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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 52.

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## Register of the Week.

The usual joyousness that the happy Christmas-tide brings is overshadowed by a cloud, which hangs like a pall over the whole world, that is the hard times, which are felt by all classes but particularly the laboring class. The outlook in the old world is very bleak indeed. Grave rumours come across by cable of increasing numbers of armed men in Europe, 180,000 more, under arms, than this time last year. That old proverb "a green Christmas makes a fat church yard," is spoken of so frequently this season in the old country, that it has a most depressing effect.

A strike by the journeymen bakers is impending in Madrid. The Governor has applied to the military authorities to erect temporary bakeries outside the city, and to have military bakers make bread for the use of the population. The Governors of adjoining Provinces have been required to hold supplies in readiness for use in Madrid.

The Holy Father has recovered from his recent indisposition and is now enjoying good health and spirits. The despatches say his voice is clear and powerful. In a reply to an address from the Sacred College he said: "Great and signal, without doubt, have been the blessings which we have received from a loving and divine Providence. We are pleased that the Sacred College recognizes them, and gives praise and thanks to blessed God, for our praises and thanks alone would be little to offer for such abundant mercies. It is the hand of God that gives us the great comfort of seeing an increase in the various peoples' reverence and devotion to this apostolic see, and which leads us in the midst of the cares of a ministry which even in less difficult times and circumstances would have been heavy on our shoulders." Speaking of the part the Pontiffs have always taken in regard to the peace of Europe, he thus beautifully says: "It is certain that we by the nature of our office are zealous defenders of this peace, since true peace in individuals as well as in the human race is the daughter of justice. Justice lives only by faith, just as man lives by faith. The high priesthood of Christianity is then the incorruptible custodian of the faith and champion of all justice. Therefore its nature is an apostolate unity. Peace will give free scope to this apostolate, which holds its commission from on high. Receive without hesitation the message of its doings. Let it penetrate freely the minds of the people in families and in states, then you will see reflowering tranquility, well-being and order, which are the all nations. The

moral reason of the troubles and evils which are deplored is of the enfeebling religious belief and the separation of the world from God. When man in his pride disdains to turn his eyes to heaven and fixes them only on the earth, then charity diminishes, then iniquity increases in all the social grades, which causes an outbreak." And with such sublime sentiments as these the Holy Father sends his message of Peace over the whole world, fit sentiments for the Christmas season, whose message from Heaven nearly 1900 years ago was "Peace on earth, good will to men."

The impression at the Vatican, made by the return to power of Signor Crispi was cautiously intimated to the New York *Herald* correspondent, recently by a prelate who has the closest relations with the Holy Father, and were expressed as follows—"We do not think anything about it at all," he said, "because Crispi, Zanardelli and Rudini are all the same to us. Whoever may be the head of the Italian Government, the relations between the Quirinal and the Vatican will remain the same. When Signor Crispi was in power he waged open warfare against the Pope and the Catholics. Nevertheless, in spite of his enmity to the Papacy, he has at least the merit of being frank. With Signor Crispi we know what we are about, it is better to meet open hostility than underground opposition."

When the prelate was asked if he thought Signor Crispi could solve the present crisis, he answered: "To judge from his antecedents we have strong reason to doubt it. To think so would be to suppose that Signor Crispi could change his political skin, but that is scarcely possible for a man at seventy-four years of age. You remember the Italian proverb, "The wolf may change its skin, but not its vices."

The Encyclical Letter on the Bible which the Holy Father has issued recently is considered one of the most important documents published during his Pontificate. It will create an impression which will influence men in every part of Christendom, and upon Catholics, ecclesiastical and lay, it will confer lasting benefits by stimulating them in Scriptural research.

Mr. Gladstone is said to be busily engaged on a prose translation of Horace. There are several good translations of the kind, but it is interesting and almost unique in one over four score years, holding the reins of a government of one of the most powerful countries in the world, thus employing his leisure moments.

The depopulation of Ireland goes on to a most alarming extent. Last

year there were 50,867 emigrants from that country. Of these the greater part, ninety-one and a half per cent., went to America, nearly four per cent. to England, and the remainder not quite five per cent., to British Colonies and foreign countries.

For many years the Christian Brothers in Ireland have been working silently and successfully. Indeed with such success that in many towns Protestant parents have asked and obtained permission to send their boys to be taught by them. The religion of such boys has not been interfered with, of course Catholic prayers were always said, but never once was a charge of proselytism made against them. They managed to maintain their schools on the pennies of the poor assisted by an annual collection at a charity sermon. A promise of a general character was made by the Government that long delayed recognition in the shape of financial aid would be granted to the Christian Brothers, but this is not as yet forthcoming.

Recently in the House of Commons the Irish members made it clear that they would stand by the Christian Brothers even if their opposition should involve the defeat of a Government which has been more helpful than any administration that ever ruled the British Empire. On this point Mr. Redmond and Mr. Sexton are agreed. Mr. Sexton asked for an explanation of the delay. Mr. Bryce made a statement of a procrastinating and indefinite character. And then Mr. Sexton gave notice that, "as the Government have notified their intention to bring in a bill to amend the Education Act of 1892 and as the declarations of the Irish members with regard to that act have been disregarded, and as the understanding on which they allowed the act to pass has not been observed, unless and until arrangements are made by which efficient elementary schools in Ireland willing to accept the conscience clause and to satisfy the State as to the character of their secular education, are admitted to a fair proportion of State aid no further legislation on the subject can be treated by the Irish members as non-contentious."

Catholics in England are deeply convinced of the necessity for religious education, but they would be indeed a helpless few without the aid of the ever-faithful Irish in the Legislature. It is to be hoped such bitter partizans as the English Catholics in their opposition to Home Rule for Ireland will join the Irish members in this question of Catholic Education.

Mr. John Patrick Hopkins has been elected Mayor of Chicago after one of

the hottest campaigns ever known in that great City. Notwithstanding the full force of the Apatist bigotry arrayed against him Mr. Hopkins, the Catholic candidate succeeded, in getting first position the city can give. It was a bitter contest, the Protestant places of worship were turned into sources of opposition to him. On the Sunday just two days before the election, nearly every person on entering or leaving the Protestant churches was handed a paper which bore this in bold type: "The two candidates— which? George B. Swift, Protestant. John Patrick Hopkins, Romanist!" There was religious prejudice openly appealed to. The Apatists used to meet nightly, and in the day-time under their usual cover of secrecy and organized their forces against the Catholic candidate and the *Inter Ocean*, to excite the prejudice against those of Irish blood, printed Mr. Hopkins' name in full, John Patrick Hopkins, thus saying to those people of foreign nationalities who hate the Irish. "This man is Irish, therefore vote against him. The Catholics of Chicago are to be congratulated in their victory over Apatism.

John P. Hopkins, the newly elected Mayor of Chicago was born in Buffalo, thirty-six years ago, so is an American by birth as well as sentiment. He is essentially a self-made man, whose success in any undertaking is sufficient evidence of his high character, and executive ability. In 1885 Mr. Hopkins organized the Secord-Hopkins company, which has now the largest general store in Chicago south of Congress street and whose sales aggregate \$400,000 annually. When as treasurer of the village of Hyde Park, in 1885 Mr. Hopkins had the custody and disposition of \$2,000,000. Five months ago he was appointed Receiver of the Chemical National Bank, and since then he has by his vigorous policy, succeeded in distributing a dividend of 70 per cent.

Many sham infernal machines sent by practical jokers as Christmas presents to friends have passed through the Berlin post-office in the last few days. In a number of cases persons receiving the suspicious-looking parcels were afraid to open them, and consigned them to the police, thereby giving the examining experts a great deal of useless work. The police are on the track of a number of the senders, and they intend to prosecute the offenders with rigorous severity.

Two thousand men out of work paraded the streets of Amsterdam yesterday under Socialistic auspices. They were repeatedly dispersed by the police, but quickly gathered again. Finally, one hundred policemen were ordered to charge the paraders with swords. The police were received with volleys of stones, and a savage fight ensued.

## THE FACTORY CHILD

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

The lucky people who were on intimate terms with Miss Hyland thought her a happy and fortunate young woman. She had a large income, and nothing to do but study the bachelors who offered to help her manage and spend it. This was the fortunate side of her existence. She was pious, good-looking, healthy and clever; she believed that whatever pleased her was right, and what did not please her she avoided as something wrong, and tried to be ignorant of; these facts made up the happy side of her life. She never troubled herself about anything except her income, which she looked after sharply, having little faith in hired managers, and the basis of securities. In her own estimation she was as good a girl as ever breathed, outside of the saints. She never said so, never even thought it, and would not have believed it from the lips of the most impartial judge. But when a pious and clever woman falls into a routine of religious duties that do not exhaust her at any time, that give her much pleasure, and leave lofty standards to be forgotten or neglected, it means that she has ceased to improve, and has become to her own mind quite as virtuous as the circumstances require. So Miss Hyland went to Mass every morning, gave liberally to charities, spent the summer abroad and the winter at home, and knew no more of the life around her than she did of the moon.

So many virtuous people go through life in this innocent way that Providence must have intended it. In supplying charities with money Miss Hyland never concerned herself about its disposal, what a relief it was to the beneficiaries can be imagined. Prodigal Mrs. Baker, whose family shoes were got at Miss Hyland's expense, often spent the shoe money in canned pears and brandied peaches of the best kind. A more exacting charity would have deprived the Bakers of these transient luxuries. If remonstrated with on her carelessness in these matters, Miss Hyland would have replied that the time and trouble spent in revising charities would take away all pleasure in giving. Trouble she would not have, unless it was pleasurable, such as going to early Mass on a winter morning. This feat she was fond of, and, as she never took cold from it and got a fine appetite for breakfast, it made her feel heroic. She practised it constantly, except when her head ached or bedtime had come late the preceding evening. One morning she got caught in a sudden storm. Wind and blizzarding snow came on so suddenly that escape to shelter was impossible. To return to the church was bothersome and she went on with the wind, feeling as if she were enjoying a thrilling adventure, until she met Annie Russell, hugging a tree box with all her might, and crying with terror.

"What's the matter, child?" said Miss Hyland.

"I'm afraid," said Annie, "and I can't get to the mill in time in this awful storm."

"What brings you out at such an hour?" said Miss Hyland; "you ought to be in bed. Children should stay in bed these cold, dark mornings."

The child ceased crying now that she had company on the lonely street, and replied crossly.

"Haven't I got to go to work, and mustn't I be in the mill at half-past six or get the sack?"

"You work," said the lady somewhat stupidly, as she peered into the child's face, plump and tear-stained. The little figure was well wrapped in a heavy cloak. A hood, mittens, and stout shoes protected her from the cold, and she carried a lunch-pail. "How old are you, child?" said the lady doubtfully.

"Nine, goin' on ten," said Annie.

"And you work in a mill— for what?"

"For eight dollars a month, ma'am, but I'll get twelve when I can run six sides."

"And what were you crying for dear?"

"I was afraid," said Annie breaking into sobs again. "I'm alone, and it's so stormy, and I'll be late, and how will I ever get there?"

"Oh, don't cry, I'll go with you. Is it very far?"

"Only five blocks, ma'am."

"Then come on, take my hand, and see how soon we shall be there, and if you wish I'll tell the boss to excuse you on account of the storm."

It was a wearisome task to reach the mill in the face of the wind and snow, and Miss Hyland was a very tired and bewildered heroine when they entered the factory. Its shelter was very disagreeable. The roar of machinery and the rank smell of oil made her feel faint for a moment. She could not hear, and in an atmosphere full of cotton was impossible for her to see. The place was brilliantly lighted. The floor trembled under her feet with continuous vibration. Dark figures flitted through the luminous mist.

"Don't leave me," she half shrieked to Annie. "This is awful." She could not hear her own voice, and was hardly reassured by the child's laughing face.

"You'll get used to it," Annie shrieked into her ear. "Sit down till the boss comes."

Miss Hyland sat down on a three-legged stool, feeling that the day of judgment could not be much worse than this, but after a few minutes she grew tranquil, and when the boss came along she was able to tell him of her service to the child, and to ask him to excuse Annie.

"Oh, that's all right, ma'am," said the foreman. "It was very kind of you. Half the children aren't here, and the storm is getting worse. I think, ma'am, you had better stay here till it's brighter, and I can get a cab for you."

Miss Hyland accepted the suggestion, and amused her leisure by watching the proceedings of the baby she had rescued from the storm. After the fashion of a mature woman, Annie removed cloak, hood and mittens, and placed them with her lunch-pail in a closet, rolled up her sleeves over a muscular arm, put on an immense jean apron, and began mysterious performances on a machine that looked to Miss Hyland like a gigantic piano. For ten minutes Annie was too busy with this machine to look about her, then she came over to Miss Hyland and began to instruct her in the mysteries of spinning. But the lady's interest had taken another direction. She found out where the child lived, how many hours she worked each day, and the contents of the lunch-pail bread and butter, pork and beans, she examined the material of her cloak, mittens and dress, and found how a clever mother had produced these comforts out of old, discarded felt with the aid of black dye and handy scissors; she heard of the dead father, the dying sister, and the courageous mother battling against hunger and death; Annie told all with sweet unconsciousness to a beautiful and well-dressed woman who seemed interested in a commonplace story. When Miss Hyland went home in her coach her clothes were covered with cotton, she smelled of machine oil, her ears were deaf and her head was dizzy; and these things did not disturb her, because she had just rated herself as a humbug. She wished to shed tears, but here was a matter beyond tears. All her heroics were in the dust-heap. What was a trip to a church on a wintry morning to three hundred annual trips to a stinking, deafening, everlasting mill;

what were the mock heroics of a wealthy grown woman to the daily labor of a little mill-child; what was her money gift to the poor compared with this child's contribution of two dollars a week to the support of a household! It can be seen what a bright mind Miss Hyland had that she could make these telling comparisons upon accidental encouragement. Yet she did not know what influence was disturbing her, and when she sent for Annie Russell the following Sunday, and fed her on cakes for an hour just to hear her talk about the home, and the factory, and the girls, the notion seemed foolish.

Annie knew her business well, was healthy and self-reliant, and asked no odds of the world. If her sister were only well and her mother did not cry so much, she would be perfectly happy.

"Did your sister work in the mill?" said Miss Hyland.

"For fifteen years, ma'am."

"No wonder she's dying," thought the lady. "And will you work in the mill as long as that, Annie?"

"I've got to," said the child, cheerfully. "Kate Cronin worked in it forty years."

Miss Hyland was so delighted with her first visit to the mill that she went again and again to revive her impression of the novelty, and soon became well known to the foreman and the children. Then she made bold to call on Annie's mother, in a neighborly way, to see with her own eyes the sorrow of those whose tears were not salt-water, but blood; and thus in a short time she became acquainted with the life the little girl led, its green and desert places, its bareness, and its occasional terrors. Her warm and attractive nature made the poor friendly from the first, and their stories of suffering were freely poured into her ear. Miss Hyland at first was inclined to weep over them, finding, however, that each separate family had its own special sorrows she deferred her tears and devoted her time to the Russells. The elder girl was near death and required her mother's constant attention.

"So that I have little time to work on the shirts," said the poor mother, pointing to the work sent her from the mill. "It isn't that I begrudge my poor child the care she needs. It isn't long she'll trouble me. And what a faithful poor girl she's been to me only God knows. When her father died she was only eight years old. She went to work then and for fifteen years, day in and day out, she worked in the mill, bringing me her wages very month, and never asking a cent for herself, nor a holiday, nor even a dress. I had to force them on her. She wouldn't tell me how she was feeling until I made her come with me to the doctor. She had a dread of doctors' bills, and losing her wages. Then it was too late to save her, my poor child. And now that she's dying the only thing that troubles her is the expense of her sickness and her funeral, and leaving me alone. Thanks be to God for His goodness, she hasn't wanted for anything since she took sick. It's fruit from one, and brandy from another, until Annie has to eat the nice things for fear they'll spoil."

And the mother had to laugh amid her tears at the joys which fell to the child throughout this sickness. Miss Hyland listened to her calm story with polite interest, but her heart was weeping, and as she sat by Kate Russell's chair and looked into the transparent, emaciated face she felt that no martyr ever merited crown more nobly than this humble girl who had stood by her mother from her babyhood in the bitter martyrdom of the mills. Without any formality she took her place in the household, and spent most of her time there. She pretended it was interest in Annie, but while that was true the real motive was a feeling of

devotion to dying Kate. She read to her, and attended to her wants; and knowing how the patient sufferer concealed her little needs to save others trouble, Miss Hyland invented all kinds of necessities for her, and supplied them. Mrs. Russell found herself able to do her work on the shirts steadily, and to get regular sleep, for Miss Hyland shared the night watch. In this way the young lady soon arrived at the end of her journey, which was the heart of Kate, who now poured into her ear, as comrade to comrade, the story of her life, her hopes and fears and last wishes. To Miss Hyland these tender confidences were like draughts of old wine. They were the sacred and secret thoughts of a true martyr. Nothing in them terrified her more than the poor girl's self-reproaches for having felt wearied at times in helping her mother, for having conceived a hatred for the mill-life, and having longed for better things.

"Nonsense, Kate," said she. "There is nothing to be sorry for. One must get weary of doing good now and then, and as for the mills they are horrible places for grinding men to powder. I detest them, and I am glad you do."

"The are not so bad if they paid better wages," said Kate, "and if one could afford to rest once in a while. Poor mother and Annie will get enough of them before they die."

"I see that troubles you."

"A little," the girl answered, smiling. "But I leave all my troubles to God now. He must attend to them, for I can't take trouble any more."

"You've had your share," said Miss Hyland, drily. "Now, some of us, who have been dancing while you were crying, will begin to take trouble. When you are gone, Kate, I shall see to it that your mother gets paying work and can send Annie to school. So no more fretting on their account."

"The thought of their grief has really kept me from dying," said Kate. "But now that they have a friend like you, I can go at once."

She said this so earnestly, and grew so much paler that the lady thought for a moment death had really come. It was delayed for a few days. Miss Hyland saw its gray shadow stealing over the patient face, and warned the mother. They watched steadily until the change came. The wealthy lady had never seen a death agony, and ordinarily would have dreaded it, but in this instance there was neither dread nor repugnance. Death was the mere condition of a great and deserved reward.

"Pray for me when I am in Purgatory," whispered Kate.

"Don't fear," answered Miss Hyland, more drily than usual. "I fear our prayers won't be of much use to you."

A slight, notable change passed swiftly over the girl's face, and Miss Hyland, bending closer, kissed her cheek, for she saw that Kate was dead. It was just dawn. Annie had not been disturbed from her sleep to go to work, and was hugging her pillow with fervor. The two women alone prepared her body for burial, and when the neighbors came in Miss Hyland went demurely home.

There can be no question that Miss Hyland was a young woman of strong character and much ingenuity. Her friends admit this with visible embarrassment. She took great pleasure in carrying flowers to Kate Russell's grave in company with mother and daughter, helped to keep the plot in trim with her own hands, and selected an epitaph for the stone which Mrs. Russell erected. But she took more pleasure in annoying the mill proprietors on such questions as the hours of labor for children, their wages, the sanitary condition of factories, the moral character of foremen and superintendents. It is painful to put such statements on paper about a

lady known for her elegance of manner and correctness of taste; nevertheless it is true that she often goes before legislative committees to give evidence, and lobbies for the passage of bills. Often she appears in police courts to prefer charges against wealthy mill-owners for their violation of certain factory laws. She has thus become a public personage, and as no young man of standing ever wants to marry a public personage, unless she be of royal blood, Miss Hyland has thrown away every chance of matrimony. She has become a crank. Some day she will be president of a great national society to do everything omitted by careless people, and will go around making speeches on laziness. It will be worth while to hear her, for she dresses well, and relies as much on her personal appearance as does a popular actress. She says she will always dress well, and declares that when she dies her body will be placed beside that noblest of daughters, Kate Russell.—*The Rosary.*

**How Burglars Get Their Tools.**

Every little while the police arrest a man with a kit of burglars' tools in his possession, and one naturally wonders where they all come from. It is easy to buy a gun of any description, and the most respectable citizen would not be ashamed to be seen purchasing the most wicked looking knife ever made. But who would know where to get a slung shot, or a jimmy, or a device for drilling into a safe, or any of the many tools used by the professional burglar in the pursuit of his calling? There probably are places in many large cities where these things are made and sold to the users, but such places are scarce. Once in awhile the police find such a factory, and then things go hard for the proprietors. It may seem a little strange to learn that most of the tools used in burglaries are made by mechanics who are respectable men in the community.

When a burglar wants any particular tool made, he goes to a mechanic who can do the job, and pays him perhaps five times what it is actually worth for making the tool and keeping still about it. Superintendent Elbridge of the police department recalls many cases of this kind that have come to light in Boston. One in particular occurred three years ago, when an escaped convict named Williams went to a blacksmith in Roxbury and got him to make a lot of drills to be used in safe cracking. He personally superintended the tempering of the steel, and when the job was nearly completed it leaked out and Williams was arrested. In this instance the blacksmith knew nothing of the use to which the tools were to be put and escaped punishment. In the opinion of Superintendent Elbridge most of the tools used by burglars are secured in this way. The only regular establishment where they were made ever discovered in Boston was at the West End. This was years ago, and the place was soon broken up.—*Boston Globe.*

**Choosing a Wife.**

There is an old Gaelic proverb full of force: "Choose a good mother's daughter, though her father were the devil." And another quite as good; "Choose your wife as you wish your children to be."

AS PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

Brigade Surgeon Lieutenant Colonel J. H. Hughes, commanding the Medical Staff Corps in Dublin, has been placed under orders for foreign service.

**Saint Thomas of Canterbury.**

Thomas A'Becket was born in London in December, 1118, and was the son of Gilbert A'Becket, a merchant of that city. The interest which attaches to the mothers of all great men has preserved for us varying legends of his. Some of those are mentioned in Aubrey De Vere's poem, "St. Thomas of Canterbury." Discussing A'Becket's election to the Primacy, Cornwall says:

"A Norman was his sire,  
Some say his mother was an Asian princess,  
Who loved that father claimed in Holy Land,  
Loved him and with him fled."

**Leicester answers**

Likelier I dreamt  
She cut her flaxen tresses short,  
And I bowed him to Syria, garbed a page,  
With cross upon her shoulder, and a spear,  
Made strong by magic love."

**Then John of Salisbury speaks**

"I have led out both  
They mean that Becket's great whate'er hath  
Killed some leg of it and its onward way  
Through the gross ether of the popular mind."

Whether the dark-browed Oriental or fair-haired Saxon, it seems certain that she was a wise and good mother, who, by her teaching, helped to instil into the character of her child those qualities of piety and devotion to justice which afterwards distinguished him.

When ten years of age the future primate was sent to Merton, thence he went to the London schools, and finally studied at the University of Paris, paying particular attention to civil and canon law and theology. He possessed a mind of great depth and vigor, and this, with the known sanctity of his life, obtained for him, on his return to England, rapid preferment in the Church. He was brought to the notice of Henry the Second by Theobald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and at once gained the friendship of the King, who in 1155 appointed him Chancellor of the kingdom and preceptor of the young Prince Henry. Indeed, it seemed for a time as if Henry had given into his hands the reins of government. In 1159 he was sent to France on a mission to King Louis, and so magnificent was the retinue which accompanied him on his journey, that people exclaimed, "What manner of man must the King of England be since his Chancellor travels in such state?" In 1161 he was elected Archbishop of Canterbury, and, almost against his will, he accepted the charge. His appointment pleased the majority of the nobles, and the great mass of the people was in accordance with the wishes of Henry.

The Archbishop at once renounced the pomp and show which had distinguished the Chancellor, and even imposed upon himself secret penance for his former vanities. In his speech to his friend, Herbert of Bosham (to quote again from De Vere's poem), the newly consecrated primate tells the ideals which are to govern his future life, when he says:

"Herbert, my Herbert,  
High honors, mine in youth, upbraid me now,  
I dream of sanctities redeemed from shame  
Abuses crushed; all sacer offices  
Revered for spotless hands, God's house, God's  
Kingdom,  
I see so bright that every English home,  
Sharing that glory, glitters in its peace,  
I see the clear flame on the poor man's hearth  
From God's own altar lit, the angelic childhood,  
The chaste, strong youth; the reverence of white  
hair."

"Is this Religion means, O Herbert! Herbert! Had I reason, with what a vigilant care Had I built up my soul! The fall from greatness Had tried me less severely. Many a time I said 'From follies of these courts and camps Reverse will scourge me homeward to my God.' Lo! greatness comes, not judgment."

And after setting aside a part of each day for "sacred studies" he continues: "High saint of God, or doctor of the Church, Twere late for that; yet something still remains: I ever wished to live an honest man—Honest to all, and most to Christ, my Master Help me in this."

His life henceforward was a beautiful example of holiness and devotion to duty, and he at once set about correcting irregularities in Church affairs.

Finding that he could not well perform the duties of both chancellor and primate, he resigned the former trust. This displeased the king, who probably thought that the accession of his

favorite Becket to the Archiepiscopate would greatly increase his own royal power, as through him he could rule the Church as well as the State. King Henry seems to have had in his character many contradictory traits. He wished to make his people greater and nobler, but also wished to arrogate all power to himself. To accomplish this end, he desired to take from the clergy and the Barons their ancient rights and privileges, and to constitute himself sole ruler and arbiter in ecclesiastical as well as in civil matters. His first real conflict with the Archbishop was caused by his effort to force on him and on his brother Bishops the acceptance of what were known as the Royal Customs. These consisted of certain innovations, which had been introduced by the Conqueror and his sons, and which were contrary to the old English laws, and also of some new enactments regarding ecclesiastical matters. The latter were, in fact, an attack on the liberties of the Church, and practically subjected the clergy to the whims and caprices of a hasty and jealous sovereign. In those times kings cared little for public opinion, and privileges which to day a monarch would hardly dare to abuse, for fear of the "voice of the people," were then absolute and dangerous powers. Besides, the Church stood for all that was best in the nation's life, and, though some abuses had crept in among the clergy, the common people found in the Churchmen their defenders against the tyranny of king and baron.

A'Becket saw that to labor effectively for her children's good the Church must be free from State interference, and though he sincerely loved the king and had deep respect, almost reverence, for his authority, he felt himself bound in conscience to oppose the Royal Customs. However, at a council held at Clarendon, he was deceived by a pretended messenger of the Pope, who instructed him to do Henry's bidding, and yielding to the pressure brought to bear upon him, he reluctantly consented to the "Constitutions of Clarendon." He immediately afterwards discovered the fraud that had been practiced upon him and realized the great injury inflicted on the cause of religious liberty by his acceptance of the articles. He again announced his opposition to them, wrote to the Pope, asking absolution for his fault, and, it is said, endeavored to atone for it by penance. Going soon after to visit the king, he found the gates of the palace closed against him. He started on a journey to France, but an accident of weather detained him. The King, having received secret information of his intention, became still more incensed against him. A'Becket was summoned before a council at Northampton, where he was charged with contempt of royal authority and with other offences. Judgment was about to be pronounced upon him, but he refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the court, saying that he would appeal to the Pope, by whom at that time many matters were arbitrated. He left the council hall and soon after escaped to France. Here he resigned his office into the hands of the Pope, but the latter recognizing the pernicious character of the Royal Customs and the justice of Becket's resistance, re-invested him with the Archiepiscopal dignity. The exiled prelate took refuge at the monastery of the Cistercians. In the meantime the King had confiscated the Canterbury estates, and punished in various ways those who had befriended their former owner. Some time later, however, he appeared to desire a reconciliation with Becket, granted him immunity in England, and promised to repair the wrongs done the Church.

The Archbishop gladly returned to Canterbury and was welcomed with great joy by the people. But his enemies at court were still active; they prevented him from visiting the young Henry, for whom, since the days of his

tutorship, he had entertained the warmest affection. They irritated the older Henry by their calumnies until, it is said, he one day cried out, "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one will free me from this turbulent priest?" Glad to interpret this as a royal license, four knights hastened to Canterbury Cathedral and attacked the Archbishop, at the altar steps. After receiving the first blow, A'Becket joined his hands and bent his head, and repeating, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit," he went to meet the Master whom he had served, as he had wished, with such fearless honesty.

His death changed affairs at once. All were horror-stricken at the tragedy which closed a life so dignified and holy, and he was hailed as a martyr to duty. When Henry was apprised of the Primate's murder, some of his old affection returned and he was stung with remorse. It is said that he visited several times the tomb of A'Becket and there gave way to his deep repentance for his share in the persecution of this noble defender of the rights of the church. Soon after, the martyred primate was canonized under the title, "St. Thomas of Canterbury," and large numbers of people made pilgrimages to his shrine. The Church celebrates his feast on the 29th of December.

Two great poets have chosen for the subject of a drama the life of this Archbishop. Tennyson's "Thomas A'Becket" contains some beautiful passages, but the author of "Queen Mary" is not in touch with the spirit of the high-minded and holy minister of God, and makes him appear far less admirable than he really was. Aubrey De Vere has been happier in his delineation of the character, and in his "Saint Thomas of Canterbury" he shows us the blameless priest, the brave primate, zealous for the honor of God and the liberty of the Church, loving his flock, especially the poor, with a father's affection, loving even the king who betrayed him, choosing between the favor of an earthly monarch and his duty to the King of Kings, and at last dying the death of a Christian martyr.—*Mary Norton in the New World.*

**Catholicism in England.**

Roman Catholicism, as we know is making considerable headway in England, and we are reminded of the fact by a statement made at the dedication of a new chapel at Dundridge near Totness, which has been built by Mrs. Robert Harvey and dedicated to St. Rosa of Lima, the patron saint of Peru, Mrs. Harvey's native country. The Rev. Father Hamilton, who preached an eloquent sermon, said that the number of Roman Catholic churches in Great Britain was 1,735, and that as many as 1,500 of these had been built during the last 50 years—certainly a remarkable evidence of the energy and enthusiasm of Roman Catholics all over the country. This particular church is built in the early English style and comprises a nave and an apse.—*St. James' Budget.*

**The Power of Pleasing.**

The happy gift of being agreeable seems to consist not in one but an assemblage of talents tending to communicate delight: and how many are there, who by easy manners, sweetness of temper, and a variety of other undefinable qualities, possess the power of pleasing without visible effort, without the aid of wit, wisdom, or learning; nay, it may seem, in their defiance, and this without appearing even to know that they possess it.

**Inactivity of the Stomach.**

Persons having impoverished blood or suffering from enervation of the vital functions, or of inactivity of the stomach, or of pallor and debility, should use Almoxia Wine, which contains natural Salts of Iron. See analysis of Professor Heya. Gianelli & Co., 18 King street west, Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.



## LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Dec 8th, 1893.

The Lobby has scarcely yielded a respectable paragraph for weeks past. Nothing whatever is doing, and nothing seems to excite the interest of Parliamentarians except the rumours of a dissolution at an early date. Business is in a very backward state; and it is doubtful whether the Government will be able before the end of the year to finish even the first portion of the Bill upon which they are now engaged. In fact, the only thing that one can prophesy with any degree of certainty is that the Christmas holidays will be very short, and this is not a cheering prospect for our already overworked M.P.'s.

During the course of the week Mr. John Redmond, for the second time in the autumn session, put in an appearance and was accompanied by the full strength of his party, minus his brother William, who is beating up funds for the Parnellite exchequer at the Antipodes. He had a question on the paper addressed to the Chief Secretary on the De Foyne evictions, and he intended to have moved the adjournment of the House; but as Mr. Morley was absent, he refrained from taking this course.

I hear that if he had asked leave to move the adjournment it would have been refused, as the Nationalist members had no intention of supporting a motion calculated to embarrass the Government, and the Tories certainly would not have assisted Mr. Redmond to attack an Irish landlord through the medium of the Chief Secretary. The Nationalists contend that Mr. Redmond would be doing much better service if he attended more regularly at Westminster, instead of peregrinating Ireland, with the sole object of sowing distrust in the Nationalist ranks and of preventing subscriptions flowing into the fund for the relief of the evicted tenants.

Speaking of the Chief Secretary, it is stated that when Mr. John Morley left Victoria Station, en route for Monte Carlo he looked extremely ill. He has undoubtedly "run down" by close application to the anxious duties of his office, accentuated by his refusal to take any holiday throughout the long session that the process of recovering his wonted tone of mind will require both time and care. He suffers, I believe, from that most wearing of all oppressions—the disbelief in his own power of getting through the work that demands immediate attention. He entertained the futile hope that a few days at Bournemouth might pick him up; but in this he has been happily overruled, and now he will be able to rest quietly at Monte Carlo, forbidden all work, and with Lord Randolph Churchill within reach to administer an occasional political tonic.

Your readers will have been prepared for the verdict of the jury today in regard to the death of Professor Tyndall. An overdose of chloral administered by his wife accidentally, and in mistake for magnesia, killed him. The accounts are exceedingly painful, and the state of poor Mrs. Tyndall's mind must be a truly distressing one. She and her husband were the most loving couple as shown by almost the last words which passed between them. For years past the Professor had been in the habit of taking chloral, and everybody knows that those who take poison habitually become in many cases insensibly careless in handling it. It is very doubtful however, whether the Professor could have survived for any length of time even if the accident had not occurred. He seems to have been hopelessly broken down in health, and at the most his demise seems to have been only a question of time.

His death adds one more to the long roll of public losses which the world has sustained during the present year. The history of his life and work is almost romantic. Born in a small village in the county of Carlow, of Protestant parentage, he began life after an education acquired in the National School as a civil assistant in the Ordnance Survey. At this work he remained for nearly five years, and then came to England to seek his fortune. His intention was to become a civil engineer, and his first employment was in Manchester, where for four years he was engaged in engineering work connected with the railways. But through all these years he had devoted every hour of leisure to the study of science. Chemistry had always been his chief interest and recreation; and in 1817 he obtained employment under Dr. Frankland at Queenwood College, Hunts. The next epoch of Tyndall's career was in Germany, where he studied under Dunsen, and acquired that knowledge of the German language and scientific literature which had so great an effect upon his life. Returning to England in 1851 Tyndall soon became intimate with all the leading scientific men of the day, and was appointed Professor of Physics in the Royal Institution, with which he remained connected until a very few years ago. Here we have, then, an illustration of what industry, energy and ability can do by its own unaided efforts. The boy who carried the chain in the Ordnance Survey in Ireland came to be one of the greatest scientific authorities in the United Kingdom, and the history of his life shows that Professor Tyndall relied upon nothing but his own individuality to win him a front place in the annals of British science. It must here be admitted that he was a Materialist of the deepest dye, and his pronouncements against Home Rule have been of the most virulent and emphatic character. On the question of Religion and Politics he and I are poles asunder; but I must candidly confess that in the region of physical sciences I owe much to Professor Tyndall. As an experimentalist he was supreme, and his lectures expounding his experiments have seldom been surpassed. He seemed to be able to crystallize his thought in flashing phrases and luminous language. But it was through the written word that his popularity became world wide. His books have popularized science to a marvelous extent, and the directness of his language and his sinewy style of diction banish all dullness from the mind of the scientific student.

Zadok Outran, whose mysterious disappearance from his post as Mr. Gladstone's valet forms so insoluble a puzzle, is a well-known feature at Hawarden, Downing-street, or wherever the Premier may happen to be. He is what is usually called "a character" as dry as parchment, as impassive as a Sphinx, and deeper than any well. Nobody ever pumped him so as to draw water. Indeed on him would seem to have been performed the operation described in Shakespeare: "I'll sink him deeper than e'er plummet sounded," so completely unfathomable has he ever been by anyone trying to get at Mr. Gladstone, or knowledge of his doings, through the great man's man. He was an ideal repeller of all who would "creep and intrude and climb into the fold," though not attractive in appearance or charming in manners.

It has been determined that the bell which patriotic Russians are to present to the Cathedral of Notre Dame in memory of the visit of the Russian fleet to Toulon will be the heaviest in France. In fact, its weight will only be limited by the sustaining powers of the belfry of the venerable Cathedral; and a commission of architects will shortly be appointed by the

Archbishop of Paris to determine this important point. In any case it will be much heavier than the bell which has been ordered for the great Basilica on Montmartre, which is to weigh upwards of a ton and a half. The latter will be known by the name of "La Savoyarde," from the fact that the greater part of the subscriptions towards its cost were collected in Savoy. It will be brought to Paris from the foundry on a special carriage constructed by the contractors, as none of the railway companies could take it on their lines on account of the bridges. The Russian bell will be taken to Paris by sea, so that it will not have to pass through German territory. It will be heard for the first time on the occasion of the opening of the International Exhibition with which France intends to celebrate the end of the century.

## Napoleon and Ireland.

A diary of Napoleon's voyage to St. Helena, in the *Century*, has the following: "Bonaparte to-day, in conversing again on his former meditated invasions, speaking of Ireland, said he had arranged everything with that country; and if he could have got safely over to it the force he intended sending, the party there was so strong in his favor that he had every reason to suppose they would have succeeded in possessing themselves of the whole island. He said he had kept up constant communication with the disaffected party, which he averred was by no means confined to the Roman Catholics, but had also a very large proportion of Protestants. He said he invariably acquiesced in everything they wished for, leaving all arrangements respecting the country, religion, &c., entirely to themselves, his grand and only object being to gain the advantageous point for him of separating Ireland from England. He said those who came to him from Ireland generally came and returned through London, by which means he obtained from them information respecting both countries; and they crossed the Channel backward and forward with little risk or difficulty by means of his friends the smugglers. But, he added that, notwithstanding the great advantages he thus derived from these smugglers, he found out at last that they played a similar game backward and forward, and carried as much intelligence to England as they brought to him from it, and he was therefore obliged to forbid their being any longer admitted at Dunkirk, or indeed anywhere but at Gravelines, where he established particular regulations respecting them, and did not allow them to pass a barrier which he caused to be fixed for the purpose, and where he placed a guard to watch them, and prevent their having unnecessary communications with the country."

## Obituary.

On Sunday the 10th inst. at Detroit surrounded by her children, there passed away an old lady who some thirty years ago was well known to the Catholic community and to the clergy of Ontario, Mrs. Wm. Murphy relict of the late Wm. Murphy, of Paris and afterwards of Sarria unobtrusive, amiable, a devout Catholic, a good wife and mother, she died fortified by the rites of her church, whose prayers like the love of her children will follow her beyond the grave.

A requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Savage at Holy Trinity Church, Detroit on Wednesday the 13th inst. and the remains were interred in Detroit Cemetery. The chief mourners were her sons Wm. and John Murphy of Omaha, Harry K. Murphy of Toronto, and her stepson Nicholas Murphy Q.C. of Toronto.

We extend to her bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

"A snake in the grass is all the more dangerous from being unsuspected. So are many of the blood medicines offered the public. To avoid all risk, ask your druggist for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and also for Ayer's Almanac, which is just out for the new year.

Stephen Pushee, of Marinette, Wis., had a sunflower stalk in his garden which bore 147 blossoms.

## "For Years,"

Says CARRIE E. STOCKWELL, of Chesterfield, N. H.: "I was afflicted with an extremely severe pain in the lower part of the chest. The feeling was as if a ton weight was laid on a spot the size of my hand. During the attacks, the perspiration would stand in drops on my face, and it was agony for me to make sufficient effort even to whisper. They came suddenly, at any hour of the day or night, lasting from thirty minutes to half a day, leaving me suddenly, but, for several days after, I was quite prostrated and sore. Sometimes the attacks were almost daily, then less frequent. After about four years of this suffering, I was taken down with bilious typhoid fever, and when I began to recover, I had the worst attack of my old trouble I ever experienced. At the first of the fever, my mother gave me Ayer's Pills, my doctor recommending them as being better than anything he could prepare. I continued taking these Pills, and so great was the benefit derived that during near thirty years I have had but one attack of my former trouble, which yielded readily to the same remedy."



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## HOME RULE!

The undersigned has the honor to announce that he has now in press, and will shortly have published, a verbatim report of the speeches delivered on the occasion of the first and second readings of the Home Rule measure now before the

### ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The collection embraces the speeches of Gladstone, Clark, Sexton, Saunderson, Balfour, Bryce, Collings, Redmond, Russell, Labouchere, Chamberlain, Blake, Hicks-Beach, McCarthy, Davitt Morley, &c., &c., furnished by a first-class stenographer employed on the spot; and as they are the reproduction in book form of controversies that are destined to become of historic interest, the undersigned relies on his friends and on the reading public for their patronage. A further announcement later on.

### P. MUNCOVEN.

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THE P. P. A.

That Protest of Prominent Protestant Clergymen Against It.

The Toronto *tribune* is decidedly doing good and honest work to prevent the unjust persecution that is being conspired against Catholics as citizens. The protests published last Saturday were, on the part of some, and from their standpoint, honest and manly, while on the part of others—notably Drs. Caven and Langtry—only half-hearted, qualified and altogether *secundum quid*.

Dr. Caven finds fault with the condemnation of the proposition in the Syllabus, that "The ministers of the Church and the Roman Pontiff ought to be absolutely excluded from all charge and domination over temporal affairs," and cannot see how such condemnation can be harmonized with the principles of religious liberty, and the conception of civil government, which we feel bound to maintain." It would be interesting and highly instructive to have Dr. Caven's definition of "religious liberty."

Dr. Langtry thinks that the P.P.A. is the "natural outcome and result of the traditional, ever grasping greed of the Roman Catholic Church for political influence and temporal power." One would fancy that Dr. Langtry should be satisfied that his Church remains in the quiet possession of the plunder of the so called Reformation. It is characteristic of Protestant Rev. gentlemen in general that they know little or nothing of this anti-Catholic conspiracy. How innocent and child-like they are. If this were a measure intended to promote the interests of Catholics, instead of being one aimed directly at their temporal ruin, is it likely they would remain in ignorance of it? Certainly not. They would learn all about it; then exaggerate, misrepresent and denounce it.

Is this, then, Protestant discipline? A society is organized in the name of Protestantism, and for the avowed purpose of protecting Protestantism, because, as is admitted by the very fact, the ministers have failed to do so; and the ministers, the supposed religious leaders of the people, know nothing of it except a little hearsay? What would be thought of a similar society among Catholics, and what would be thought if Archbishop Walsh were careless in making himself acquainted with its principles and methods? And what would be thought if, when he and his Priests had condemned and denounced it, they were powerless to suppress it? And what, further, would be thought if, when the object was unjust, some of the clergy favored while others condemned it?

Dr. Langtry is reported to have said that there is a deep-rooted distrust in and a prejudice against Catholics, because of the fact that "that Church has but little interest in the general weal of the country, and that Catholics are ever ready to debase the high privilege of the franchise to promote their own sectional interests, political influence and final domination in the country." And he adds, "being there, it is sure, sooner or later, to find expression in some combination on the part of the majority, who believe their rights to be unfairly invaded." Precisely so. These charges, if true, would justify such combination; and as long as there are such men as Dr. Langtry to assume such premises, so long will those who are led by them find their logical conclusion in such associations as the P.P.A. The Rev. Doctor's interview appears more like a defence than a condemnation of the society, and the members can in future confidently point to it as a proof of their *raison d'etre*.

It is, then, too late in the day for these clerical gentlemen to attempt, by those mild and qualified rebukes, to destroy the effects of their preaching

against Catholics. They may deny or disbelieve any doctrine of the Christian religion and still remain sound Protestants, but if they abate one jot of their hostility to Catholics their employment is gone. This conspiracy, then, is the logical outcome of their preaching, and of the admirable specimens of ovynogical literature which they prepare for their congregations. They appear to be continually haunted by strange visions of Papal aggressions against the lives and liberties of Protestants. From this unjust crusade, however, Catholicity itself has nothing to fear, though doubtless it will annoy and worry Catholics and well disposed Protestants till this wave of bigotry shall have passed over. It will show, nevertheless, Protestantism again exposing itself, throwing off the mask, and confessing itself defeated in fair, open warfare.

Whenever a party is obliged to resort to a secret organization in order to effect its purpose it virtually confesses its weakness, and owns that the public is against it. If it has been in power, if it has once held the public, its resort to secret organization and to subterranean methods of operation is a proof that it has fallen, and that its doom is sealed. Its agony may be long and painful, but in its agony it is. This P.P.A. movement is a humiliating confession of Protestant weakness; it is a cry of despair from the depths of the Protestant heart.

The movement, with a slight alteration in its name in Canada, had its origin recently in the United States, on the ground that the Pope had issued a decree instructing Catholics to organize, rise in their might, and massacre Protestants. Poor persecuted Protestants. This lie was too glaring; it would not go down, so the ministers, with an heroism which was lauded to the skies, gave this a flat contradiction. But, like our friend Dr. Langtry, in doing this much justice to His Holiness they took good care to show that there were other grounds on which "Popery" should be strenuously opposed. (*Tempora, O tempora!*) The story of the wolf and the lamb told over again, and not a fable either, but a reality. And yet the eyes of these people are not opened to perceive the tactics, the necessary tactics of Protestantism. And yet the dupes of these delusions go complacently on, considering themselves the only people who enjoy the blessings of real enlightenment and true liberty.

The sentiment also was expressed that this persecution of Catholics in this country was unjust on the ground that here Catholics were better than their creed; that here Catholics would not obey the Pope when he commanded them to deprive Protestants of their civil and political rights. And these are the people who instruct Protestants on the errors and dangers of Romanism.

The Rev. Doctors Caven and Langtry profess different creeds of Protestantism. They admit, it may be supposed, in a general way that God has taught something in His revelation, and whatever that may be, must be true. About what is in His revelation they do not agree. When these matters, which after all, in their estimation, are mere trifles compared with what they teach themselves, they can quietly settle their differences when the question of Roman aggression arises. They can agree on that, and that is enough to establish harmony and peace. Movements such as this show Protestantism in its true light, in its inherent intolerance, and are calculated to drive from the Protestant ranks all who have the least love of justice and fair dealings in their hearts. For, after all, what have we as Catholics done to provoke them? Have we not always demeaned ourselves as good and loyal citizens? Have we ever resorted to unfair or underhand methods in our dealings

with Protestants? Have we denied or sought to deprive them of their rights? Look at the concessions made to Protestants in Quebec as compared with the state of Catholics in Ontario, where there is a continual cry kept up against them. A few days ago a report was spread which kept Protestants in a state of terror—that in certain churches the basements were full of arms, and that the Priests were drilling Catholics with a view to make a wholesale massacre of Protestants. The very moment of the rising was indicated. That moment has now passed, but these poor, terrified Protestants, instead of blaming those whose dupes they were, and instead of learning from this deception the lesson which it was calculated to teach, will have an additional motive of hating Catholics, of whom they have been in such dread, and at whose hands they fancy they have suffered much.

But why pursue this subject *ad nauseum*? Has not our Lord declared it should be so? "If they persecuted Me," He declared, "they will also persecute you." This is what we may expect. But let not the ministers who have provoked all this by their teaching fancy that their success is as great as they calculated; for there are amongst Protestants those who know the injustice that is being done us, and who have the honesty and manliness to avow it. These see and feel Protestant injustice towards us, and we may be assured it will not deepen their attachment to Protestantism. *Lxx.*

Obedience

Poverty, chastity and obedience are the three usual vows; but it is a question whether obedience is not the most difficult to faithfully observe of the three. Poverty is sufficiently easy; in having no money one is compensated by being free of the cares of it. Poor and content, is rich and rich enough. And the independence of poverty is even greater than that which attaches to riches—of a different kind and far nobler; while wealth, and especially great wealth, is too often a despicable servitude.

Obedience is for many no trial; nor need it be a great trial to any one. Those who pursue purely intellectual lives, or exist in an exalted spiritual atmosphere, have no difficulty. Frequently it is simply a question of physical discipline in other respects, and, again, sometimes merely one of temperament.

But obedience—the submission to the will of others—the sacrifice of self—here is, in many instances, the severest test to which human nature can be put. There are thousands of persons who could do almost anything more easily than yield their independence. That all men were created free and equal is a fallacy; but there is an unwillingness in human nature to recognize it as such.

Obedience is consequently the hardest trial, perhaps, of a religious life; and of those who withdraw from their vows, more do so on this account than any other. The humility embraced in the performance of the vow of obedience is the most difficult of virtues to practice, and years of discipline do not suffice to break the habits of pride and self-will.

Some, in going out, attack and misrepresent harshly and unjustly the system to which they were formerly affiliated, which shows that they never did belong to it in the proper spirit or imbibe its true principles. They were in the order or society, but not of it. The uglier characteristics of human nature are hard to obliterate; the training of nearly a lifetime does not succeed in eradicating the stiff-necked pride that deforms some otherwise virtuous souls; and pride always has a penalty to pay. It is the source of a myriad forms of unhappiness.—*The Catholic Mirror.*



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## DIFFICULTIES OF CATHOLIC PAPERS

The Syracuse Sun has received an excellent article on Catholic papers from the pen of the Rev. James A. Kelly of Dublin, Ont. Father Kelly was born in Syracuse, his parents living in Gertrude street, and he was an earnest and popular student at St. John's Academy. His article, which follows, will be perused with unusual interest:

Scarcely an enterprise, however laudable, goes through life without being obliged to meet and overcome numerous and various difficulties. I know of no enterprise more exposed to such embarrassments than a Catholic paper.

Here is the news hunter. He wants to know all about the world. To satisfy him the paper must give the political movements of the different governments; how trade is going; on in Madagascar and what they are doing over in Hong Kong. If you do not give him all this, the first thing you are apt to hear is, "That paper is no good; no news in it." Then beside him is his wife, who has the pouts because you don't tell her the styles that were worn at the last ball. Then we have the sensation fiend. If the paper does not contain the latest London gossip, the last Parisian scandal and New York society news, it is no good. Another batch of readers find the paper "too dry." It is not spicy enough. So the army of malcontents increases till the Catholic paper finds a host of people to satisfy, a host of troubles to overcome.

Let the Catholic reader remember that the Catholic paper has a special mission to perform, one entirely different from any other paper; one that lifts it up a degree above its companions in the world of letters—the mission of the Catholic priests. It is the antidote to all the disgusting stuff furnished by our other papers. The Catholic journal must be the great Catholic educator of this great nineteenth century of ours. It must be the moulder of upright sentiments that will take lasting root in the hearts of the young; the instigator of truthful sayings that will make man feel that he can be of some benefit to his brother; the prompter of noble, patriotic deeds that will bring every man into his proper position and create heroes to shine as brilliant stars on the world's stage and be an honor to Church and State.

Man's mind is always in search of knowledge, as the body is in search of food. This knowledge becomes the food of the mind. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind. The body will be strong and healthy in proportion to the quality of food. A mind fed on proper food will grow strong and beneficial. People generally cannot afford to procure education of the mind, and even if they can afford the money, they not know what books to buy.

Here is your Catholic weekly. It gives you a summary of the principal news of the day. In every column you will find something you did not know before. Best of all, you are sure that the paper contains nothing that your daughter should not read.

The child is as anxious for intellectual food as the parent. The young mind is very eager in the pursuit of knowledge. Yes; that active little brain will work. Then give that child's mind the proper thinking. Before it has acquired a taste for the trashy literature of the day, place in its way the good weekly paper and you will rear for society and the church a man or a woman who will be a credit to the parents, a benefit to society and a faithful follower of the teachings of the church.

Many parents do not give their children all the advantages they can. They are poor, they are not up in society and their children will never

be of any use to anyone except as a servant. Your poverty is no crime. You are not up in society? Then get up, and get as high and as quickly as you can. Educate yourselves; educate your children. Yes, they will do something in the world. They will certainly influence people in one way or another; if not for good it will be for evil; but do it they will.

All our actions and sayings have an influence on those around us. Society is composed of individuals. The opinions of individuals become the opinions of society. The conduct of individuals becomes the conduct of society by the intercourse of man with man. If the mind of your child is stored with wholesome thoughts, procured by good reading, those thoughts will be expressed by the child as it grows and takes its place in the world. These same thoughts will be embodied, in one form or another, in the workings of the society in which that child will move, no matter how humble or exalted the individual or the society may be.

Then let Catholic parents encourage any effort made by good men to prepare the proper mind trainer for their children. Have your regular Catholic paper; keep it on the table where all can find it. Read the best written and most interesting paragraphs for your family. Ask your son or daughter to read for you. Point out everything that you find good and explain why you think so. But be careful. Don't turn preacher. If you do, the paper will be dropped, never to be looked at again. Let all bear one thing in mind: To fulfill God's law, you must "love your neighbor as yourself." This precept obliges you to encourage the good Catholic paper, just because your neighbor is going to derive more benefit from it. In this world of ours we all need all the help we can find to do right, and great help comes to the ordinary man from a well-conducted paper.

## Honors for an Irish Vocalist.

An Irish vocalist has succeeded in carrying off high honors in Italy. Miss Annie Corless, of the Burlington, has had the good fortune to secure third place in a competition recently held in the Conservatoire of Music in Milan. These competitions are held at regular intervals, and attract large numbers from all parts of the Continent, and especially, of course, from Italy, which is pre-eminently the land of singers. The extent of the triumph secured by Miss Corless may be gauged from the fact that over three hundred ladies entered for the prizes offered. Miss Corless enjoys the distinction of being the first competitor from Ireland who has ever carried off a prize from the famous school in Milan. We understand, indeed, that not for many years has anyone but an Italian obtained one of the much-coveted prizes. Miss Corless's success is all the more remarkable, as she has only had the advantage of a few months' stay in Milan before entering for the Conservatoire contest. She received her early training as a pupil of Mr. Joseph Robinson, and was the winner of a medal and several prizes at the Royal Irish Academy of Music.

## A simple way to help Poor Catholic Missions

Save all cancelled postage stamps of every kind and country and send them to Rev. P. M. Barral, Hammoncton, New Jersey. Give at once your address, and you will receive with the necessary explanation a nice Souvenir of Hammoncton Missions.

A correspondent of *Camelard* claims to have seen in Texas an owl lift a rattlesnake a few feet in the air and drop it several times until the reptile was disabled; then the bird grasped the victim and flew away with it.

Charles D. White, of San Bernardino, California, has invented a mast and sailing for his safety bicycle. The mast is ten feet high and the boom eight feet long, and with it, Mr. White says, with good handling, a speed of 20 or 30 miles an hour can be obtained.

## A Priest's Adventure.

Rev. Kenelm Vaughan, of London, founder of the Confraternity of the Expiation, a brother of Cardinal Vaughan, is in America.

Outside of his work in regard to this society, Father Vaughan is well known to the ecclesiastical world by the work he has done in popularizing the use of the Bible among Catholics, especially in connection with a Spanish version for South America, where he spent many years in laboring for this cause, visiting almost all parts of the continent and spreading the Gospel. He undertook, without guides or companions, one expedition from Panama to Buenos Ayres, through the heart of the continent where the foot of white man had never trod, across rivers, over mountains and through forests, on mules, in canoes or on foot, as occasion required.

He had many interesting and oftentimes dangerous adventures. At one time near Quito he set out with a guide to make his way through a dense forest, but the man becoming frightened at the difficulties of the way and at the horrible vampires which attacked the mules and sucked their blood, turned back and left Father Vaughan to make his way alone. He wandered about for some time, subsisting on fruits and roots, and finally struck a trail which led to the house of an Indian king. Here he found the prince of the house sick unto death, and all the remedies, prayers and incantations of the Indians exhausted without bringing relief.

The king asked the priest if he could cure his son, threatening him with death if he failed. Nothing daunted Father Vaughan brought forth his medicine case and in the name of the Creator administered an effective draught and earned the gratitude of the king, who gave him the help of twelve men to hew his way through the forest.

The Confraternity of the Expiation, in which Father Vaughan is so deeply interested, was canonically established by the Bishop of Westminster on the feast of St. Andrew, 1888, the sole obligation of the members being to perform one act of penance for the expiation of the sin resting upon the world.

This society is an outgrowth of the Brotherhood of Secular Priests Devoted to Divine Expiation, of which Father Vaughan is an ardent member. St. Jeremiah is the patron saint of the Brotherhood, and the animating spirit is the effort to revive the work and spirit of Jeremiah in these latter days, in which sin, like that of the times of the prophet of old, has spread over the face of the earth.

The order received the special sanction of Cardinal Manning, to whom Father Vaughan held the position of faithful and confidential friend, as well as acting as his private secretary for four years before his death.

## Her Diplomacy.

"John," said his wife, "I have a conundrum for you."

"All right. But you know conundrums are out of style."

"That fact won't hurt this one anyway," she answered.

"Let us have it."

"Why am I like a popular story?"

"Because everybody admires you."

"That isn't the answer."

"What is it then?"

"Because," and she glanced at her calico dress, "I am never out of print."

And the next day he gave her carteblanche at the dry goods store.

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24-7 President. Manager.



The Old Year and the New.

Father A. Ryan.

How swift they go,  
Life's many years,  
With their winds of woe  
And their storms of tears.  
And their darkest of nights whose shadowy slopes  
Are lit with the flashes of starry hopes,  
And their sunshiny days in whose calm heavens  
loom!  
The clouds of the tempest the shadows of the gloom  
And ah! we pray  
With a grief so dear,  
That the years may stay  
When their graves are near;  
Tho' the brows of to-morrow be radiant and bright,  
With love and with beauty, with life and with light,  
The dead hearts of Yesterdays, cold on the hier,  
To the hearts that survive them, are evermore dear  
For the hearts so true  
To each Old Year cleave  
Tho' the hand of the new  
Flowers garlands weaves.  
But the flowers of the future, though fragrant and  
fair,  
With the past's withered leaflets may never compare;  
For dear is each dead leaf—and dearer each thorn—  
In the wreaths which the brows of our past years  
have worn.  
Yea! men will cling  
With a love to the last,  
And wildly sing  
Their arms round the past!  
As the vine that clings to the oak that falls,  
As the ivy twines round the crumbled walls;  
For the dust of the past no hearts higher prize  
Than the stars that flash out from the future's bright  
skies.  
And why not so?  
The old, old years,  
They knew and they know  
All our hopes and fears;  
We walked by their side, and we told them each grief,  
And they kissed our tears while they whispered  
relief;  
And the stories of hearts that may not be revealed  
In the hearts of the dead years are buried and sealed.  
Let the New Year sing  
At the Old Year's grave:  
Will the New Year bring  
What the Old Year gave?  
Ah! the Stranger-year trips over the snows,  
And his brow is wreathed with many a rose:  
But how many thorns do the roses conceal  
Which the roses, when withered, shall so soon reveal?  
Let the New Year smile  
When the Old Year dies:  
In how short a while  
Shall the smiles be sighs?  
Yea! Stranger-Year, thou hast many a charm,  
And thy face is fair and thy greeting warm,  
But, dearer than thou—in his shroud of snows—  
the furrowed face of the Year that goes.  
Yea! bright New Year,  
O'er all the earth,  
With song and cheer,  
They will hail thy birth;  
They will trust thy words in a single hour,  
They will love thy face, they will laud thy power:  
For the New has charms which the Old has not,  
And the Stranger's face makes the Friend's forgot.

What the New Year Brings.

No more appropriate festival could be given to the first of January than the one bestowed on it by Mother Church—the glorious feast of the public naming, in the temple, of our Redeemer, when he received the sweet and beloved title of Jesus, Saviour of the world.  
Let us think a moment of the greatness, the merit and the power of this name, and make, while we do so, the firm resolve never to hear it or speak it without deep, deep reverence, for is it not, as the Apostle says, "above all names?" Famous earthly titles frequently come by right of birth alone. Not so with our dear Lord's; it was acquired also by His own divine merits as Son of man as well as God.  
Oh, the power of the name of Jesus! what has it not done? It has made of sinners great saints, and of weak, timid little children brave and glorious martyrs. It is with this sacred word the Church arms us during life and protects us in the hour of death.  
As we hear our first Mass of '94 we must consider what we can do for God, our neighbour, and ourselves during the New Year; how improve on the old; then on our hearts, as talisman, write above our resolution the name of Jesus; remembering, one intention faithfully kept is far better than a dozen broken or forgotten.  
To aid and strengthen us we have, on the 6th, the Epiphany, when the

three wise men laid their treasures at the foot of the Babe of Bethlehem; in spirit we can follow them and adore our Saviour, presenting the gift of gifts to Him, our hearts.

It is an ancient tradition, that all three of the Magi were baptised by St. Thomas and became themselves apostles and martyrs. In the great cathedral of Cologne are kept remarkable relics of them—relics which pilgrims are ever anxious to venerate.

SS. Albert and Erard, early Irish Missionaries, come to us on the 8th, St. Hilary, the 11th; St. Paul, the first hermit, the 15th, then again on the 17th we again must think of all the name of Jesus is to us, as we celebrate the Feast of the Holy Name, that name at which, St. Paul tells us, "every knee shall bow, of those that are in heaven, on earth, and under the earth."

St. Canute, January 18, should teach us that the title of king is not so great in the Church as Saint of God.

SS. Fabian and Sebastian, on the 20th, tell us of glorious martyrs, while St. Agnes, the 21st, the sweet, pure lily of girlhood, should, indeed, be honored and loved. Oh, may she, who at the age of thirteen was both virgin and martyr, help us to be faithful always to Jesus!

On the 25th we have the conversion of St. Paul, who was the wonder of his age; as he is the edification of the present. May he pray for us who are still fighting earthly battles.

SS. Polycarp and John Chrysostom have the 26th and 27th, and then on the 29th, we have our beloved St. Francis de Sales, who tries to make us think continually on the love and mercy of Our Saviour. We cannot end better our month than by praying that the New Year may bring these wishes of St. Francis to each one of us.

"May Jesus make you grow in the virtues of His heart.

"I pray God to fill up your years with His blessings

"May you be blessed in your consolations and in your works, in all that you will do for God and in all that you will suffer for Him."—Margaret Sutherland in the Irish Catholic.

The Professional Man.

The Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D. D., Bishop of Peoria, Ill., gave recently before the graduating class of Notre Dame University, a lecture on "The Professional Man," from which we quote the passage appended:

Whoever belongs to a learned profession should have more than professional knowledge and skill; he should be a representative of the science and the culture of his age. Where the standard of education for the liberal professions is low, the life of the nation cannot be high.

Human perfection is health of body and soul, manifesting itself in the wholesome activity of every function and faculty; and in a free country the natural stimulants of this activity are the lawyer, the physician and the minister of religion. In a democracy, if people are to escape the rule of demagogues and thieves, they must have the guidance of superior minds and great characters; and where shall they be found if not in the liberal professions? As I look upon the professions they are all religious; for the end and aim of all of them is to make health, justice and righteousness prevail. And what is this if it be not to make the will of God prevail?

Nor has the physician a baser office than the lawyer or the priest. If you cripple the animal in man you clip the angel's wings; for the nobler passions draw their life and energy from the lower. Many things, we might imagine, are dearer than life—honor, for instance, and truth and love; but in all this, as in whatever else has worth, life is present and gives it value. What we

first demand of professional men, whatever their special calling, is that they be upright, honorable and humane. Character is essential; for character gives to ability its human quality, makes it something we can trust, makes it beneficent. Thus I complete my earlier thought, that professional men are united by indissoluble bonds. They all alike find their reason for being in the needs and miseries of man; they all minister to hisills; and to all, science, culture and religion supply the means which render them able to help.

A classic writer has said no better fortune can befall a city than to have within its walls two or three superior men who agree to work together for the common welfare. Who shall these two or three superior men be if not the lawyer, the physician and the minister of religion? They are found in every village; and if they hold themselves abreast of the science and culture of the age, and are also men of character, who shall estimate the value of their combined influence? It is the nature of science, culture and religion to be communicable, and they who diffuse those blessings are the most useful and the noblest men. They alone have the right to say to their fellows: "Provide for us, while we make your lives more healthful and pleasant, purer and higher."

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1893.

### Calendar for the Week.

Dec 28 - The Holy Innocents.  
29 - S. Thomas A. Becket, Martyr.  
30 - Day within the Octave of Christmas.  
31 - S. Sylvester, Pope and Confessor.  
Jan. 1 - Circumcision of Our Lord.  
2 - Octave of S. Stephen.  
3 - Octave of S. John the Evangelist.

### Archdeacon Boddy.

It is very unfair to lay the blame of bigotry and intolerance on the uneducated classes of our Protestant fellow-citizens. The horny-handed sons of toil have no means or opportunity of knowing who the Catholics are, or what their Church teaches, except through the ministry of the so-called clergymen, who, on the Lord's day, dispense to them the spiritual food which man instinctively craves for, and which was recommended by our blessed Lord when He said to Peter: "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep." Truth, not lies, is the food souls live on, and the clergymen, deacons or archdeacons, who distribute the latter are doing, not the work of God, but the behests of that arch-enemy of souls, who was a liar from the beginning. "How beautiful the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace!" exclaimed the Apostle of the Gentiles. How detestable, then, may we not say, are the methods of those who incite to intolerance, preaching the gospel of hate.

Archdeacon Boddy, M.A., preaching on Sunday evening, November 5th, 1893, said: "From both those deliverances (Guy Fawkes and James II.) we are bound as Protestants to return earnest praises to the God of Heaven; and, by way of commemorating them on the present occasion, I deem it expedient to call your attention to some of those essential differences between us and Rome which serve to justify the gratitude which I hope we feel. In so doing I need scarcely say I have no wish to awaken or perpetuate any feelings of bitterness against the persons of Roman Catholics. All I am at is to set our principles, as Protestants, in contrast with theirs, that we may see it is not for nothing we hold ourselves aloof from them. Far be the day distant when we shall cease to forget the anti-Christian character of the Roman Church, or when, as a people, we shall cease to regard her as one of our deadliest enemies."

If Archdeacon Boddy had "no wish to awaken or perpetuate feelings of bitterness against the persons of Roman Catholics," he would take no part in a celebration that has no other object in view than that of stirring up bad feelings and handing down from sire to son the hatred and religious

fanaticism of an age of persecution and fanatical atrocity that long since should have been buried out of sight.

Why should Archdeacon Boddy, or any other body, hold the Catholics of Toronto responsible for the dark deeds of a few English dolts who, nigh three hundred years ago, allowed themselves to be made the tools of one or two unscrupulous and scheming politicians? If the Archdeacon were a man of peace, as his profession obliges, he would unravel the dark deed of the 5th November, 1606, and show how the Catholic Church of that age was wholly innocent and ignorant of the plot. He would also exert his well-known eloquence in exonerating from blame or condemnation the Catholics of our day and time, who are taught by their clergymen and in their catechisms to abhor bloodshed and violence under any form, and to love their enemies.

Question. Am I also obliged to love my enemies?

Answer. Most certainly. Love your enemies, says Christ; do good to them that hate you; bless them that curse you, and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you. (St. Luke, vi.; Matt. v.; Butler's Catholic Catechism, page 62.)

Archdeacon Boddy teaches that while professing "to have no wish to awaken or perpetuate any feelings of bitterness against Roman Catholics, we should hold ourselves aloof from them, and never forget the anti-Christian character of the Roman Church, which, as a people, we shall never cease to regard as one of our deadliest enemies"—Christ-like—very!

Archdeacon Boddy assigns three heads of accusation against Rome as adequate reasons for regarding her "as one of our deadliest enemies." The first reason for hating Rome is that she does not accept the Bible alone as the sole rule of Faith. If the Archdeacon were consistent he would teach his people to so regard, as "their deadliest enemies," all the advanced school of latitudinarian preachers who to-day criticize the Bible and deny its revelation. Also should he hold up to opprobrium the men of science and so-called expounders of modern thought, who attempt to disprove the fact related in Scripture, and refuse to believe the miraculous events and mysterious occurrences unfolded therein. If the venerable Archdeacon has any regard for the inspired Word of God he should teach people to love Rome in gratitude to her for having saved the Bible from the fury of the Goth and the Vandal, and for having handed it down to us through the centuries by the incessant and gratuitous labour of her monks and the eloquence of her learned and canonized Doctors.

If what St. John the Evangelist testifies be true there are many things which our Saviour did, and said, and revealed to the Church, which are not written in the Bible, the Bible, therefore, can not be the only Rule of Faith. The Apostles were not commissioned to write, but to teach all things whatsoever they had heard of Him. Living teachers commissioned by God and endowed with infallibility can alone explain what is written in the pages of a dead Book. Our Lord, therefore, said, "Go teach all nations; behold I am with you always. All such as hear you hear Me, and he

who contemneth you contemneth Me." "He who will not hear the Church let him be unto you as a heathen and a publican." If we Catholics allow ourselves to be taught and have God's word explained to us by authorized and competent teachers, that surely ought to be no excuse for Archdeacon Boddy to instruct his people to regard us as "one of their deadliest enemies."

Another reason for so regarding Catholics is that Rome does not teach "the great doctrine of Justification by Faith." The Archdeacon must know that he grossly misrepresents us when he states that: "We are at issue with the Roman Catholics on this other particular, viz. Justification by Faith." The Catholic Church has always taught her children to repeat the Apostles' Creed, which is the summary of all objective Christian Faith. Convinced that Christ spoke truly when He declared that "he who believeth not shall be condemned," all Catholics are taught that Faith is necessary to salvation, and that "the just or righteous man liveth by Faith."

What, then, does Archdeacon Boddy want of us, or what does he require of us, so that we may escape suspicion and hatred as his "deadliest enemies." What more Faith does he demand of us than a thorough and steadfast belief in the sacred truths found in the Apostles' Creed. Does the venerable Archdeacon teach his congregation to subscribe to that formula of Christian belief as taught in all the ages from the Day of Pentecost down to our latest Diocesan Synod? We fancy the Archdeacon's time and talents would be far more usefully employed on the 5th Nov. in explaining that formula of Faith to his Orange Brethren than in giving them reasons for regarding Catholics as their "deadliest enemies."

The Archdeacon lays it down as another reason for keeping aloof from us, that we do not teach Justification by Faith alone; whereas St. Paul intimates "that we might be justified by the faith of Christ and not by the works of the law; for by the works of the law shall no man be justified." The right of private judgment, so loudly claimed by Dr. Boddy, leads him into the error of confounding the law of Moses and the law of Nature with the law of Charity and law of Jesus Christ—in fact, into the tangle of mixing up the old and the new dispensation. St. Paul, in dispensing from the law of Moses gives no dispensation from the law of Charity, or from any other obligation imposed in the new dispensation. Therefore he says to the Galatians: "You are made void of Christ, you who are justified by the law; you are fallen from grace. For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision nor uncircumcision availeth anything, but Faith that worketh by charity." The Archdeacon teaches Justification by Faith only, in contradistinction to St. Paul, who says: "If I have Faith so as to remove mountains and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." He also contradicts the Apostle St. James, who says: "What shall it profit, my brethren if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works?"

Dr. Boddy maintains as a reason for keeping aloof from us our teaching the

necessity of good works. But what can we do in presence of the Inspired Word and of the Apostles teaching us "that as the body without the soul is dead, so faith also if it have not works is dead in itself." Even our Great Judge on the last day shall reward men for their works. "Come, ye Blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom I have prepared for you; for I was hungry and you gave me to eat." and again. "Deny yourselves; take up your cross and follow me." In fine, there is no reason why Archdeacon Boddy should not hold up, as well as Rome, the Apostles Sts. Paul and James, aye, even Christ Himself, to opprobrium as the deadliest enemies of his flock, because they will not teach the great doctrine of Justification by Faith alone.

Dr. Boddy has good intentions, although not much respect for the Catholic system. He says in his poration: "Try to feel more for the condition of Roman Catholics, so destitute of privileges which God in His mercy has bestowed in rich abundance on you." How like the Pharisee of the Gospel, who thanked God that he was better than other men, but returned to his home a condemned man. The Archdeacon's methods, however, do not seem to have much weight, nor do his people believe that his system is preferable to that of Rome, for he complains that large numbers are escaping from the Protestant nets and are being gathered into the one true Fold. For, continues he: "It is a sad and shameful fact I almost blush to write down the words or give them utterance—that there is a vast deal of Popery in our own body, even in Toronto. There are churchmen who scout the very name of Protestant, and hold various doctrines which at least are so infected with Popery that a plain man can scarcely see wherein they differ."—*Evangelical Churchman*, Dec. 7, 1893.

### Toronto Catholic Employees.

We copy from the *Globe* the following article and statistics dealing with the charge now so commonly made, that Catholics, like rapacious wolves, are devouring everything. This looks like it. Our reply is: *Et tu Brute*. We have not got anything like our own, and do not expect it. To get a favor for a Catholic bemeans the party for whom it is sought and the man who seeks it. Did we know the pass-word of some of the secret societies we might have a better chance. However, we do not murmur just now, but give the Toronto showing of "Catholic aggression," and leave any fairminded man to decide between us:

According to the census of 1891 there were in Toronto 21,830 Roman Catholics. If the boycotting policy recommended by the P. P. A. is pursued to any extent they will simply be compelled to go elsewhere, and the list of our vacant houses and empty stores will be proportionately swelled. It is to be hoped the people are too much alive to their own interests, if not influenced by higher motives, to bring about such a result. There is absolutely no excuse for a political and commercial boycott of Catholics in Toronto. The list of civic employees shows no trace of "Roman Catholic aggression," and that imaginary menace is no more noticeable elsewhere. A man's religion should be too sacred to be continuously dragged into official classifications, and he should be allowed to follow his occupation, even in a public capacity, without the necessity of advertising it. The publication of lists like the following must always be a

a disagreeable duty, but this may allay the misgivings of some who fear religious aggression. The list comprises the chief civic employees, classed as Roman Catholics and Protestants, with the aggregate salaries of each class. It has been carefully prepared, and we believe it to be substantially correct.

No	Protestants	Salaries	No Catholics	Salaries
4	Mayor and staff	\$ 5,410 00	0	
30	City Treasurer and staff	19,237 97	0	
6	City clerk	7,000 00	0	
2	City auditor	3,000 00	0	
11	City messenger	624 00	0	
11	Tax Collectors	9,625 00	2	\$ 1,760 00
4	Police Ct. office	8,908 00	1	Police Ct. clerk 830 83
29	Works of fire	17,695 90	0	
9	Inspectors, roadway dept	6,692 50	0	
16	City Engineer and staff	13,162 10	0	
6	Sewer department	4,471 60	0	
4	Street Cleaning dept	3,729 00	0	
6	City Surveyor & staff	4,281 00	0	
6	Plumbing inspectors	3,000 00	0	
3	City Assessment department	4,800 00	9	Assessors 1,112 98
13	Assessors	7,324 24	2	Assessment clerks tempory 464 34
30	Assessment tempory clerk	4,051 21		
27	Fire dept officers & foremen	21,649 50	0	
119	Firemen		2	Firemen 500 00
2	Health department	3,400 00	0	
1	Island constable		0	
13	Gaol officials	9,000 00	1	Gaol official temporary 649 00
6	Gaol officials temporary	2,776 00		
13	City Solicitor and staff	11,200 00	0	
6	Council employed	1,307 00	0	
6	Licenses dept	3,366 00	0	
31	Local Board of Health	16,878 56	3	Local B. of H. 1,708 44
16	Isolation Hospital	2,033 74	0	
1	Weightmaster, cattle market	600 00	0	
1	St. Andrew's market caretaker	600 00	0	
5	Caretaker public buildings	3,190 00	1	Caretaker Brockton 120 00
1	Weightmaster, St. Lawrence market	1,100 00	0	
1	Weightmaster, Church street	750 00	0	
1	St. Paul's hall caretaker	100 00	0	
1	Chief constable		0	
1	Derby...		0	
8	Inspectors		1	Sergeant 900 00
26	Serjeants	24,358 50		
1	Matrons	400 00	0	
1	Physician For m... assistants, & water works	1,600 00	0	
		5,094 67	0	

\* Appoints annually. † Now held by a Protestant; Dr. McKean, a Catholic, removed, salary \$890 02.

Transubstantiation.

We return to the article of Transubstantiation contained in the *Evangelical Churchman* under the heading of Rome's Chief Error. There is a distinction between Transubstantiation and Christ's real presence in the Blessed Eucharist which, if our contemporary had observed more carefully, he would not have led his readers to think that because the word Transubstantiation was not used for several centuries, that therefore the doctrine of the Real Presence was not taught by the Early Church. To explain fully the doctrine in question we have three points—(1) that Christ is really and substantially present in the Eucharist; (2) that in the Blessed Sacrament there is no longer the substance of bread and wine, but only their species; and (3) that this presence of the Body and Blood and ceasing of the substance of bread and wine is made by the conversion of the

whole substance of bread into the Body and of the whole substance of wine into the Blood of our Lord, or in other words, it takes place by Transubstantiation.

"The Church of Rome teaches that the whole substance of the bread in the communion is converted into the substance of the body of Christ, and the substance of the wine into the substance of His blood; so that the bread and wine no longer remain, but are changed into the body and blood of Christ. The Romanist argues from the words Christ, 'This is my body,' that therefore it is no longer bread. But a study of the context of the three gospels, and of I. Cor. X. 24, shows that 'is' must be interpreted, not literally, but figuratively, as in many places in the Scripture."

This is the argument advanced by the *Churchman*, which is sound, he contends, because the words are not only "This is my body," but also "This cup is My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many; and "This cup is the New Testament in My blood." If the Catholic interpretation is applied to both, and to be consistent it must be so applied, it proves too much. Therefore the literal interpretation will not do. "Is the cup," asks this great logician and theologian, "literally a New Testament?" No, nor is it the wine. It is the Precious Blood. That is the new covenant with which in Communion the soul is partaken, and of which if any man drink he shall not taste death forever. We proceed to reason it out more at length.

An examination of the 6th chapter of St. John proves most conclusively the care which our Lord took in clearing up any doubts or solving any difficulties which His disciples might have in accepting what the Jews called "a hard saying." As such examination would take too long we refer our contemporary to Cardinal Wiseman's most learned lectures on the subject. The words of the institution clearly and sufficiently prove our position. There are things which by their very nature are universally taken in their absolute meaning and are not regarded as signs: while there are others which, either from their nature (as pictures), or from some preceding and known institution (as the types of the old testament), or from the mode of speech (as parables), are understood as signs. Now bread and wine belong to the former class. Neither from themselves, nor from any received use, nor antecedent institution were they, nor could they be, regarded as signs. Nor did Christ in any way advise or hint that He established these things as signs. The Apostles accepted them in their absolute sense, as did century after century of Christians, without a dissenting voice. Yet we are coolly told by the *Evangelical Churchman* that our interpretation proves too much and must therefore be abandoned. How like the word of the Jews when our Lord promised the Blessed Eucharist: "If any man eat of this bread he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world." The Jews, therefore, strove among themselves, saying: "How can this Man give us His flesh to eat? This saying is hard; who can hear it." The idea of a literal interpretation proving too much! Neither from the context nor from so-called parallel passages can it be proved that the literal interpretation is far fetched. Here we pause to examine in our next the figurative passages quoted by the *Churchman*

The "Mails" "Misstatements."

"An unmitigated misstatement," is a phrase that has been copyrighted by Rudyard Kipling and accepted by modern culture as a verbal equivalent for the much stronger and simpler saxon of our more plain-spoken forefathers. The *Toronto Mail* has long been famous for such "misstatements," but in a leading article of its issue of Saturday the 16th inst., the unmitigated misstatement surpassed itself. The article is headed "A GREAT SCHOOL WAR," and is a tissue of misstatements from beginning to end.

For the sake of brevity we shall condense and number these misstatements and refute them in order. We will give the words of the writer as far as possible, but always we hope his exact meaning. The *Mail* thinks it well then to tell its readers 1. That there is a great school war in the United States. 2. That this war is; "a movement against the integrity of the public school system skillfully directed by Mgr. Satolli." 3. That "previous to this war there had been serious difficulties within the Church on the school question." "The Bishops who come from abroad insisted on separation. The native Bishops seemed to be imbued with the American idea." 4. That Archbishop Ireland, as a native prelate, proceeded to Rome to defend the American idea. And that the result of his journey was "a formal approval of his attitude." 5. "Then came a friendly and liberal deliverance by Mgr. Satolli, favorable to the principle of education upon which the people of the United States have hitherto insisted." 6. But the ablegate paid an official visit to Buffalo. The venerable prelate here took part in an imposing demonstration conducted by certain politicians of the Tammany stamp, who converted the Delegate to Catholic parochial schools and captured the "solid" Catholic vote. 7. That following this conversion and capture are, "two remarkable occurrences. In the first place, his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has issued a circular to the members of the various State Legislatures asking for a system of education such as that in existence in England, Ireland and Canada. In the second place, a bill has been prepared for presentation to the Legislature of New York providing for the division of the school grant and the school taxes between public and separate schools." Now, every single one of these assertions is false. And the writer in the *Mail* could and should have known his assertions are false, for they are made about matters of fact. No one expects the *Mail* to be correct or clear or honest when dealing with matters of Catholic truth or Catholic teaching. But really everyone has a right to expect that even the *Mail* should have some regard for truth in dealing with matters of fact. It is an easily ascertainable fact, 1. That the Catholics of the United States are not waging war on the public schools. They say with Mgr. Satolli; "That the Catholic Church neither condemns nor ignores public schools." 2. That therefore Mgr. Satolli does not lead a movement against public schools. 3. That all the Bishops of

the United States, "native born and foreignborn," assembled in the third Plenary Council of Baltimore, insisted on Catholic parochial schools, where possible and that the "native born prelates," Archbishop Corrigan of New York, and Bishop McQuaid of Rochester have been foremost in furthering this decree of the Council. 4. That Mgr. Ireland is a 'foreign-born' Bishop, and that his "plan" was not formally approved in Rome, but merely tolerated as a local and temporary experiment. 5. That the only deliverance of Mgr. Satolli "favorable" to the principle of education without religious instruction, was, "neither to condemn nor ignore public schools." He never "approved" them. 6. The idea of the Delegate being converted by politicians of the Tammany stamp is as absurd and ridiculous as Dr. Coxo, in whose erratic brain the idea had birth. There is no "solid" Catholic vote in the United States. There are leading Catholic Bishops, priests, newspapers, and people in thousands, of both political parties. Though indeed Bishops and priests concern themselves very little about either political party. 7. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has asserted in public print over his own signature that he did not issue "a circular to the various state Legislatures," etc., and Archbishop Corrigan has asserted that he is not responsible for the bill prepared for presentation to the Legislature of New York. And finally Mgr. Satolli has publicly and emphatically stated in Washington that he was not converted to parochial schools by politicians of the Tammany stamp. That he needed no such conversion. "It has been inexplicably true," says the Delegate, "and never perhaps shall I find not what was the origin of the suspicion that my views were not favourable to Catholic schools. Those who at first or ever after have attributed to me such an absurd opinion ought to point to some word or action of mine to justify themselves. Had I spoken differently I should be unfaithful to my mission, ungrateful to the generous hospitality I have enjoyed and am enjoying in America; and moreover, I should have given the lie to my first and most unchangeable conviction. Every Catholic School is a safe guardian of youth, and this at the same time for the American youth, a place of training where they are brought up for the advantage of church and country." This then is the truth, attested by public facts, about Catholics and the School question in the United States. Catholics do not and will not wage war against the public schools. They simply assert and claim their rights as citizens of a free country to have their children educated according to the conscientious religious convictions of their parents. Where their right is unjustly denied them, as it is in the United States, Catholics establish and maintain their own schools, while paying the legal tax to the public schools: when they claim a share in public tax for their parochial schools, they simply assert their civil right to have something to say about the disposition of their own money. We believe the time will come when, this just and most reasonable demand will be heard and granted.

Weekly Retrospect.

Christmas Day has come and gone with its joys and pleasures to some, but alas to many it had its sadness. The voices of loved ones hushed forever, are missed this festive time, and at this season all the pleasant memories they left on earth comes up more vividly to those who are left, and these very pleasures which some enjoy, are a source of great loneliness to others. Now till after the 6th of January, frequent visits will be made by the devout, to the crib, and in spirit we can be with the babe in the cave of Bethlehem and as Father Faber so beautifully expresses his devotion to the New-born Infant. "We too are inmates of the Cave of Bethlehem, and of the Cave's divinest centre, the Heart of the New-born Babe. Is not that thought enough to set the rudder of our life heavenward once for all? Who shall tell the ineffable love which he bore to Mary, whom he was then first looking on with his human eyes, and whose fair soul lay open to his inward eye and pleased discernment?"

This Christmas we could say with Tennyson

"The Christmas bells from hill to hill Answer each other in the mist."

But before evening the wind came whistling down from the North bringing ice in his pathway.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney who writes both prose and verse for many Catholic Journals, is a candidate for a Government position, as post-mistress of Auburndale, Mass., Miss Guiney wishes to be sure of a regular income, which the world of letters does not give her.

Black satin pipings enter largely into the trimming of dresses, whether for the street or indoor use. One in dark green cloth showed a half circle skirt piped with black satin at the lower edge and cut short enough to afford space for two lapping flounces, likewise curved in shape and piped with satin, set in the foundation skirt beneath. The coat bodice has a lapped front opening with broad revers on a vest braided with green silk and gold cord. This is made with triple basque pieces and triple shoulder capes, all the edges being piped with satin. The hat was green felt, turned up in front with fluted points faced with black. A black and brown contrast shows another arrangement, the dress being of black Camel's hair, having the skirt trimmed with brown silk frills. The long coat bodice is cut with a soft waistcoat of golden-brown silk.

Selected Receipts.

**BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.**—One and a half pints of milk, one egg, two cups meal, two cups flour, one cup suet. Boil three hours.

**BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.**—Scald two quarts milk, turn on to a small cup of Indian meal, stir well; add one cup flour, one cup molasses, one teaspoonful ginger, small bit of butter and salt.

**INDIAN PUDDING.**—A small half cup meal, two tablespoonfuls flour, one tablespoonful ginger, one nutmeg, one cup molasses, three eggs, one and a half quarts scalded milk, butter the size of an egg, one cup raisins put in when partly baked. Bake slowly.

**SHIRRED EGGS.**—Liberally grease the egg dishes with butter and place them in the oven for an instant. Carefully break an egg in each cup and bake in the oven for eight minutes. Remove, season with salt and pepper, and one-half of a teaspoonful of melted butter to each egg. Serve at once.

**NOUGAT ICE CREAM.** Shell and blanch one-half of a cup of pistachio nuts, and one quarter of a cup of almonds. Chop very, very fine with one-half of a cup of English walnuts. Make a rich vanilla cream, and when nearly frozen beat in the nuts with a spoon, adding a few drops of pistachio extract.

**CONSOMME.**—Cut one pound of lean beef from the round into small pieces; add one pound of chicken bones. Cover with cold water and stand on the back of the stove, where it will slowly heat. Let it come to a boiling point, then simmer for four hours. Then add two slices of onion, a bay leaf, a sprig of parsley, slice of carrot and piece of celery. Let simmer one hour longer. Strain and stand away to cool. When cold remove the fat carefully from the surface.

**CHOCOLATE FILLING.** Break one egg carefully, as near the centre of the shell as possible. Separate the yolk from the white, and put the white unbeaten in a bowl. Fill one-half of the shell with cold water, and add to the white. Mix with a fork only until the water and eggs are mixed, i. e., do not beat the eggs light. Roll and sift confectioner's XXX sugar; add sugar to the white of the egg and water, until the filling begins to thicken. Melt over hot water one ounce of chocolate or cocoa, and when smooth add to the filling with one tablespoonful of vanilla. Mix well. If the filling is not the desired consistency, add more sugar.

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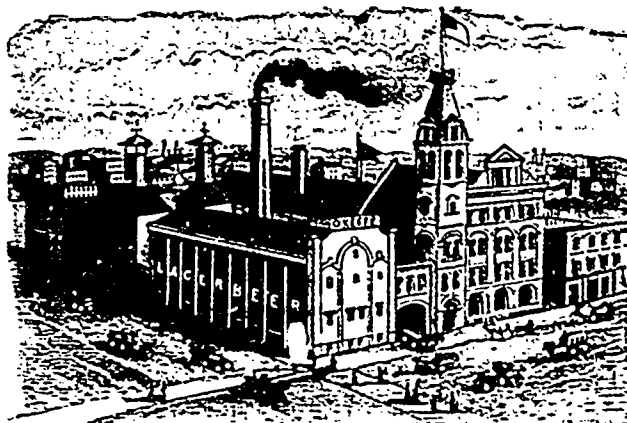
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On November 20th, the remains of the late Mr. Charles Gracey were removed from his late residence at Drumgoland, near Seaford, for interment in the family burial ground at Loughisland. The funeral cortege was the largest seen in the neighborhood for years, and testified to the high respect in which the deceased was held.

A curious case of mortality is reported from Portrush. A respectable family, consisting of two brothers and a sister, Alexander Dunlop, aged 57, Allan Dunlop, aged 76 and Catherine Dunlop, aged 81, residing at Ballywilliam, near Portrush, passed away almost simultaneously. "The three were hale and hearty up to a few days ago. Early on the morning of Nov. 30th, the elder brother and his sister died within a few minutes of each other, and a few hours afterwards the remaining one followed. They were attended by their niece, who thought they had influenza.

Armagh.

Mr. Joseph Williams, a clerk employed in the Portadown post-office, was killed on Nov. 24th, by being run over by a train. Mr. Williams, who resided in Edgarmount, was walking on the railway on his way to the passenger station to catch a train at Lurgan at the goods station when he was knocked down and run over by a passing train, being mutilated almost beyond recognition. The deceased was a most popular public official with the townspeople, among whom he had many warm friends. His brother, Mr. Jas. Williams, linen merchant, died suddenly at his residence, Silverwood House, Lurgan, on Nov. 25th.

Cavan.

The death is announced at his residence, Ballymadeduff, in his 57 year of Mr. James Smith, merchant. He was the father of the Rev. Patrick Smith, Council Bluffs, Iowa, U.S.

Cork.

Lieutenant G. K. Sweetman, of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, has been appointed Superintendent of the military gymnasia at Cork. A wholesome sign of the times is the reunion of the two sections of the Nationalists in Cork over the Mayoralty. Both the Nationalists and Redmondites agreed to give Mr. Roche another year of office. It must be said that he had earned the honor, for during his term he acquitted himself on public occasions in a manner befitting the chief citizen of the fair South.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Gordon, General Manager of the Cork and Bandon Railway. He had been suffering from pneumonia for some days. Though it was recognised that the attack was of a very serious nature, hopes of his recovery were entertained up to a short time before the end, which came early on the morning of December 21. Mr. Gordon had been in the employment of the Cork, Bandon, and South Coast Railway for many years.

Derry.

On November 21st, Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty Bishop of Derry, formally opened and blessed the new schools erected in the grounds of St. Columba's, at the Long Tower, Derry. The Bishop was assisted in the ceremony by the Administrator of St. Columba's parish, Rev. H. McMenamin; Rev. Hugh Boyle, C.C., and Rev. William Doherty, C.C. The principal teachers and their assistants were present, and in both the boys' and girls' schools there was a full attendance of pupils. The new building, which is Gothic in style, is one story high, and has a frontage of 77 feet to the chapel ground, the boys' wing extending back 87 feet. In addition to the school building, the church grounds have been completely remodelled. The cost of the building and improvements in the grounds amounts to \$3,000, a moiety of which is contributed by the Board of Works. The Bishop delivered an interesting address on the occasion.

Donegal.

The Marquis of Donegal is not often heard of. His name turned up on November 23th at the Westminster County Court. His tailor has got judgment against him, but could not enforce it. He applied for a judgment summons, but the Marquis pleaded that he had no means, and that he was a peer and could not be imprisoned. The County Court Judge, however, said that, peer or no peer, he must pay or go to jail. Lord Salisbury should look to this attempt to undermine the privileges of his order.

Down.

On November 28th at Newry a lamp exploded in the house of Mrs. Middleton, Bridge street, setting fire to her dress. She was seriously burnt about the head, face and body. She also received a terrible shock. She was conveyed to the Workhouse Hospital, where she lies in a critical state. Several members of the fire brigade soon arrived and were able to cope with the conflagration in the house, which was confined to the interior of one room.

Dublin.

The death is announced of a gallant Irish soldier, Lieut. Colonel Patrick John Murray, of the 7th Imperial and Royal Bohemian Dragoons, in the Austrian army. Lieut. Colonel Murray graduated in the Dublin University in the year 1840, and subsequently joined, as a cadet, the Dragoon

Regiment of Charles Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. He served with distinction in the war between Austria and Prussia in the year 1866, and was severely wounded at Koniggratz. In addition to the Cross of Military Merit he received a war decoration and a gold medal for bravery. He died at Vienna on Friday, November 17th, aged 66 years, and on the following Monday, at mid day, his remains were removed to a *chappelle ardente* in the Garrison Infirmary at Senevassasse, where a solemn Requiem service was held for the repose of his soul, and whence his remains were borne to the Central Cemetery for interment with full military honors. Colonel Murray leaves a widow a lady well known and greatly admired some years ago in Dublin circles, and two sons, Leopold, a first lieutenant in the Saltzberg Dragoons, and Wilton, a student in the Imperial and Royal Naval College, Fiume.

Fermanagh.

On November 23d, Mr. John Malou, coroner, held an inquest on the remains of Peter McBride, of Knockalceary, who was burned to death the previous night. Deceased was suffering from bronchial asthma and a weak action of the heart for some time, and was confined to his bed in a partly conscious state. His daughter-in-law, Mary McBride, and a woman called Jane Quinn attended him. They were with him up to two o'clock and left him awake. They put two rows of bricks between him and the fire. There was a heap of turf behind the bed. About four o'clock the house was seen to be in flames. The flames were soon extinguished, but not until the roof had fallen in, and the trunk of the unfortunate man was found in the fire. The jury returned a verdict of accidental burning, no blame being attached to anyone.

Galway.

On Nov. 29th, news reached Ballinasloe of the death of Father John Kirwin, P.P., of Eyrecourt, and over 40 years an ordained priest. Father Kirwin was a staunch Nationalist, though for the last few years he took very little interest in politics, confining his labors solely to his sacred office. He was a most zealous and pious priest and always most generous to the poor, whom he made his special friends. At the commencement of the land agitation, when the Ballinasloe Tenants' Defence Association was established in '76, he was the priest in the diocese to join it, and from that time up to his leaving to take charge of Eyrecourt and Clonfert, in 1882, there was never a meeting held in which he did not take an active part. He was an especial friend of the Most Rev. Dr. Duggan, who also at the very inception of the Ballinasloe Tenants' Defence Association became a member. Not without cause was Father Kirwin so generally beloved. He lived to a fine old age, enjoying fairly good health up to very recently. His late parishioners in Ballinasloe deeply mourn his loss.

Kerry.

The result of the recent revision of the Parliamentary Voters' Lists for Kerry shows a reduction of 368 on the register of the current year, and no less a reduction than 1,434 on that of last year when the general election took place. The register for 1894 contains 20,329 names, distributed as follows: North Kerry, 5,725; West Kerry, 5,731; East Kerry, 5,562; and South Kerry, 3,311. The register for the year just closing contained 20,695, and the register for 1892 contained 21,763 names.

Kildare.

The Rev. E. P. White, C. C., Rallymore Eustace, died on Nov. 19th, of typhoid fever. The deceased was a native of Tallow, county Waterford. He was educated at Holy Cross College, Clonliffe, where he passed his college course with merit and distinction. He was appointed by his superiors to labor in Dublin. While laboring in Ashford and Sallins parishes his many good qualities of heart and mind endeared him to the parishioners. His brother clerics, among whom he was a favorite, will remember him in the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, and his many friends and acquaintances will give the deceased a remembrance in their prayers. His brother is the Rev. Michael White, pastor of St. Bridget's Church, Newark, New Jersey. His sister is Sister M. Carthage, of the Ursuline Convent, New York City.

Kilkenny.

With much regret we have to record the premature death of Mr. Michael Curran, jr., which took place at his father's residence, Whittington Cottage, Dublin road, Kilkenny, on Nov. 24th, at the early age of 26 years. He was in his usual health and spirits until the previous Sunday, when he was attacked with his fatal illness. Dangerous symptoms did not show themselves until the following Tuesday, when the members of his family became seriously alarmed at the sudden change for the worse which took place in his condition. All the medical skill of Drs. White and Ternan, who were in constant attendance, was of no avail to avert his untimely death. The funeral took place on Sunday, Nov. 26th, and was one of the largest that passed for some time through the city, to the family burial ground at Cofessgrange, fully testifying to the respect in which the deceased was

held and the deep sympathy for his parents in their great hour of trial.

Limerick.

On December 1st, a special meeting of the Limerick Corporation was held for the election of Mayor. There was no contest, and the proceedings were of an ordinary character. The Mayor, Mr. Bryan O'Donnell, presided, and there were also present—Aldermen John Dundon, Stephen O'Mara, Patrick Riordan, Ambrose Hall, Daniel Ryan; Councillors Patrick Herbert, Jeremiah Anglin, John Hayes, Michael M'Donnell, John M'Mahon, David Begley, Patrick Keena, Stephen Hastings, Michael Scaulan, Michael Gilligan, Michael Spain, Michael Casick, Stephen Dowling, Thomas Hartigan, Michael Donnelly, William Nolan, Daniel Keeneally, Jas. H. Moran, solr.; O. D. Coll, V. S.; Michael Quano, Edward Keating, Robert O'Brien, Joseph Carmody, Patrick Corbett, Richard Smith, William E. Counihan, Thomas Connolly, Patrick Franklin, Patrick E. Bourke, Denis M'Namara, John Boreal. The Town Clerk having read the minutes of the last meeting, Alderman Riordan said he had great pleasure in proposing that the Mayor be re-elected for '94. Alderman Gaffney seconded the motion, which was adopted unanimously.

Louth.

On Nov. 24 a deputation of gentlemen, representing the people of the parishes of Ardee and Ballypounta, waited on the Rev. Hugh McSherry, Adm., Dundalk, at the Parochial House, and presented him with an address expressive of their feelings of mingled regret and congratulation on his promotion from the curacy of Ardee, which he had worthily filled for several years, and with a beautiful silver purse, well lined with gold, as a token of their deep respect and esteem. Father McSherry made a very feeling reply to the address presented to him and afterwards entertained to dinner the following gentlemen, who composed the deputation:—Messrs. Peter Gannon, Chairman Ardee Town Commissioners; Patrick McGee, J. P.; T. B. Dromgoole, P. Abraham, P. L. G., Ballygowan; N. Halpeany, T. G. Coleman, solicitor; J. J. McIvor, solicitor; J. Halpeany, O. Halpeany, P. Durbin, J. Bradley, and J. Dolan. The following clergymen accompanied the deputation:—Very Rev. A. Rodgers, P.P., Ardee; Rev. John Byrne, C.C., Ardee; Rev. James Maguire, C.C., Ardee; Rev. Francis Murtagh, C.C., Ardee.

Mayo.

On Nov. 25th, the interesting ceremony of the reception of a nun took place in the chapel of the Convent of Mercy, Westport. The young lady who had the happiness of consecrating her life to God is Miss Elizabeth Anna Mary Egan (in religion Sister Mary Gabriel), daughter of Mr. John Egan, Westport, grandniece of the late Venerable Archdeacon Brown, P.P., Castlebar, and cousin of the Venerable Archdeacon Cavanagh, P.P., Knock, and the Very Rev. Canon Barrett, P.P., Headford. By special delegation of his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. MacEvilly, Archbishop of Tuam, the Very Rev. Canon Grealy, P.P., V.F., Newport, officiated at the reception, assisted by the Rev. Father O'Malley, P.P., Islandeady. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by the Rev. Bernard McDermott, C.A., Westport, assisted by the Rev. T. F. Macken, C.C., Westport, and the Rev. P. Colgan, C.C., Westport. After the reception, the friends were hospitably entertained to a sumptuous *dejeuner* by the Rev. Mother, Mrs. Mary Paula Cullen, who founded the convent over 50 years ago.

Meath.

Mrs. Thunder, of Senechalstown House, Beauparc, wife of Captain H. D. Thunder, late of the 55th Regiment, and eldest daughter of Sir Stuart Knill, Lord Mayor of London, died on Nov. 28th. She had been in delicate health for some time past. The interment took place in the family burying ground, Ratoath Cemetery.

Queen's County.

On Nov. 29th Mr. H. M. Redmond, J.P., Papsfield, Ballylinan, died after a short illness. The deceased gentleman, who was one of the oldest magistrates in the Queen's County, was also a relation of Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., but differed with him in politics, being a Liberal-Conservative. He belonged to a Wexford family, and was the only son of Capt. Henry Redmond.

Roscommon.

Dr. Murphy, coroner, recently held an inquest at Gorey on the body of a man named John Flattery, a native of Tulak, County Roscommon, who died suddenly at his lodgings in Esmonde st. on the previous day. The deceased had been six weeks in Gorey, and was ailing somewhat during the last week, but did not see a doctor, though recommended to do so by his landlady. Previous to going to Gorey he had been in Rathdrum for some time. Head Constable O'Halloran deposed that in making a search for papers or anything that might disclose the identity of the deceased, he found the sum of £114 6s. on his person.

Tipperary.

Mr. William Russell, of Golden, writes to the Dublin *Nationalist* stating that he has been restored to his farm (from which he had been evicted three years ago), by the landlord, Sir William Butler. He says the facts were first published in the *Nationalist*,

and were thus brought to Sir William's notice, and that this was the cause of the settlement.

Tyrone.

On November 18th a farmer named Patrick Mullan, of Aghnagar, was found dead near Sixmillicross, having perished in a storm. It appears the deceased was out in the storm and, on crossing the River Coughtin, he fell into it, and was found lying partly in the river. The jury found that deceased died from exposure. An inquest has also been held on the body of John Holland, of Listymore, near Castle derg, who also died from exposure during the storm. It appears that deceased was on his way home, and having fallen on the ground, being somewhat under the influence of drink, he perished. There was an incised wound on the head caused, in the opinion of Dr. Leary, by the fall. The jury found that deceased died from exposure after receiving the injuries to his head.

Waterford.

On November 28th, the funeral obsequies of the Rev. R. Foran, P. P., of Ballylooby, took place in the presence of a very large gathering of priests and people. Father Foran had been ailing for some time, but on Sunday morning, November 18th, he was up and celebrated Mass. He got bad again during the week, and had to take to his room, and on the 24th, at two o'clock, he expired, the cause of death being bronchitis. The news of the venerable pastor's demise caused great regret throughout the diocese, where he was respected and beloved by all. Father Foran was born about 72 years ago in the parish of Dunhill, near Trainore, and was a member of one of the oldest and most respected Catholic families in the county Waterford. He was a relative of the late Doctor Foran, Bishop of Waterford, a brother of Canon Foran, of one of the English dioceses, and a relative of the pastor of Ring, county Waterford, Rev. Edward Foran. He completed his course at St. John's, Waterford, and subsequently officiated as curate in the parishes of St. John and Ballygunner. Eighteen years ago he was appointed by the late Bishop John Power pastor of the united parishes of Ballylooby and Duhill, over which he presided ever since. He was a scholar of deep learning, and was a master of seven languages—English, Celtic, Greek, German, Latin, French and Italian. He took a particular interest in the Irish language, and was Professor of Celtic for years in the University School, Waterford. Father Foran was fondly devoted to his people, and was ever solicitous for their welfare. The churches of the parish were kept in splendid order by him, and he also took a warm interest in the schools. Temperance found in him a good advocate, and through his exertion; a branch of the League of the Cross was established in the parish. He lived a good, useful, and holy life, and died a most edifying death. The Requiem Office and High Mass were celebrated at the parish church, Ballylooby. Most Rev. Dr. Sheehan, Bishop of the diocese, presided, and was assisted by Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P. P., V. G., Clonmel, and Very Rev. Father Flynn, P. P., Ballybrickin. The celebrant of the Mass was Rev. D. O'Connor, Ballylooby, deacon, Rev. F. Kirwan, Waterford; sub-deacon, Rev. Father Byrne, Clondalkin, Dublin; master of ceremonies, Rev. R. Power, P.P., Cahir. A large number of the clergy and an immense congregation of the laity attended.

Wexford.

On November 24th at the Parish Church, New Ross, Miss Johanna Mary Roche, of Woodville, daughter of P. J. Roche, J.P., of that place, was married to Mr. Eugene McLaughlin, of Sydenham, London, brother of Mr. G. B. McLaughlin, manager of the National Bank in New Ross.

On Nov. 25th Bishop of Ferns performed the ceremony of the reception of two young ladies into the Order of St. John of God, at Wexford. The postulants were Miss Gunning, County Galway, in religion Sister Mary of the Visitation; and Miss Keating, Kilmore, in religion Sister Mary Borgia.

Rev. P. Doyle, C.C., Kilarnerin, has been transferred from Kilarnerin to Camlin, and Rev. A. Forrestal, C.C., from Camolin to Kilarnerin; Rev. James Praudy, C.C., Ballindagin, goes to Ballymitty, vice Rev. T. Meehan, C.C., appointed to the pastoral charge of Ballindagin in consequence of the continued illness of the pastor, the Very Rev. William Sinnott, P.P., Precentor of Ferns.

Wicklow.

On Nov. 25th, before the Lord Chancellor, Mr. W. C. M. Barland, B.A., T.C.D., Beachfield Lodge, Clontarf, third son of the late John W. Barland, of Carnow, County Wicklow, was sworn in as a solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Mr. Barland served his apprenticeship to Mr. W. S. Hayes, Queen's Proctor, of the firm of Hayes & Sons, 24 Nassau street, and intends practicing at 50 Dame street, Dublin, in partnership with Mr. William Hunter.

THE COUGHING and wheezing of persons troubled with bronchitis or the asthma is excessively harassing to themselves and annoying to others. DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL obviates all this entirely, safely and speedily, and is a benign remedy for lameness, sores, injuries, piles, kidney and spinal troubles.

Christmas Day Among the Churches.

St. Michael's Cathedral.

The Christmas celebration began with High Mass chanted by Vicar-General McCann, at 8 o'clock. The Mass of the Angels was well rendered under the direction of Brother Aldo. There was a large congregation present.

The children's choir assisted at the 9 o'clock mass, and their singing was most devotional.

The Solemn High Mass coram Pontifice was celebrated by Rev. Father Ryan assisted by Vicar-General McCann and F. McGrand. The vestments worn, were the magnificent set, presented to His Grace on the occasion of his Silver Jubilee. The Archbishop assisted in cope and mitre. Webber's Mass in G, was sung by the Cathedral choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Rohleder, in a manner that reflected the highest credit on singers and director.

His Grace preached at the gospel on the Feast His Grace, is always anxiously looked for by the cathedral congregation, and especially, on Christmas day, they look to hear his voice, which time but seems to mellow and strengthen, ring out the glad tidings, of the Saviour's infinite love for men.

It was a thoughtful and effecting sermon, full of vigor and pathos, one that will be long remembered. In concluding His Grace, bore testimony to the Piety, Faith and generous co-operation of the Catholics of Toronto.

St. Basil's.

The services in this Church were of unusual grandeur. Masses were said continually at the different altars from half-past five until half past ten. The young men's sodality sang during the six o'clock Mass, and the singing of the "Adeste Fideles" at nine by the children was really beautiful, their fresh young voices in this grand hymn of praise rang out, like so many chimes of sweet silver bells. High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Marjion with Father Martin as deacon and Mr. Reath sub-deacon, Mr. F. Kennedy was master of ceremonies.

The choir sang Mercadante's celebrated Mass in B flat with full orchestral accompaniment. The soloists were Mrs. O'Hara, Mrs. J. D. Warde, Miss Amy Berthon, Miss Teresa Korman, Miss Kate Malloy, Messrs. Kirk, Warde, Forbes and Cosgrave. The "Gloria" of the Mass was particularly well rendered, the work of the chorus during the Finale being excellent. The quartet in the "Et Incarnatus" and the soprano solo in the "Agnus Dei" (the latter taken by Mrs. Warde) also deserve special mention. At the offertory "Christus Natus Est," by Melville, was sung. The conductor was Rev. Father Murray, the organist Mr. F. A. Moore, and the leader of the orchestra Mr. Walter Donville. In the evening, Vespers were sung by Rev. Father Marjion, and Father Teely preached an eloquent sermon, his text being "And the Word was God."

St. Mary's.

At St. Mary's church the services were all carried on with becoming pomp and splendor. The handsome high altar looked very beautiful with its rich decoration and numerous lights. To the right of the sanctuary a very life-like crib had been erected, before which immense crowds knelt all day long, paying their homage to the Infant Saviour.

At 10.30 a.m. Mozart's famous 12th Mass was finely rendered by the choir, assisted by a full orchestra; Father Coyle being the celebrant. A very instructive sermon on the Feast was delivered by Father Cruise, at this Mass.

The presence of Mgr. Rooney in the sanctuary again after his serious illness, was the cause of much joy among his parishioners.

The Christmas offerings amounted to \$1,200.00.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

Mass was celebrated Christmas morning at 7, 8, 9.30, 9, and 10 o'clock.

A large number of the faithful received communion at the various masses. Rev. Father Teely celebrated High Mass at 10 o'clock, and delivered a scholarly sermon.

The rendition of Webber's Mass in G, by the choir, under the direction of Miss Fannie Sullivan, was worthy of the praise it received from all who were present.

The Soloists were Miss Norma Reynolds, Mrs. Charles McGann, Mrs. John McGann, Miss Flower and Messrs. McMullen, Tipping and Gendron. After the service the pastor, Rev. Father Walsh, expressed his thanks to Miss Sullivan and the choir for their efforts, and also, to the ladies who had kindly assisted the choir. Then a committee of gentlemen from the congregation, with Mr. Thomas Long as chairman, waited on the accomplished leader and, after a few complimentary remarks for her zeal in behalf of the choir, presented her with a very handsome gift.

The choir is to repeat this mass on the first Sunday of the New Year, on which occasion His Grace, the Archbishop, is expected to preach.

St. Patrick's.

One day in the year we are all one. In one way or other the great Xmas feast mixes itself up with everybody and their affairs. Very quiet, in her own wonderful style, the Church has infused something of the spirit of her loveliest festival to her people.

Such would be the thoughts uppermost in one's mind as he entered St. Patrick's on Xmas day. The church and altar were beautifully decorated. The first Mass at 5.30 was a solemn High Mass in which Rev. Father Krein was celebrant, Father Grogan was deacon, and Father Hogan, sub-deacon. Low Mass was continually said from 5.30 till 10.30, when, the last Mass, a solemn High Mass was said in which Rev. Father Barrett was celebrant, Father Hogan was deacon, and Father Grogan was sub-deacon. At 5.30 Knietze Pastoral Mass was sung. At 10.30 Wiegand's Mass in honor of St. Patrick was sung. Rev. Father Krein delivered a beautiful sermon on the Feast of the Nativity. At 7.30 p.m. solemn Vespers and Benediction were said.

Sunnyside.

That youngest yet noblest amongst the Catholic institutions of charity, the Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside, presented the usual festive appearance on Christmas. A neat crib was erected in the chapel, while the large school rooms were chastely decorated with green. Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Lynch, who preached a very appropriate sermon.

Christmas is more particularly a day of joy for the young; and when the 300 children were told that they would have a Christmas Tree on Friday the 29th, a perfect shout of delight filled the hall. Its fruit is to be gathered to-morrow afternoon, at three o'clock when all the friends of the Orphanage are cordially invited to attend. Those desirous of sending contributions for the Christmas Tree are requested to send them as early as possible to-day.

St. Joseph's.

The services at Leslieville and Little York were attended to by Rev. Fathers Bergin and Shaughnessy, C.S.B.

Church of the Sacred Heart.

The parishioners of the Sacred Heart will cherish this Christmas as one of the most pleasant of their lives; it being the fitting close of a mission well and faithfully attended. All the masses found goodly numbers in attendance and the crowning of all was the reception of the Blessed Sacrament by so many masses were sung at seven, half past eight and half past ten. In the absence of Father Lamarche who was ill, Father Lacasse sung the masses. The little children's choir furnished the music and is deserving of the highest praise, as are also their painstaking and talented instructors. Benediction was given by Father Lacasse O.M.I., which was largely attended. It was consoling to the good Father to see so many come to gather his last words of wisdom and advice. He exhorted them to remain faithful to their good resolutions, to observe the practices so firmly adhered to during his short stay with them, and to frequent the Sacraments so necessary to the spiritual welfare of us all. He then bade the good people of Sacred Heart parish farewell and departed hopeful that his efforts would be production of great good and that another bright jewel was placed in his crown in the land beyond.

St. Helen's Church, Brockton.

Owing to the serious illness of Dean Cassidy the services at St. Helen's Church were not carried out as fully as had been intended. Father Kelly celebrated High Mass at 10.30 a.m., and preached a very interesting sermon on the great Feast of the Nativity. The music was very fine, the choir being assisted by an orchestra.

At 7.30 Vespers were sung and Benediction given.

Christmas at House of Providence.

Stately mansions, gorgeous palaces or marble halls do not always bring that happiness which most people think is inseparable from them. True happiness comes from within and may be found in the humble moss-covered dwelling in the peaceful valley as well as in the more pretentious structures that adorn the busy haunts of men. We were provided with ample evidence of this upon our visit to the House of Providence; a place where one might expect something other than the joy and good cheer which Christmas brings. But the Babe of Bethlehem was here with his manifold blessings, making this an ideal Christmas for those less fortunate ones who had been compelled to step aside from life's busy pathway. They began this gracious feast in a fitting and edifying manner by approaching Holy Communion and attending in all five Masses, two of which were said by Father Campbell, and the remaining three by Father Tracy, who sung High Mass. Notwithstanding the mission of a few weeks since, at which all approached communion, goodly numbers were seen at the altar-rails that they might partake of the many fruits attached to this the most suggestive and beautiful feast of the whole year. One admirable feature of the day was the celebration of Mass in a corridor on either side of which were patients prostrate with sickness, who were otherwise unable to follow the sacrifice so precious to the Christian soul. After their spiritual exercises they took advantage of a short rest so acceptable to the old and infirm; thence proceeded to the modest yet neat refectory very tastefully decorated for the occasion. Here could be seen in the well supplied tables abund-

ant evidences of generous hearts to give, willing hands to prepare, and loving souls to administer the many good things.

At four o'clock all assembled in the handsomely adorned chapel for benediction, which was given by Rev. Father Hand. The beautiful evening service was in perfect keeping with the chaste yet beautiful surroundings and I am sure left an impression not soon to be forgotten. It was refreshing to see so many emblems bearing inscriptions of good tidings and great joy. A particularly attractive feature was the profuse decorations in the sick apartment that even the bed-ridden might know and feel the joyous time. Of the three cribs constructed to honor the sinless babe the one in the chapel deserves special mention as a delicate and handsome representation of our Saviour's birth. It made a deep impression upon us and will be cherished as one of our most happy memories. Wondrous and precious Babe that makes even the poor and disconsolate feel the touch of Thy living Hand.

St. Basil's Sewing Society.

An entertainment is to be given in the Hall of St. Michael's College, Clover Hill, on the evening of Wednesday, Jan. 3rd, for the benefit of the Sewing Society of St. Basil's parish. Views of the Chicago and Paris World's Fairs will be given, these will be varied by views from England, Ireland and Scotland and other parts of Europe. A very pleasant and entertaining evening is expected. Admission 25c, children 10c.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, December 27, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 60	\$0 61
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 53	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 57	0 00
Barley, per bush.....	0 41	0 49
Oats, per bush.....	0 33	0 34
Peas, per bush.....	0 57	0 58
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	6 25	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 35	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 11
Butter, per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 22	0 25
Eggs, now laid, per dozen.....	0 25	0 27
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 01
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Radishes, per doz.....	0 20	0 25
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 20	0 30
Onions, per bag.....	0 00	1 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 30
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 00
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy.....	8 01	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 50	8 50
Straw, loose.....	6 00	6 50

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Dec. 27.—This market was exceedingly dull to-day, with no receipts. Prices in consequence are nominally unchanged. Good to choice butchers' cattle are quoted at 3½c to 3¾c per lb., and inferior at 2¾c. Calves \$2.50 and \$7, and milch cows \$25 and \$45 each. Sheep dull at \$3.75 to \$4.50, and lambs \$2.50 to \$3.25 each. Hogs firm at 5c to 5½c for the best.

TEACHER WANTED.

FEMALE, for Separate School Section No. 7, Srdenham. Salary not to exceed \$210. Duties to commence on the 2nd of January, 1894. Address, EDWARD DUGAN, Secretary, Woodford P.O., Ont.

St. Michael's College,

(In Affiliation with Toronto University.)

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PUBLIC NOTICE

IT IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Separate School Board of this City, at a meeting held on the 7th day of November, 1893, passed the following By Law:

By Law Number 4 of the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, to raise by way of loan twenty three thousand dollars.

Whereas the Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto require to borrow the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars for school purposes, eighteen thousand dollars thereof for the purchase of a school site and school buildings on the south east corner of Bond street and Wilton avenue, in the City of Toronto, and five thousand dollars to pay on an existing mortgage on one of the schools of said Board in the City of Toronto.

And whereas, under chapter 227 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario 1887, the said Trustees have power to make mortgages and other instruments for the security and payment of such borrowed money upon the school house property and premises, and any other real or personal property vested in them, and upon the Separate School rates; and whereas it is provided by the said Act that such mortgages and other instruments may be made in the form of debentures, which debentures shall be a charge on the same property and rates aforesaid as in the case of mortgages thereof.

Therefore the said Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, enacts as follows:

1. That the whole of the debt and obligations to be issued under this By-law, shall not exceed the sum of twenty three thousand dollars and interest thereon, half yearly at five per cent. per annum, and it shall be lawful for the said Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, and they are hereby authorized to borrow from any person or persons, body or bodies corporate, who may be willing to advance the same, the sum of twenty-three thousand dollars for the purposes above recited.

2. That for the security and payment of the money borrowed, it shall be lawful for the said Board of Trustees, to cause any number of debentures to be made not exceeding in all the said sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, but for not less than one hundred dollars each, and that the said debentures shall be sealed with the corporate seal of the said Board of Trustees, and be signed by the Chairman and Secretary of the said Board.

3. That the money so borrowed and the said debentures shall be made payable in twenty years from the day hereinafter mentioned for this By-law to take effect, at the office of the Home Savings and Loan Company, Ltd., in the City of Toronto, and shall have attached to them coupons for the payment of interest.

4. That the money so borrowed and said debentures shall bear interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum, which interest shall be payable half yearly on the first days of June and December in each year, at the said office of the Bank aforesaid.

5. That the said debentures shall be and are hereby made a charge on the school house properties and premises and on the real and personal property vested in the said Board of Trustees of the Roman Catholic Separate Schools for the City of Toronto, and upon all the Separate School rates of said Board to be hereafter imposed, until the said debentures and each and every of them shall be fully paid off and satisfied.

6. That during the currency of the said debentures, there shall be included in the yearly Separate School rate to be levied and collected by said Board, the sum of eleven hundred and fifty dollars, for the payment of interest on said debentures, and also the sum of seven hundred and seventy-two dollars and 39 cents, for the payment of the principal, which two sums making together the sum of one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-two dollars and 39 cents, shall be included in and raised by the yearly Separate School rates, to be imposed by the said Board of Trustees, the said sum of \$772.39 being the sum which is sufficient, with the estimated interest on the investments thereof to discharge the said debt when payable.

7. That the said debentures may be payable to Bearer or to Order. The coupons may be signed by the Secretary, or his signature may be engraved or stamped thereon, and be as valid as his own proper signature.

8. This By Law shall take effect on the seventh day of November, A.D. 1893.

MR. F. P. ROONEY, V.G., Chairman.  
VERY REV. J. J. McCANN, V.G., Secretary Treasurer.

Friendly Comparison.

In comparing Hallamora's Expocortant with other cough mixtures on the market, the thought which first arises, is where are these which through extensive advertising, gave promise of occupying a prominent place. Answer—gone out of existence, having failed to supply public requirement. Amongst those remaining none have stood an equal 35 year's test with it or maintained their position without expensive advertising. It alone has increased in public favor solely on its merits. No quarter spent can secure greater value.

**THE GLADIATORS:**

A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE

EROS.

CHAPTER I.  
THE IVORY GATE.

Dark and stern, in their weird beauty, lower the sad brows of the Queen of Hell. Dear to her are the pomp and power, the shadowy vastness, and the terrible splendour of the nother world. Dear to her the pride of her unbending consort; and doubly dear the wide imperial sway, that rules the immortal destinies of souls. But dearer far than these—dearer than flashing crown and fiery sceptre, and throne of blazing gold—are the memories that glimmer bright as sunbeams athwart those vistas of gloomy grandeur, and seem to fan her weary spirit like a fresh breeze from the realms of upper earth. She has not forgotten, she never can forget, the dewy flowers, the blooming fragrance of lavish Sicily, nor the sparkling sea, and the summer haze, and the golden harvests that wave and whisper in the garden and granary of the world.

Then a sad smile steals over the baughty face; the stern beauty softens in the gleam, and, for a while, the daughter of Ceres is a laughing girl once more.

So the Ivory Gate swings back, and gentle doves come forth on snowy wings, flying upwards through the gloom, to bear balm and consolation to the weary and the wounded and the lost. Now this was the dream the birds of Peace brought with them, to soothe the broken spirit of a sleeping slave.

The old boar has turned to bay at last. Long and severe has been the chase; through many an echoing woodland, down many a sunny glade, by copse and dingle, rock and cave, through splashing stream, and deep, dark, quivering morass, the large rough bounds have tracked him, unerring and pitiless, till they have set him up here, against the trunk of the old oak-tree, and he has turned—a true British denizen of the waste—to sell his life dearly, and fight unconquered to the last.

His small eye glows like a burning coal; the stiff bristles are up along his huge black body, flecked with white froth that he churns and throws about him, as he offers those curved and ripping tusks, now to one, now to another of his crowding, baying, leaping foes.

'Have at him! Good dogs!' shouts the hunter, running in with a short, broad-bladed boar-spear in his hand. Breathless is he, and wearied with the long miles of tangled forests he has traversed; but his heart is glad within him, and his blood tingles with a strange wild thrill of triumph known only to the votaries of the chase.

Upright is down, torn and mangled from flank to dewlap; Luath has the wild swine by the throat; and a foot of gleaming steel, driven home by a young, powerful arm, has entered behind the neck and pierces downwards to the very briakot. The shaft of the spear snaps short across, as the thick unwieldy body turoes slowly over, and the boar shivers out his life on the smooth sward, soft and green as velvet, that exists nowhere but in Britain.

The dream changes. The boar has disappeared, and the woodland gives place to a fair and smiling plain. Vast herds of shaggy red cattle are browsing contentedly, with their wide-horned heads to the breeze; flocks of sheep dot the green undulating pastures, that stretch away towards the sea. A gull turns its white wing against the clear blue sky; there is a hum of insects in the air, mingled with the barking of dogs, the lowing of kine, the laughter of women, and other sounds of peace,

abundance, and content. A child is playing round its mother's knee—a child with frank bold brow and golden curls, and large blue fearless eyes, sturdy of limb, quick of gesture, fond, imperious, and wilful. The mother, a tall woman, with a beautiful but mournful face, is gazing steadfastly at the sea, and seems unconscious of her boy's caresses, who is fondling and kissing the white hand he holds in both his own. Her large shapely figure is draped in snowy robes that trail upon the ground, and massive ornaments of gold encircle arms and ankles. At intervals she looks fondly down upon the child; but ever her face resumes its wistful expression, as she fixes her eyes again upon the sea. There is nothing of actual sorrow in that steadfast gaze—still less of impatience, or anger, or discontent. Memory is the prevailing sentiment portrayed memory, tender, absorbing, irresistible, without a ray of hope, but without a shadow of self-reproach. There is a statue of Mnemosyne at one of the entrances to the Forum that carries on its marble brow the same crushing weight of thought; that wears on its delicate features, graven into the saddest of beauty by the Athenian's chisel, just such a weary and despondent look. Where can the British child have seen those tasteful spoils of Greece that deck her Imperial Mistress? And yet he thinks of that statue as he looks up in his mother's face.

But the fair tall woman shivers and draws her robe closer about her, and taking the child in her arms, nestles his head against her bosom and covers him over with her draperies, for the wind blows moist and chill, the summer air is white with driving mist, huge shapeless forms loom through the haze, and the busy sounds of life and laughter have subsided into the stillness of a vast and dreary plain.

The child and its mother have disappeared, but a tall, strong youth, just entering upon manhood, with the same blue eyes and fearless brow, is present in their stead. He is armed for the first time with the weapons of a warrior. He has seen blows struck in anger now, and fronted the Legions as they advanced, and waged his fearless unskilful valour against the courage, and the tactics, and the discipline of Rome. So he is invested with sword, and helm, and target, and takes his place, not without boyish pride, amongst the young warriors who encircle the ballowed spot where the Druids celebrate their solemn and mysterious rites.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mr. W. L. Victor, of Dublin, granted a reduction of 4s. in the pound to his Cloneapoe (Tipperary) tenants.

Mr. Bernard Doherty, Dromore, County Tyrone, has been sworn in a Justice of the Peace for the County Tyrone.

In all dairy localities winter milkers bring more than summer milkers, and it is because milk is much higher during cold weather.

A census report states that the average yield of milk per cow for the whole United States in 1899 was 2052 pounds or 1262 quarts.

According to a decree just rendered by the British courts of law, payment cannot legally be enforced for an order given to a debtor on Sunday.

The Dublin Gazette announces that the Lord Lieutenant has appointed Francis George Hodder, Esq. (resident magistrate at Ennis), to be a resident magistrate for the county of Antrim.

Dr. Richard O'Brien Jervis place, Clonmel, has been appointed a magistrate for the County Tipperary, and Alderman Jas. Byrne (ex Mayor), Clonmel, has also been appointed a magistrate. Both gentlemen are very popular.

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## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

The stranger bore the name of the ancestor who had left X—so many years ago. This name, which seemed almost antediluvian, was displayed with much aristocratic ostentation on the little card. We like to exhume ancient appellations from the dust and rubbish of by-gone centuries; they involuntarily summon up before our eyes visions of knightly figures in clanking armor, and betoken aristocratic blood, though they suit oddly enough our modern race of pygmies clad in black dress coats. This branch of the Hirschsprungs evidently set a higher value on its noble ancestors—it was almost certain that the juggler's daughter could not claim kinship without rebuke. Every drop of blood in Felicitas's veins seethed wildly at the thought of a repulse; she closed her lips more firmly, as if to repress any hasty word that might escape them in her excitement. Yet she could not control her ardent desire to see the man, and she was to have an opportunity.

Soon after the stranger's arrival, the young lawyer had sent for the professor, and the interview between the three gentlemen lasted more than three hours. During this time of anxious expectation, Felicitas often heard her lover pacing to and fro overhead with a calm, measured tread. She saw in imagination the man of science passing his slender, well formed hand over his beard, and quietly offering the aristocratic money and lands to efface the stain on the honor of his name.

Afterward the young lawyer sent to ask his mother to have coffee made, as when they had concluded their business he would bring his guest into her sitting-room. Felicitas attended to the matter, and while arranging the coffee-service in the kitchen, she heard the gentlemen coming down-stairs. Her courage almost deserted her as she saw the stranger, talking to the professor, pass slowly through the hall. He was extremely tall and very slender; his bearing and gestures evinced the finished man of the world, but also the thorough aristocrat, perfectly conscious of his superior position. He certainly could not be her grandfather, the face, with its delicately chiseled features, was too young for that. At the moment a pleasant smile rested upon his thin lips as he bent toward the professor, but the handsome, clearly cut profile, with its pale, sallow complexion, was evidently more habituated to express imperious command than kindness.

Felicitas smoothed her hair with trembling fingers and entered the room, into which the coffee had already been carried by the servant. The whole party were standing in one of the deep window niches, and the girl's noiseless entrance was unnoticed. She quietly filled the cups, and, placing one on a tray, offered it with a few courteous words to the stranger—he turned hurriedly at the sound of her voice, but staggered back as though he had received a blow, while his face blanched to a death-like pallor, and his startled eyes wandered over the girlish figure before him.

"Meta!" he gasped.

"Meta von Hirschsprung was my mother," she replied, in her low, musical voice, with apparent composure, though she placed the salver on the table because the cups began to rattle perceptibly.

"Your mother? I did not know that she had left a child," he murmured, trying to control his agitation.

Felicitas smiled scornfully—partly no doubt at her own weakness, which, spite of her firm resolutions, had betrayed her into confessing to this man the secret of her origin. There had not been the faintest shade of love or sorrowful sympathy in his tones, nothing save startled surprise, and

she instantly felt that she had exposed herself to a series of humiliations, which she must now endure in the presence of the astonished group, who, in silent amazement, were awaiting the further development of the strange scene.

Meanwhile Baron von Hirschsprung's surprise had passed away, but only to give place to the most painful embarrassment. He covered his eyes with his hand and said in a low, faltering voice: "Ah, yes, it was in this very little town of X—that fate overtook the unfortunate woman—a fate terrible, indeed, yet just."

It seemed as if, in uttering the last words, he had regained complete mastery over himself. Drawing himself up to his full height, he said with the well bred ease of a thorough man of the world, addressing the other members of the group: "Pardon me, if a momentary surprise made me forget the presence of others! But I had supposed a drama formerly enacted in our family, ended and buried forever, and suddenly found myself confronted here with an afterpiece! Then you are a daughter of the juggler D'Orlowska!" he added, turning to Felicitas, and evidently trying to infuse a trace of kindness into his tone.

"Yes," she answered, curtly, facing him with a bearing as haughty as his own. At this moment the family resemblance between the two was very striking. Pride was the predominant expression of those noble features, though it perhaps rested on a widely different foundation.

"Your father then left you in X—after his wife's death? You have grown up here?" he went on, unmistakably impressed by the young girl's appearance.

"Yes."

"The man did not have much time to provide for you—if my memory serves me, he died of nervous fever in Hamburg eight or nine years ago."

"This is my first information that he is no longer living," replied Felicitas, trembling, while the corners of her mouth quivered and tears sprang to her burning eyes. Yet, in spite of the shock of these tidings, she had a certain feeling of satisfaction—Frau Hellwig had so often said that her father was wandering about the world, without caring what it cost other people for his child's support.

"Ah, I regret exceedingly that I have been the person to bring such sad news!" cried Baron von Hirschsprung, shaking his head mournfully. "With him you have lost the only relative you had, after your mother's death. There was a time when I investigated this man's early life—he was left alone in the world when very young. It is very sorrowful, but you no longer possess any kindred."

"And may we be permitted to ask, sir, in what relation the mother of this young girl stood to your family?" cried the councilor's wife, indignant at the pitiless manner in which he excluded Felicitas from the circle of her high-born race.

A faint flush flickered over his face. Bewitching as is the blush on the cheek of innocence, it is repulsive when seen on the countenance of an arrogant man, who is evidently struggling to determine whether to conceal or acknowledge some humiliating fact.

"She was once my sister," he answered, indifferently, though he placed a marked emphasis on the word "once." "I intentionally avoided alluding to this tie," he went on more firmly, after a somewhat long pause, "because, as matters are, I shall be forced to make disclosures which may possibly make me appear unfeeling. I must impart to this young lady certain circumstances relating to her mother, which perhaps might better be suppressed. Frau d'Orlowska forever ceased to be a member of the Von Hirschsprung family at the moment she gave her hand to the Pole. In our family re-

cord there is no mention of the name of the man whom this daughter of the house married. When she crossed our threshold for the last time, my father, with his own hand, erased her name from the book—a deed infinitely harder to his aristocratic nature than if he had been compelled to affix to it the cross that indicates death. From that time the name Meta von Hirschsprung has had no existence for us; neither friend nor servant has ever ventured to repeat it; my children do not know that they ever had an aunt—she was disinherited, cast off, dead to us long before she met with so terrible an end."

He paused a moment. During these disclosures, made in a manner so crushing, the councilor's wife had put her arms around Felicitas and drawn her, with a mother's tenderness, to her heart. And their stood the professor; he said nothing, but his eyes rested fondly on the pale face of the girl who was again made to suffer so keenly for her "idolized" mother. There was a short, painful pause—a silence that evidently expressed stern condemnation. The speaker could not escape the impression. He continued in an unsteady, faltering voice.

"Let me assure you that I find it a very painful task to be forced to wound you in this way—I appear, even to myself, in such an—an unchivalrous light, but good heavens! how can I help calling things by their true names? I should be glad to do something for you. In what position do you stand in this admirable household?"

"The position of my dear daughter," replied the councilor's wife for Felicitas, looking the speaker keenly in the face.

"Then you see that you have indeed a very happy lot!" he said to the young girl, at the same time bowing courteously to his hostess. "Unfortunately I have not the power to compete with your noble protectress. I could not, in any case, offer you the rights of a daughter of the house because my parents are both living—in their eyes the fact that you bear the name of D'Orlowska would unfortunately prevent their ever admitting you into their presence."

"What, your own grandparents!" cried the old lady, indignantly. "Could they know that they have a granddaughter, and yet die without seeing her? You can never make me believe it."

"My dear Frau Hofrathin," replied the baron with an icy smile. "The indelible consciousness of aristocratic birth, the lofty sense of the unsullied honor of our race, are traits of the Hirschsprung family which I also share—love holds a secondary place in our hearts. I perfectly understand my parents' opinions, and should pursue precisely the same course, were one of my daughters to so far forget herself."

"Well, the men of your family may hold such views, perhaps," replied the old lady persistently, "but the grandmother—surely she must have a heart of flint if she can hear of this child and not—"

"She is the least forgiving of us all," he interrupted with calm conviction. "My mother numbers among her relatives members of some of the oldest families in the land, and guards the honor of her race as few women would have the strength to do. But you are entirely at liberty, my dear madame," he added, with a slight touch of irony in his tone, "to make a trial in behalf of your protegee. So far from opposing you, I assure you that I will aid you as much as possible."

"Oh, do not say another word, I implore you!" cried Felicitas, in an agony of pain, as she released herself from her friend's embrace, and clasped her hand beseechingly "Be assured, sir," she continued, calmly, after a moment's pause, though her lips quivered, "that it will never occur to me to claim any rights once my mother's—"

she cast them all aside for the sake of her love, and after what you have just said, she can only have gained by the exchange. I have grown up in the belief that I stood alone in the world, so I now say: 'I have no grandparents.'"

"That sounds harsh and bitter!" he replied, somewhat embarrassed. "Yet," he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, in the present condition of affairs, I am compelled to let you retain your belief. But I will do all that lays in my power. I have no doubt that I can induce my father to make you a large yearly allowance."

"I thank you!" she hastily replied. "But I have just told you that I have no grandparents, can you expect me to receive alms from strangers?"

He again blushed, but now it was the deep flush of shame which, perhaps for the first time in his life, filled the aristocratic nobleman. Evidently greatly confused, he took his hat—no one detained him. Turning to the young lawyer, he alluded, almost in a whisper, to a few points connected with the business they had just discussed; then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, held out his hand to Felicitas, but letting both hands fall slowly by her sides, the young girl courtesied to him formally and profoundly. It was a sharp retaliation for the juggler's daughter to inflict upon the haughty Baron von Hirschsprung! He drew back in confusion, and, bereft for the moment of all aristocratic dignity, bowed to the others with a shrug of his shoulders and accompanied by the young lawyer, left the room.

As the door closed behind him, Felicitas, with an agitated gesture, suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Fay!" cried the professor, holding out his arms. She looked up and fled to their protection. Claspng her arms around his neck, she hid her face on his breast. The wild young bird submitted forever; it did not make the least attempt to fly. How sweet it was to rest within the shelter of those strong arms, after the weary lonely flight through winds and tempests that had almost beaten it to death!

At this moment the councilor's wife made a sign to her smiling husband, and both noiselessly left the room.

"John, I will!" cried the young girl, raising her long lashes, on which tears of filial grief were still trembling.

"At last!" he answered, clasping his arms still more closely around the slender form those words had made his own. What passion, what tenderness glowed in the stern gray eyes that gazed down at the smiling, upturned face.

"I have waited hour after hour for those words of happiness," he continued. "Thank God, they have been spoken by the impulse of your own heart. Else I should have been forced to plead for them again this evening, and I doubt whether they would have sounded as sweetly in my ears as now. Wicked Fay, must I pass through such bitter experiences ere you could resolve to make me happy?"

"No," she replied, releasing herself from his clasp. "It was not the thought of the change in your circumstances that conquered me; it was in the moment that you so firmly and consistently refused to give me back the book that entire confidence in you first took possession of me—"

"And a few minutes after, when the secret was revealed to me," he interrupted, again drawing her into his embrace, "I perceived that, spite of all your harshness, defiance, and pride, you cherished in your heart a woman's true, joy-bestowing love for me. You would have sacrificed yourself, rather than let me suffer the pain of a sorrowful experience. We have both been trained in a hard school, and—do not deceive yourself, Fay, concerning the task still before you? I have lost my mother, my faith in human nature

has received a severe blow, and—this must also be told—I have at this moment scarcely anything except my profession."

"Oh, how happy I am in being permitted to be near you!" she said, pressing her hand lightly on his lips. "I can not hope to supply the place of all you have lost, but whatever a tender wife can do to brighten the life of a noble husband shall be accomplished."

"And when will these proud lips condescend to call me 'thou'?" he asked, smiling down at her.

Her fair face flushed to the very roots of her hair.

"Ah, John, thou wilt not stay too long away from me!" she murmured, beseechingly.

"Did you really think I would go without you?" he said, with a low laugh. "If the intelligence did not come in so appropriately at this moment, you would not have learned till this evening that you will set out with me for Bonn at eight o'clock to-morrow morning, under the care of your dear friend, the councilor's wife. She has entered into a little plot against you, my child—the trunks have been standing packed, ever since yesterday, in her guest-chamber upstairs. Assisted by her advice, I have even chosen the traveling-hat I want to see on that proud little head. You will spend a month with Frau von Berg as my betrothed, and then—then a lovely wife will sit in the study of the grim professor, who is to bring home a frowning brow and cross looks every day."

Baron von Hirschsprung proved his father's title, as the sole heir, to the old mam'selle's legacy, which was paid to him. He declared all the Hirschsprung claims upon the Hellwig family settled, when the professor had doubled Aunt Cordula's thirty thousand thalers by adding thirty thousand from his own property, thus replacing the full sum of sixty thousand.

Frau Hellwig was obliged to pay a thousand thalers for the burned MS. of the Bach operetta, which she did with extreme reluctance, because she received assurance from all quarters that, in case of a lawsuit, she would be forced to make a far greater pecuniary sacrifice.

"Why should I deny it?" said the young lawyer, blushing deeply and speaking with deep emotion, as he stood with his friend the professor, on the morning of the latter's departure, in one of the deep window recesses, waiting for the two ladies. "I grudge you Felicitas! The first time I saw her, I knew her to be one of the rarest of God's creatures, and it will be long ere I can forget. But I have one consolation, she has made you a different man, added a new convert to the good cause of the unassailable moral rights of humanity. My free, and certainly sound views of our social wrongs, could have no more striking illustration than pardon the bitter truth—the fact that the proud Hellwigs were heavily in debt to the kindred of the despised player's child. Some people stand apart, looking arrogantly down upon others, and the blind world does not suspect how rotten are its most respected institutions, and that a fresh breeze of freedom is necessary, to sweep away everything that favors arrogance, heartlessness, and with them a whole succession of the worst crimes."

"You are right, and I will accept this bitter conclusion calmly," said the professor, gravely, "for in truth I have greatly erred. But the path I had to retrace was very rugged and stony, so do not grudge me the prize I toiled so hard to win."

The professor introduced his young wife into the "exclusive" circle of the university families, and, spite of the malicious insinuations of the councilor's widow, the beautiful bride was everywhere received with admiration and love. The vision that once so

charmed his imagination became a reality. Felicitas smooths the lines of care from his brow and when, in the evening, seated in his pleasant home, he begs: "Sing to me, Fay!" the superb contralto voice instantly pours forth that melody, the voice that once drove him from his mother's house into the Thuringian forest, because it so irresistibly attracted him to the juggler's bewitching daughter.

The professor had had all the furniture in the rooms occupied by the old mam'selle removed to Bonn. The piano, busts, and luxuriant garland's of ivy now adorn Felicitas's own room. The young mistress of the House still keeps her valuable old fashioned silver in the secret compartment of the antique cabinet; but the gray box, with its contents, was burned by the professor on the day the Hirschsprungs had been paid the full amount of their claim. Thus the book was destroyed, the wrong righted, so far as human power could do so, and Aunt Cordula's spirit, untroubled, could pursue the flight to higher spheres it had already begun on earth.

Heinrich lives with the young couple in Bonn. He is held in high honor and feels extremely content; but whenever he meets in the streets the councilor's widow, now clad in silks and velvet made in the latest fashion, he mutters to himself with a smile—while she averts her head as though she had never seen his honest face before: "Those little forget-me-nots were not the least use, most gracious lady."

The beautiful woman can no longer adorn her faultless white arm with the bracelet; her father "conscientiously" delivered it to the Hirschsprung heirs, with the remark that it had come into his possession "by mistake or accident." He lives on very hostile terms with his daughter, because she committed the "incomprehensible folly" of proving his share in the theft of the Hirschsprung property. She has been compelled to relinquish the halo of piety and gentleness, but still takes part with great ostentation in all charitable plans, while her little daughter, left to the care of strangers, is fast sinking into the grave. And he, the devout relative on the Rhine! It is not to be imagined that any Nemesis will overtake him in this world. He will, with pious resignation, term everything that may come upon him a trial sent to test his Christian faith. So let us leave him to the verdict of public opinion. The sharpest punishment that can be inflicted upon a hypocrite is to have the mask torn from his face before the gaze of the world.

Frau Hellwig still sits behind her ascopias plant. Misfortune has at last crossed her sanctified threshold—she has lost both her children. John she cast off, and one day the news came that Nathaniel had been killed in a duel. He left many debts and a clouded reputation. The iron expression of her features has somewhat softened, and many persons assert that the head once bold so high, with its rigid air of arrogance and infallibility, often sinks wearily on her breast. The professor, a short time ago, wrote to inform her of the birth of his first child. Since that time the little knitting-basket, which formerly contained nothing but balls of coarse blue and white yarn, has held a pretty bit of rose colored work, on which the lady often knits by stealth. Frederica avers that it is no missionary stocking, but a lovely sock for an infant. Whether the dainty rose colored article will ever inclose the nimble feet of the youngest member of the Hellwig family, we do not know—but for the honor of humanity be it said: There is no soul so hardened that it does not contain one soft spot, one noble aspiration, one chord that will give forth melody—though it is often unaware of this hidden treasure unless some ex-

ternal circumstance reveals it. Perhaps love for her grand-children may be this warm spot in Frau Hellwig's heart which, hitherto unsuspected, may yet diffuse a soft radiance that will melt all the ice in her nature. We will hope so, dear reader.

THE END.

AT DEATH'S DOOR—DYSPEPSIA CONQUERED—A GREAT MEDICAL TRIUMPH—GENTLEMEN—My medical adviser and others told me I could not possibly live when I commenced to use Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY for Dyspepsia. My case was one of the worst of its kind. For three years I could not eat meat and my weight decreased from 219 to 119 lbs. All the food I took for thirteen months previous to taking the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY consisted of milk. I am now entirely cured and have regained my usual weight, can eat anything with a keen relish and feel like a new man. I have sold over thirty dozen VEGETABLE DISCOVERY since it cured me, as I am well-known, and people in this section know how low I was, and thought I could not possibly be cured. They are eager to try this grand medicine. It certainly saved my life as I never expected to recover when first I commenced using it. I am not exaggerating anything, but feel glad to be able to contribute this testimonial and trust it may be the means of convincing others of its merit as a certain cure for Dyspepsia.

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Literary Notes.

SEVENTY YEARS OF IRISH LIFE. This is the title of a very enjoyable book sent us by The Copp Clark Co., and for which our thanks are due. It is from the pen of Mr. W. R. Le Fanu, a talented member of a talented family connected on the mother's side with Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Although the last seventy years of Ireland are crowded with events political which might allure a writer, the author of this work has very prudently avoided devoting much space to the burning questions whose fires at various times have set the old land ablaze. He has given us instead personal reminiscences and sketches. Son of an Anglican Rector in the County Limerick, educated at Dublin, chief engineer of many of the Railways in Ireland, he has had through a long life great opportunities of studying the character of the Irish people. These opportunities he has employed to great advantage, and now leaves a book which will rank with Barrington's Sketches.

The *Owl* for Christmas comes from Ottawa University with all the vivacity and brilliance of a student who has passed a successful examination. Two very interesting sketches with photogravure portraits are given of Archbishop Walsh of Toronto and Archbishop Cleary of Kingston.

Our thanks are due to the Catholic Publishing Firm of Benziger Bros., for a copy of "The Comedy of English Protestantism," by A. F. Marshall. The title will at once recall to the minds of many of our readers "The Comedy of Convocation," from the pen of the same writer, many years ago. Those who laughed over the clever satire of that work will derive no less pleasure from a perusal of the author's latest comedy. The scene is Exeter Hall; the *dramatis personae*, delegates from the more important of the two hundred sects into which English Protestants are divided. These delegates, seven in number, and of hopelessly dissimilar character from the exponent of "Transcendental Protestant Popery," to the representation of "Abysmal Puritanism," meet in an assembly whose object is to discuss the means of bringing about a re union of all the sects within the fold of their mother the Church of England. The scene is very imposing. There is great decorum on the platform, and some show of want of respect in the audience; the amenities of debate are, as a rule, observed, though strong language is occasionally employed by the Dissenters. As might have been expected, the meeting fails of its object. No conclusion is arrived at; they disperse with previous opinions somewhat strengthened; reunion seems as far off as ever, and the proceedings generally furnish a very satisfactory answer to the question contained in the couplet, placed as motto, on the title-page of the book:

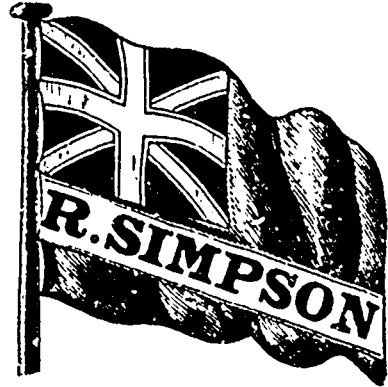
"For how can she constrain them to obey  
Who has herself cast off the lawful way?"

The Christmas number of *Loretto Leaflets* is before us in all its fresh beauty. The pupils of Loretto Abbey might well be proud of their little volume issued quarterly, but this number surpasses itself. "A Christmas Carol" by Miss Lizzie Greatwood, and "Good Will to Men" by Miss Florentine O'Leary, are fitting openings for this joyous season. "The Friendless Poor" are not forgotten; and Miss Charlotte Plunkett, under that heading has contributed a pathetic little sketch. "A Xmas Story" by Miss Rose Cutter; and "Inez" by Miss M. M. Hunt, are well-told short tales. THE REGISTER offers its New Year's greetings to the "Leaflets," and hopes that the coming year will at least equal '98, if not surpass it in successful issues.



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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

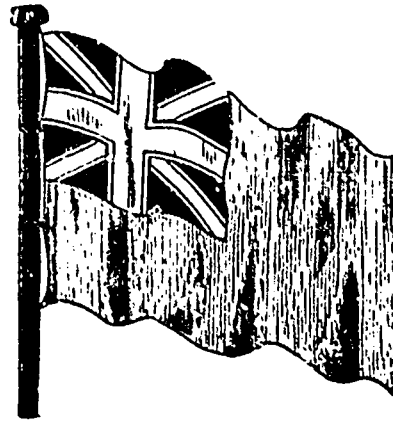
In the matter of the Estate of Margaret Drohan, late of the City of Toronto, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that pursuant to R.S.O. Chap. 110, all creditors and persons having claims against the estate of Margaret Drohan, late of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, who died on or about the 17th day of January, 1893, are required to send by post, prepaid or deliver to the undersigned Solicitors for the Trusts Corporation of Ontario, administrators of the said estate, on or before the first day of February, 1894, a statement in writing of their names and addresses, and the particulars of their claims and the nature of their securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is hereby further given, that after the said first day of February, 1894, the said administrators will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have notice, and the said administrators will not be liable for the proceeds of the Estate, or any part thereof so distributed to any person, of whose claim the said administrators have no notice at the time of distribution of said Estate or any part thereof.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of December, 1893, mails close and are due as follows:

	Gross	Dur.
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.15 7.20	7.15 10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.10	7.15 7.15
G. T. R. West	7.30 3.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.45 8.50
Midland	7.09 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	6.40 4.00	11.05 9.10
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m. noon	a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00
		3.00 7.30
		6.15 4.00 10.30 8.20
		10.00
U. S. N. Y.	6.15 12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00 10.30 11.00
U.S. West'n St. tos	6.15 10.00	9.00 8.20

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for December: 1, 2, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30.

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

T. O. PATTERSON, P.M.