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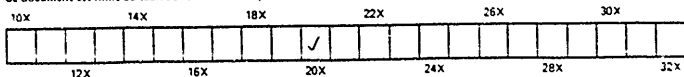
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The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. VII.—No. 3.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IN THE VALLEY OF OVOCA.

A HOLIDAY SKETCH.

The men who annihilated the infamous "North Cork" at Orlant and Ennis-cortly, and whose gleaming pikes struck terror into the foe on "Thibbercurry's day" are worthy of a glorious place among the heroes who have fought and died for the Old Land.

The thoughts of our driver Billy Roche must have been running much in the same line as my own, for as we left the little town I could hear him "humour" a popular rebel ballad, "The Boys of Wexford." As I had heard the song not long before at N. V. Ross song by a "Wexford" at the present excursion I was able to join in with Billy in the chorus:

"For we were the boys of Wexford
Who fought with the old and the new
Who first to the gallows came
And then to the guillotine."

Our way lay back around the other side of the valley, passing the little bridge over the "Meeting of the Waters," about a mile and a half above it. Next little villas along the road-side here and there, and some of them were very fine. The river, through fairy woods and meadows, flows in a beautiful way. The romantic ivy covered old bridge over the Avonbeg, alighted from the cutting car, and passing from the road under a verdant hedge of white thorn, found ourselves on the spot immortalized by Moore, where "the bright waters meet." The picturesque old stone bridge over the Avonbeg which we had just crossed is about thirty yards above the junction of the currents. The Avonbeg mingles its shallow stream with the deeper Avonmore and the united waters run sparkling on new eddying over the smooth, round sandstone, now fretting the green banks, and laughing softly as though joyful at the union, like friends long parted. The Avonmore, the more impetuous of the two, flows from the right after having also passed under the old arch of stone, ivy-covered and picturesque. All things seem to combine to make the scene here more and more beautiful and romantic.

The gleaming waters, the green sward that runs up those banks, the great overhanging oaks and oaks with vistas of flowery mead seen between, the rustic bridges half hidden by festoons of ivy, the green, the liquid twitterings of the gold-finch and the lark, the soft murmurs of the hewers. All these things were an affirmation of the words of the poet:

"There is not in this wide world,
A valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the
Bright waters meet."

It was a scene never to be forgotten and the sense of its serene and peaceful beauty comes upon me now, as my memory recalls it, just as vividly as it did that August day years ago.

On the grassy plot which divides the streams is a large rock whose hanging branches almost touch the ground. Beneath this, Moore is said to have written the first lines of his song. The authenticity of this legend seems to be taken for granted by most tourists, for on the bark of the great tree is backed and out in the crullest manner, by the penknives of anxious eager to bring away a souvenir of the romantic spot. Sitting near by was a blind man. He was playing on an old flute which he won from a liberal application of waxed-ends.

A hairy little dog snuggled comfortably between his feet. An iron chain was affixed to the dog's neck and the blind man had tied the end around his own leg to keep the little brute a prisoner. We listened, the blind flutist was playing the air of the "Meeting of the Waters." How sweet and sad it was.

The notes seemed to die away with a sob, and the waters cease to laugh, sobbed in unison! Again the blind musician took up the air and the echoes like fairy voices answered back from grove and dell. The plaintive melody of the flute harmonized with the quiet beauty of the scene, and we felt it in our hearts. When we went over to our entertainer, a glow of surprise lighted up his pale face, for coins were pressed in his outstretched palm with unusual liberality.

We then asked him to give us an Irish song and soon the wood was ringing to a lively tune, the name of which he told us was "The Minors of Wicklow." Alas for the discouraging effects of alien rule there are no minors with their happy families in Wicklow to-day. The great barracks and wilderness stand unnumbered on the hillsides, the streams are clay-choked; parts of the streams are still tarred with the rich ore, but where are the minors and their once happy families. Who can answer? Healy as Goldsmith says:

"Through forest track with faltering steps they go
Where wild Attama murmurs to their woe."

One of the lighter spirits amongst our party feeling the contagion of the music "getting into his heels," here proceeded to give us "a few stanzas" much to the edification of two members of the ubiquitous Royal Irish Constabulary who lounged in graceful attitudes over the parapet of the old bridge. The royal soul of Mitchell revolted against the presence of a British frigate in the

placid waters of Cork Harbor, and here in like manner Billy Roche seemed to take umbrage at this intrusion of English power on the scene. "I'm looking upon those pebbles as Billy," I remarked moving over to that individual, "I'm looking 'em up" snorted Billy disdainfully as if the idea had never once occurred to him before; "sure 'tis easy for 'em to be fine looking with brand new shuets on, an' shiny bolts, as a split in their hair as straight as a razor. Sure they have nothin' else to do but swagger 'em about the girls, an' the Irish colleen that'll turn her eyes on 'em I wouldn't give that for 'em," snapping his fingers, "sure the baronets ad' out her father next day if they were ordered." And Billy finished this long oration quite out of breath, glaring savagely at the two tall policemen who were delightfully unconscious of the storm they had aroused.

The setting sun was now pouring over the hands of Lugganua and his last rich beans, touched with the ripples of the meeting waters. There was something almost heavenly in the scene around, so peaceful and so happy it appeared. "I'm looking upon my own way," I knew an old fellow, from the "Machie O'ie" of Mr. Kelly, and as we all stood there on the bank as near as we could get to where "the bright waters meet," the voice of the singer was softened in this twilight hour. "I'm looking upon my own way," I said, "sure they have nothin' else to do but swagger 'em about the girls, an' the Irish colleen that'll turn her eyes on 'em I wouldn't give that for 'em," snapping his fingers, "sure the baronets ad' out her father next day if they were ordered." And Billy finished this long oration quite out of breath, glaring savagely at the two tall policemen who were delightfully unconscious of the storm they had aroused.

Sweet vale of OVOCA, how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with thy friends
I love best!
Where the storms that we feel in this
Cold world should cease
And our hearts, like thy waters, be
Mingled in peace.

SLIAY-N-MON.

Death of Mr. Maurice Londregan.

Peterborough, Jan. 12.—The death of Mr. Maurice Londregan occurred at his residence No. 29, St. George's street, on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 12th, after a illness lasting only two days from the previous day. A short time since he was kicked on one of his legs by a horse, but recovered so as to be able to move about. On Friday he was seized with an attack of heart disease and died on Saturday afternoon. He was aged sixty-seven years of age, and was probably the oldest Canadian born resident of the township. He was held in very high esteem by his neighbors and all who knew him. The very large number that followed his remains to the Catholic cemetery in Peterborough, Monday morning, was an evidence of the high place he held in the esteem of the community. May his soul rest in peace.

A Gentle Visitor.

Mr. Stephen Walsh of Arthur village was called on by the Registrar office last week. Mr. Walsh is a very popular figure in his own district and has a wide circle of friends throughout the province. He is a warm admirer of the Registrar recognizing it as an indispensable voice in the government of the Dominion. Neither party favoritism nor sensitive influences the public esteem in which the paper is growing. Mr. Walsh, who has been an active Liberal party man for many years tells us the paper is admired for its intelligent expression of Catholic teaching and opinion, its steady and watchful interest in Irish news and Ireland's national cause and its outspoken advocacy of C. tholic interests in the social and public life of Canada.

Death of James Henry, LL.B.

On Dec. 31st, Mr. James Henry, Peterborough, received a telegram announcing the death of his brother, Mr. James Henry, LL.B., formerly of the firm of Dumble & Co., Peterborough. Mr. Henry was 38 years of age and was born and lived in Peterborough till about ten years ago, when he removed to Chicago. He was educated in Peterborough, afterwards in St. Michael's College, Toronto. His brother, Richmond, who lives in Chicago, took charge of the funeral, and the deceased was buried with American military honors. The burial took place at Mount Olivet Cemetery, about 16 miles from the centre of Chicago, but within a few miles of the city. Mr. Cox, captain of the regiment, was present at the grave.

Father Grogan, C.S.S.R., Preaches a Mission.

A general mission to last four weeks is being held in St. Anne's parish, Montreal. The Rev. Father Grogan, of St. Patrick's Church, Toronto, and a native of Quebec, is preaching throughout all the missions.

"IT IS A GREAT PUBLIC BENEFIT." These significant words were used in relation to Dr. THOMAS ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, three or four years standing. It is a fact that it is a most successful as well as a harmless, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

A NOTABLE DECISION.

(WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.)

There was a decision rendered by the Supreme Court of the state of Michigan some time last month, which is worth taking notice of. It is not remarkable for any great originality of thought or special soundness of judgment displayed. But the matter to be adjudicated lies above the ordinary, and will, I think, make it often quoted.

In Michigan, as every place else the world over, there is difference of opinion as to whether and how far religious instruction should be introduced into the schools. To effect a sort of compromise between the contending parties a committee of three consisting of a Catholic, a Protestant and a Jew—was appointed to make such selections from the bible as would be most pleasing to all creeds, least displeasing to all, and have them printed as a reading book for the schools. A taxpayer objected to this arrangement on the ground that it violated the constitution of the state, which makes it unlawful to compel anyone "to pay taxes, or other rates for the support of any minister of the gospel, or teacher of religion."

Then the matter got into court, and after the usual expences found its way before the supreme tribunal; the advocates of the readings maintaining that the charter of the old Northwest Territory, of which Michigan is a part, overrode the constitution which it antedated. The court, however, disregarded this issue altogether and decided on quite other grounds. It declared that the book—that is the bible readings—had no religious significance or purpose whatever. It was merely a reading book, and as such might be read, as long as there was no religious comment, like any other book; and so the matter ended.

What I would invite attention to is this; that the first judges of the state affirm the truth of the principle always contended for by Catholics, and as a consequence denied by Protestants, namely, that the bible is not by itself a teacher. The bible, the whole bible, and nothing but the bible, the religion of the Protestants, has proved a very serviceable cry, in its day, and of course is the shibboleth of many. The Michigan judge is in a very opposite view, and declares that the basis of the cry is humbug, a book, by itself and without comment, that is without something quite outside and beyond it, is not being a teacher at all in the sense of reading.

This decision is far as it goes in accord with the church's teaching. The bible she values, and has always valued, as one of the great gifts of God, "profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice," (2 Timothy 3:16). When it is in the hands of those who know how to use it, not otherwise. It is the text book of the science of God, and like all other text-books intended primarily for the teacher. Only he can put in putting yourself to the test, and it is in this sense that the bible is a teacher. The book itself has no more power to do this than a treatise upon navigation or algebra has power to make surveys or abracadabras out of everyone in putting yourself to the test. Its power it does not possess as supernatural as to expect a fortune from seeing the new moon over your left shoulder through the limbs of an apple tree.

There have been many fortunes gained by such a conjunction of circumstances as there have been unbelieved converted by a mere book.

But his is too old a question to need description here. What we write for is to express a certainty, to know what effect, if any, such a decision would have on the members of the bible societies. As far as it goes it puts them and their occupation out of court altogether. For if the reading of even carefully selected extracts has no religious significance or purpose whatever, what earthly use can there be in spending millions in the printing and distribution of the whole book? Charity is a great virtue, even philanthropy is not to be despised. But where is the charity or philanthropy in putting yourself to the test or to any expense, when you are beforehand your work can benefit nobody?

We are speaking of course of bibles printed and distributed for the conversion of the heathen, whether he live in the far east or right here among ourselves. And we know that year by year there are millions and tens of millions of copies thrust upon men who have all the ignorance of the encephalon mentioned in the eighth chapter of the Acts, without any of the humility that made him say, "And how can I understand unless some man show me?" They are scattered about, too, in China and India and such places for the supposed benefit of men who usually can't read their own, or even if they could, are quite unable to understand these Michigan judges to gain any religious instruction whatever from them. Now those books have to be paid for by somebody. Paper and printing are expensive, and the annual outlay must be enormous. Why is it made? Why do shrewd land holders, when at meetings of bible societies,

pay out their money and encourage others to pay for a purpose which the same men when sitting on the bench declare can not in any manner whatsoever be promoted by mere bible reading?

Is it that the bible societies are not a religious body at all, but a huge trust on the part of publishers who find it more profitable to them trade to adopt a religious name? The whole business looks plausible to this suspicion.

Uneasiness in Belleville.

Hamilton Herald.—The only trouble of any kind that we have noticed in connection with the organization of the three new councils, Belleville, Chatham and St. Catharines, which have returned by the vote of all the electors, boards of administrators in number has arisen in Belleville as a result of narrow religious party orthodoxy. It seems that the chairman of the two important committees of the new Belleville council are Roman Catholic gentlemen, and that fact has caused some jealous grumbling among certain persons, who perhaps fancy that the council may be in violation of a conspiracy to overturn the Protestant religion. But it can hardly be so regarded that the objection is petty and foolish. They are very much to be commended for their courage in the face of the Catholic chairman, a man of good nature, the Belleville papers, which must have caused a good deal of fear and served to try the dust of sectarian jealousy. The writer is Thomas Hanley, chairman of the Board of C. W. He finishes by "letting it in this way of good nature. Really, I do not feel like holding the office, if by doing so some of our worthy citizens are likely to be awake nights, and will, therefore, most willingly hand the office, honor, salary, and good-will to any orthodox Protestant in the council who may be chosen to fill the position. If, however, I am permitted to hold the magnificent sinecure, I shall promise you this, that I shall see that no dangerous fluids of the nature of holy water shall be allowed to leak beneath the sidewalks. I shall see, moreover, that there shall be no distinctly Catholic or Protestant sidewalks or streets built with civic funds. I shall do my best to build streets and sidewalks, so far as the funds of the city permit, upon which the dust of all sects, and all who may mingle together in harmony and peace."

Obituary.
Mr. Michael Doyle, for the last fifty years a resident of Toronto, died at his house on Duke street on Thursday, Jan. 12th. He was born in the county of Kerry, Ireland, in 1821, and came to Canada in 1847—living in this city until the death of his wife, Mrs. Doyle. Mr. Doyle was extensively engaged in the fish trade, and he largely controlled, and in which he was very successful. Like all his countrymen he had a warm heart; and when anything of a Catholic or national character needed assistance he gave generously. His funeral (which took place on Sunday) was numerously attended, the Rev. Dr. Treacy officiating in St. Michael's Cathedral and at the burial in St. Michael's cemetery. The pall-bearers were Messrs. John Lander, Edward Foley, M. O'Halloran, James Aiken, W. Hunter and Patrick Boyle, which with many others, paid the last sad tribute to their departed friend. May his soul rest in peace.

Death of J. Nelson Dingley.

WASHINGTON, D. C., January 14.—Hon. Nelson A. Dingley, of Maine, leader of the Republican side of the floor of the House of Representatives and representing the Second Congressional district of Maine, died here last night at half past ten, of a cerebral failure resulting from extreme weakness due to double pneumonia. To within a few hours before his death the family firmly believed, as they have through out his illness, that Mr. Dingley would recover.

J. M. F. D.—Athens Church Debt.

Athens Church Debt.
Reduced from \$2,000 to \$1,242.
All those who will send me \$1 (or more) I promise them that they will have paid all my Masses, offices, prayers, and all the other good works that may be done by me, until my death.

Rev. J. J. COLLINS,
Trovevan P.O., Leeds County, Ont.
Post Office Orders payable at Athens, Ont.

Branch 94, C. M. B. A.

Branch 94, C. M. B. A., Ottawa, has installed its officers. They are as follows:—President, Ralph Slatery; 1st Vice-President, H. G. Neill; 2nd Vice-President, M. O. Farrell; Sec. Rec., Don Dehu; Sec. Fin., Alex. Hunter; Treas., James Mundy; Marshall, Jas. Kearns; guard, John Reardon; trustees, James Gleeson, John Casey, M. Daley, S. Teakley.

A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Farmolou's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

The Triumph of Ireland's Faith.

SERMON BY REV. J. B. DOLLARD.

On Sunday, Jan. 15, the city divisions of the A. O. H., paraded in a body to St. Paul's Church, to attend the evening devotion. The fine church was crowded to its fullest extent. At the invitation of the Rector Rev. J. L. Haad, the sermon of the evening was delivered by Rev. Father Dollard of St. Mary's. Present in the sanctuary were: Rev. J. L. Haad, Rev. F. O'Sullivan, Peterborough; Rev. Father Davine, Oseola; and Rev. H. J. Gunning, St. Catharines.

The preacher drew a striking parallel between the history of the chosen people of the Old Testament, and the history of the Irish race in its sufferings and triumphs. O'Connell his leader Moses who delivered Israel from bondage, leading the tribes through seas and desert to the bosom of the promised land. He announced that he would give them glory, and through them all the nations of the earth should be blessed. But the glory he gave to Israel was not the glory of earth. In his eyes earth's glory is vanity and a shadowing. It sees mighty empires spring up and dominate the world. The thrones of their kings blaze with jewels and gold. The palaces of their great ones are haughty and magnificent. Their strong-walled cities fill the eye with awe and wonder, their armies in serried phalanx make earth tremble to their tread. But God looks down and all this pomp melts away like snow from the sun's face. As His word thrones totter and all the proud-walled cities crumble to dust; the mighty armies are swept away like sore leaves before the autumn blast. The glory He bestowed on Israel was the glory of Faith. His son His Divine Son to her in her hour of humiliation and subjection. He selected her children to spread His word to the extreme ends of the earth.

As he sent Moses of old to deliver Israel, so in the New Law God sent Patrick to deliver Ireland from the thrall of heathenism and idolatry. He led the House of Bondage, and as by the glow of the fire-pit, He led the tribes through the salt sea and parching deserts, so zealously he manifested He has led our people through the bitter sea of affliction and through deserts of trial and persecution. If He has not given them of earthly glory He has crowned them with the unfading and ineffable glory of Faith triumphant and He has scattered them to the four winds that they may conquer to Him the Kingdoms of this world.

Emphasizing this providence of God, the preacher glanced over the successive cycles of Irish history. The golden age of peace and religion, when Erin was the "Island of saints and scholars." The cycle of the Danish invasions and the glorious victory of the cross on the bloody field of Clontarf. The Norman invasion, the Reformation and the culminating horrors of the "Famine Days." So that the priest whose altar is a ledge of rock, and on the 1st of January, 1872, the forces of Heresy acknowledged their defeat, when the Protestant church was disestablished in Ireland.

Who did the Irish people get this grand faith, this sublime perseverance, this divine fortitude? It must needs be they were rewarded with this inestimable faith for their wonderful devotion to our Divine Saviour in the great sacrifice of the cross, and His Immaculate Mother who gave them this love for purity and chastity which is the distinguishing characteristic of the race. On that we had an Irish Rembrandt! What a beautiful picture this would be. It is on a wild, rocky hill, the night shades still hover over misty vale and sombre mountain peak. We can almost hear the sad night-wind singing a plaintive hymn to your broken-down chalice that tells of an Abbey of the olden days. So that the priest whose altar is a ledge of rock. He raised on high the Sacred Host and the poor people so rich in faith, richer and happier immeasurably in every way than the great ones of earth, they are close around him bending in reverent adoration and prayer. And in the distance, faintly outlined figures are seen, watching for the coming of the persecutors as Christ watched and waited of old in dear Gethsemane. We have looked at a Mass of the Famine Days.

We, my dear brethren, would be unworthy children of such heroic ancestors, if we did not prize those holy gifts of religion to preserve which they suffered so much. We would be unworthy of the name of Irishman were we not proud of their glorious struggle for the olden faith, if we were not ready as they were to suffer and die for the faith of our Fathers. In conclusion the preacher said:

Thank God to day the church, in Ireland after its long centuries of struggle, is as strong and vigorous as she was in the days of Patrick. She possesses again her grand schools and her magnificent cathedrals and she sends out her valiant missionaries to every quarter of the world, to the quiet and verdant glens the Arvelus hill peaks out every

day and its sweet tones call the people to prayer as they did in the far-off days fifteen hundred years past. Erin has been true in the furnace of affliction and has not been found wanting. Let us pray, my dear brethren that the light of that heavenly faith will shine forever on our dear land, and let us resolve to be ever true to the principles and teachings of that religion for which our fathers suffered and died. After vespers the members returned to St. Anne's Hall where speeches were given by the following members, Bros. P. Boyle, Jas. Rutledge, C. J. McCabe and Jas. Conlin. Bro. Boyle endeavored to show their high regard for his eloquent discourse on Ireland and the Irish. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the Rev. Father for his magnificent address.

Vicar General Kelly at Smith's Fall.

The Rideau Record, of Jan. 12, publishes an account of the episcopal address which Very Rev. Thomas Kelly, the old long tried of the late Archbishop-bishop, made to the congregation of St. Francis de Sales, at Smith's Falls, during a recent visit to him in connection with a general council of the diocese. The Vicar General Kelly, in referring to the change whereby Father Stanton had been removed and he himself became their pastor, said he felt a great deal of embarrassment in announcing himself as the successor of the late Archbishop. He thought he could not begin better than by sympathizing with the congregation in the loss of their beloved pastor, who had known him personally for a good many years and to know him was to honor and respect him in the highest degree. His removal, he knew, would be a distinct loss to the congregation, but at the same time a decided gain to the diocese. It was a high tribute from the Archbishop that he should be singled out from among other priests in the diocese to be his (the Archbishop's) successor. It was an evidence of confidence in their late pastor's ability, in his power as an administrator, and it was a great compliment to Father Stanton and to the whole congregation. Changes, he said, were advantageous sometimes, even though they often meant the breaking up of dear associations. They were also a reminder of the great change that would overtake the Archbishop when he should be singled out from among other appointments, in the absence of Rev. Father Stanton to introduce him. In conclusion he said he felt it to be a great task to undertake to fill Father Stanton's place, but in all other respects he felt it to be a privilege to take the place of St. Francis de Sales church. The character of the people of this parish was known all over the diocese, and he hoped the pleasant relations which had existed between pastor and people for so long would be continued for many years to come. He would be glad to give each and every one every possible assistance and would endeavor to do his duty to the best of his ability.

Gallio and the Church.

The following narrow and ill-informed article, which appeared in The Globe last week, has led me to call for the fourth weekly from Mr. Thomas Mulvey, pastor, which we publish in this issue, but which The Globe has declined to publish, contrary to its custom: "Gallio, who died 237 years ago, is sometimes regarded as one of the early martyrs of science, but he was not of the stuff of such martyrs are made. He was not, like his great countryman, Giordano Bruno, prepared to die for his opinions. He was summoned before the Inquisition to answer for his scientific opinions, which were declared to be heresies. He was condemned by his judges to abjure on his knees his scientific creed, and he yielded. The story goes that after having abjured the opinion that the world moved, he whispered as an aside, E pur si muove (but nevertheless, it does move). The belief that he thus abjured his scientific opinions is recognized as the commonplace truth and laws of nature. He died in his 78th year, eight years after his recantation. Gallio's great contributions to science have been somewhat dimmed by his yielding to the enemies of free inquiry and suppressors of truth."

The leading physicians of Toronto patronize and recommend Lemaitre's Pharmacy, 256 Queen St. West, opposite the Fire Hall. This is a fact well worth knowing if you have any one sick at home. Lemaitre's Pharmacy has long enjoyed the best reputation for careful dispensing and pure medicines. Their messengers call for prescriptions and promptly deliver medicines at all hours. Phone 1033.

Sunday Entertainments Stopped.

At the request of Archbishop Brechan the family entertainments or soirees at the family, given at the Monument National on Sunday evenings have been discontinued. His Grace having been discreet in that should be a more rigid observance of the Sabbath.

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

THE MOTHERLAND

Latest Matters from ENGLAND IRELAND and SCOTLAND

ANTHIM.

A deputation from the All Ireland Committee in connection with the Financial Relations waited on the Belfast Corporation when a resolution was passed by 17 votes to 7, calling on the Government to redress the financial grievances of Ireland.

ARMAGH.

Susan Cunningham, residing at Fughlithra, County Armagh, died at the age of 84 years. She was able to get about till the last being ill only a day. She had a good memory, and was able to relate many of the incidents of the Rebellion of 1848.

CARLOW.

Mrs. Mary McDonald, of Brown's Hill, Carlow, whose death is just announced, had cleared on her 113th year. She had the rare distinction of having seen the head of Sir Edmund Crosbie, who was hanged as an insurgent, suspended from a tree outside the residence of the Sovereign of Carlow.

CLARE.

Mr. R. P. Cotton, C.C., has been appointed county judge of Clare.

CORK.

A fatal burning accident occurred in a house in Vincent's lane, off Blarney street, Cork. Constable West, at great risk to himself, entered, and found a little boy named Willie McEath, seven years old, lying insensible on the floor, the body being badly burned. The conduct of Constable West was most courageous, as he risked his own life in his unsuccessful attempt to rescue the boy.

DONEGAL.

Mr. John Welsh, Mountcharles, Co. Donegal, has given yet another proof of his munificence and charity in the interests of religion. Father McLoone has made the pleasing announcement to the congregation that Mr. Welsh has given him a cheque for £500 in liquidation of a debt standing against the Mountcharles Church, in the Belfast Bank, Donegal.

DUBLIN.

The musical activity of Dublin appears to be greatly on the increase. The effort to form a native orchestra of the highest possible quality, which was inaugurated some months ago, is within its easy distance of realization. The sum of £2,500 was asked for, and this has been obtained within about £100. Signor Bepoletto is to be the first conductor, and proposes to undertake works which have never been given in Dublin owing to the lack of a really fine band.

Mr. Abraham Shackleton, of Dublin, wanted to know a very simple matter, whether the penny stamp, under the new arrangements, Imperial postage would carry a letter to Canada, the quickest though not the shortest route, via New York. The question, however, overtaxed the entire Intelligence Department of the Irish branch of the service, and a message had to be sent to England for information.

The Bull Alley area, which Lord Iveagh proposes to clear, is in the oldest part of Dublin. After the Union that part of the Irish capital began to show signs of poverty and decay. Wealth disappeared at such a rate that the noblest houses began to hang out the tattered flag of distress within a few years of the strangled Parliament. But at the time of the Union the Bull Alley quarter was all shops, whilst the alley itself, and a good deal of Patrick street, which adjoins it, were dotted all over with butchers' stalls. It was the meat market of that part of the town. On riotous occasions the Bull Alley boys and their knives were a terror to Trinity College and Orange ruffianism in general. When meat shops were opened outside the old market the latter began to lose custom and prestige; but it was the cattle plague of '48 that put an end to the glory of Bull Alley as a flourishing department of the metropolis. Having got the name of selling the diseased meat, it gradually lapsed into an untenanted waste. For many years the entire district lying between the two splendid cathedrals (St. Patrick's and Christ's, in Protestant hands since the Reformation) has been one of the ugliest and most insanitary spots in Dublin. It is a true spot of nobility to level a part of it, and raise thereon healthy homes, wash-houses, baths, gymnasia, and concert-halls.

Howth has for several generations been chiefly noted for its fisheries. It long maintained its reputation as the headquarters of the Irish herring fishery, until the almost complete migration of the herring to the south coast about twelve years ago. Since that period the Howth fishermen have continually followed the fishery with varying success. Unfortunately for them, there has been a gradual fall in prices owing to the great number of steam trawlers visiting Dublin in latter years, and the consequent glutting of the market with superior fish. The Howth fleet consists of some twenty-five frail canvas yawl-rigged fishing boats, each managed by a crew of eight.

GALWAY.

His Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant has appointed Judge Anderson to be Recorder and County Court Judge of Galway. The ceremony of reception took place in the Community Chapel of the Sisters of Mercy, Ballinrobe. The young lady who was received was Miss Mary Canavan, sister of the Rev. Richard Canavan, C.C., Naele, and niece of the late Most Rev. Dr. Dunsan, Lord Bishop of Clonfert.

KING'S COUNTY.

An extraordinary sequel to a King's County hunting dispute has occurred. The parties to the quarrel are the King's County Hunt, mastered by Mr. Asherton Biddiph and the 'Ground Hunt' mastered by the Earl of Huntingdon, and the cause lies in the right to hunt a valuable piece of country between the Little Brosna and the Camcor rivers in King's County, and extending from this town in the Roscora direction. Lord Huntingdon announces that the foxhounds will meet on Wednesday, January 4th, at Dungan, and on Thursday, 12th, at Wraymount, both of which places are within the country in question. This additional and new hunt places Lord Huntingdon in the unique position of being a triple master—namely, of his own hounds, the Ormond hounds, and the Huntingdon Harriers.

KERRY.

Dr. Moore, of the firm of Whitney and Moore, solicitors, and Mr. Hare, of the Standard Insurance Company, Dublin, together with Mr. Thomas Greaney, Attercross Estate Office, and Mr. L. O'Connell, of the Land Commission, attended Killarney, Castleland, and Breanna, negotiating the sale of the Herbert estate to the tenants. They have succeeded in settling the whole and the tenants have signed an agreement at an average of eighteen years' purchase on the judicial rental.

LIMERICK.

Speaking at the Catholic Literary Institute in Limerick, the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer said he thought that the project of an Irish University was not far away from accomplishment. His Lordship spoke in grateful terms of Mr. T. W. Russell's attitude on the question, and declared that Catholic University education was a question of the common rights of citizenship.

LIMERICK.

In virtue of the resolution arrived at by a special meeting of the Limerick Corporation by a majority of one, it was thought that the members of the Watch Night establishment would not go on duty for the future.

MATO.

A public meeting was held at Castlebar, at which a fund was started for the purpose of repairing the damage done to the new Catholic church there by the recent storm. A large sum was subscribed. Father Lyons has received numerous communications of sympathy, including one from the Archbishop of Tuam, who subscribed £50.

At a meeting of the Executive of the United Irish League, held in Crossmolina, candidates were selected for the forthcoming Mayo County Council elections. The candidates were all members of the United Irish League, and are pledged to support Home Rule.

SLIGO.

Mr. E. Vokes Mackey, of Ballinluther Lodge, was received into the Catholic Church on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception by the Rev. J. Mackey, C.C., Lugacurran. Mr. Mackey is the youngest son of the late Mr. James Vokes, of Scrippsstown House, County Dublin.

The obsequies of the late Very Rev. Canon Nangle, P.P., Croghan, were celebrated with great solemnity at Croghan parish church, in the presence of His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, and forty-two priests from the diocese of Elphin and Ardagh.

TIPPERARY.

Mr. Joseph H. Moore has been appointed County Court Judge of Tipperary.

ENGLAND.

In his letter on the evangelisation of Africa, to which we referred last week, Cardinal Vaughan speaks of the great apostolic revival of the English-speaking races. He says:—

"May we not seriously ask whether the great world-wide policy of the Vicar of Christ is not being recognised already appearing upon our western horizon? I do not speak of the steady progress of the faith at home, and of the equally steady disintegration of the sects, but of the great national and racial forces that are gathering together, and are not unlikely to dominate the future—in the Far East, and in the African continents. That the English-speaking races of North America and of Great Britain and Ireland should be drawing together in amity, in view of common interests, is a fact full of significance. That the former should break the limits that have hitherto held her population of 80,000,000 within the broad area of the United States, and seek a place among the world-controlling nations is a fact, full as mustard-seed, of heat, life, and energy."

SHALL THE SPIRIT OF DESPOTISM AND SLAVERY TAKE THE LEAD or shall popular government and liberty for all who can use these rights prevail? Wherever British and American influence prevails we may hope that law and order, with perfect liberty for the Church, will be assured to all. We demand only the reign of law and liberty. This indeed is not the Gospel, and it has no power to confer eternal life; but it is the condition that the spiritual husbandman most desires in the fields over which the seeds of the Gospel are to be sown and cultivated. And may we not earnestly hope and pray that the spectacle of the social conjunction of the new world with the old, already colouring the horizon, may put it into the heart of the great Canadian Church, as well as

into the heart of the old Irish and British Churches to pull themselves together for a new enterprise—to advance to the calls of the religious future before them—to vie with each other in organizing missionary bands for Africa and the Far East—to become more generous in their gifts for the propagation of the faith abroad, in a word, to create within their own centres armies of apostolic men and women ready to

LEAVE HOME AND KINDLED AND TO DIE IN THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH.

ready to obey the voice of the Year of Christ, as armies obey the command of their general? If we read the signs of the times aright, a great impulse of generous zeal is about to be awakened in those who have hitherto done little to strengthen the hands of the Apostolate

CHURCH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

From the Catholic Directory (Burns and Gales), which is so ably edited by Mr. Canon Johnson, and which has just been published for the sixteenth time, it appears that there are now in the British Empire 132 residential Archbishops and Bishops, 1200 Vicars Apostolic, and 11 Protectors Apostolic. In England and Wales there are the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster; fifteen Bishops of Suffragan Sees, including five of Menavia in Wales, and a Bishop-Coadjutor for Plymouth in Scotland there are the Archbishop St. Andrews and Edinburgh, with the three Suffragan Bishops, the See of Aberdeen being vacant; and the Archbishop of Glasgow, with a Bishop-Auxiliary. There are also in England one Archbishop and four Bishops of titular Sees. There are in Great Britain 3212 priests, as compared with 1832 last year. The regular clergy number 965. Of the secular 146 are invalided, retired, or unattached. The estimated Catholic population of the United Kingdom is nearly five millions and a half—namely, England, 1,500,000; Scotland, 355,000; Ireland (according to the Census of 1891), 5,548,000. Including British America (with a Catholic population of about 2,600,000), Australia, India, and all other British possessions, the total Catholic population of the British Empire is about ten millions and a half.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO A PRIEST.

The Queen has sent a splendid ring to Monsignor Stonor in recognition of his services to the British Catholics at Rome. The ring was presented to Monsignor Stonor by Sir Philip Currie, who gave a reception at the Embassy in honour of the occasion, which was attended by a number of members of the Papal Court.

AN ASSISTANT BISHOP FOR WESTMINSTER.

In consequence of the increased work in connection with the Archdiocese, and the continued unsatisfactory state of Cardinal Vaughan's health, an assistant Bishop will be appointed shortly. The new Bishop will not be what is known as a Coadjutor, with right of succession, but simply an assistant Bishop.

SCOTLAND.

A Scottish correspondent of the Universe writes:—"A lot of people pretend to see a revival of Catholicity on this side of the border because Christmas is kept somewhat better than it was, say, some twenty years ago. Amongst the upper and middle class this is especially so, but in the one case it is the result of 'fashion,' and in the other 'business.' Amongst the working class population Christmas is not kept at all, nor, as I can see, is it likely to be for this century at least. Of course, with Catholics it is different."

THE "CAULD" SCOTCH CHRIST.

"You are the first one I ever heard mention Bradley's literary ability." "Well, I never heard of him writing any books, but I know he can borrow more of them than any other man I know."

The clouds have hardly less more rain drops than the tears which fall from women's eyes. There is a French female organist who must weep. Women must weep not only for the troubles and ills of those they love, but because of the physical agony and suffering that they themselves endure in life.

Nine-tenths of the pain and suffering that women undergo must be avoided by a little remedy. When a woman feels weak, sick, nervous, fretful and despondent, and suffers from pain in the back and sides, and burning and dragging down sensations, she is suffering from weakness and disease of the distinctly female organs. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all medicines for all women. It sets directly and only on the delicate and important organs that make maternity possible. It makes them strong and well. It always induces a regular course of menstruation, and tones the nerves. It does away with the usual discomforts of the timorous period, and makes the time almost painless. It is the discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist for thirty years, and is being dispensed by physicians to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. No honest dealer will sell a substitute for this superior medicine.

I cannot say too much for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. My dear friend, Mrs. J. A. Bennett, Montgomery Co., Md., writes me that she has used it for several years, and it has done her more good than any other medicine she has ever used. It has cured her of all her troubles, and she is now as well as ever. I send you a bottle of this medicine, and I hope it will do you as much good as it has done me. If you do not doubt this, give me your name and address."

Send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advice, at a cost of one cent. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Funeral of the Late Hon. Michael Adams.

Newcastle, N.B., Jan 10.—The funeral of the late Senator Adams took place from his late residence, Newcastle, on Wednesday morning last. It was the largest ever seen in Newcastle. There being 120000 persons present from all parts of Northumberland, who gathered to pay the last tribute of respect to one they had ever honoured. The funeral procession started at 10 o'clock from the residence of the late Senator, and proceeded to the church, where the funeral service was performed by the Rev. Father P. W. Dixon. The pall-bearers were J. J. Call, R. A. Lawlor, John O'Brien, M.P.E., Edward Sinclair, D. T. Johnston, and P. B. Wheeler. Near the hearse were Mrs. Adams, and Frank Adams, sons of the deceased; T. D. Adams, his brother; J. D. Cresshead, Hugh Keall, Howard, Arthur and John McKendry, Jacob White, J. P. and Tobias Burns, and other relatives and intimate friends. The Mayor and aldermen and police magistrates Connors of Chatham were present in a body, and citizens of all classes followed.

St. Mary's church was draped in black and gold. The casket was borne by the pall-bearers up the steps, preceded by Rev. Father Dixon and a choir of boys, and placed in front of the altar with the following music:—A solemn Requiem mass was celebrated, the following clergy officiating:—

Very Rev. T. F. Barry, Vicar-General, celebrant; Rev. M. F. Richard, deacon; Rev. N. Power, sub-deacon; Rev. Wm. Varrilly, Master of ceremonies; Rev. R. W. Dixon, preacher.

There were also present Rev. T. Allan, of Caraque; and Rev. Henry T. Joyner, of Chatham.

Rev. Father Dixon preached the sermon from the text: "It is appointed for men once to die; and after this the judgment." He said:—God has conditionally destined every creature for happiness. His entrance into the world is the result of divine action. It is stamped upon the image and likeness of the Creator—the image, inasmuch as it is spiritual and immortal; the likeness, when the immortal soul raised by divine grace, is admitted to the sonship of God.

This was the condition of the first man and woman, as they came forth from the creative hand of God. It is, at present, the condition of those from whose original sin has been blotting out the spiritual life by grievous and unrepented sins. It is the state of those who are in the state of penance and obtained forgiveness. It is quite evident, therefore, that man, in the creative mind, has been intended for something high and noble—that he is not made for this earth alone; but that beyond it—that across the grave, is his real home.

Death is a definitive act which puts in our possession the end, or that for which we have been working. Therefore, it is justly regarded as one of the most important functions of life. A good, a serious preparation for death is an act of consummate wisdom. The pagan philosopher, Plato, tells us that to philosophise is to learn how to die. Ecclesiasticus substantially tells us the same when he says:—"In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin." Eccl. VII. 40. The Christian ideal of life, is therefore, the exact opposite of the purely secular. One man lives for the world, the other lives for God. To live for the world! What does it mean? Living for the world is the idolising of it. Man bows down before the idol, and offers it incense, he is questioning himself as to the judgment which it will pass upon him. Success, which for him, means honours, riches, pleasures, is the spring which sets him in motion. How obtain honours, how acquire riches, how indulge in pleasures, occupy him from early morning till late at night. Others may suffer; but his suffering is of no interest to him. Yet real happiness is not, cannot be, his; as his ambition will leave him unsatisfied. Give him money, he seeks for more. Crown him with honours, he ambitions yet another garland. He has indulged in pleasures, until it has become nauseating. The whole voice of human experience teaches us that after man has gained every object of his ambition in this world, his hopes are defeated by success. Why? He has learned that the wants of the soul are of another kind. Created by God, capable of God, his soul naturally soars toward the infinite, and by it, and in it only, can be made happy.

Another man lives an entirely different kind of life. He says, as did of old the pagan philosopher, Plato:—"Non omnia moriar." "I will not entirely die." The body will be dissolved, but the soul will never perish. It will live, forever. Plato who lived four centuries before the advent of Christ, pagan though he was, makes Sokrates, in his matchless Dialogues, tell us that "the soul is in the likeness of the divine, and immortal, and intelligible, and uniform, and indivisible, and unchangeable; the body being the opposite of all that; he again adds that "nature orders the soul to rule and govern, and the body to obey and serve." This truth, with the truths that flow from it, gives life a value and a meaning which it, otherwise, could never have. When tempted to swerve from duty, the Spirit admonishingly and threateningly says:—

Grippe Epidemic

Again Sweeping Over Canada With Unusual Virulence

The most Violent Attack Since 1890, Leaving Behind a Host of After Effects that Make Life Miserable.—Prompt and Effective Means Should Be Taken to Strengthen the System.

La Grippe, now sweeping over this country in one of its periodic epidemics, is one of the most dangerous and difficult diseases with which medical science has to cope. It is in its after effects that it is particularly disastrous, and those assume many forms, prominent among which may be mentioned heart weakness, bronchial and lung troubles, nervous prostration, alternate chills and fever, a feeling of constant lassitude and an indisposition to either mental or physical exertion. Often the sufferer does not recover from the after effects of a grippe for months, and in cases of previously debilitated constitutions among those of advanced age, the number of cases terminating fatally is appalling.

Even after a mild attack of a grippe it is imperative that the system should be thoroughly toned up, the nerves strengthened and the blood enriched. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can be depended upon for promptness and thoroughness in this emergency. These pills are a true blood feeder, bringing to the system the constituents that give it richness, redness and strength, thus driving out disease and acting as a tonic and bracer to the whole system.

Mr. Harry Dagg, a well known farmer living near Nings, bears testimony to the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in removing the after effects of a grippe. The disease left him a victim to cold chills, violent headache, dizziness and severe palpitation of the heart. Mr. Dagg says:—"I finally went to Bolesseville and consulted a doctor, who stated that the trouble was likely to develop into consumption. I was under his care for about three months, but was gradually growing weaker and unable to do any work. At this stage one of my neighbors advised me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and as my case was critical I determined to give them a fair trial, and purchased a dozen boxes. Before the third was used there was good evidence that the disease was being driven out, and before the dozen boxes were used I was as strong and vigorous as I had ever been, and I can heartily recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the manifold troubles that follow an attack of a grippe."

If you have suffered from an attack of a grippe procure a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and they will put you right. Insist upon getting the genuine, as imitations never cured anyone. If your dealer does not keep them, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed postpaid, at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

MOURAVIEFF, THE RUSSIAN CROMWELL.

A correspondent who signs himself X.L., writes in the Liverpool Catholic Times:—

The attention of all Russia was recently turned to the town of Vilna, in one of the north-western provinces. Once a part of the unfortunate kingdom of Poland, and Catholic to the core, it still contains numerous temples of the faith and holy shrines, but the present rulers mark of its ancient glory has departed. With all that pomp and ceremony with which an autocratic Government knows so well how to impress the gaping crowds, a monument has been erected to Count Michael Nikolaievitch Mouravieff, a relation of the present Russian Secretary of State, who, during the Polish rebellion of 1862, quelled Vilna much in the same way as Oliver Cromwell quelled the Irish.

After occupying several important positions as Vice-General and Governor-General, Mouravieff was sent to Vilna to quiet the disturbances there. His administration was distinguished by ferocious and brutal acts of unnecessary cruelty, and men were doomed to harsh and severe sentences, which have acquired him the name of the "Hanged Man." Catholic churches were turned into temples of schism. The following story, for which the "Moskowsky Listok" is responsible, gives a good insight into the character of the man. It is stated that an unfortunate priest, but with what amount of truth we are unable to say, was caught in flagrante delicto, with a gun in his hands; he was tried by court-martial, and condemned to be hanged. Mouravieff himself confirmed the sentence of the court. The Chief of Police, who seemed somewhat averse to hanging priests, appeared before him, and charitably proposed that the execution should be carried out in the early morning, in order to avoid the crowds of people who might be provoked by seeing one of their clergy led to the scaffold. Mouravieff, looking at the Chief of Police, smiled, and replied:—"On the contrary, prepare a battalion of soldiers with drums and music, and so yourself at the head of the procession exactly at twelve o'clock to the place of execution in full pomp."

He then said, "Fool, this night thy soul is demanded of thee." A conscience ever and louder, now strikes loud and sternly. We may have closed our eyes to the light that shone upon us, and warned us; but now the light has disappeared, and the voice is stillled forever.

We are all human, all liable to err. The "unexpected flashes of our better nature" do not always produce a desirable impression. Not unlike the winds that blow on the sea of Galilee, they suddenly come, and as suddenly go. We look at death in the distance, and not so frequently, as if it were never to come upon us. Our health, the market, worldly prospects—these and many other things occupy the mind; one thing alone is forgotten, death, the soul, and all that they imply. We are flatter ourselves on the possession of many years to come; until, at last, God's Angel strikes; and in language not to be misunderstood, cries out:—"Fool, this night thy soul is demanded of thee." A conscience that often warned us, now strikes loud and sternly. We may have closed our eyes to the light that shone upon us, and warned us; but now the light has disappeared, and the voice is stillled forever.

CHOATE'S NOMINATION TO ENGLAND.

Washington, Jan. 11.—The nomination of Joseph Choate, of New York, to be ambassador to Great Britain, to succeed Secretary Hay, will be sent to the Senate by the President to-day or to-morrow.

Veronica Plummer Trotter
M. McCarty, Lombard Street, Hall, Toronto, dated March 4th, 1898. "Am subject to very bad conditions of constipation and troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

THE MODERN STOVE POLISH ENAMELINE PASTE, CAKE OR LIQUID. A Brilliant Polish without Labor Dust or Odor. J.L. FRESCOTT & CO., NEW YORK.

The Catholic Register.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1899.

Calendar for the Week.

- Jan. 19—St. Canute, M. 20—St. Fabian and Sebastian. 21—St. Agnes, V. 22—The Holy Family. 23—St. Ignace of Loyola, S. J. M. 24—St. Timothy, Bp. 25—Conversion of St. Paul.

The fact that the name of Lord Aberdeen does not appear among the recipients of new year honours is commented upon by some of the old country papers.

It appears that Rev. Dr. Kane, of Belfast, left his family in almost destitute circumstances, and it is a characteristic sign of the spirit of intolerance that prevails among the Catholic majority in Ireland to find the Nationalist press and leading Nationalists outside of Ulster, urging a generous public testimonial to the widow and orphans of their late furious foe.

Elsewhere in this issue appears an account of the funeral of the late Hon. Michael Adams. A man whose career was an honor to the province of New Brunswick well deserved to have his memory honored by all his neighbors of every class and creed.

The latest issue of The Shan Van Vocht, Belfast, brings a review of Farnell's biography which we have read with unusual pleasure. The Shan Van Vocht is able to find fault for its own sake with Mr. Barry O'Brien's paper, and surely such a feat may help to convince some Irish patriots. It is pointed out that after the 1885 election, when Mr. Gladstone wanted to prepare the mind of the country for his conversion to Home Rule, his personal choice of a political historical writer fell upon Mr. Barry O'Brien.

It has frequently been mentioned that Farnell had no taste for literature. But he has been known to read into questions. When a Presbyterian lady in Belfast wanted him for conscientious reasons against Sunday meetings, he quoted the Scripture passage about the lawfulness of pulling an ox or an ass out of a pit on the Sabbath, and openly said, "The Irish tenant is a pretty bad lot." The well-known quotation about "fresh fields and pastures new" was humorously rephrased by him as "the best fields and pastures grow which Mr. Tim Healy has planted for his own party."

The press of the press is a little more for details, but the meeting of Trinity University, which had been held in the city of the president, was held in the city of the president.

difficultly with the Minister of Education, re the founding of the Church of England by Henry VIII. after a quarrel with his wife, was chosen as an "after dinner" subject. As might have been expected, it did not turn out well for the company. It was decided to appoint a committee to watch the daily press after the manner of the Press Committee of the Catholic Truth Society. It is our opinion, however, that this object was not approached in a business like way.

Such language is extreme. It proves Mr. Ker a crude observer of the press and public. There are few newspapers or pamphlets without some sort of utility to the student of modern life; and the person who has no use for the press, who insists that it should be boycotted by the intelligent public, must surely be incapable of discerning or judging intelligently. That the press is frequently in error, that the institution is made to carry a considerable number of unscrupulous proprietors and writers, are admitted facts.

Mr. Ker displayed an impartial spirit by denouncing the "church press" with the secular papers, although for a different cause. If the latter are too bad to touch, the former are too good. He would have all boycotted. None are fit to live. They are sapping the intelligence of the people good and bad.

After a lingering illness in advanced old age, Rev. Father Chelmsley has gone to the home where the Christian prayer for forgiveness only may follow him. The Catholic people of his own race have adequately shown this feeling in a public manner, the action of Archbishop Bruneau is particularly, although distasteful simply by duty, producing a deeply respectful effort upon Protestants of the denomination to which Father Chelmsley went over. It is satisfactory to observe that no protest was made in Montreal to represent the archbishop's action as being anything more than a conventional offer of the consolations of religion—the religion of his childhood, his manhood and his priesthood—to a dying man. It can do no good now to chide any papers in this city that tried to print the calculating face of creed jealousy upon this incident.

MONTECALM, Jan. 18.—Bishop Dowling last evening blessed the beautiful statue of St. Anne, which was given to St. Joseph's church a few days ago by Mrs. Annetta Dwyer, of Toronto, formerly of this city. The statue is life-size, and was presented in memory of Mrs. Dwyer's late son, John. The services in connection with the blessing were very impressive. The Rev. Father Chelmsley, pastor of St. Joseph's, officiated.

A Day and Monitor

The Ottawa Monitor is obviously disinterested with our reference to the observations which it was pleased to make some time ago on the subject of Catholic education in Toronto. It then professed a desire for information concerning the Catholic High schools in this city. It is after additional information now. It is desirous of confirming its ill opinion of our schools by the answers we are expected to make to the following set of questions:

- (a) How many of the present Toronto Diocesan priests have the city Separate Schools contributed? (Our correspondent furnishes figures, but we would like to hear from The Monitor.) (b) How many of the Catholic physicians have come from the Toronto Separate schools? (c) How many lawyers, dentists and other professional men? (not counting editors, of course.)

We must stand excused if we pass over the incomprehensible humor of the parenthesis, and endeavor to meet our interrogator's desire for information as if it had been made by a person capable of serious thought. It is somewhat difficult under the circumstances to treat our friend with proper gravity. We can imagine how it is when in addition to the care of a large school a man is burdened with the exacting responsibilities of conducting two prosperous and influential papers. It means a pretty high pressure, too high perhaps at times to allow any margin of time for thinking. There can hardly be room for doubt that the queries above were written without thought, indeed so irrelevant are they that one might fairly suppose that thinking was one of the writer's derelict faculties. Surely it is impossible to form upon such statistics as The Monitor demands any adequate estimate of the number and influence of Catholic education in this city. Take for instance the Cathedral parish. The pastor Rev. Father Ryan, not being a native, received no part of his education in Toronto. The chancellor was a young man when he left Germany. Rev. Dr. Treacy is a brilliant young Irish priest. Such and similar conditions are noticeable in the other city parishes. We see quite images The Monitor's comment "I told you so," as if it were the work of the local Catholic schools to monopolize the supply of local Catholic priests, lawyers, doctors and dentists. Toronto is not the only city in the world where Irish born priests predominate. In London, Liverpool, New York, Melbourne, Chicago and a score of other cities room is made for the Irish born priest, and the fact is nowhere regarded as a slur upon the character of local Catholic education.

But if many of our Toronto priests have not had the advantages of an education in this city it may be shown nevertheless that the Toronto system appears in no more unfavorable light on that account. The Bishop of London, the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Harris, Dean of St. Catharines, Dr. Tully and many other leading members of the clergy are St. Michael's College boys. With regard to the physicians, lawyers and dentists, we are safe in saying that as many of the Catholic members of these professions in Toronto as were brought up here, no more so here, went through the Catholic schools of the city.

But all this is wide of The Monitor's object, which cannot be concealed by the confusion of his ideas. That object is to belittle the Catholic system of education at the bidding of whoever may be behind the paper. The secular papers that have received "marked copies" of these incoherent and irrelevant expressions of our contemporary's "views" have no difficulty in discerning what the guiding impulse is. For instance The Hamilton Herald discussing the subject this week says:

So long as the Roman Catholic citizens insist upon separate education for their children, as long will they be a burden to the State. The State is not bound to support a system of education which is a constant drain upon the public treasury. The State is not bound to support a system of education which is a constant drain upon the public treasury. The State is not bound to support a system of education which is a constant drain upon the public treasury.

Finally if The Monitor's reiterated "views" were not noticed it would constitute itself in the food of the "advocates of the Catholic system" are afraid to talk over with bold breath in presence of so accomplished an opponent.

Is This Anglo-Baxon Unity?

It will create no surprise to hear the opinion of Prof. Cayley, of Trinity College Toronto, concerning the influence of German opinion in England. It was from Germany that England got the Protestantism of "nothing but the bible." According to Prof. Cayley's paper read last week at the meeting of Trinity Alumni, England's advanced minds also accepted from Germany the logical conclusion of that doctrine, which is unbelief. Prof. Cayley said—and it does not matter whether he said it by way of refusing Mr. Goldwin Smith's views or in any other connection—"The bible which for 60 years has raged round the books of the New Testament at first seemed to be all against traditional belief. Forty years ago it was generally taken for granted by 'advanced' men that the foundations of the Christian religion had been sapped by critical science."

First the doctrine of "nothing but the bible" was imported, and after that "advanced" men were ready to accept the second verdict of German manufacture, viz., "nothing in the bible." And now we come to the most plausible aspect of this German influence. It appears that the Germans once more are going back upon the later doctrine of "nothing in the bible," and are now in the mind to concede that after all they may have been mistaken. This is the not very safe ground upon which Prof. Cayley throws down the glove to Mr. Goldwin Smith, who is regarded as an "advanced" English theologian. Prof. Cayley says: "This conclusion (that there is nothing in the bible) now appears to have been premature. The German critics of to-day are reversing the critical verdict of yesterday; and the tide of critical opinion, which in 1860 was flowing against the traditional views of the New Testament, has now swung completely round. . . . Unhappily, a group of English writers, of whom Mr. Goldwin Smith is the latest, have given currency to the earlier, and so it now appears erroneous, views imported from Germany. In this way a false impression is given abroad that faith is no longer possible for a well informed and candid mind. These English writers have built upon German foundations, and if these foundations are now shaken it follows as a matter of course that the scepticism of our time will have to reconsider its position."

Consider Prof. Cayley's position. He challenges Mr. Goldwin Smith not in the armor of faith or with the arms of theological science; he charges down upon this outpost of the "advanced" party because he finds him for the moment deserted by the inspired but erratic writers of the hour in Germany. He contends that as the "German critics of to-day are reversing the critical verdict of yesterday" therefore "the scepticism of our time will have to reconsider its position."

This argument does not stand on a good foundation. It is virtually based upon the assumption that the German critics are infallible. But Mr. Goldwin Smith may ask, Why not wait until these infallible Germans change round once more? If Mr. Goldwin Smith could desert by the Germans of to-day, Prof. Cayley may find himself in the same box to-morrow.

BISHOP DOWLING'S VISIT TO QUELPEL

Quebec, Jan. 11.—His Lordship Bishop Dowling, of Hamilton, accompanied by Monsignor McEivay, visited the city of Quebec on Tuesday. The children of the Separate Schools, having heard of his intended visit, took the occasion to express to His Lordship their kind regards and affection for him. Besides the children were present their teachers, and Rev. Fathers Kenny, S. J., O'Leary, S. J., and Kavanagh, S. J. The proceedings opened with a "Song to welcome" by the boys, after which the girls rendered "Christians Beliefs." Miss Gerlie Kenny then came forward, and on behalf of the school children, verbally extended to His Lordship their sincere thanks for this opportunity of expressing their delight and pleasure at his visit to them, and their good wishes for a happy year. Miss Kenny's address was very appropriate, and rendered with taste and expression. At the proper time Miss

Kathleen Nunan and Master, Frodith Clark, who presented the Bishop with lovely bouquets of flowers. His Lordship was much delighted with his welcome. He is reported to be of the affection he had for them. It was a pleasure to him to be present to wish them success, and to think them for their kind expressions of goodwill towards him. Monsignor McEivay also spoke.

The Maple Leaf Forester, by the boys and girls, closed the event which will be remembered by the children for many days. His Lordship also visited Loretto Academy and St. Joseph's hospital.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF MONTREAL AND DR. CHINQUIY

Montreal, Jan. 11.—Archbishop Boucher has addressed the following letter to Rev. J. L. Mondin, canon-lawyer of Rev. Dr. Chinquiy: Montreal, Jan. 10th, 1899. Sir,—I hear that Mr. Chinquiy is very seriously ill, and that he may soon die. Although I separated from us a long time ago, I cannot but feel that he always remained in the eyes of the Church, and I consider it a duty of my pastoral charge to write to him that should be able to see that he would feel happy to comply with his wish. Kindly write to me to the point that I may take in this step and accept the expression of my devout feelings.

Funeral of the Late Father O'Connell

Ottawa, Jan. 16.—The remains of the late Rev. Father Peter O'Connell, who died in Montreal last week at the age of 84 years, were interred at Richmond yesterday. The funeral service was held in St. Patrick's Catholic church. Archbishop Duhameau was present, and among other clergymen in attendance were Rev. Canons Plantin, McCarthy, Rev. Father Whelan, of Ottawa; Rev. Father's Cole, of Dayswater; Silan, of Falloufield; Cokers, of West Huntley; Cavanagh, of McCallie; McGowan, of Richmond. Archbishop Duhameau spoke in feeling terms of the deceased priest, and referred especially to his spirit of charity. Rev. Father Cavanagh, of McCallie, who was baptized by the late Father O'Connell, presided at a sermon appropriate to the occasion. The pall-bearers were—Messrs. J. McCarthy, P. Brady, W. Duhameau, P. Cavanagh, J. Cavanagh, J. Douris, and P. Mears.

TRAPPIST SUCCESS IN AFRICA.

Writing in the Missionary Record, Father Howlett, O.M.I., describes the Trappist Lourdes near Kokstad, in Brikaland, South Africa. He says: "The Lourdes estate comprises about 50,000 acres. No visitor should leave the mission without seeing the stud farm, which is about two miles from the mission station. I noticed that the finest crop of wheat yet could see, heavy and even, is growing this year on the reclaimed land at Lourdes. Here you can see what industry, intelligence, and perseverance can do with South African soil! There are two kinds of wheat, both in splendid order and nearly ripe. The Trappists deserve this reward because it must have cost time and labour to construct the miles of deep sills along the ground. The meadows are also looking well and cover a large area. The Lourdes mission also requiring about 1,400 bags a year."

CYLLA'S NOTES.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association, met last evening at the residence of Miss M. L. Hart, Doverscourt road. Reports of committees in charge of the "At Home" to be held in St. George's hall on February 6th were read, and important business matters were attended to. The twelfth canto of Dante's Inferno was read and discussed, after which a short musical programme was rendered. The next meeting of the association will be held on Tuesday evening, Feb. 22nd, at the home of Miss M. O'Donoghue, 38 D'Arcy street.

A PRIEST RECEIVES A MILITARY DECORATION.

The Daily Mail's Cairo correspondent says—Sir Francis Grenfell presented the decoration of the Distinguished Service Order to the Rev. Father Brindle, the Roman Catholic Chaplain of the Forces, and to Captain Spence, Mathew, and Blenkinsop. The Royal Red Cross was conferred on Nursing Sister Grant.

DEATH OF WM. O'NEIL.

The death of Mr. William J. O'Neil, entry clerk at Osgoode hall, occurred on Monday from pneumonia, caused by grippe. Mr. O'Neil was well known in every circle in the city. He was born in Ireland, sixty years ago, and had no relations in Toronto. His home was at 218 Richmond street. The funeral took place to-day from St. Patrick's church.

DEATH OF A NUN AT PETERBOROUGH.

Peterborough, Jan. 11.—The death occurred at St. Joseph's hospital this morning of Sister Geraldine. Following so soon upon the death of the other Sisters at the hospital the event is of an especially affecting nature. Sister Geraldine had been ill for some time, for some years in fact, and her death was not unexpected. She had been the cause. The deceased, previous to her entry into the order of St. Joseph, was Miss Childwick, of New York. She was a sister of Rev. Father Childwick, who lectured in Peterborough recently, and who is well known here. It was to see his sister that he made his frequent visits to Peterborough. Toronto, Jan. 8.

such a set of details came to St. Joseph's hospital about eight years ago, shortly after its opening, and during the time she has been there she has been deeply loved both by the Sisters and by all others with whom she came in communication.

BAD HISTORY IN THE GLOBE.

The Editor of the Globe, Toronto, writes:—The paragraphs which, for some time past, have appeared in the Globe, daily under the heading, "Men of the Day—The Calendar and Lesson in Economics," are read with interest, and it is surprising how interesting they continue from day to day. On this account an occasional slip might be overlooked, but more than a slip occurred in the paragraph "The Calendar" in your issue of Saturday last.

The first of Galileo has been so much discussed that it is surprising that you should not have mentioned it, which long ago was shown to be false. There is not a single sentence in the paragraph which is correct. Galileo's theory of the solar system though correct in the principal statement that the planets revolve about the sun was not conclusively established until this century. The following is a short statement, taken almost verbatim from the article on Galileo in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, an authority which certainly would not distort facts to favour the Catholic Church.

Throughout Galileo's life many members of the sacred college were his warmest friends. In 1615, when the disapproving Cardinal Bellarmine asked him to avoid theology, he was told to "write freely, but keep outside of the society." In 1616 he went to Rome, and the consulting theologians of the Holy Office characterized his propositions as heretical, and he was enjoined not to "hold, teach, or defend the condemned doctrine." This injunction he promised to obey. On the 5th of March the congregation of the index issued a decree prohibiting the publication of the word "hæretical," the same time it was given to be understood that the new theory of the solar system might be held to be hypothetical. This edict, it is essential to observe, of which the responsibility rests with a disciplinary congregation of the Church, was never confirmed by the Pope, and was virtually null, repeated in 1757 under Benedict XIV.

In 1822 Galileo published his work Dialogo Dei due Mondi Sistemi del Mondo. It was at once evident that the whole tenor of this work was in flagrant contradiction to the edict passed sixteen years before, as well as the author's personal pledge of conformity to it. Shortly after Galileo was summoned to Rome. He arrived at the residence of Niccolini, the Tuscan Ambassador to the Pontifical Court, and resided there for two months. From the palace of the Inquisition, where he occupied the apartment of the fiscal, and was treated with unexampled indulgence. On the 26th he returned to the palace of the Tuscan Ambassador. On the 22nd June, in the Church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, Galileo read his recantation and received his sentence. He was condemned of being "vehemently suspected of heresy," and to incarceration at the pleasure of the tribunal, and to penance was enjoined to recite once a week for three years the Breviary, Pontifical Psalm, This sentence was signed by seven cardinals, but did not receive the customary papal ratification. The legend, according to which Galileo, rising from his knees after reciting the formula of abjuration, stamped on the ground and exclaimed "E pur si muove," is, as may readily be supposed, entirely apocryphal. After the trial Galileo resided a short while with the Archbishop of Siena, as Piccolomini, one of his numerous friends, and then returned home at Florence.

There are two further points to which I wish to call your attention. One is that, who was, in fact, the first to put the heliocentric theory of the system, discussed his opinions to the Council of Basil in 1431. He was condemned by the Inquisition as a heretic in the year 1616. In the year 1616 the heliocentric theory was a new theory. In the Pope's University at Rome, during the years of his pontificate, he was persecuted by the Inquisition when he was about to return to when a pension for life was given. His great work was published at a expense of Cardinal Schönborn, and was dedicated to the reigning Emperor III.

The prosecution of Galileo must appear from the foregoing to have been purely a matter of discipline. It appears nevertheless to be stated that Galileo, in his dignified and independent manner, interfering with intellectual discussion. This may be so. But not alone should the Church be concerned. Such prosecutions are an indication of the mental state of the times. It is the year 1888 the theological faculty of the University of Tubingen, Protestant Germany unhesitatingly condemned Kepler's great work as containing daily heresy, because it contained the teaching of the Bible in that passage where Jesus commands the sun to stand still. Thomas Freely. Toronto, Jan. 8.

JACK AND JILL

(J. A. Flynn in St. Paul's.)

"It's such a dreadful pity," said little Babs, "for Auntie Jill to be so sorry and cry!"
"Wall, she needn't cry unless she likes," observed Rex, who understood things, being nine, Auntie Jill, who heard them from the dark corner behind the curtain, stole away to her bedroom, because she hadn't half done her crying. Then the plot began.
"Girls and ladies," protested Babs, "have to cry sometimes, 'cause they do. If dadda doesn't cut off my hair and make me grow up a man I shall cry when I am a lady."

"I wot a good," objected wise Rex. "When I'm a man I shall be a hunter, and kill Indians and lions, and shan't cry for anything."
Babs shook her golden head. "I should cry if they hurted you, Wex. Wouldn't you cry if a big lion caught me and ate me all up?"
Rex put one arm protectingly round her, because nine is old and big, you see. "No, Babsy, I should kill the lion—that would be ever so much better. Let's play 'tubby-cat's' a lion and shoot him with the pop-gun, shall we?"
But the tubby-cat bolted to the apple-tree, and the popping horse was broken, and Rex had spoiled the doll playing headman to Lady Jane Grey.
"I wot Auntie Jill would come down stairs and play suffink," sighed Babs. "I'd rather Uncle Jack would take us fishing or play ball," said Rex. "Are you sure mamma said he wouldn't ever come here again?"
"Certainly sure," assented Babs; "an' he wasn't our Uncle Jack, never an' her name, mamma said—truffly, Wex."

"He never was our uncle, really," explained the future hunter, "only going to be. But he was real nice, and I don't see what Auntie Jill wanted to go and change him for. It's just like women and girls!"
"I'm sure Auntie Jill wouldn't be naughty ever," said loyal Babs, indignantly.
"Then what is she crying for?"
"Uncle Jack cause Uncle Jack—"

question for a big boy who was nearly a man, Babs said.
Just then Farmer Burton came along with his dog Rover. He gave them some apples out of his pocket, and listened attentively while they explained matters. Of course, he ought to take them straight home, but a wicked smile crossed the old man's lips—they had come to find Uncle Jack, and perhaps it would be a good thing if they found him. He had seen him walking distractedly about in Sleepy Hollow a few minutes ago, and he knew something about lovers' quarrels. Why, when he was courting Dovie Margery, forty years ago, they parted forever once a month! But he didn't tell the young man anything about this, only took up Babs on his broad shoulders and walked along so fast that Rex had to trot to keep up with him.
"Why does you laugh, Misser Burton?" enquired Babs.
"O, because you're such a funny little girl to go hunting buffaloes."

"But it was Wex zat was goin' to shoot sem," apologized she.
"O, I beg his pardon," said the jovial old farmer. "Perhaps he would like to stop behind and shoot them now?"
But Rex thought they had better be getting home, as it was so late. Buffaloes, he admitted in his private mind, were not so nice to hunt in the dark.
As they were crossing the hollow a big gentleman came striding along. "Here's Uncle Jack!" they both exclaimed at once.
"Whiy, Babs—Wex!" cried he, in amazement. "What ever—"

"O, they've come to look after you, Mr. Jack," said old Burton, solemnly. "They'll tell you all about it. Perhaps you'll see 'em home, as it is getting late."
So saying, he disappeared over a stile with remarkable agility for his years and size. All the way home he laughed, until Rover thought he must be going mad, like some ill-balanced dogs in the hot weather. All that evening he confided to the hired man that the master had something on his mind for certain, and the hired man thought that "mob-be" he'd had an offer for the heifer. But not for many a long day did he tell the story of the hunters.
"Wall, you young pickles!" said Jack—who-used-to-be-uncle, "what the dickens are you doing here? What the deuce am I to do with you?" he added, under his breath, as he shouldered the girls.
Babs looked at Rex and Rex looked at Babs.

"We were looking for you," said the hunter, at length.
"Cause we fort—" said the huntress, and then she, too, stopped.
Uncle Jack smiled dimly, and kissed them both. "Well?" he enquired.
"O, we 'spected you'd be naughty," explained Rex.
"O Auntie Jill," added Babs, "cause she's been cryin'."
"Awful!" said Rex, solemnly.
"An' we 'spected you'd be sorry," pleaded Babs, cuddling up to him.
"I'm no one wouldn't love you," put in Rex, emphatically, feeling that his advanced years justified a judicial attitude.
Jack hesitated, and a queer lump came up in his throat. Jill was a tiresome little tease. It hadn't been altogether his fault. But Jill crying! Dear little Jill! "Who told you to come?" said he, looking puzzled.
"Nobody," answered Rex.
"O, we told our own selves," explained Babs.

Of course Jill wouldn't send them—the right lady knows that. "Why do you think Auntie Jill cried because I'd been naughty?"
"Cause she cries when Wex is naughty and mamma put him—"
"O, don't be such a dinkie, Babs," interrupted Rex, indignantly.
"Wall, said Jack, "I suppose I must take you young rascals home, anyhow."

well as Babs in the gloomiest part of the lane, where no one could see.
So it wasn't long before they came to the house, where everyone seemed in trouble, exclaiming, "tubby-cat, who was doing unbecomingly in front of the fire. Dada, who had just come home, was starting out to look for them, Sarah, the nurse, and Jane, the housemaid, having just returned from a vain search. Cook was blinking over the kitchen fire about "them children!" till she let things burn, and mamma was sobbing on the sofa in the drawing-room, because she was not well enough to get up. Poor Auntie Jill was most wretched of all, because she had cried all her tears away in the afternoon and had none left for the babies!

What a shout of delight went up as they came in through the open door. Dada snatched up his boy, and mamma called eagerly for them from the drawing-room, so Jack followed in, with Babs half asleep in his arms. Dada and mamma looked nowhere but at the children, while Jack and Jill looked everywhere but at each other. Then Rex and Babs laughed, and chattered, and began to explain matters.
"O, we've fetched Uncle Jack," said Rex, in a matter-of-fact tone, "to see Auntie Jill. An' he's goin' to take us to get up to-morrow afternoon if you'll let him."

"An' he's goin' to be so welly, welly good," asserted Babs, emphatically, "zat Auntie Jill won't be sorry and cry, not ever any more."
Mamma looked astounded, and Auntie Jill found just one tear to come half cut of each eye, for it hadn't oozed all Jack's fault really, you know, Jack stepped a little nearer to her, and half held out one hand, and half didn't. "Don't be silly, children; you do not understand," said mamma, reprovingly. But dada smiled one of his quiet smiles, as, taking one little one upon each knee he sat on the sofa beside mamma. "I think they do," said he.

"Then Jack got very near Jill, and took hold of both of her hands. "My dear little Jill," said he, rather brokenly, "and now put her head on his shoulder and cried and said—but really it isn't fair to tell what she said. Anyhow, it must have been satisfactory to Rex and Babs, for those young scamps laughed with glee at the prospect of unlimited fishing, and ball, and swings, and pennies, now that Jack—who-used-to-be-uncle—that-was-to-be-reinstated.
THE GRIPPE AND THE SULPHUR.
In my daily papers of December 22nd I find that there are supposed to be something like 100,000 cases of grippe in New York city, and that it is also prevailing largely in Washington, Philadelphia, and other cities, and is now threatening Boston. It is a fact that when it was prevailing as an epidemic in London a few years ago, I carried in my city a few officers of the army and navy, that of the city at St. Mary's match factory, that of the forty-three persons employed there, not one had been troubled by it.
I have at various times told the press how many at Memphis, Tennessee (including the agents of the Howard Beneficial Association) escaped the terrible epidemic of yellow fever there (as they claimed) by wearing powdered sulphur in their shoes; also the evidence of a distinguished German medical writer, translated into English, that wearing sulphur in this way had covered a complete protection against cholera and other epidemic diseases; also that those working the sulphur mines of Italy escape the malaria which prevails all about them; also that sulphur in the shoes has cured various cases of rheumatism; also that sulphur, if taken internally, or worn in the shoes, has sufficient power to pass through the body, the clothing, and the pocketbook, blackening the silver there.—George T. Angell, in "Our Doubt Animals."

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, Ontario: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Catarrh Cure, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

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A REGRETTED CHANGE.

The Canadian Freeman of January 11th says:—"The announcement last Friday that Vicar-General Kelly was to leave this city to become pastor of Smith's Falls in succession to Rev. Father M. J. Stanton, who is to remove to Brockville, caused expressions of regret from Catholics and Protestants alike. And rightly so, for the Vicar-General, during the years he has resided here became attached to the people and the people became attached to him. Kingston was his home since he left his native land. As a zealous and energetic priest he was beloved, hence the regret at his leaving which is voiced by the local press. The Whig says:—"The Kingston people will be sorry to lose Very Rev. Vicar-General Kelly, for so many years the secretary of the late Archbishop Cleary, and an active force in the religious life of the community. He interested himself in every moral movement, and acted generally and always with a grace and dignity that made his services helpful. In Smith's Falls, his home, he is certain to be as busy and useful as he has been here. He is an able man, as a scholar, preacher, and administrator, and Smith's Falls is to be congratulated in securing such a rector." The Daily News:—"Vicar-General Kelly's transfer will be much regretted by the members of St. Mary's congregation as well as by hosts of citizens outside of that community, to whom he has always been the essence of courtesy and goodwill. The News wishes the Vicar every success in his new field of labour." The Times:—"The parochial work of Vicar-General Kelly in his 18 years labour here, has been such as to merit special commendation. No parish priest of this country has been so universally respected. His work in connection with the Catholic educational institutions of this city has been very marked. From the death of Archbishop Gauthier, he was placed in charge of the entire parish and his administrative ability was clearly displayed. Vicar-General Kelly has earned a deep place in the affections of all classes and creeds. He was always ready to assist in any good work for the benefit of the community at large, and was the friend of everyone on account of his liberal opinions. The parish of Smith's Falls is a very progressive one." The Freeman wishes Vicar-General Kelly many years of health and happiness in the performance of his spiritual work in his new home. It can be truly said, "What is Kingston's loss is Smith's Falls gain," and the latter town may well feel proud of such a worthy successor to the eloquent and brilliant Rev. Father Stanton."

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THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT

He's a legend that's told of a gypsy, who dwelt in the lands where the pyramids lie...

One Stormy Night

A gray day with a storm swiftly and surely gathering. Everything seemed to be in commotion—the driving clouds, the swaying trees, the strong wind...

did intestate. I, in common with all right-minded, right-thinking people, always held that to have been culpable and neglectful and careless. It was Clifford's duty to provide for his adopted son...

Heeding her sowing. Presently she heard a loud step outside, followed by a curious rambling knock at the door. The door opened, and a man half-dressed in a nightgown...

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"He will not do that," replied Clifford. "He will break the thing out—probably deny the signature. I know Jack Walton's little ways."

the BAR," said Walton, rather amused. "Will you hand over the key Clifford?"

WHEN NOT TO LAUGH.

A laugh doeth good like medicine, but you must be sure to have the laugh with you. It is not at all good to have it really do good, says Arthur's Home Magazine...

FOR Well Deserved Recognition Ryckman's Kootenay Cure It Cures All Blood Diseases PURIFY YOUR BLOOD

C.M.B.A. PRESENTATION. Ridgeway, Jan. 12.—After the installation of officers, the members of Branch No. 235 C.M.B.A. were entertained by Rev. D. P. McMenamin at his residence...

THE DOMAIN OF WOMAN

The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. TALKS BY "TERESA"

Everyone connected with the concert in St. Vincent's hall last week only regretted one thing, and that was the smallness of the hall. It was almost impossible to find seats for the crowd, and shortly before 8 o'clock the hall was packed, every available inch of space being filled. The Napolitano trio opened the concert with Mrs. Bonner as accompanist. Mr. J. Brimmin rendered a song, followed by a duet by Miss M. Wilson and J. Massey, Miss Ida Wallace recited very gracefully, and was encored. Mr. M. J. Costello was, as usual, a favourite. Miss Eva Carr sang very well, and was recalled. Messrs. Naer and Hamra de-lighted the audience with a quaint Egyptian duet, in Oriental costume, accompanying themselves with drum and tambourine. A duet on the pretty instrument, the mandoline, was well rendered by Messrs. Plant, brothers. The second part opened with an instrumental quartette by Mrs. Bonner and the Napolitano trio, followed by a song from Mr. Miller. A duet was splendidly sung by Misses Carr and Owen, accompanied by Prof. Chas. Bonner; it was encored. Mr. Tickell next gave a song, and was followed by Miss Owen. This young lady has a fine voice, and knows how to use it; her rendering was signally clear and of enunciation. She was accompanied by Prof. Bonner. Messrs. L. Baley and A. Naer sang an Oriental duet. Of course it amused the audience immensely; I supposed because they could not understand it, it might have been a moving story of love and sorrow, enough to make the angels weep, but the audience did not weep. It laughed and encored, and as the dark-eyed, olive-skinned performers seemed perfectly satisfied, it was possibly an Oriental comic song, but I am doubtful, for Fr. Macarios was grave enough. A terrible sword combat between Syrians closed the programme. We were unpleasantly close to the whirling scimitars of the combatants, while the Rev. gentlemen on the platform squessed themselves as close to the wall as possible, not being particularly anxious to have their heads sliced off a l'orient.

Father Ryan remarked that they wished they had taken the Massey hall, and promised the audience better accommodation next year. He reminded us that we were having a practical demonstration of the urgent need for a good-sized Catholic hall that shall be central-non-parochial in fact. Rev. Fr. Macarios is very poor, having only about twenty members in his congregation. Canada is a hospitable country, and the strangers within our gates are always welcomed and helped. It is made happier and more comfortable. Possibly that is the reason we are happy as a nation. We don't take our pleasures easily, and with long faces, we can always enjoy to the full any innocent recreation that comes in our way.

I think if we realized more fully the real pleasure that comes of living, and of trying to make our lives more endurable, we should be happier than we often are. Who has not experienced the rapturous delight which a child feels in a new toy or a possession ardently longed for, that we have bought and given to it. And generosity always improves the mind and character. It expands and stimulates, enlarging our love for humanity and pushing into the background those feelings of selfishness and care for our own pleasure, which we have all got to fight against, even the best of us.

Who is there who has not experienced it, the incessant wish for something to give us pleasure; the constant restless desire to be amused, to forget the worries and troubles of life, and, I am afraid, the sins also, for nearly every one of us has an uneasy consciousness that we are not doing as we should, and we try to forget it as much as possible.

We are all trying to please self, and in so doing we find no rest. Those who work for others are always happier and more contented, especially women. Everything she does has reference to the happiness and welfare of some other, either husband or children, father or mother.

The reason for the growing discontent of women is this necessity of finding happiness in another's life. No woman can be really happy unless she is working for something or somebody outside her own immediate personal concerns. I do not believe any woman who is living a solitary life, with

no one dependent upon her, can be really at peace unless she has many interests outside herself to occupy her. Such a one will inevitably join some organization for the betterment of mankind, or the improving of morals, etc., or interest herself in the concerns of her personal friends, and try to make them happier. Women are naturally unselfish. I do not believe that it is the result of generations of training, as some people would have us think, rather is it a most beautiful instinct implanted in her breast by a wise Creator to ensure the happiness of the human race. A selfish woman is an anomaly; most truly, she is always striving after happiness herself, but never obtaining it, because it is the fate of woman only to attain to happiness by conferring it upon others. TERESA.

ST. MARY'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The St. Mary's Catholic Literary and Athletic Association held its regular meeting on Sunday last, in their hall, Bathurst street. A large number of young men were present. The meeting was favoured with an impromptu visit from His Worship, Mayor Shaw. President Carey welcomed His Worship to the rooms of the society. Mayor Shaw, in fervid words, expressed his surprise and gratification at such a gathering, and his gratitude at the hearty reception accorded him by the members. Elections took place under the new constitution, resulting as follows:—President, D. A. Carey (re-elected); Vice-President, Patrick Lewis; Recording Secretary, John E. McCarthy; Financial Secretary, Jas. Deane (re-elected); Librarian, Rev. Brother James (accm); Sergeant-at-Arms, James Kelly; House Committee, Wm. Kelly, James E. Whelan, and Harry C. Stuart; Board of Trustees, E. W. Dalley, Jas. McLaughlin, and Michael P. Stafford. The scrutineers were Messrs. Wm. Callaghan, Nolan and Hayes.

Previous to the election a short address was delivered by John P. McCarthy, on the duties of members in taking part in the election, which was attentively listened to. The following members were nominated for the ensuing year:—Messrs. Will Henry, Ed. Walsh, J. J. Malone, Will LeHans, J. Barrell, P. J. Hayes, and J. Carolan. The Entertainment Committee reported, per Mr. Deane, that the Association would give a concert in St. Andrew's Hall, on Tuesday, February 14th, at which a splendid array of talent would participate. The financial condition of the Association is now in good shape. The next meeting will be held on Sunday, January 23rd, at next Sunday will be occupied with the general meeting of the end of the parish, to discuss the erection of a parish hall.

A resolution of condolence has been passed by Branch 21, Simcoe, on the death of Julia Mabel Forster in her twentieth year, daughter of our Bro. M. J. Forster, of Branch 4, Hamilton, and cousin of the Spiritual Adviser, Rev. D. Forster.

At the last regular meeting of St. Joseph's Choir, held in Duggan's Hall on Thursday 12th inst., a resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted on the death of the mother of Brother P. J. McCarvell.

ROMA D'ERMA SINGS FOR BRANCH 12.

At Stratford, on January 12 and 13, Roma d'Erma, the great Irish prima donna, and her husband, Mr. Vantom, gave two of their charming song-lecture recitals, under the auspices of Branch 12, C.M.B.A. The events were in celebration of the 17th anniversary of the branch. The engagement of the famous Irish singer, combined with the fact that the recitals were to be handed to the poor, tended to bring out the citizens in great force. The entertainments were given in the Convocation hall of the Separate school, and on both nights the fine hall was packed to the doors. The affair was a huge success, artistically and financially, and Branch 12 should feel proud of its enterprise and the result of its efforts. And Roma d'Erma! No need to say she was splendid in everything. Every body knows Roma d'Erma, but everybody does not know that as an artist and singer she is greater to-day than

when she first delighted Canadian audiences. Every one of her selections was superbly rendered. Mr. Vantom her husband, came in for his full share of the honours of both evenings. He is as a humorist has no equal. Mme. d'Erma and Mr. Vantom sang at High Mass in St. Joseph's church on Sunday, and Mme. d'Erma, who excels as an organist, also played the overture to Auber's Marmele. Before leaving town they were offered engagements by other organizations.

PETERBOROUGH SEPARATE SCHOOL BOARD.

Peterborough, Jan. 12.—The inaugural meeting of the Separate School Board was held last evening, all the members of the Board being present, viz., Messrs. Jos. Goselin, R. Sheehy, Dr. T. J. Mohr, T. B. McGrath, J. L. O'Brien, John Kyle, M. H. Quinlan, and Joseph Hickey. The following officers of the Board were duly elected:—Chairman, M. H. Quinlan; Secretary, Tr. Murphy, John Corkery; High School Trustee, L. M. Hayes; Local Superintendent, Gen. Archibald Casey; Auditor, Dr. E. McGrath and T. B. McGrath; Finance Committee, Dr. Mohr (chairman), and Messrs. O'Brien and Sheehy; Property Committee, Messrs. McGrath (chairman), Hickey and Sheehy; School Management Committee, Messrs. Kyle (chairman), Hickey and Goselin.

A KLONDIKE IN IRELAND.

The lively Yule of Oveca, in County Wicklow, made famous by Thomas Moore's melodies, may prove to be the Klondike of Ireland. For some time past alluvial gold in an appreciable amount has been found in the neighbouring streams, and the Government is setting seriously to work to investigate. A South African expert has been sent to explore for the mother lode, and geologists believe there is a chance of finding a rich auriferous vein in County Wicklow is not far from its mineral deposits. Copper, lead and silver have been profitably worked in the past.

FIRENDEE FIN.

"What is luck Uncle Jim?" "Luck? Well, it is when a boy turns out as smart as his grandmother said he was." Smithson—You can always judge a man by the company he keeps. Johnson—That's pretty rough on the master of a prison, isn't it? "A penny saved," said Uncle Eben, "is a penny earned. But a penny in debt is 'lible ter grow ter 'bout 'leven dollars in purty near no time."

"Did your son get home safe from Cuba?" asked the neighbour. "He did better than that," was the answer. "He got home safe from camp." "He got out of His Class," "I see you've still got your old office-boy." "Yes," "Improves with age, does he?" "Well, he seems to get fresher every day." "Hot Business," "Plaintiff's hot business," said Willie, as he roared about the regiment. "First thing they get peppered by the enemy, and then they get mustard out by their own government."

"Does it make any difference to you which berth you leave?" "Not a bit, Ferguson. Just take the lower. There is nothing uphill about me. I don't mind being climbed over. Well, good-night." "Couldn't answer—" "If the 'woolcher' is no wool for a soldier," said the caller, "what is he good for?" "Now, look here!" replied the man at the desk, "I want it understood that I am no public department."

"They say that Mrs. Bondy throws on a great deal of agony since they suddenly became rich." "Well rather. That woman used to walk in her sleep. Now she gets up with a chainless bicycle or a carriage."

The Amalgam Difference.—Johnny—"Pa, some of the outsize people round here they call 'odd,' and some of the others 'eccentric.' What's the difference?" "Pa—" "When a man is said to be eccentric, he usually has more or less money. When he is poor, a man is simply 'odd.'"

She Could Choose.—There were twin babies in the neighbour's house—a great many babies, little Ella thought. "Mamma," she said, "the stork must have brought Mrs. Blank two babies so she could choose the one she liked best."

A Conclusive Conclusion.—"I should think that young man would have more sense than to call on a girl every night," said Mabel's father at breakfast. "The idea!" exclaimed the young woman. "That shows how carelessly you judge. Herbert's the only person I ever saw or heard of who was smart enough to talk seven nights a week without telling all his news."

There Are Others.—Barber (flashing for a compliment)—"Did Mr. Stubbs say anything about his visit to my place?" "V. I think he did. He said there was something unique about your hair." Barber (singlehandedly)—"Did he, now?" "Yes," he said that while in the chair it was borne in upon you in the strongest manner that you were being shaved. After you left it was impossible to realize that you had been shaved."

He Wasn't Afraid.—Little Tommy and his younger sister were going to bed without a light. They had just reached the bottom of the stairs, when Tommy, after vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness, turned round and asked—"Was it dark for a gentleman to walk in single file?" "No, my son," replied the mother. "The lady should always take the lead." "I thought so," said Tommy, delightedly. "It is ahead, ma'am."

OBITUARY. The deaths of the township of Normandy were called on last week to mourn the death of one of its oldest and most respected citizens, in the person of Mrs. Rose O'Reilly. She passed away on Friday, the 13th inst., at the residence of her youngest daughter, Mrs. John Weiler, fortified by the Sacraments and consolations of religion which was her solace and stay during life. Rev. Father Halm, of Midway, was unremitting in attendance on her during her late illness.

God blessed her with numerous sons and daughters, six of whom survive into all of whom she trained up in the faith she loved so well. To them she was ever the sun and centre of their filial affection. It was her greatest earthly joy to be surrounded by her children and grand-children, from whose midst God called her to Himself. It is but a few days since that her two sons, Brothers Phobed and Patrick, stood by her bedside, to whisper words of hope to their beloved mother, and then, with the Christian hope of a joyful reunion in the life to come, May they rest in peace.

MRS. JOHN CALLAGHAN, MEADOWVALE.

At her home in Meadowvale, on Sunday, January 16th, she passed away a loved and loving wife and mother, in the person of Mrs. John Callaghan. Though ill for some weeks death came unexpectedly at ten minutes past eleven, and her soul passed away without a struggle to its Maker. The deceased was in her fifty-third year, and was the only surviving daughter of the late D. Maddigan, of Toronto Gore. Her marriage to John Callaghan was blessed with a family of two sons and six daughters, all of whom she had the comfort and consolation of having with her during her last few weeks on earth. Mrs. Callaghan was of a kind, charitable, and loving disposition, and many are the regrets at her passing away. Everything that medical skill and kind and loving friends and neighbours could do was resorted to, in order to prolong her life, but all was in vain. "His will was done," and she passed peacefully away, fortified by the rites of Holy Mother Church, and perfectly reconciled to the will of Him who does all things for the best. An exemplary member of the Catholic Church, a model wife and mother, her death leaves a vacancy never to be filled to those whom she benefited. On Tuesday her remains were viewed by her many friends, many of them coming great distances to take a last look at one so universally loved and respected. The funeral took place Wednesday morning to the R. C. cemetery at Wilmfield, Toronto Gore, and was largely attended. Requiem High Mass was celebrated, special music being provided for the occasion. The pastor, Rev. Father Kieran, preached a short but impressive funeral sermon from the text: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," etc. He referred to the deceased as an exemplary Catholic, and model wife and mother, and spoke of her lifelong sterling qualities and charity. He extended to the bereft husband, children, and friends his deepest sympathy.

DEATH OF MRS. KAISER, ARTHUR.

The death is announced at Arthur of Mrs. J. A. Kaiser. She had entered her fifty-sixth year, and besides her bereaved husband, leaves a family of five sons and five daughters to mourn the painful loss they have sustained. The funeral takes place to St. John's church, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated, and thence to the R. C. cemetery, Burwell Lane.

THE SORT OF A LIAR GEN. MILES IS SAID TO BE.

Washington, Jan. 12.—Most vigorous and sensational testimony was given before the War Investigating Commission today by Commander-General Miles, who, opposing unexpectedly to meet the allegations against he had been in the war, vigorously arraigned Major-General Miles, commanding the Army. He denied numerous statements of General Miles, referred to him as "this same commanding-general, Napoleon A. Miles," and said whoever called the beef furnished "embalmed beef" was a "liar who lied in his throat, lied in his heart, lied in every part of his body."

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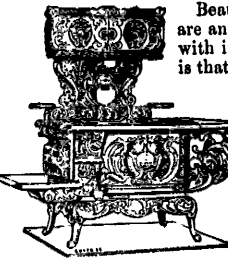
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