocese territorially large, like that of Toronto, may be estimated by his visit to the Niagara Peninsula, which visit embraced only three parishes of the whole deanery.

The Rev. Father Egan of Thornhill has been appointed Dean of Barrie, where he will take up his residence from to-day. In his new home he will have a larger field for his literary talents and controversial powers; while his well merited dignity will afford him an opportunity of exercising that hospitality which has always characterized and rendered popular our new Dean of Barrie. We extend our congratulations to Dean Egan upon his promotion.

Father Bergin comes to the city to take charge of St. Joseph's Parish, Leasideville, rendered vacant by the death of Father O'Reilly.

One of those terrible disasters which chill the very blood in our veins occurred in a mine at Dux in Bohemia, by which through the explosion of fire-damp 180 men have lost their lives.

Before the delegates to the Bricklayers' Convention which was held in Baltimore last week, departed for their homes, a number of them called on His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The Cardinal received them in the parlor of his residence. After a few words of welcome, in which he took occasion to say that the representatives of the craft who build the walls were fine specimens of American citizenship, the Cardinal gave them his blessing.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Canada.

The Hamilton Branch (I) E. B. A. intends holding a concert on the 17th of March in Association Hall.

Bishop Dowling and Rev. Father McEvay, his secretary, left Hamilton this evening for New York, from which port they will sail for Genoa and Rome, where they will be present at the pope's jubilee celebration and present the report of the Hamilton diocese. During the bishop's absence the diocese will be administered by Very Rev. Vice-Governor Heenan. In the records that Bishop Dowling will place upon file at the Vatican will be a complete plan of this diocese. It will show the area of the diocese, the position and extent of each parish, the names of the priests, the number and nationality of the adherents, the location of all churches, schools, societies and charitable institutions, and much other information of interest concerning the diocese.

The interior of the Catholic Church at Vankleek Hill Ont. presented a sad scene on Wednesday last when a solemn requiem mass was offered for the repose of the soul of the late Mr. Kelly jr. of that Village, who died a few days ago. He was the son of Mr. E. Kelly Esq. and was one of the most popular and promising young men in that district. The sacred edifice was heavily draped in mourning and in addition to the grief stricken family of the deceased. The entire Catholic congregation and many non Catholics were also in attendance. Rev. Father Dussoro P. P. officiated and the sorrow was as manifest and general as if there was one dead in every home in that pretty little Village. May his soul rest in peace.

United States.

At a dinner given recently in New York to Captain Patrick J. Coleman of the Grattan and Sarafield Guards, he was presented with the sword of Wolfe Tone. The sword was presented to Wolfe Tone by Napoleon. When Humbert's eight hundred French soldiers met with defeat by the English troops under Lord Cornwallis in 1789, Tone who had accompanied the ill-fated expedition was taken prisoner. Rather than surrender his sword he threw it aside. It was found by Daniel J. O'Connell, one of the Irish insurgents, and it has been an heirloom in his family ever since. His grandson John D. O'Connell made the presentation.

The contract for building a new Catholic church at Forest Glen D.C. on the site of the present Carroll Chapel, has been awarded to Belt & Brother, of Redland, Montgomery county. The plans for the same have been furnished by Architects Baldwin & Pennington, of Baltimore. The building will be constructed of red sandstone from the quarries at Washington Junction. The edifice will be ornamented by a number of stained glass memorial windows, seven having already been promised. The new church will be a monument to the memory of the late Archbishop Carroll, the first Catholic bishop of the United States, being on the site where he lived and labored for many years previous to his appointment as Archbishop of Baltimore. The new church will replace one among the oldest churches in the State.

The eleventh quarterly report of the Catholic Truth Society of America gives gratifying intelligence as to the successful efforts made in the dissemination of timely and pertinent Catholic literature. On one topic the corresponding secretary writes: "It may be proper to state that we have received so many letters of late inquiring for information concerning the various ex-priests and escaped nuns at present engaged in delivering anti-Catholic lectures, that we have determined to endeavor to collect and publish in convenient form useful and reliable information on this subject." The Ave Maria says this is rather a good idea. A succinct biographical sketch of each of these itinerant nuisances would probably be the best answer to the falsehoods and vilification with which they pander to the prejudice of ignorant Protestants. The ex-priest or escaped nun whose record is clean and honorable is a phenomenon rarely visible.

President Hyde, of Bowdoin College, Lewistown, Me., in his discourse to the college students, referred to the great changes that have taken place in New England in the last half century in industrial pursuits, social and religious views, and the comparative nationalities of its inhabitants. He spoke of the rapid increase in the Catholic population, and predicted that the time is not far distant when they will outnumber the puritanic Protestants of the country. In this connection he denounced the position taken by some overzealous Protestants who seek to drive the Catholics from their religious creed. Whatever we most cherish in our New England life, he said, we should strive to impart and to strengthen. The right things and best things will be the ones that will be handed down the ages. If the principles we advocate are right they will prevail. It will become a question of the survival of the fittest.

1892. "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Prejudiced smokers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal

The Explanation.

Rudyard Kipling.

Love and Death once ceased their strife
At the Tavern of Man's Life.
Called for wine, and threw, alas!
Each his quiver on the grass.
When the bout was o'er they found
Mingled arrows strown the ground.
Hastily they gathered then
Each the loves and lives of men.
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;
Death's dread armory was stored
With the shafts he most abhorred:
Love's light quiver groaned beneath
Venom-headed darts of death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe
At the Tavern long ago.
Tell me, do our masters know,
Loosing blindly as they fly,
Old men love a while young men die:

A True Heart.

There is something pathetic in the life of every man confined within prison walls, and this pathos grows more intense when all the free outside world is glad with the Joy that comes in the Christmas time. Remorse must weigh heavily on convicts at this time. Forgetfulness of all the past would be a blessed boon to many of them, but memory is keenest then, and we do not know with what heartaches they recall the time when they, too, were free and happy.

The warden of the State prison tells the following pathetic incident of a life-convict:

I was passing out of the prison yard one bitterly cold Christmas morning. Just outside the gate, and crouching close to the high stone wall, I saw a thinly-clad little girl of about twelve years, her face and hands blue with cold. She put out one of her thin hands to detain me as I passed.

"If you please, sir," she said, and stopped, fidgeting nervously at the fringe of her old shawl, and timidly glancing down.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to know if I can go inside and see my father. He's in there, and I've brung him in something for Christmas. It ain't much, and I didn't s'pose you'd mind any if he had it. His name is Mister John H—y."

I recognized the name as that of a life-convict—a man notoriously bad. I went back into the prison-grounds, the child following me eagerly. Going to my office I sent for the convict. He came, sullen and dejected; in his face was the look of utter hopelessness the faces of prisoners for life often wear. The child sprang forward to meet him, the hot tears streaming over her white face. He stepped back, sullen and seemingly angry. No word of welcome came from his lips for the ragged, trembling little creature who stood crying before him with something clasped in her hand.

"I—I—came to—say 'Merry Christmas, father,'" she faltered. "I—I thought maybe you'd be glad to see me. Ain't you any glad, father?"

Christmas! Christ! Oh, what would that man not have given for freedom of body and soul.

The convict's head drooped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening. His little girl went on trembling and tearfully:

"And—I—brung you something, father. It was all I could think of, and all I could get. I live to the poor-house now." Her trembling fingers began unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, and she held out a short shining curl of yellow hair carefully tied with a bit of old ribbon. "I wouldn't give this to anybody on earth but you, father. You used to really and truly love little Johnnie, mother said you did—and so—"

The man fell on his knees, with both hands clasped over his face.

"I did love him," he said hoarsely. "I love him still; bad as I am, I love him still."

"I knew it," said the child, going closer, "and I knowed you'd like this, now that Johnnie's dead."

"Dead!" cried the man, rocking to and fro, still on his knees, with his hands over his face. "My little boy!"

"Yes," said the child; "he died in the poorhouse, only last week, and there's no one left but me now. But I ain't goin' to forget you, father: I'm going to stick right to you, spite of what folks say, and some day maybe I can get you out of here. I'm going to try, I don't never forget that you are my father, and so—"

He put out one arm, drew the child toward him and kissed her again and again. I silently left the room, and they were alone together for half an hour. Then the child came out, smiling through her tears.

"Mind," she said, before closing the door, "I'll never forget you father—never."

It was the voice of a true heart. May Christ give it the benediction of his peace.—*Youth's Companion.*

Is Friday An Unlucky Day?

Friday has long lain under the accusation of being an unlucky day. The *Figaro* takes up its defence and puts Christopher Columbus himself upon the stand. Here is the testimony. On Friday he left the port of Palos to discover America. On Friday he completed his observations concerning the magnetic variations. On Friday he saw birds, the first indication of a new world. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he saw land. On Friday he planted the first cross in American soil. On Friday, October 19, he announced to the Catholic kings his return in the month of April. On Friday he made his triumphal entry into Barcelona. On Friday, Nov. 15, he found a cross planted by an unknown hand on a deserted island in the Sea of Notre Dame. On Friday, Nov. 30, he planted a cross in Puerto-Santo. On Friday, January 4, he set sail for Spain. On Friday, January 25, he caught an immense stock of fish. On Friday, February 15, he came out of a fearful hurricane. On Friday, March 8, he received an invitation from his former enemy, the King of Portugal to dine. On Friday, March 16, he made his triumphal entry into Palos. Columbus often spoke of the strange coincidence, and he had a great veneration for his unlucky day.—*American Catholic News.*

A Noble Action

It is told of a certain lord that one day, when he was only half shaved, his barber flew out of his presence as if in a desperate hurry, and did not return. The nobleman, thinking the man was insane, sent a messenger to ascertain the state of affairs. The barber came back instead of the man who went in search of him.

"I am not one bit mad, your lordship; but I could not look upon that pile of fleas on your dressing table without thinking of my poor wife and children, who are starving at home. I believe if I had stayed another minute, I would have killed you with this razor and taken the money. So I ran away."

"Well, my dear fellow," answered the nobleman, in his gentlest manner, "I am much obliged to you for making off with yourself when you did, and you are welcome to the guineas. Take them all. I won them gambling, and should probably have lost them tomorrow. But be kind enough to finish shaving me first."

So the nobleman did a kind action, and the wife and children of the poor barber were made happy.—*Ave Maria.*

Brother Aureliano, secretary of the Catholic Educational Exhibit, is kept constantly busy with the immense amount of correspondence on hand.

Some Valentine Gifts.

Books and papers are favorite selections, and may be purchased at any and all prices, writes Frances E. Lanigan. Of course, volumes of poems and love stories lend themselves more readily as appropriate to the season than essays or histories, but any favorite book cannot fail to please. Photographs, etchings, engravings and water colors are framed daintily in white and gold or white and silver, and make charming offerings at the shrine of St. Valentine. Frames of silver for card photographs are heart shaped, and come singly or in pairs. Many are engraved with mottoes. Owen Meredith's: "Do not think that years leave us and find the saw," is for a double frame, and a line from the old Scotch ballad: "Fine pictures suit in frames as fine," surround the picture of the maiden who sends this gift to her "Valentine." Jewellery will always be in vogue for valentine presents. Rings, pendants and pins are the most usual of selection; jewelers also show an endless variety of purses, cardcases, bonbonnières and vinaigrettes in shining silver. Pincushions come also in many shapes; a novelty in these is made from two large silver hearts joining a cushion of velvet, which is intended as a receptacle for bonnet pins. Writing tablets, portfolios for stationary, glove boxes, photograph cases are all welcome gifts to any girl sweetheart, as they may be kept in daily use as reminders of the absent fiancée. Sachets for handkerchiefs, veils, laces and gloves are extensively used. They are made from gauze, bolting cloth, silk, satin or leather and embroidered with appropriate designs. They range in price as high as twenty dollars, and many of them are hand painted.

Condolence.

At the last meeting of the Sacred Heart Court, No. 201, C. O. F., Toronto, it was moved by J. J. Moran and seconded by A. Donnelly that:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call unto Himself the Reverend Father M. O'Rielly, the beloved and respected pastor of St. Joseph's Church; and

Whereas by his death the people of St. Joseph's Church have lost a sincere friend, a true guide and a faithful priest; but while deploring his loss they may take comfort out of the knowledge that he has gone to his heavenly home, there to receive the merited reward of a true priest who has faithfully performed his master's work;

Therefore be it resolved that the Catholic Order of Foresters, through this Court, do extend to the family of the deceased and to the parishioners of St. Joseph's their sincere condolence on the loss they have sustained.

Be it further resolved that copies of this resolution be sent to the relatives of the deceased, and to THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

A Unique Chapel.

An interesting discovery has recently been made in an old Spanish mine on the property of Corralitos Cattle and Mining Company on the Casa Grande River in Northern Chihuahua, an immense estate belonging to El Paso mines.

The mine is called the San Pedro, and there is on it an old incline going into the mountains at an angle of forty-five degrees and evidently following the richest ore streak in a zigzag manner.

At the end of this incline a subterranean chamber was found which had been fashioned, evidently with great labor and trouble, into a regular Catholic chapel. The chamber is some thirty feet in diameter and about twenty feet high. Seats have been cut from the solid rock, running all

around the chapel, and was found neatly whitewashed and presented a weird aspect. The ancient chapel could be used at a moment's notice as a place of worship.

Anecdote of Sherman's Son.

A detachment of soldiers were told off to take charge of young Tom (now Father) Sherman while crossing the pontoon bridge across the Potomac when the armies of the country were coming to Washington to take part in the great review there in 1865. He was then about eight years old.

One of the men asked him if he expected to grow up as smart a man as his father, the general, and he promptly answered, "No!" "Why?" was the next question. "Well," he replied, with the same readiness, "there are plenty other men who have grown up, and why ain't they as smart as my father?"—*Philadelphia Times.*

Miscellaneous.

"Well, Johnny, what are you thankful for?" asked the invited guest at Thanksgiving. "Nuthin'," said the boy. "I ain't had any luck this year. On'y had one cold all the fall, 'n' that wasn't had enough to keep me out of school more'n a day. My chum's had mumps, 'n' has been out three weeks."

Cries of "Louder!" have been an annoyance to speakers for ages. Sheridan was annoyed by an admirer who continually cried, "Hear! hear!" He prepared a trap for him. In a declamatory passage he demanded, "Where can you find a greater scoundrel?" "Here! here!" exclaimed the man. Sheridan with mock politeness, thanked him for furnishing the illustration so promptly. A member of the Michigan Legislature, thus annoyed, said, "If the gentleman would utilize the entire length of his ear, he would have no difficulty in hearing."

A young lady was once present at a musical party where the lion of the evening was a celebrated flauto-player. After he had performed, this young lady was presented to him, and there was a general silence in the room which added to her natural embarrassment. She felt that she must say something pleasant, so, with a happy smile, she exclaimed, "Oh how delightfully you play. Do you ever accompany yourself on the piano?" The artist looked at his flute, then at his fingers, shrugged his shoulders, bowed low, and said, "Never." After a moment she saw why everybody laughed.

Particulars have come to hand of the determined attempt made to slay the Very Rev. Father Hugh, Pro Vicar Apostolic of the Northern Szechuan, China. On the 21st of August last in the city of Ngantung Hsien, the Vicar-Apostolic and other Christians were set upon by an insurrectionary band and brutally assaulted, Father Hugh being stoned until it was believed that he was dead. "One would have thought," he writes, "that they were killing a mad dog and not a fellow-creature." He adds: "There never was a more premeditated infraction of international law in which the authorities, except the Mandarin, were nearly as much to blame as the people."

The late Dr. Yandell was fond of telling the following joke on himself:

A lady patient of his, on entering the consultation room one morning, greeted him with the remark:

"Doctor, I had such a singular dream about you last night."

"Indeed," said the doctor; "what was it?"

"Why, I dreamed that I died and went up to heaven. I knocked at the golden gate and was answered by St. Peter, who asked my name and address, and told the recording angel to bring his book. He had considerable difficulty in finding my name, and hesitated so long over the entry, when he did find it, that I was terribly afraid something was wrong; but he suddenly looked up and asked:

"What did you say your name was?"

"I told him again."

"Why," said he, "you've no business here. You're not due these ten or fifteen years yet!"

"Well," said I, "Dr. Yandell said—"

"Oh, you're one of Yandell's patients, are you? That accounts for it. Come right in! Come right in! That man's always upsetting our calculations some way."

The Catholic population of the United States is given as 8,806,095 in the American Catholic directory for 1893.

The Ladies' Sodality of St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, held an enjoyable social in the Parish Hall, Park street north, last night. At the conclusion of an excellent musical programme refreshments were served.

The Name of Jesus.

By M. E. HENRY.

I murmur Thy Name in the darkness,
And it brightens the pathway dim;
I sigh it soft o'er grief's chalice,
To sweeten the bitter rim.

I pray it down deep in heart-temptations,
And the lips of anger grow dumb;
A calm o'er the strife of the spirit,
In its faintest whisper will come.

Like the mastering soul of true music,
It bids harsher voices cease;
And its tone, high o'er the world's discord,
Brings God's own harmony—Peace.

When the path of my soul grows tangled
At the touch of that Name, so sweet,
My hands fall out of their bondage,
And free are the prisoned feet.

O Name that is rest, and a shelter
And light to the heart perplexed!
In this life my last word and dearest,
My rapturous first in the next.

What Our Friends Say of Us.

We have received the first number of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER printed in Toronto, Canada. THE REGISTER starts out with the approbation of his Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto. It is a bright, new, well-printed and well edited weekly, and we wish it unlimited success and boundless prosperity.—*Catholic Advocate, Fall River Massachusetts.*

The *Catholic Weekly Review* and the *Irish Canadian*, both of Toronto have been merged into a new paper called THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. The first number of this publication has come to hand. It is a handsome 16 page paper, four columns to the page. The editor in chief is Rev. J. R. Teefy, B. A., Superior of St. Michael's College, who has the assistance of other able writers. It contains a letter of recommendation from his Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto, who says THE CATHOLIC REGISTER will have for its mission the vindication of Catholic rights—religious, educational and civil as well as to defend the Church against the falsehoods and calumnies of which she is too frequently the object. While thoroughly loyal to the form of Government under which we live and devoted to the welfare of the country it is to be independent of political parties. We wish THE CATHOLIC REGISTER every success.—*Charlottetown (P. E. I.) Herald.*

With its number of the 31st December, the *Catholic Weekly Review* of Toronto announces that it has closed its career, and invites its readers to transfer their support to the new Catholic enterprise, THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A few weeks ago we spoke of the good old *Irish Canadian* and expressed our regret on learning that the familiar name was about to pass into the history of Canadian journalism. Although the *Review* has only been with us for six years, still in that time it has done its part faithfully and well. However, there is a sign of future encouragement in the fact that both publications are to combine their best qualities in the creation of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. To this new publication we hasten to bid hearty welcome. May its New-Year be happy and successful beyond the most sanguine expectations of its publishers. May its influence increase weekly for the good of Faith that it is called upon to defend, and for the sake of the faithful whose rights and privileges it shall be ever ready to assert. Combining the sterling characteristics of the *Irish Canadian* and the solid principles of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, may THE CATHOLIC REGISTER go on ever progressing and expanding in the New Year's greeting of the *True Witness*.

The Humiliated Parrot.

One day a man who had considerable experience of parrots happened to come in and when I complained of the bird's loquacity, he said: "Why don't you get an owl and hang him up close to that parrot's cage, and in about two days you'll find that your bird's sick of unprofitable conversation." Well, I got a small owl and put him in a cage close to the parrot's cage. The parrot began by trying to dazzle the owl with his conversation, but it wouldn't work. The owl sat and looked at the parrot just as solemn as a minister whose salary has been cut down, and after awhile the parrot tried him with Spanish.

It wasn't of any use. Not a word would the owl let on to understand. Then the parrot tried bragging, and laid himself out to make the owl believe that of all the parrots in existence he was the ablest. But he couldn't turn a feather of the owl. The noble bird sat silent as the grave, and looked at the parrot as if to say, "This is indeed a melancholy exhibition of imbecility." Well, before night that parrot was so ashamed of himself that he closed for repairs, and from that day forth he never spoke an unnecessary word.

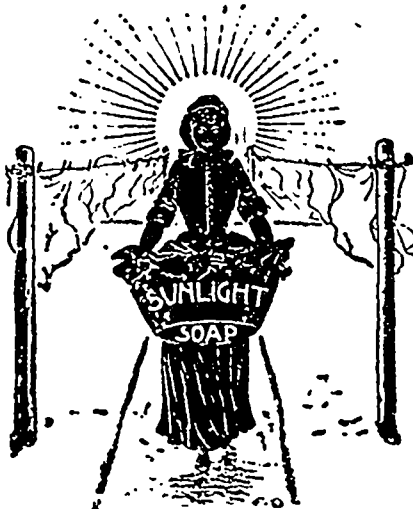
You can never tell what a slight cold may lead to; it is best, therefore, to give yourself the benefit of the doubt, and cure it as soon as possible with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A day's delay, sometimes an hour's delay, may result in serious consequences.



It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.
It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.
It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection.
SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

T. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

AN EASY WASH
SIMPLE AND CLEAN



Without Hot Steam and Smell
Without Washing Powders
Without Hard Rubbing
Without Sore Hands

THESE ADVANTAGES ARE OBTAINED BY USING

Sunlight
SOAP

Which has been awarded 7 Gold Medals for Purity and Excellence.

Its UNEQUALLED QUALITY has given it the largest sale in the world.

You can use "Sunlight" for all purposes, and in either hard or soft water.

Don't use washing powders as with other soaps. "Sunlight" is better without.

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NEAR BIRKENHEAD TORONTO

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Goderich Work," will be received until Tuesday, the 7th day of February, inclusive, for the Extension of the Piers and Dredging at Goderich Huron County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Goderich, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

An accepted bank cheque payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of amount of tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY, Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 7th January, 1893.

WEDDINGS,
WEDDING CAKES,
WEDDING SUPPLIES,
HARRY WEBB,
447 YONGE STREET,
Toronto.

It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.

It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.

It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything.

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WE
AIM TO IMPROVE!
AND NOT DETERIORATE.

Our New Brand, the
Cable Extra

will be found to be exceptionally fine, and we respectfully suggest that smokers give this brand a trial, when our statement will be fully verified as to quality.

S. DAVIS & SONS.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Pur- gative. Mod- erna. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, Tonic and Recon- structor as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WAT- ERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the Blood, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the Blood and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or falling, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY WOMAN should take them. They cure all sup- pressions and irregularities, which inevitably entail sickness when neglected.

YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the re- sults of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. Brockville, Ont.

GO TO NOLAN'S,
77 JARVIS STREET,
For your
STOVES and
FURNITURE.

All kinds of
Parlor Suites and Upholstering
made to Order.

A True Incident.
How wonderful are the ways of God! General —, a prominent man, renowned for his engineering feats and soldierly acquirements, returned from the late civil war, a Catholic, his faith being given him by a singular occurrence. Once while the cannon's loud roar and the sharp, quick sound of musketry arose above the dying shrieks of rebel and union soldiers, the General saw a man who was wounded carried by him. He inquired into the particulars of the man's injury, and learned that a bullet, which would have reached the soldier's heart, had been changed in its course, by meeting a Scapular of the Blessed Virgin, which the soldier religiously wore across his shoulders. It was a miracle, plain and evident, of Our Mother's goodness and power, and the General a life-long Protestant, after severe inquiry, became a Catholic. When the war ended he returned to his home, with some misgivings as to how his new creed would be accepted by his Protestant wife. Sunday morning came along, and with it the bells ringing out for the Holy Mass time. Giving some slight excuse—he was going to the barber's—the General started out for the nearest Catholic Church. The usher gave him a seat and the General bowed down his head in earnest prayer. Another person a lady, was given a seat in the same pew, but the General never looked at her, so deep was his devotion. When the priest said "Ite Missa Est," and the congregation received the blessing of the Holy Mass, the General stood up for the Last Gospel, crossed his forehead and lips with the sign of the cross, and saw by his side his own wife, doing the very same thing. They were both Catholics, converted from their unbelief without each other's knowledge. Each was trying to hide from the other their faith; but when they passed out, man and wife, one in faith as they were one in flesh, their faces were flushed with a hidden, holy joy, which gradually stole out from their hearts, and found its fulfilment in after hours of happiness, never enjoyed before.

A Pleasant Home
A cheerful, happy home is the greatest safeguard against temptations for the young. Parents should spare no pains to make home a cheerful spot. There should be pictures to adorn the walls, flowers to cultivate the finer sensibilities, dominoes, checkers, and other games, entertaining books and instructive newspapers and periodicals. These things, no doubt, cost money but not a tithe the amount that one of the lesser vices will cost—vices which are sure to be acquired away from home, but seldom there. Then there should be social pleasures—a gathering of young and old around the hearthstone, a warm welcome to the neighbor who drops in to pass a pleasant hour. There should be music and amusements and reading. The tastes of all should be consulted, until each member of the family looks forward to the hour of reunion around the hearth as the brightest one in twenty-four. Wherever there is found a pleasant, cheerful, neat, attractive, inexpensive home, there you may be sure to find the abode of the domestic virtues; there will be no dissipated husbands, no discontented or discouraged wives, no "fast" sons or frivolous daughters!

A conversation was recently overheard between two brothers, aged four and six years: "Winnie, tell me what is the difference between a bicycle and a tricycle?"

Elder (with patronizing air): "Why, itay, don't you know that? If the man takes the thing home to try how he likes it, it is a tricycle; but if he buys it upright, it is a bicycle."

Among those who are united in our Lord Jesus Christ by the bonds of charity, and by the desire to procure the honor and glory of God, the most profitable words are those which the Holy Ghost engraved on their hearts by the prayers which we offer for one another.—*St. Ignatius.*

Testimonials of Merit.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

The following boys figure on the Honor Roll for January: Form First—George Humphroy, Martin Hegarty, Wm. Dooling, John Barril. Form Second—Oliver Murphy, Charles McQuillan, Frederick White, Thos. Hegarty, William Kennedy, John Drolan, Charles Zougman, Joseph Marvyn. Form Third—Joseph Whelan, John Henry, Louis Dausseath, Francis Fulton, A. Murphy, Richard McGrail, A. Spirea, Wm. Evans, H. Cannon. Form Fourth—Lawrence Dee, Francis Donovan, Oliver Orr, Charles Gilloley, Andrew Flynn, Patrick Ryan.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

The following boys received Testimonials of Merit for January: Form II.—Excellent, P. Flanagan, W. Schriener. Good—M. Brennan, F. Healy, F. McNamara. Form III.—Excellent—J. Scully, F. Heffernan, S. O'Toole, J. Kennedy, E. Grainger, T. Tapsfield. Good—H. Phelan, D. Flanagan, E. O'Dea. Form IV.—Excellent—S. Bock, A. Traversa, J. Hayes, J. McCandlish, T. O'Donohue. Good—J. McKenna, J. Costello, F. O'Grady, J. Thompson.

Mr. R. H. Todd, solicitor, Londonderry, has been appointed Crown Solicitor for West Meath, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. John Julian, solicitor.

1893. TO SMOKERS!

We beg to tender our thanks to smokers for their hearty appreciation of our efforts in the past to furnish them with the Highest Grade Goods consistent with prices charged, and to assure them that no effort will be spared to continue to cater with ONLY the CHOICEST the market of the world affords. Our brands this year will be found even BETTER THAN EVER. Our name is a guarantee of the best value at lowest prices.

We buy no CHEAP tobacco. Quality at any price is our motto, not quantity at the lowest prices. We do not manufacture CHEAP cigars. Our goods are High Grade. Cost no more to the consumer than Cigars of greatly inferior quality that are persistently foisted upon the public by some dealers for the sake of additional gain.

When you ask for our brands "Cable Extra," "Kicker," "Mungo," "Madro E Hijo," "El Padre," "La Cadena," and "La Flora," Clear Havana Cigars, the cream of the Havana crops, you secure yourself against inferior value.

Those dealers who state they are "just out," or don't handle them, or have better value, etc., are the ones who are not satisfied with a reasonable profit.

By insisting upon having our brands you protect yourself.

With best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year,

We beg to remain, Very gratefully yours,

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CILLETT'S PURE POWDERED 100% LYE. PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Lye, etc. A One-quart Jar contains 3 lbs. Sold by All Grocers and Druggists. E. W. GILBERT, Toronto.



A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Failing Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size. \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.



South-West Corner Yonge and Queen

A good Time.

To buy furs is now. Of course the season is advancing, but some months of wear may be had from furs this winter. One does not buy furs, however, for one season only. The expectation is to get some reasonable wear out of such goods. We'd expect nothing else of furs the quality of this store's furs. But it's the matter for the individual to carry an article of fur over to another winter. It's quite a different affair for a store like this to carry any considerable stock until winter comes again. We've no desire to do it, and to-day have gone carefully through the stock and made an ugly cut in price of every article.

- Black Coney Capes, \$5, \$6.50. Am Oposum Capes, \$8. Grey and Blue Oposum, \$10. Russian Sable Capes, \$16. Alaska Sable Capes, \$30. Black Coney Collars, \$2.50. Black Coney Muffs, \$1.50. Grey and Blue Oposum Collars, \$2. Grey and Blue Oposum Muffs, \$2.50. Russian Sable Collars, \$6. Russian Sable Muffs, \$5. Alaska Sable Collars, \$10, \$11.75. Alaska Sable Muffs, \$3.50. Children's Grey Lamb Sets, \$7.75. Sealette Muffs, \$1.20; Collars, \$2.50.

In the mantle rooms, where every garment is cut down in price, may be seen a table of house Jerseys, any one of which may be had at \$1.25; \$4.50 was the actual price of these Jerseys.

R. SIMPSON,

S. W. corner Yonge and Entrance Yonge st. Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. TORONTO. Store Nos. 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

J. SUTCLIFFE & SONS.

182-184 DRY GOODS, YONGE ST. 123 CLOTHING, KING ST. E.

From \$1.50

To \$3.50 Less.

PANTINGS made to order at 123 King street east. Your choice of Fifty Pant Lengths for \$3.50, were \$5, \$6 and \$7 made to measure.

For \$13.50.

MEN'S SUITS to order off Canadian and Scotch Suitings, were \$15 to \$18. It's a good time to order clothing made to measure. You'll want a suit or pants between now and April. These reductions are made to keep things moving lively at 12 1/2 King street east.

We make clothing to fit, to satisfy, to wear. We make superior finished Clothing at moderate prices.

Confederation Life

ESTABLISHED 1871. TORONTO. J. K. MACDONALD, Manager & Director

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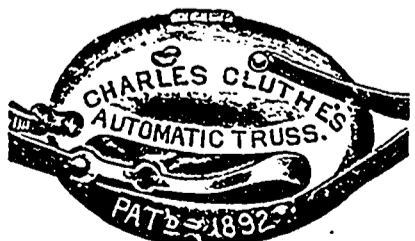
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Special courses for students preparing for University matriculation and non-professional certificates. Terms, when paid in advance: Board and tuition, \$150 per year. Day pupils \$28.00. For further particulars, apply to

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RUPTURE TRUSS. THE very instant you cause extension of body by sneezing, coughing, etc., the little band fastens on the cut, enters deeper into the cavity, automatically holding Herma... CHAS. CLUTHE Surgical Machinist, 134 King St. W., Toronto.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST-SUPPER. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatality by keeping ourselves well clothed with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & Co's. Homoeopathic Chemists, London, England.

RUBBER BOOTS, COATS,

And Other Rubber Goods Repair. J. H. J. La FORCE. Fine Boots & Shoes Made to Order. 125 CHURCH STREET. Corner of Queen, Toronto, - Ont.

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FOUR PER CENT. interest allowed on deposit from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more. Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks. ROBERT JAFFRAY, A. E. AMES, President. Manager.

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