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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. I.—No. 40.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1893.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

We publish elsewhere the Holy Father's Encyclical upon the Rosary which opens by expressing his deep gratitude to the Blessed Mother of God for all the graces he has received at her hands throughout his long and eminent life. His intention not being however to diatribe upon the devotion itself so much as to remind the faithful of the valuable advantages flowing from it, the Sovereign Pontiff points out three special causes of the evils afflicting society, viz. aversion to a humble and laborious life, horror of all that causes suffering, and forgetfulness of future happiness. A remedy for all the evils which result from this threefold cause is to be found in the Rosary, "at that co-ordinated recitation of certain formulas of prayers accompanied by pious meditation upon the life of the Saviour and His Mother." To this division of the causes of social evils corresponds the division of the Rosary into the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries. Passing in review the various maladies and their remedies the Holy Father exhorts all priests who have charge of souls to multiply confraternities of the Rosary and maintain them in all their fervor, whose example will be a stimulus to the rest of the faithful to imitate them in their esteem for this devotion.

The accounts from Rome state that the grand orient of Italian masons, has taken possession of the Borghese Palace which had been presented by Pope Paul V. to his brother. It had remained in the family through all this time until lately by ruinous speculation the present Prince lost it. The occasion upon which the Masons entered it was the twenty-third anniversary of the breach at the Porta Pia, when with pomp and insult they boasted that as they gained it so they would one day have the Vatican.

A comic journal of Rome lately published a cartoon in which the Pope was represented as speaking to a Cardinal who was untying a packet of papers. The Holy Father was saying: "Oh, yes, kindly hand me a paper. I wish to see what is the state of my health to-day."

A propos of late newspaper reports about the Pope one of the most highly coloured was that a member of the Swiss guard had fired a musket at the Sovereign Pontiff and had severely wounded him. As the Swiss guards never carry muskets, the report found no credence at home or abroad.

The magnitude of the coal strike in England may be judged by the fact that it now involves 1,500,000 wage earners; and nearly a quarter of a million are in a state of semi starvation. Coal was quoted in London

last Monday at \$11 a ton with a prospect of further increase. So great is the scarcity that there was less than a day's supply on hand. In one small town, Castleford, 10,000 people are without the price of a meal between them, at Normanton 600 board school children are getting breakfasts. For paralysis of manufacture and distress it is the most colossal strike that ever occurred in England. Eyes are turned towards Parliament in the hope that it will do something to relieve the misery which prevails as in a time of war. Many speak of the creation of a Minister of Mines and of the organization of all the collieries into a trust regulated by Government on the principle that national interests in the whole matter are paramount.

Mr. Gladstone speaking at Edinburgh on the 27th ult., made a vigorous attack upon the House of Lords with whom rests the responsibility of leaving in the way that barrier, the Irish question, which has taxed the energy and mortgaged the time of Parliament generation after generation. He passed in review the relations which have existed between the two Houses since the Reform Bill of 1832, and cited the Home Rule as the third case in which the Lords had reversed the decision of the Commons. For taking this stand they have several pleas. The opinion the Peers form is purely their own, for which they themselves are alone responsible, the opinion of the Commons is given with all the authority of a national verdict. They pleaded that the people did not know the bill, that it was insufficiently discussed, and thirdly that they require a reference to the country. This is unconstitutional. The House of Commons may by a vote force a dissolution, but not the House of Lords. This doctrine is not only a monstrous innovation, "It is nothing less than high treason, if this is to continue a self governing country. If it should ever happen in the vicissitudes of political affairs that the House of Lords by some accident or collateral process should bring about a dissolution of the House of Commons, depend upon it, the people will not consider the Home Rule bill alone, but will mix with it another question on which the Lords may bitterly lament when it is too late that they ever raised an issue."

"For my part," concluded Mr. Gladstone, "I find this retrospect sufficiently encouraging. If the nation is determined it will not be baffled by a phalanx of 500 Peers. We have the will of the country to execute, and cannot submit to the House of Lords, although they bear high-sounding titles, and sit in a gilded chamber. The next session will not pass without your seeing this subject again appearing above the waves, where for the moment it has appeared to flounder. The nation has given us the authority, and propelled us on our course, and it is our duty,

and our hope and belief that we shall find with the help of the Almighty means to overcome the difficulty."

Last Saturday was a great day for the sons of Ireland in Chicago when they had the day specially devoted to their celebration at the World's Fair. It was a right and proper thing; for nobody of immigrants have contributed more to build up the neighbouring Republic, and have become more loyal to its institutions than the vast numbers of stalwart, brave Irish laborers and peasants who, driven from their native land, found a home and liberty in the vast United States. With good reason, therefore, did the thousands gather in procession, undaunted by the down-pour of rain or the mud-covered road. The Hon. Edward Blake, Messrs. Arthur O'Connor and O'Driscoll, members of the British House of Commons, and Lord Mayor Shanks of Dublin, rode in closed carriages. When Mr. Blake came to address the gathering he was received with a great ovation. After his speech he read the following letter from Mr. Gladstone:

"DOWNS STREET, Whitehall, Sept. 2.  
"DEAR MR. BLAKE—I learn with great pleasure that there is to be an Irish day during the World's Fair at Chicago; nor am I less satisfied to know that you have undertaken to attend the gathering on behalf of the Irish people and of their representatives. There could not be a more interesting nor, except on the day of the final victory, a more encouraging occasion. After seven years of close and sustained struggle throughout the country a House of Commons was elected last year which has passed, after 82 days of debate, a bill for conferring upon Ireland the management through a freely elected Parliament of her own domestic affairs, and when at the close of next week the bill will be rejected by a large majority of the House of Lords we shall know, the people of Ireland will know, the world at large will know, and even the House of Lords will know, that this rejection will mean no more harm than a dilatory vote. You are about to address Americans, who in all ranks and in all parts of their magnificent country have shown an active and almost universal sympathy with Ireland, and more especially Irish-Americans, through whose energies and inexhaustible affection for Ireland has been effected the most remarkable oceanic migration ever known in the history of the world. And you are in a condition to point out to them these two things: first, the distance which has been actually travelled over between the physical misery and the political depression which marked the early years of the country and the victory recorded last night is unmeasurable; second, the distance between that recorded victory to the final investment of Ireland with full self governing control over her domestic affairs is not only measurable but short. It was unanswerably observed during our debate that the recent success has been brought about by change of opinion where opinion has been most hostile, viz.: 'Change of opinion in England.' Scotch, Irish and Welsh votes were with us in 1886, but we stood in a minority of nearly 120. It has been the signal and favorable change in England that has converted this minority into a majority of 40 for home rule. Yet England still exhibits her reduced majority to intercept one of the greatest benefits ever conferred, not only upon Ireland, but upon her. In this attitude she is alone among all the peoples of the English-speaking race. She has not yet quitted but she is quitting. Yet the last struggle still remains, and, like the former struggles, it will be great and it will demand the friendly efforts of all those wherever placed who under God have lifted this great cause out of the abyss and set it on an eminence from which there remains but a single step into the promised land. I cherish the most sanguine hope that the conduct of the Irish nation when their great object has been attained, will fulfill every reasonable hope cherished by those who have aided, and will convert its present enemies into friends. Very faithfully yours,  
"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The English Catholic papers relate that the missions in some parts of China have been of late bitterly persecuted—the mission of Mienyang having been destroyed in a riot. This place is in the province of Hupoh, in which are also Sungpu, the scene of a recent massacre of the Swedish missionaries, and the town of Lachon, where the latest attack on the foreigners occurred. The Viceroy of the two provinces, Hupoh and Hunan, is Chang Chi Tung, well known as hostile to all foreign influence, and it was from Hunan that the anti foreign pamphlets of the literate Chou Han were issued. A great gathering of officials were deputed to investigate the murder of the Swedish missionaries, but the only result was a persecution of the friends and neighbors of the Swedes. A friendly Coolie, who, in the first instance, sent word of the massacre, has been tortured and beaten; an iron rod was passed through his collar-bone and riveted to a chain. The strong feeling against foreigners is also shown in the fact that Madame Dantremere, wife of the French Consul at Hankow, has been compelled to leave a temple in the hills, which she had rented as a summer retreat for herself and her children, and to return to Hankow. The Taotai, or Superintendent of the district, on being communicated with, showed, it is said, pretty plainly that he sympathized with the feeling of hostility, and said that he could not protect Madame Dantremere and her children. "Then," said the French Consul, "I shall have to call upon my country to protect them."

The Catholics in the South of England are just now annoyed with one of the "ex-nuns," who is portraying the horrors of convent life, to the benefit of her own pocket, and the scandal of the faithful. Father Hubert of Salisbury, where one of the newspapers had taken up the subject, preached upon Nuns and Nunneries. His eloquent peroration will serve Canadian cities and towns, not a thousand miles from Toronto: "There is much work to be done in the world, work for those who do not know God but to blaspheme Him, work for those who have no religion. Let them work among their own poor, ignorant people. But let them not think they are serving God by presiding over meetings, or supporting by their presence foul slanders uttered against us Catholics. This is not religion. What will be the result of their calumnies? Will they prevail upon one Catholic to turn away from his religion, or prevent one Ritualist from becoming a Catholic? No, but they are the cause of bad feeling among their fellow-citizens. Our people love their nuns and priests, who, in time of sickness and pestilence, work and are ready to die for them. Our people can see the Sisters of Charity in hospitals, on the battlefield, and in times of revolution, as in France, stemming the fury of demoniacs. All are manliness and charity, let these slanderers remember that we believe in the same Jesus Christ. I ask them to leave our priests and nuns alone, I ask them to remember that religion is not to abuse others, but is to practice that virtue of which the great Apostle of the Gentiles spoke when he said, 'Charity is patient, is kind, and thinketh no evil.'"

## ENCYCLICAL UPON THE ROSARY.

LEO XIII has addressed the following Encyclical Letter to the Catholic world.

To our Venerable Brethren, the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other Ordinaries having peace and communion with the Apostolic See

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABLE BROTHERS,

Greeting and Apostolic Benediction.

The sacred joy caused in our heart by the happy completion of the fiftieth anniversary of our Episcopal consecration was greatly and sweetly multiplied by the sight of the participation of Catholics of all parts of the world in our happiness, as that of children in their father's pleasure—a brilliant witness to their faith and love. In that event, with an ever renowned sense of gratitude, we admire and magnify the counsels of Providence, towards ourself immeasurably gracious, and infinitely fruitful for the Church. At the same time we feel our soul stimulated to give thanks and glory for this good gift to the august Mother of God, most powerful mediatrix at the thrones of God. Inasmuch as the immense loving-kindness of Mary—which, during a long and varied course of years and in many ways, we have ever proved to be prompt and effectual—appears more clearly and more helpfully every day, it fills our soul with happiness, and encourages us to a superhuman confidence. We seem to hear the very voice of that heavenly Queen leading us lovingly amongst the difficult ways which the Church must follow, directing us in the fulfilment of our duty in the cause of the salvation of mankind, admonishing us that we should exhort the Faithful still further to piety and to the exercise of virtue. With her wishes it has many and many a time been sweet to us to correspond. And among the fruits which, with her blessing, we gathered after these exhortations, must be specially recorded the increase of devotion to her most holy Rosary, the multiplication and new institution of Confraternities bearing this title, the diffusion of valuable writings upon the same subject, and, finally, the glory rendered to the same devotion by the Fine Arts. This, as though the voice of the Blessed Mother were calling still more clearly at our ear, "Cry aloud and cease not," we rejoice once more, Venerable Brethren, to speak to you of the Rosary, now at the approach of October, the month which we, bestowing the favours of holy indulgences, have made sacred to this most sweet devotion. But our subject will be chiefly neither the giving of new praises to this excellent manner of prayer, nor the urging of Christian people to use it with greater assiduity; we shall speak of the precious gifts which the use of it will bring, gifts more than ever needful in the condition of the times. We believe that where the devotion of the Rosary is practised, great advantage may be gained by a thorough explanation of its fruits and consequences as regards not individuals merely, but the whole human race.

No man is there who can now be ignorant how much we, exercising the obligations of the supreme Apostolate, have laboured for the civil prosperity of the world, or how strongly we are resolved, with the help of God, to persevere to the same end. We have warned the legislators of nations that they should not make nor approve laws that were out of harmony with the equitable rule of the Divine intention. And we have admonished those who, by genius, merit, rank, or riches, are in positions of advantage amongst their fellows that they should conjoin force and opinion to promote and protect the chief and highest interests of human society. In that society, as it is in our day, too many causes have produced a relaxation of the bonds of public order, and the people are distracted from due attention to purity of moral conduct. Among such causes

three are most influential in working towards the ruin of the Commonwealth: dislike of obscure and laborious living; repugnance to suffering; disregard of the happiness to come.

We deplore—and those, indeed, also confess and deplore who acknowledge no rule except the light of reason, no restraint except that of utility—that a deep wound has been inflicted upon mankind by the neglect of those duties and virtues which may be termed private and which are ornaments of ordinary life. From this temper result the rebellion of children against the natural duty of obedience, and their restiveness against any kind of bringing up that is not indulgent and effeminate. From this, too, result the dislike and weariness of labourers at their daily task, their avoidance of hard work, and the discontent with which they raise their eyes to other courses, desiring we know not what impracticable equalisation of fortune. Hence, too, the general tendency of men to forsake their native places and their rush to the turmoil and evil course of cities. Hence the destruction of equilibrium amongst the various classes of citizens, their recklessness, the agitation of minds moved by hatred and envy, the open attack upon established rights, the disturbance of public peace, and the hostility against authority, of those who, deluded in their vain hopes, assume the part of agitators. Against these evils let a remedy be sought for in the holy Rosary, which comprises both a determined order of prayer and a meditation upon the Mysteries of Christ and of His Blessed Mother. If we but present to the mind the Mysteries that are called Joyful, we produce images and pictures of virtue, and make them familiar to children from their earliest years. Each may see for himself how full and how rich are the examples of righteousness that may be found therein, as an inspiration to right conduct; and by the contemplation of these the soul will be attracted with indescribable sweetness. Behold, we are before the House of Nazareth, the habitation of earthly and Divine sanctity. What a life together! What a model of domestic association! There abide simplicity of manners, perpetual concord, an order never disturbed, a mutual respect and honour, not false or capricious, but proved by the assiduity of service. There lacks no industry for the gaining of all that is needful for life; but all is got by the sweat of the brow, and—so much contentment is there with little—rather with the aim of lessening poverty, than with that of increasing riches. As a crown to all this, tranquillity of soul keeps rule, and joy of spirit, which never wholly forsake him who does righteously. Now, these examples of humility and modesty, of patience under burdens, and of neighbourly kindness, of faithful fulfilment of the small duties that belong to daily life, and of other like virtues, entering the soul and impressing themselves upon it, will certainly produce within it in time the wished for change and growth in good. Then will those private virtues, which so many despise, be once more pleasant and attractive, and wearisome no longer; and conscience, made joyful and sweet in her effect, will also be made strong to persuade and constrain. Manners will grow gentler, family life more dear, daily intercourse more loving. All this effect upon the individual will become an effect upon the family, next an effect upon cities, upon nations, for these are ruled and formed by the unit. So wide and so great are the blessings that the society of mankind may gain!

The second great and fatal evil which we deplore, and which we can never deplore sufficiently, inasmuch as it gains way daily to the ruin of men, is the growing desire to fly from pain, the resolve to avoid and escape

all that brings with it a touch of suffering. No longer is calm and liberty of the soul desired as the noble reward of those who meet and overcome peril and labour with unconquerable will. Men have made to themselves another ideal, the greater number of them aspire after a chimeric perfection and an illusory progress of civil society, to be rewarded and crowned with none but earthly triumphs, none but natural delights. That wild and desperate longing for happiness holds sway in too many hearts, which, even if they do not suffer the loss of all, are inevitably enervated, and too often sink miserably under the pain of life. In this peril, too, we must find hope and safety in the Rosary. Men must learn to have spiritual hopes and generous desires. And this shall come to pass if from their boyhood they sweetly and tranquilly pore upon the Mysteries of Sorrow. In these we behold how Christ, the author and finisher of our Faith, worked in such wise that we might find in his life, reduced to practice, all that has been taught us of the necessity of bearing pain. Nay, we see Him lay hold of all that is hardest to be borne. We contemplate Him as He grows exceeding sorrowful unto death, so that He sweats blood. We see him bound like a thief, subjected to the judgment of iniquity, cursed, outraged, calumniated. We see Him struck with scourges, crowned with thorns, fastened to the Cross, judged unworthy to live, judged worthy of death, amid the clamors of a people. And with the pains of the Son we recall to mind the sorrows of Mary most holy, whose soul was not wounded only, but pierced through by the soul of anguish, insomuch that she gained, and bears for ever, the name of the Mother of Sorrows. Truly he who shall not merely look, but shall meditate, upon such a splendour of suffering virtue shall be constrained to imitation. Even though this world, under the general malediction, should bring forth for him her thorns and thistles; even though his soul should be oppressed with distresses, and his body with disease; yet there shall happen to him no evil from the hatred of men or the anger of devils, there shall happen to him no calamity, public or secret, that he shall not be strong enough to bear with patience. Most just is the saying, "to do and to suffer is a Christian's business." For whoever is worthy of that name cannot but imitate the suffering Christ. Under the name of patience, however, we do not include the vain ostentation of a soul hardened in endurance; after the manner of certain philosophers of antiquity. We intend to describe the patience that is learnt of Christ, Who rejected enjoyment and, overcoming humiliation, became obedient to the death of the Cross; the patience that looks to Him for comfort and for grace, that refuses not to suffer but rejoices in the face of sorrow, and counts the greatest distress for gain. The Catholic Church has had, and has ever, signal disciples of that doctrine. She has in every place, and in multitudes, men and women of every condition, who, following Christ, endure every kind of insult and of bitterness for virtue's sake and faith's, repeating, by their life rather than their lips, the word of Thomas: "We too will go and die with Him." May such noble examples of constancy be yet multiplied, may they grow still more splendid, and may they gain Divine protection for civil society, virtue and glory for the Church!

And the third evil that so sorely needs healing chiefly affects mankind in this our day. Although men in ages past may have greedily amassed the wealth of this world, they yet did not despise the things of the world to come. The wisor among the Gentiles recognised this life as a place of pilgrimage and not of abiding, as a way-side station and not as a terminus.

But our contemporaries, although they are taught by the science of Christianity, for the most part lose their way in following after transitory things: they do not merely lose the remembrance of a better country and a blessed eternity; they deliberately intend to abolish and efface that hope. And yet the Apostle has said that we have here no abiding city, but are in search of a home in the future. If we shall seek for the origin of such a disorder we shall find it chiefly in the common delusion that thought of things to come quenches love of country and acts contrary to the prosperity of the community. There is no more foolish calumny than this. For that which we hope for in the life to come does not so absorb the thoughts of man as to withdraw them altogether from visible things; and Christ Himself intends that we should seek first of all the kingdom of God, yet not in such a manner as to cause our neglect of all else. In fact the use of present things and of the innocent pleasures that belong to them are the increase and the reward of virtue. The splendour and the beauty of earthly cities, which is augmented by the concourse of mankind, may inspire a thought of the magnificence of the city which is above. There is absolutely nothing lawful that contradicts human reason, nothing that opposes the counsels of religion. God is the author of nature and of grace. He wills not that the one should be hostile to the other. He would have them united in close alliance, not in collision, not apart, but leading by a friendly path to that immortal felicity to which the mortal is predestined. But men, given over to pleasure and loving themselves only, wilfully degrade all their hopes to earth and so can mount no higher. So far are they from using visible delights as incentives to hope for the eternal, that they lose all sight of eternity. Ignoble is the state of those men. God can hardly inflict greater punishment than is his who abandons himself to life-long self-pleasing without a thought of felicities that are to have no end. From such peril and evil shall he be free who uses the devotion of the Rosary with devotion and contemplates the Glorious Mysteries which it represents to him. From these the Christian receives great light for the discovery of those treasures which, albeit remote from corporeal sight, are yet, as we know by undoubted faith, laid up by God for those that love Him. From them we learn that death is not a force of disruption and destruction, but a mere passing and changing of life. We learn that the way of Heaven is open to all men; and, watching Christ as He returns thither, we call to mind the blessed promise He made at His departure. "I go to prepare a place for you." We learn that a time will come in which God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes, and when sorrow shall be no more, neither mourning nor weeping; but when we shall dwell for ever together with our God, made like to Him, for we shall see Him as He is, when we shall drink of the torrents of His delight, shall be fellow-citizens with the Saints, in the most happy companionship of our Queen and Mother, Mary. A soul nourished upon such thoughts must needs be kindled by them, and go repeating the words of the Saint: "Oh, how vile seems the earth to me when I look into Heaven!" He will comfort himself, then with the word of the Apostle, who describes our tribulation here as a light thing when compared with the eternal weight of glory. Indeed, this is the one sole way to unite time with eternity, the earthly with the heavenly city. By this means alone shall noble and generous characters be shaped. And where these abound, there shall the dignity and the splendour of society be increased. All that is good will flourish, all that is true, all that is beautiful under the supernal law

that is the head and front, the principle and the source, of beauty, righteousness, and truth.

Thus is the truth manifest of all that we have affirmed respecting the precious things wherewith the holy Rosary is fruitful, and respecting its efficacy against the wounds and woes of human society in our day. All, however, will easily perceive that these blessings will be more directly and more largely enjoyed by those who shall enrol themselves as members of the holy Confraternities of the Rosary, who, therefore, claim them by a special title, and who unite together in bonds of special charity in the service of the Holy Virgin. Such Associations, authoritatively approved by the Roman Pontiffs, and favoured by them with privileges and indulgences, possess a proper form of cooperation and discipline, hold meetings at stated times, and are furnished with the best means for fostering piety and for rendering true service to civil society. They are, as it were, the armies of Christ, fighting His battles in the strength of His holy Mysteries, guided in their way by the Queen of Heaven, to whom are paid their vows, their prayers, in whose honour are held their solemnities, their processions, highly favoured in all ages, and especially on the day of Lepanto. Most right and salutary, therefore, is it that the instruction, multiplication and direction of such Confraternities should be undertaken, not by the son of St. Dominic alone although the matter belongs particularly to them and to their Institute, but by all who have the care of souls, especially the pastors of the churches where the Confraternities have been canonically erected. It is a wish we have also much at heart that those who are at work upon missions for carrying the doctrine of Christ to barbarous nations or for spreading it among the civilized should give special heed to this matter. In answer to their exhortations, we doubt not that many of the Faithful will give in their names to such Associations, and will more than ever seek to gather thence the interior blessings whereof we have spoken, for in these reside the reason and the essence of the Rosary. The example of members of Confraternities, moreover, will inspire the rest of the Faithful with more esteem and devotion towards the Rosary, so that all may incline, according to our earnest wish, to seek the blessings that will so greatly avail them.

These are the hopes that encourage us, that sustain us, and—in the midst of so much public calamity—rejoice us. Their fulfilment is in her hands who inspired and who taught the Rosary, the Mother of God and our Mother, Mary, who hears our united prayers. We trust, Venerable Brethren, that, by means of your own labours, our teaching and our desires may produce prosperity in families, tranquility in nations, and every kind of blessing. Nor shall there be wanting, as a pledge of the Divine assistance and a testimony of our affection, the Apostolic Benediction, which we impart to you, your clergy, and your people, with all charity in the Lord.

Given in Rome, by St. Peter's, on the eighth of September, in the sixteenth year of our Pontificate.

† LEO PP. XIII.

**SORE FEET.** Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

It is a greater wrong to be extravagant with strength than to be extravagant with money. It is a poor economy to save pennies at the expense of a great deal of strength and time. Spend all in moderation, but hold time and strength as of more value than money.

#### Marshal Ney's Death.

The following remarkable and edifying account of Marshal Ney's death in 1815, is taken from a book lately published in France: After having read the orders that the commander of the first military division had sent him, M. de Rochechouart hurriedly dressed himself and repaired to the palace of Luxembourg. He succeeded M. de Lemonville as chief guard and installed himself with his officers in a large hall on the ground-floor. He then went and informed the prisoner that he had permission to see his wife, his children, his lawyer and his confessor. "I will first see my lawyer," replied the Marshal, "he is no doubt within the palace. Then I will receive my wife and children. As to my confessor, you need not mention him!" At these last words, one of the guards, who was present, arose and said respectfully: "You do wrong, Marshal!" and showing his sleeve adorned with several stripes, he continued. "I am not as brave as you, but I am as old. Never have I so daringly approached fire as when I had first recommended my soul to God!" "You are possibly right, my brave man," said the Marshal, suddenly moved. "You are giving me good advice." Then turning towards Colonel Montigny who accompanied general Rochechouart he asked: "What priest may I have come?"—"Father Pierre, pastor of Saint Sulpice. He is a most distinguished priest." "Ask him to come, I will receive him after my wife."

Once only did Ney consent to see the pastor of St. Sulpice. . . . He was a holy and remarkable priest, worthy of the lofty mission that Providence had given him to fulfil. He brought to the Marshal immortal consolation and hope. The guards withdrew. The priest and soldier remained alone for an hour. . . . At 8.15 the pastor of St. Sulpice, faithful to his promise returned. As soon as Father Pierre arrived, the Marshal smilingly said: "Ah! father, I understand you. . . . I am ready!" At these words the venerable priest was seized with a violent trembling which lasted until after the execution. The Marshal, having at his side the pastor of St. Sulpice, Count Rochechouart and two lieutenants of the police force, preceded and followed by armed police and the grenadiers of La Rochejacquelein; and another corps came forth from his room, followed the long passage on the second floor and descended the lofty stairs with a firm step. On reaching the door he found a carriage awaiting him.

It was Thursday. The sky was cloudy. A fine rain was falling from the dark, heavy clouds. "A very bad day!" remarked the Marshal, with his accustomed smile: then as Father Pierre drew back for him to pass he said: "Get in, father, I shall soon pass first." The two lieutenants entered the carriage with the priest and the prisoner. The armed police and grenadiers surrounded the carriage. Next came a company of officers with Count Rochechouart and the Marquis de La Rochejacquelein, the executioners and the national guard as a picket: a squadron of cavalry marched in the rear. The carriage passed along the road on the left of the palace, along the large gardens until it arrived at the gate of the observatory. Here the hundred and thirty police, who formed the escort, marched in single file, on the right and left, one half passed along the eastern road and the others along the Rue d'Enfer, so as to shut off all approaches to the field. At three hundred paces from the garden gate, the carriage halted. "What! have we reached the place!" asked the Marshal, who believed that his execution, like that of Lobedoyero, would take place in the plain of Grenelle. As he had said he was the first to leave the carriage, then turn-

ing towards Father Pierre, who followed him, he placed in his hands a golden box, a last souvenir to his wife, and what money he had to be distributed among the poor of St. Sulpice. The priest having embraced him, gave him his blessing, and kneeling a short distance away remained in prayer till all was over. The bravest of the brave died a Christian, and it was with good reason that Count Rochechouart said: "Behold, my dear friend, it is a great lesson to learn how to die well."

#### Evils of Religious Selfishness.

Religion cannot exist in the soul without a principle of fecundity by which it demands to be communicated. Selfishness, besides being a vice, is a malady. It was the primary evil of Protestantism, and it has proved its ruin. The Bible is the common heritage of God's children; the Reformers made it each man's private property; hence disunion and then doubt. And any Catholic who fancies that he can use his faith as if it were his own exclusive property is in error, and is in danger of being decatholicized.

The missionary spirit is needed for our own inner life, in order that racial, local, family influence may be restricted to their subordinate spheres. These tend to supplant the universal. Nothing tends to make a man universal, catholic, better than the noble virtue of zeal for souls. "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend" is perfectly true in its converse: blessed is the man who is a true friend to another.

It is easy to see, therefore, that a spirit of defence is not the missionary spirit, but one of aggressive charity. The dread of defection, and the tendency to mournful exercise of reparation, indicate a tone of mind quite un-missionary. Catholic faith is too often and too closely identified with religious traditions and practices brought from the Old World, producing a narrow and suspicious disposition. The sensation of exile is injurious to the missionary vocation. "To the Greek and to the Barbarian, to the wise and to the unwise, I am a debtor."

To my mind our very dissensions, whether on matters of principle or of policy, are reasons for encouragement, for they have shown an independence of conviction which yields to no human tribunal, and in bowing to a divine tribunal does so frankly and without cringing. Turn this independence of thought into missionary channels, and the results will be equal to our deep personal sincerity multiplied by the incalculable power of our divine organization.

How to go to work is an easy problem, since we have a perfect organization which can utilize the resources of modern civilization. Let us but have the determined purpose—the men of action bent upon success—and the ways and means are the divine methods of the church and the modern opportunities of the press, the platform, and the incessant intercommunication of all classes in America.

American bishops, priests, and laity working together in an apostolic spirit will missionize the entire land in half a decade of years. The immediate effect will be to throw every form of error upon the defensive, to set every religiously disposed person to sorting out and dividing calumny from fact, to start a small and perceptible stream of conversions in every locality. It seems like a dream, but it is really a vision of the future, and the not distant future either. Having done nothing, we may have many thousands of converts: what may we not hope from an universal apostolate?—*Rev. Walter Elliott, in the Catholic World for September ("The Missionary Outlook in the United States").*

I have never gone out to mingle with the world without losing something of myself.—*B. Albert the Great.*

#### An Anecdote of Mario.

I had the pleasure and advantage of Mario's intimate acquaintance for some years before he retired from the stage. When we were together on operatic tours we generally lived together in the same hotel, and always occupied the same dressing room in the theatre, where he smoked incessantly, leaving his cigar in his dresser's hands as he went on the stage, and taking it up immediately as he came off.

I tried all in my power to induce him to rise at a decent hour—it was generally mid day or after before he left his bed-room—but I only succeeded on one occasion. I had been relating to him the beauty of the scenery about Bolton Abbey and of the ruins of the Abbey itself; he was much interested, and expressed a desire to visit them; but then came the question of starting in time. We were in Hull, and had to return to Leeds to take a train to Skipton, from which we were to take a carriage to the abbey. The train started about half-past eight a.m. What was to be done? Calling was useless, so it was arranged I would pull him out of bed. When I found him peacefully slumbering, remorse seized me for a moment, and I felt inclined to leave him to his repose and make the expedition alone; then I thought perhaps he might feel disappointed if I left him, so I pulled down the bed clothes and literally hauled him out. I must admit, he was much more good-natured than I should have been myself. I went into the station, took the tickets, and stood watching the clock until the finger pointed to two minutes before starting time. I told the guard of my anxiety about my friend, and as he knew me he promised to delay the train two minutes. I had given up all hope, when I descried Mario, hat in hand, rushing frantically towards the ticket-office. I rushed after him, seized him by the collar, and did not let go till I landed him safely in a carriage. In a few moments he was fast asleep, so I left him in peace until we arrived at Leeds; we went across to the other train, and just as that was about to depart I missed him. Half asleep when he left the train from Hull, he had left his hat behind him, so again I had to ask the indulgence of the guard. We ultimately arrived all safe and sound at the abbey, and when we returned to Leeds in the evening he told me he had never enjoyed a day so much in his life. "But I should not have gone," said he, "had you not pulled me out of bed."—*Reminiscences of Charles Santley.*

#### Her One Famous Verse.

All aspiring young poetesses should read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the story of Mrs. Carney. She wrote only four lines of verse, but they have been quoted probably by every one who speaks the English language. The lines were: "Little drops of water, little grains of sand make a mighty ocean and a pleasant land." Mrs. Carney is an American lady, and is about 70 years old. She wrote the verse nearly fifty years ago when she was a schoolmistress.

The Iris, from the common blue flag (*I. versicolor*) to the many brilliantly-colored "Fleur-de-lis" of France, are truly royal flowers in their stately dignity and beauty. The smaller Japanese varieties have lately become great favorites. Our little, late-sown plants the size of a straw, stood all winter under ice and water and seemed to be dead this spring, but have all sprouted out again and make rapid growth. This shows their perfect hardiness for our climate.

There can be no health for either mind or body so long as the blood is vitiated. Cleanse the vital current from all impurities by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The medicine recruits the wasted energies, strengthens the nerves, and restores health to the debilitated system.

## ECCLESIASTICAL ART.

## The Display Made at the World's Fair.

In wandering through the Manufacturers Building one lesson powerfully forces itself on the mind. Side by side the nations of the earth are gathered. They are standing on neutral ground and each has endeavored to show its best. Each knows that all the others are regarding it. Each is aware that its display is a silent utterance of the status and vagaries of its civilization. Each is anxious to make the best impression possible. Each has its own standard of taste, of merit and of mental worth. Yet, each knows that the works it has sent and which have been judged by its own standards will cause it to rise or fall in the eyes of the civilized world. Now, then, with these facts in mind, let the student come and examine the various displays. As a result he will be convinced in the most forcible manner of Christianity's power. In the graduated scale of merit which he will be pleased to make, he will find that he will have placed in the highest rank those nations that have always been under the influences of Christianity. In the second grouping he will find the nations that for a time were Christian, but that, by some fatality or another, were wrested from its influence. In the third place his list will show those people who never accepted Christianity, yet by reason of geographical proximity or political power, were brought in contact with a Christian people. And last will come those who never accepted Christianity and never know its influence. It would be out of place here to examine the first class and show that all the nations composing it made most strides in civilization when under the influence of Catholicity. It could be shown that the continuance of such civilization and the degrees to which it afterward attained were not because of the separation from Rome, but because of the impetus Catholic faith gave to its art and sciences. Indeed it can be shown that whatever such nations have today is, as it were, the scent of the rose still clinging to the vase. Be it remembered that the products of the nations which evidence the highest mental attainment and come nearest to the ideal beautiful, are taken as the evidences of its civilization. Why not apply the same test to a religion or sect's dynamic power as a civilizer. It would certainly be just. Then that religion or sect which gives the broadest field for highest mental play and proposes the highest and truest ideals to its followers, must certainly be the most potent civilizer. Let the Fair be seen in that light, and no matter how prejudiced the man may have been, the conviction of Roman Catholicism's superiority will be forever stamped on the heart. To elucidate this truth, I am going to enter into a detailed account of the most beautiful thing in the World's Columbian Exposition. That which I am about to describe is Roman Catholic—Roman Catholic in its totality, Roman Catholic in its every detail. What I am about to describe gives evidence of the possibilities which Roman Catholicism opens to the art tastes of her children. I repeat, it is the most beautiful thing at the Fair. As it is an American product it assumes a new value to my mind. I do not hesitate to assert that there is no longer any necessity for missions, convents, monasteries, boarding schools, etc., sending to foreign ports for the articles needed in Divine worship. Art in America is most artistic when employed in the production of the objects needed in Divine worship. While the visitor to the Fine Art Palace will, to a very great extent, be disappointed in the display there made, he will certainly find his expectations realized in the home products of native artists when

their genius has been brought to play on devotional themes. Two New York firms occupy the corner that lies north of the French section and east of the German section in the Liberal Arts Building. One of these firms, Tiffany & Co., is, especially in recent years, devoting a great deal of attention to the artistic manufacture of church vestments, vessels, lamps, altars, ecclesiastical glass work and mural decorations. A Catholic gentleman is in charge of this branch of the business of this house. Perfectly conversant with the history of devotional art, his pen occasionally furnishes an article on such subjects to a noted Catholic magazine. Familiar with every edict and requirement issued by the Congregation of Rites, he is thoroughly competent to design and oversee the manufacture of everything from a chalice veil to an altar. In order to best display their work, the firm of Tiffany & Co. have erected in connection with their display of ordinary jewelers' products, a beautiful chapel. This chapel is situated at the northeast corner of their pavilion. As an expression of Roman Catholic devotional art from the hands of American talent it deserves the closest scrutiny. From the floor to the ridge pole of the angled roof there is a rise of about 35 feet. The walls are about 28 or 30 feet high; the floor measuring something like 50 x 30 feet. Within this little room there is value in the aggregate to about \$25,000 or \$30,000. Let us enter. A calm soft light pervades the room. Pale tints float through the stained glass windows, a rich green sinks downward from above and for the moment, having just come from without, the objects within almost blend with shadows. A sense of quiet and hush falls on you as you enter. It is just as though you had stepped into a beautiful church at twilight's hour. Lights and shadows are mingling and your spirit, like those of the crowd within, fall under the spell. The shuffling of feet as they slowly move along and the whispered word "beautiful!" This is all you hear. Then gradually the altar comes out clearly and the cross on the tabernacle and its every gem trembling like an aspen leaf, twinkling and laughing in the play of the light reflected on it from some unseen source. Then the arches that crown the altar brighten and the stained glass window behind it assumes shape and form. There are stained glass windows to the right and the left, and back and above you, and just overhead a monster sanctuary lamp studded with mellowed lights of soft hues and bright tints, seems suspended in the air. But you will form no idea of the work in this way. I must take it part by part. Four steps lead from the body of the chapel to the sanctuary. These steps and the entire sanctuary are of carrara marble, while the risers are in mosaic work of pot-metal glass. The altar platform is reached by three steps whose risers bear in a bed of glass mosaic work, the opening words of the liturgy. These steps, and the altar to are, like the sanctuary, of carrara marble. The altar itself is a classically chaste and elegant interpretation of the dictates of the Congregation of Rites. It has no raised ornamentation, except on the tabernacle door. It is a simple, round-cornered door with two retables. The mensa, or table, is of beautiful carrara marble of the vein of variety, purposely selected to contrast with the snowy white front. The front is of white mosaics. Each piece of glass is about 1/2 of an inch square and some 150,000 of them compose the front. In this bed of mosaic are five beautiful mosaical ornaments. The center one is the largest and, like the other four, is circular. It is the Greek monogram of the name of Jesus, whose center is in sapphires, whose outer circling lines are made of mother of pearl rosary

beads, the whole relieved by a disposition of beautiful soft and light yellow topazes. To the right and to the left of this monogram are to be seen the emblems of the four evangelists. The eagle of St. John and the man of St. Matthew are at the right; the lion of St. Mark and the ox of St. Luke to the left. These emblems are in deep blue iridescent mother of pearl from the Sandwich Islands and in the softer tint of the same material so common in Japanese goods. Like the center ornament they are encircled and surrounded by an inlay of mother of pearl rosary beads. The tabernacle door is of gold filigree work inlaid with semi-precious stones. The center pearls are from Terra Del Fuego. On the risers of the retables, which are in gold mosaics, are the first words from the 6th chapter of St. John, written in white mosaic letters—"Ego sum panis vivus, qui de coelo descendit," "I am the living bread which came down from heaven." Six globular vases of gold filigree work are on the first retable and six candlesticks of a Romanesque pattern of similar gold work and incrustated with quartz pebbles surmount the second retable. The Judas candle is covered with gold until it gradually fades away so that the transition from the candlestick to the candle is even and pleasing. The tabernacle is surmounted by a magnificent cross so arranged that it may be used as an ostensorium or a reliquary. It is of gold filigree work glistening with white and yellow amethysts held on spirals so that they are over trembling. The architectural ciborium consists of three concentric and receding arches, supported on twelve mosaic pillars in different designs. These pillars are composed of 200,000 pieces in softened tones of brown and white, an odd but happy effect being the result. The two outer arches are of gold relief work, the first bearing the words of the "Sanctus, Sanctus" of the four-and-twenty ancients. The inner one is in glass mosaics and bears for ornamentation six circular settings of very ancient forms of Our Lord's cross. These range from the so-called "hidden cross" of the primitive Christians to the "Labarum" of Constantine the Great. The reredos or altar back is a 5th century design. The motive was found in the church of St. Appollinaris, near Ravenna. It is in glass of deep dyes and represents two peacocks facing each other and almost lost in a tangle of vines. The symbolism is beautiful. In the early ages it was a tradition that the peacock's flesh never knew corruption's taint; consequently it was accepted as a type of immortality. The grapevine is of course typical of the sweet sacrament of the altar. The combination of the peacock and the vine at once suggests the idea the designer desired to convey—"He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood hath everlasting life." A baptistery is at the right hand side of the sanctuary. The entrance columns are mosaic on basis of black marble. The capitals are a Romanesque pattern; the entablature they support being in gold. The front is a huge globe of carrara marble inlaid with mosaic and metal. It stands on seven pillars. These are typical of the old dispensation, the globular form of the front proper signifying the new. A pulpit stands at the left of the sanctuary, its design and execution being in keeping with the altar and baptistery. Back of the baptismal font is a stained glass window. It is wrought in opalescent mosaics and represents the "Angel of the Resurrection" standing in a massed bed of lilies that rise to his knees and nod before the gracious folds of his vesture. The face of the angel is set heavenward. His arms are partially bare and extended from the side. The expression is beautiful and you stand waiting to hear him say "He is Risen." It was designed by a Miss

Elizabeth Cummins, of Boston. In this, as in all the other windows of the chapel, no paints, no stains are used except for the hands, feet and face where the shades of flesh color must be worked in. The range of colors in these windows is something wonderful. Pervading the entire piece of glass the coloring matter tints the light that streams through them without dulling a single ray. I doubt if any medieval artist had a palette as rich in hues and tints for his work as was at the command of those who wrought these beautiful windows. And be it remembered all of these windows are of the latest American workmanship. In the west wall of the chapel, and filling in the gable end, is a rose window in which is one of the sweetest pictures of the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Jesus I have ever seen. It is a copy from Botticelli, a Florentine of the 15th century, whose work belongs to that school of soft sweet faces of which Fra Angelico was the leader. Over the entrance to the chapel is a cruciform picture containing five scenes from Our Lord's life. The cross is encircled with a crown of thorns. The window is remarkable in that it is the first glass window whose cartoons, color sketches and glass were drawn, tinted, selected and cut by ladies. At the left side of the door as you enter is another beautiful picture. It was designed by Joseph Lauber, of New York. It is one of the Angels of the Passion holding his symbol, the scourge, at rest in his right hand. Beneath is the good shepherd, designed after Pleckhorst. To the left is still another window. It is the "Education of the Blessed Virgin" from a design by Carl Muller. The face of St. Anne is very powerful. Beneath this is a pair of windows, one Our Lord, the other St. John, by E. P. Sperry, of New York. The largest window is in the south wall and portrays the three principal events in Our Lord's life: The Nativity, the Baptism and the Resurrection. Immediately beside this window and in the west wall is the "Burial of Our Lord," designed by Mr. L. C. Tiffany and constructed under his supervision. In the midst of all these windows hangs a wonderfully beautiful sanctuary lamp. From whatever point viewed, it is a cross whose arms are capped above and supported below by large hollow bands. These bands as well as the arms and length piece of the cross are of glass and may be illuminated. Above the upper band a row of lamps, lily shaped, with calyces of gold fittingly encircle the head piece of the cross. From the lower band are pendant ornaments, green and pear shaped. This cross is about 14 feet high and 8 feet in the arms. From its foot is suspended a large ball of open gold work, intended to hold the red oil-lamp proper to the Blessed Sacrament. As you leave the chapel a large heart-shaped water font of old silver invites you to make the sign of the cross. I have taken some pains to study this beautiful chapel and by describing it give some idea of the possibilities of Catholic Devotional Art. From an artistic as well as from a Catholic standpoint it deserves the study I have given it. The intimate knowledge of church ornamentation and church history which it displays will be appreciated only by the student. Catholic Devotional Art has inspired and directed the production of the most beautiful artistic work at the World's Fair! And that in this later day! Who now shall dare question her power as the world's civilizer? Her Art and her Education are at Jackson Park defying reproach, surpassing all else the world can show. Catholics, hold up your heads and be proud of your faith!—*Indianapolis Catholic Record.*

It is not enough to see that God wishes the good we aim at, but that He wishes it through our instrumentality, in our manner and in our time; and we come to discern all this by true obedience.

Irish Day at the World's Fair.

Weather more disagreeable than that on Saturday last has seldom been experienced, even in the windy and muddy city of Chicago.

The Hall was handsomely decorated with flags—the Star Spangled Banner and the Harp of Erin entwining each other in loving embrace.

It was about three o'clock when Archbishop Fochan took the chair. On rising, the venerable prelate was greeted with hearty cheers; and when they had ceased he said he was rejoiced to see so large an assemblage of Irish-Americans celebrating with their fellow-citizens the accomplishment of the great Exposition.

Archbishop Hennessey, having been introduced, addressed the audience at considerable length, dwelling particularly on what had been done by the Irish missionaries of old for civilization in every land.

The Hon. Edward Blake was the next speaker, and the distinguished Irish Canadian must have been exceedingly gratified by the cordial welcome with which he was greeted by the Irish of Chicago.

Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M.P., was next introduced. "He was impressed—coming as he did from Europe—with the strange contrast not only as between the great kingdoms of that country and the American republic, but between the condition of Ireland and the condition here.

pitiful exhibition of our country as exhibited in the Irish village on the other. I think it is not unreasonable to hope that before very long the circumstances of Ireland will enable her to proceed to emulate your own great nation."

The Lord Mayor of Dublin followed in a neat speech which told with effect upon the audience, who rewarded it with warm applause. He fittingly acknowledged the compliment, not only on his own behalf, but also on behalf of the citizens of ancient and historic Dublin.

Rev. Father King of Dublin next spoke, and next came a fine effort by the Hon. John Fitzgerald of New York, who eloquently portrayed the genius of the Irish race. After that the Hon. John Finerty addressed the vast assemblage.

Mr. Eugene Davis—the talented poet and litterateur—read an interesting paper on the literature of Ireland, after which the proceedings closed by the whole audience singing "God Save Ireland."

His Grace at Lafontaine.

The good French-Canadian population of Lafontaine had the happiness to receive their Archbishop in their midst on last Friday, September 29th. As is customary with that truly Catholic people the advent of monsigneur was celebrated in every respect as *une fete religieuse*.

confessed and communicated. The ceremony being concluded Mr. Houllon on behalf of the parishioners presented His Grace with the following address in French of which we give the translation:

To His Grace the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto:

Most Rev. Pastor,

We are happy to extend you our most hearty welcome, and we beg you to accept this testimony of our fidelity.

It is written in the Scripture: "There is but one flock and one Shepherd." So it is with the parishioners of Lafontaine.

We all unite with our pastor to present you with this address in order to express to you our great joy in seeing your Grace who will bestow upon you the blessings of God.

May it please your Grace on this solemn occasion of your pastoral visit, not only to confirm our children, but also to cast your eyes upon all the others of your flock confided to our care and to beseech the Heavenly Father in our behalf.

The crozier and mitre, which are the emblems of your authority, remind us of the goodness of our Saviour carrying on His shoulder the lost sheep and thus give us a greater confidence in your pastorate.

Your task, indeed, is a difficult one, and one replete with responsibility; but we promise to second your efforts by faithfully obeying your commands through our parish priest's teachings.

We sincerely hope that your voyage through life may continue pleasant and prosperous, that you may be the instrument employed by God in doing great good and that finally you may have a happy entrance into the peaceful home of the Christian Shepherd. Signed

THE PARISHIONERS OF LAFONTAINE.

In reply his Grace thanked the people for all the kind sentiments expressed in the address. He was always happy, he said, to meet the French Canadian portion of his flock. Whilst Bishop of London he had first known and appreciated the strong religious feeling which pervaded the French-Canadian settlers of Ontario.



It covers a good deal of ground—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

The worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, yield to Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. So certain is it that its makers offer \$500 reward for an incurable case.

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

Table with columns for destination (G.T.R. East, O. and Q. Railway, etc.), time of departure (a.m., p.m.), and arrival (a.m., p.m.).

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon.

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

Advertisement for COUGHLIN BROS. Artistic Monuments. Work erected in a solid manner. 20 Years' Experience. Office and works: 539 YONGE ST., EAST SIDE, TORONTO.

Advertisement for A. T. HERNON, The well-known Church street BUTCHER. HAS REMOVED HIS BUSINESS to larger and more commodious premises where his old patrons and the public generally will find the same high qualities of meat that he has always been noted for.

Advertisement for 256 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO CARRIAGE WORKS. MANUFACTURERS OF CARRIAGES & WAGGONS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION. CULLERTON & MCGRAW, 29 and 31 AGNES STREET, TORONTO.

Advertisement for FLEXIBLE BRIDLED BOECKH OVAL, ROUND, FLAT. TRY THEM MADE IN EVERY SIZE READY FOR USE PAINT BRUSHES.

Advertisement for McCusland & Son's Memorial Windows. CHURCH & SECULAR STAINED-GLASS. MEDALISTS. LONDON-ESTD 1856.

Advertisement for THE DOMINION REGALIA CO., 101 BAY STREET, TORONTO. ARE YOU IN NEED OF REGALIA? WE CAN SUPPLY YOU. SPECIALTIES: Knights of St. John Uniforms, Collars and Badges for E.B.A., I.C.B.U., A.O.H., C.M.B.A. and C.O.F., Banners, &c., &c.

## Woman's Mission.

Under the above general title the Baroness Burdett Coutts has edited, with a preface and notes, a series of papers by eminent writers on the philanthropic work of women. The collection, which has been compiled in connection with the Chicago Exhibition, fills a sumptuous royal octavo, and is published by Sampson Low, Marston and Company. The reports are all drawn up by women, amongst whom are such well-known names as Mrs. Mollesworth (the author of many delightful tales for children), Mrs. Cashol Hoey, Miss Heba Strotton, Mrs. George Augustus Sala, Mrs. John T. Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland), Mrs. Charles (author of "The Schonberg Colta Family"), and other literary ladies, with several ladies not literary, like the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. There are some thirty-four papers in all, many of them extremely well written, like Mrs. Mollesworth's "Food, Fun, and Fresh Air for the Little Ones." In her introductory poem, Mrs. Alexander recalls

"The living love that walked of yore  
Where Jeron stood and Jordan leaped  
Against his empyrean store.

That thrilled a slumbering world and broke  
The chain that fettered woman's life,  
And to a nobler purpose woke  
Her toy of ease, or cause of strife.

The beauty and the worth life gave,  
The love refined that beat the heart,  
The courage that could watch his grave  
Regardless of the Roman guard.

And still she holds her precious gifts,  
With smiles to cheer, and charin to win,  
The heart that feels, the hand that lifts,  
The foot that seeks the haunts of sin."

We are not sure of more than two Catholics among the contributors; but there are no traces of a disposition to ignore the efforts of Catholic philanthropy. For instance, when Mrs. Charles describes very prettily a certain institution, "Friedenheim or Home of Peace for the Dying," established six years ago near London, the Baroness Burdett Coutts takes care to add in a note that "there is also a hospice for the Dying in Dublin, of which a touching account is given by Mrs. Gilbert at the close of her paper 'on the Philanthropic Work of Women in Ireland.'" And in her own paper on Woman the Missionary of Industry, the Baroness gives great prominence to the efforts of an Irish Sister of Charity, Mrs. Morrogh Bernard, to procure industrial employment for the poor girls at Foxford. Miss Emily Jane, who is the Organizing Secretary of the National Union of Women Workers, at the outset of her paper on Associated Work, does not pretend that this is a modern invention, but alludes to what the Old Church had always been doing.

"Let us give precedence to the oldest organized bodies of women workers among us. Let us think for a moment of the memories clustering round the names of St. Theresa, of St. Catharine of Siena, of religious orders like that of St. Vincent de Paul. They are among us now, these Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Nuns of the Good Shepherd, Faithful Companions of Jesus, and members of other religious orders—some three thousand in number in England and Scotland—who, with unswerving fidelity to their traditions, teach the poor, the orphan, the blind, and the deaf and dumb, and tend the sick, the convalescent, and the insane. If, as one shrewd observer calculates, but one in ten of the members of a sisterhood is competent to do more than carry out directions given by the organizing head, the remaining nine-tenths being unfit even for so much as that without incessant supervision and advice, one can but admire the more the results gained by continuity and rule. The educational standard of the Loretto Nuns is of the highest, the care of the aged poor by 'The Little Sisters' worthy of all praise; and the industrial and reformatory schools managed by other sisterhoods satisfy even our Government

inspectors, men who know nor fear nor favour. It is evident that each sisterhood must have a due proportion of women with force of character, mental power, and capacity for rule; that, in community life, the average woman can be trained to much usefulness; and that, far from offering a dreary uniformity of experience, it affords scope for great diversity of operations and for the development of individual gifts.

"But these sisterhoods are more or less exotic among us. The Church of England, instead of applying correction and direction, suppressed the religious orders at the Reformation. 'No fact in modern history is more deeply to be deplored,' says Mr. Lecky, who is not to be suspected of any ecclesiastical bias."

May God bless and reward all these good ladies, who try to help the poor and suffering of all classes, respecting the faith of any poor Catholics they encounter. But we shall be pardoned for taking a special interest in our own Catholic institutions. Let us, therefore, give some extracts from Miss Mulholland's paper, which, however, is not confined to Catholic work. Here is her account of the Blind Asylum at Merrion near Dublin.

"One hundred and sixty blind inmates, from mites of three years to grandmothers of eighty, receive the constant care of the sisters, and form a large and happy household. They are taught all that it is possible to teach the blind, and their tasks are so pleasantly mingled with recreation and amusement that, having spent some time among them, one is inclined to wonder if blindness be a great affliction under such circumstances. There is an air of refinement and a gentle mirth about them all, especially remarkable in the little children. These small creatures receive the visitor with a tender confidence which shows how they are accustomed to carresses, and come waving their little arms towards one, with that peculiar and piteous movement of a sightless child, asking with their soft and musical voices for permission to "see" the stranger. The music cultivated by the blind women and girls is delightful. Several harps and pianos stand at the end of a great hall, with the aid of which really fine musical entertainments are given. All who have voices sing over their knitting and sewing, others tell stories or recite poetry in the intervals of lively conversation. There remains on my memory one pathetic face, a blind face at the organ in the chapel. A girl was there, solitary, practising sacred music; she could not see us come in, and thought herself alone. It was a grey face, with no beauty but the expression, which told how the soul in darkness was thrilled and comforted by the solemn strains evoked by her hands. Another sight to remember was that of three blind women walking quickly, arm in arm, with their heads bent down—walking in the dark along a path in the light. Their peculiar swift movement of three as one, gave them the look of being driven along by a wind. These sightless scholars are taught reading and writing in the Braille characters, history, grammar, geography, type-writing, needlework; and music, vocal and of many instruments. Under the same roof the Sisters have an industrial school, a training school for girls from sixteen to eighteen years old, a hand-sewing industry where exquisite underclothing for ladies is made up; in all a family of four hundred souls. The Sisters of Charity also maintain, near Cork, a similar institution for the blind."

"We must conclude with the "touching account" to which the Baroness Burdett Coutts referred in a former quotation—the Hospice for the Dying at Harold's Cross, Dublin.

"It is not a hospital, for no one comes here expecting to be cured, nor is it a

home for incurables, as the patients do not look forward to spending years in the place. It is simply a 'hospice,' where those are received who have very soon to die, and who know not where to lay their weary heads. The low, red tiled passages and corridors of the old house have suggestions under their broad-beamed roof, quite unlike Mr. Henley's abode of suffering—

"Cold, naked, clean, half-workhouse and half-hall."  
"Walking, through the pleasantly coloured wards and rooms, one cannot but think that any creature might desire the boon of dying here; but the Irish poor, whose spiritual yearnings are so intense, and who are in this place surrounded by religious consolations, find in it a foretaste to heaven. 'I had been,' says a visitor to the hospice, 'for some minutes kneeling in the beautiful mercenary chapel, where fresh flowers are always blooming, before I perceived two figures extended on marble seats on either side of the altar, as the stigmas it that have lain so for centuries. Yet no sculpture ever possessed the beauty and sweetness of the figures I here saw: a man in the full maturity of youth, with dark hair and brown beard and handsome stately features; a little girl whose deep-fringed eyelids were closed over eyes that shone blue through the covering. Both had the same ineffable smile on their features, the look of having learned the secret of happiness, and of knowing themselves safe with God.' A charity which concerns itself with the dying appeals almost more than any other to the naked human heart—the heart of man stripped of all its conventional surroundings, and surprised behind all its barricades. Living poverty and suffering may be kept out of sight, but death comes to all, and no one can feel sure of what his circumstances and needs will be in his own supreme hour. Sympathy that springs from a touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is shown by the gifts that drop in to help this completely foundationless and in one sense, unprovided charity, which looks for its manna direct from the heavens. Bequests from those who, in the straits of their own soul's passage, remember this pathetic labour of the Sisters of Charity, help occasionally, like the back-reaching of friendly hands; and the poor themselves often contribute a mite to the work, feeling that should destitution overtake them in the end, they may yet hope to lie in the Nun's Chapel before the earth receives them; ere Nature begins to weave her veils of grass and dew over the weary heart's undisturbable slumber."

There is many a touching Charity Sermon lying latent (and not very latent) between the covers of this splendid volume. The benevolent lady to whom we owe it is dear to Ireland for her long-continued exertions on behalf of the poor fishermen of Cape Clear and Baltimore. She has surely derived more happiness from such investments of her inherited wealth than if she had wasted it on selfish amusements or the silly extravagance of fashion. Her present work will reveal to many of her sex that "woman's mission" embraces many better things than the eternal dressing, visiting, gossiping, tonnis-playing, tea-drinking, and all the implacable swarm of "devoirs parasites qui pullulent autour de nos tasses de the."—*M. R., in Irish Monthly.*

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Affection acts like the wind upon the trees, making them take deeper root; it is the mowing of the grass that it may shoot up thicker and greener; it is the shaking of the torch that it may burn brighter.—*Donnar.*

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An Exiled Widow's Request.

M. Rice, in the Irish Monthly.

"Yes, indeed, I know I'm dying,  
Dying, but get, sure and slow;  
But, man-of-war, cease your crying—  
God knows I'm not loath to go;  
Though 'tis true that I would rather,  
Had it been God's blessed will,  
Sleep in death beside your father  
On Knocknalton's holy hill.

"Neither letters' stone nor marble  
Marks his lonely narrow bed,  
But the song-birds sweetly warble  
From the yew-tree at his head;  
And the wind, an unseen singer,  
Chants in mournful key and low;  
O'er his heart the sunbeams linger,  
And the daisies shaurocks grow.

"And I'm sure the neighbours ever  
Pray for him the while they pass  
By the path along the river  
When the bell invites to mass.  
And now, Bridget, don't be grieving,  
But attend to what I say,  
For a serious charge I'm leaving  
In your hands this very day.

"Many a time when I was kneeling  
In the grandest church here  
With the organ's music pealing  
To God's glory sweet and clear,  
I have felt, though poor and lowly  
The old church at home may be,  
Prayers arise in it more holy,  
Hearts were nearer God, each three.

"So because of that strange notion  
That against my wish will come  
When I'm dead, write o'er the ocean  
To the parish priest at home;  
And mind, Bridget, beg sincerely  
For his prayers, and people's too,  
For the mother you loved dearly,  
Once the wife of that Mulgrew."

The Catholic Church and Catholics.

The Catholic Church requires of her children not only respect, but also warmest love. And it is only the indomitable zeal which animated the saints, martyrs and confessors of every age that will enable Catholics to hold their own, not to speak of their numerical and spiritual growth in the face of the opposition of the world, on the one hand, and of its allurements and temptations on the other.

Secularism, on the one hand, says: "Let us eat, let us drink, let us enjoy ourselves; what need we care for the future, for to-morrow we die and resolve into dust like our progenitors, the apes and the monkeys? Why bother to go to Mass or to confession? Why resist our passions? Why trouble ourselves about prayers?" Protestantism, on the other side, is ever respectable. "If we must have religion, let us have it in small doses," it seems to say. "You can believe anything you like, and if you want to go to churches, there are plenty of them, well built, carpeted and warm, where you can listen to a spicy sermon by an eloquent preacher. If you were wise," it seems to say to the Catholic, "you would not identify yourself with a Church mainly composed of the poor; a Church which is really unpopular, and which Europe has taken a great deal of trouble to try to get rid of, as it has retarded its progressive civilization and enlightenment."

These are the siren-like inducements respectively of secularism and Protestantism.

What shall the Catholic reply? He ought to say to the secularist: God has created man a reasonable being and set before him a glorious destiny as the reward of good deeds. Will you have me forget the one and lose the other? Will you make me a mere animal, living only for the passing hour, and forget the dignity of man?

To the Protestant he should answer: The Church to which I belong dates from the commencement of Christianity. It has always been the sole depository of divine truth, the best guardian of order, the true friend of the poor and the real safety of nations. Tyrants oppress it, bigots decry it and cowards deny it, but the valiant and the true have died for it. Its ceremonies enshrine its doctrines, its doctrines are logical and consistent with themselves, its morality is sublime, its adaptability to the wants of man is perfect. In

what other fold can I find examples of more shining virtues? What other Church affords a surer refuge for the soul than the one built upon the Apostles, for which the martyrs have died, and in which the saints have lived? Will I desert it for sects born but yesterday, and contrary the one to the other? Never.

Not only should the Catholic be animated by these feelings, but he should endeavor to learn something about the Church's action in the past and in the present.

Does he wish interesting reading? There is no more interesting literature than that which treats of the early martyrs, the toils of the missionaries and the past history of the Church in Europe.

What finer romances can be written, what more touching events can be contemplated, than those, for instance, arising from the Crusades, or from the scenes of Irish history? Take again, the records of Christian art, contemplate in spirit the works of the great masters of poetry, music, sculpture and architecture, who have been inspired by the genius of Catholicity and animated by its soul. Let us, one and all, cultivate the spirit of generous and enthusiastic love for the Church, and then, indeed, we shall find that the more she is studied the more she will be loved, and the more we love her the more ardently we will work for her.

Knowing thus the history of the Church, and being animated with a love for her, how little will we care for the sneers of the ignorant or the railings of the bigot. Realizing more and more the beauty of her who is styled the King's Daughter, we shall love our fellow-Catholics, of whatever nationality they may be, whether they are Irish or German, American or French, Spanish or Polish (for of all these nationalities is the Church in the country made up). And feeling thus, we shall appreciate and honor all who are with us in the household of faith, and certainly none more than those to whom mainly the American nation will owe its conversion, if it ever should be converted, the ever-faithful sons of Catholic Ireland. —Catholic Standard.

Fidelity to Grace.

Many times, on the mission, a priest meets with persons whose fidelity is sorely tried. Sometimes the trial comes from persons, who put on the garb of the Good Samaritan in order to cloak more thoroughly their villainy. But no matter how poor and dejected the person tried may be, he is sure to conquer in the end, if confidence be placed in, and help sought from God. God never forgets us. He may suffer us to be sorely tried, but never beyond our strength. Who confides in God is never confounded. The world is full of evil sayings that come out of the unwise. All these are intended to destroy confidence in God. They have certainly a powerful influence in the base work. But as we strive to chase from us temptations that lead to open violation of order, so we must hurl aside these. We say "confidence begets confidence" and we say truly, "if we confide in God, our confidence in Him increases." The grace of co-operation with the will of God increases in us according to the measure of our confidence in God. Confidence in man may be displaced, confidence in God never. Confidence begets fidelity, and the continual practice of it the habit of fidelity.

Who has the habit of being faithful to the inspirations of grace, always listens to the monitor, conscience, that God has given to every one. In speaking of fidelity to the inspiration of God, let it not be understood, that we mean soft flights of the imagination which seize upon some, who become suddenly piously inclined for the moment. The service of God must be constant throughout life. This is the object of life, the

service of God. Those who indulge in momentary pious feelings, do not serve God. Feeling well inclined, for a while, at times, is not serving God. It always ends in gush, and the end of such feelings show their origin.

OURSELVES AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Some say frequently, "well, just look at those people who go to Mass and receive the Sacraments; why they do things that are not Christian. I think a Christian should do nothing wrong. When I make up my mind to do what is right, I will go to my duties and be sincere." Such persons are not sincere even with themselves, for they never intend to change their lives. They put off the work of to-day until to-morrow, and to-morrow never comes. They are like the placard hung up in some stores, "Pay to-day and trust to-morrow." This class of Catholics have no confidence in others, because they have none in themselves, and practically they have none in God. We say practice makes perfect in evil as well as in good actions, again we say truly. And it flows from this that he who does not practice, may do an act, but it will be more or less difficult for him, from this fact, he will lack the practice to make the act easy.

To lack the practice of serving God is coldness toward Him, who is all charity. But we have no confidence in, and are not faithful to those whom we treat coldly. In plain terms, we don't want to have anything to do with them and we say so. Now those who act coldly towards God don't want to have any part with Him, but they fear to say so, even to themselves. To hear them talk, you would think, "They have some idea that God ought to rule the world to suit them. They have everything else, but Faith, Hope and Charity. Some there are, who speak beautifully of trusting all things to God, but when adversity enters their doors then these fine sayings are forgotten, and nothing is heard but sighs, moans and complaints about the hardness of their lot. These persons have not confided in God, placed no trust in Him, and were not faithful to the inspiration of God's grace. It would be different with them if they would prove their

FIDELITY TO GOD "IN GOOD AND IN EVIL."

It is not hard to be faithful to one's duty, if we form the habit of it, and this we must do, or lose the beauty of life here, and eternal happiness hereafter. Children confide in their parents and lose the habit of this confidence only through the parent's fault. But we lose confidence in God only through our own fault. To gain this confidence in God, and to be faithful to the inspirations of His holy grace we must humbly pray for, and practice it; to lose it we must despise the gift and the giver.

A Charitable Bequest.

The late Mr. Horatio Rymer, who died recently near Dublin, bequeathed about one hundred thousand dollars, the bulk of a large fortune, to charitable institutions. The instances in which wealthy men make such admirable disposition of their property are rare enough. Mr. Rymer had evidently pondered with profit the memorable utterance of Cardinal Manning: "It is a poor will that does not mention Christ and His poor among the heirs."

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1893.

### Calendar for the Week.

- Oct. 5—St. Gall, Widow.  
6—St. Bruno, Confessor.  
7—St. Mark, Pope and Confessor.  
8—Twentieth Sunday after Pentecost. The Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
9—St. Denis and Companions, Martyrs.  
10—St. Francis Borgia.  
11—Blessed John Leonardus.

### A Contrast.

In the debate upon the Home Rule Bill two Catholic noblemen—the Marquis of Ripon and the Duke of Norfolk—present a strange contrast. The latter has not much of a reputation in politics, and whatever little he did possess is entirely gone, from the stand he took upon this question. Irishmen might have passed him over as a good pious gentleman who cared more for religious work than for party politics had he not made himself so conspicuous for his bitter opposition to what they had set their hearts on. It was not the Irish National Party he had wounded so much as the Irish prelates and priests. Were these men untrue to their trust? Were they to be taught by English noblemen what their country needed, and what it must have if peace is to be its inheritance? Yet the Premier Duke of England undertakes the task, nay, he allows himself to be put forward as the Catholic champion against the scheme of Home Rule, for which Ireland, almost to a man, from the Cardinal and Archbishops down, is demanding. His Lordship objected that the Bill put the power into the hand of one of the hostile factions in Ireland—a faction that had no will or desire to reconcile its opponents, and no power to bind the hostile parties into a common people. For the Protestants of Ireland the Government would be wielded by those whom they felt they could not trust; and for the Catholics the Bill dangled before them dangerous temptations to a power and opportunities which could only be grasped by an unholy alliance with a movement whose strength was founded on means condemned by the Church, and whose leaders had openly defied the decrees of the Holy See. The noble Lords showed their deep interest in the Holy See by cheering this profoundly true (?) statement. Be it not forgotten that these same Lords of England did all they could to advance the cause of Garibaldi against the Holy See, and we should also remember how well the noblemen of England kept the faith. It was forsooth, a capital argument to bring before a house, the ancestors of whose members had stripped the Holy See of respect, of revenue, and of spiritual authority.

The Duke of Norfolk granted that he well knew what the Church had suffered in Ireland, but he maintained "that the Church in Ireland could look with trust and confidence to the

Government of this united country to meet every fair and just demand and to do right in anything which might be wrong." History does not bear this out, for the English Government showed how far they could be trusted in the Catholic educational questions of Ireland. It is always: Ireland must trust England who always betrayed her. Why should it not work the other way? His Lordship thought that much might be done by a steady policy in the direction of developing the resources of the country, and congratulated the Tories that their Government, when in power, had shown a practical determination in this direction. How any one can, upon reflection, consider Balfour's policy a determination to develop a country we are at a loss to know. It was determined enough; but practical it was not, nor was it a success. His Lordship concluded that even if the people of England did look for a slow but wise legislation by an upper house, "it would be better than fads of statesmen who, seeking to gratify their personal ambition, put the nation and the empire in the jeopardy in which it had stood of late."

When we turn to the Marquis of Ripon we have a gentleman as deeply religious as the Duke of Norfolk, and far more astute and experienced as a statesman, taking exactly the opposite stand. He felt impelled to notice that the opponents of the Bill seemed unable to imagine that the Government could have any good or honest purpose in adopting their present policy. Eighty-seven years of coercion had been tried, and failed. When, by an extension of the franchise, the true feeling of Irishmen found expression, no one listening to the overwhelming national majorities of 1885 and 1886 could be deaf to the appeal. Lord Carnarvon had told the House that "since 1847 Ireland had lived under coercive legislation," and had thought it was desirable they should be extricated from such a miserable habit and should aim at a more wholesome and better solution. He, the Marquis of Ripon, had felt convinced before his return from India that he could not be a party to coercion in Ireland. Mr. Chamberlain also, while he still held office, compared the government of Ireland by England to that of Poland, and considered that "the time had come to reform altogether the absurd and irritating anachronism which is known by the name of Dublin Castle." The difference, his Lordship claimed, between the Government and the party opposite was that the latter had withdrawn their hands from the plough while the former had gone forward: for the Tories had said once before entering into power that coercion was hurtful. The argument also that the present Parliament had no mandate from the country for Home Rule was a poor one to be advanced in the House of Lords, as some might say they had no mandate from the country at all. Again the experience which the last Government had ought to prove to them that coercion was not an instrument which could produce the first aim of any Government—contentment and satisfaction amongst the people. The Marquis believed that the British people had made up

their minds that they would give self-Government, and that they were just and generous enough to say that they could not set up such a Government without making provision for its immediate needs. If their Lordships on this occasion frustrated the will of the people by refusing to Ireland the management of her own affairs, the demand could not fail to be afterwards made in a more extended form.

### A Silver Jubilee.

The priests of Peterborough Diocese and the people of Douro Parish assembled on the 28th ult, in their fine new Church of St. Joseph's to do honor to the esteemed pastor, Father Keilty on the completion of the twenty-fifth year his holy priesthood. Amongst the clergy present were Vicars-General Laurent and Brown, Fathers E. H. Murray, Casey, Connolly, Larkin, Sweeney, McCloskey, McColl, Scollard, Kelly from Peterborough. From Kingston Diocese there were Very Rev. Dean Murray, Fathers O'Brien and McCarthy, besides Dean O'Rourke of Port Henry, N. Y., and Father J. E. McGuire, Gloucester. Dean O'Rourke acted as deacon and Father Connolly as sub-deacon.

Immediately after Mass Vicar-General Laurent read an address and made a presentation on behalf of Father Keilty's fellow priests in Peterborough, to which Father Keilty replied in felicitous terms. Two other addresses followed, one from the people and another from the children of the parish congratulating the good priest upon the auspicious day, and praying the Giver of all graces to preserve their pastor unto his golden jubilee.

It affords THE CATHOLIC REGISTER great pleasure in joining with the many friends and offering its joy and congratulations, and wishing Father Keilty a continuance of all the blessings he has received *ad multos annos*.

### Competition in Irish Schools.

In order to insure closeness of study and persevering industry in the schools and colleges of Ireland a yearly examination is held in which all, without distinction, may compete, and to success in which liberal donations are made and valuable prizes offered by the Government Department of Education.

The pupils attending Catholic or Protestant schools, whether of a private or national character, besides all those educated in the Queen's Colleges or in convents or seminaries in charge of Religious, have all the same advantages and opportunities of distinction and promotion. For several years past, in reading over the results of the annual Examinations, we have noticed that the pupils of the Catholic schools in Cork city, conducted by the Christian Brothers, have borne away the palm of excellence from all competitors, with the exception of those educated by the Jesuit Fathers in the College of Clongowes Wood in the county Kildare. The latter college alternates almost every year with the Christian Brothers' schools of Cork city in bearing away the highest prize. This present year, we learn from the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, the palm of distinction is accorded to the "alto-

gether splendid achievement of Master Andrew Ryan of the Christian Brothers' College, Cork. He has not only gained the first place in the senior grade, but, even still more remarkable, he has obtained the gold medals both in classics and mathematics in addition to the gold medal for the highest score." The *Journal* says: "This unique distinction reflects the highest credit on the teaching staff of the Christian Brothers' College, and attaches the highest promise to the future of the student himself."

Clongowes Wood College is not left far behind, for the *Journal* states that, as in previous years, it holds its place in the front rank of Irish Catholic Colleges—one of its pupils, Master Conroy, winning the gold medal for English literature, while the first place in the preparatory grade was won by Master Byrne, one of its alumni.

St. Colman's College, Fermoy, has been more than usually distinguished this year for the proficiency of its pupils, to one of whom, among other triumphs, is awarded the Burke Memorial gold prize. Blackrock College—of which our late distinguished Archbishop was a pupil and afterward a professor—comes to the front also with two of its pupils winning medals, one the gold medal for modern languages and the other the medal for English in the middle grade.

The Convent schools were also very successful at the late examinations. Miss Barnavill, of the Dominican Convent, Eccles street, Dublin, took the gold medal for English, with several lesser prizes; while Loretto and the Ursuline Convents sustained their well-established reputation for the excellency of their system of training. Speaking of Loretto in particular, the *Freeman's Journal* remarks that: "As the new system of marking is founded on concentration and excellence in a few subjects, it speaks well for the Loretto Nuns that their pupils should show such evidences of sound and thorough teaching."

In summing up the results of what are technically termed the Intermediate Examinations, the *Journal* expresses its great satisfaction of the splendid victories gained all along the line by Catholic Institutions. Almost all the coveted prizes have fallen to them, at least in the boy's department. A Catholic student is far ahead of all others in each of the three grades. In the senior grade the special gold medals for English, classics, mathematics and modern languages have all fallen to Catholic students—and these are some, and only some, of the most remarkable of the Catholic successes. When we come to consider the merits of individual students and the records of specific institutions, the result is no less brilliant.

It is to be regretted that while so much has been achieved for the encouragement and promotion of Intermediate education in Ireland no steps have been yet taken by the Government towards the establishment of higher or university education for Catholics. At the closing of the debate on the Home Rule Bill Mr. John Dillon, in his very eloquent speech, complained of the injustice done to the Catholics of Ireland, who

were debarred from a privilege of inestimable value granted to the people of England, Scotland and Wales—a National University. He said: "Why are we denied the gift of a University education? Because our conscientious convictions closed the doors of the Universities that existed in Ireland against us. There is one observation, and I shall conclude what I have to say on that particular grievance, for the redress of which fifty years of appeal have been made to this house. It still stands unredressed, and still the youth of Ireland who belong to the Catholic Church are obliged to face the world without the advantages of higher education. With a home legislature, with power to settle that question, it would have been settled to the satisfaction of Protestant and Catholic alike thirty or forty years ago."

#### Death of Father Bardou.

The ranks of the Ontario clergy have again been thinned by the death of one who was thought by his many friends to have still several years of health before him. When therefore the death of Father Bardou, parish priest of Cayuga in the Diocese of Hamilton on last Thursday evening at half-past seven, was flashed along the wire it was a shock for which few were prepared. For many years he had suffered from a growth in one of the nostrils, this in addition to similar trouble in the inner ear assumed during the summer very serious form. He came into Hamilton to St. Joseph's Hospital, and placed himself under the care of the good Sisters, who were in constant attendance. Although Father Bardou was very ill it was only a few days before his death that those near him became alarmed. The good priest recognized the hand of God, bowed in resignation, and prepared himself for his approaching end, with that piety which had characterized him through life. His Lordship, Bishop Dowling, who used to visit him every day dropped in to see him just as he was breathing his last, and imparted to him the last blessing. On the following morning the remains were brought to St. Mary's Cathedral where Bishop Dowling sang a Mass of Requiem. M'gr. Heenan was assistant priest, Father Teefy of St. Michael's College, Toronto, acted as deacon of the Mass, and Father Coty as sub-deacon. Mgr. McEvay, Fathers Granottier, of Owen Sound, Craven and Lynch of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, were present in the sanctuary.

Early in the afternoon a funeral cortege was formed taking the remains to the King Street Station of the Hamilton and Port Dover Railway en route to Cayuga, the place of burial. Carriages containing his Lordship and the clergy led the sorrowful procession, while some of the leading laymen acted as paul-bearers. Mgr. Heenan and Father Craven proceeded to Cayuga, where the funeral took place on Saturday at half-past ten. M'gr. Heenan sang the Mass, with Father Kloepfer, Provincial of the Resurrectionist Fathers, as deacon, and Father Teefy of St. Michael's College, Toronto, as sub-deacon. His Lordship, Bishop Dowling who was accompanied

by Mgr. McEvay, occupied the throne, and after Mass gave the last absolution. The other clergymen present were Fathers Craven, Forster, Corcoran of London Diocese, Orinon and Murphy who had been replacing Father Bardou at Cayuga. When Mass was finished his Lordship ascended the altar and addressed the congregation who crowded every available space, and who testified their sorrow and affection by sighs and tears. The Bishop said that Father Bardou had made two requests—one that no funeral sermon should be preached over him, and the other, that he might be buried amongst his people. His Lordship was present to carry out both of these requests, which bespoke the humility and the charity of the good priest who preferred that his works should speak, and that he might rest amongst those whom he had served, and who would remember him in their prayers. The coffin which contained their pastor was a more eloquent sermon than he could preach because it spoke of death, and the charity of him who wished to be amongst them not only living but also dead. The zeal which Father Bardou had shown in leaving home and coming to this country, in laboring for souls in vast districts of the northern part of the Diocese was a firm assurance that he had died a good death. The patience with which he had borne his sufferings, and the piety with which he had received the last sacraments were also a firm hope of his happy end. Honored by his Bishop, by the holy Father, and surrounded by prayers this venerable priest had passed to his reward. His Lordship concluded by exhorting the people not to forget Father Bardou in their prayers, and to keep death ever before their eyes. As soon as Bishop Dowling had given the last absolution the coffin was closed, and borne on the shoulders of six of the parishioners to the vault which had been prepared under the Church on the epistle side. Thus was laid to rest a priest who was true to his God, his superiors and his fellows, and the sanctifying duties imposed upon him.

Mario Peter Bardou was born at Villefranche, near Toulouse, France, in February, 1882. He was well educated, and obtained a degree from a University in his native land. Wishing to enter the missionary field, he came out to Canada after seeing Bishop de Charbonnel, who visited several French seminaries to get priests. He was ordained in the summer of 1857, in St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, by Bishop Farrel of Hamilton. For a short time Father Bardou was assistant priest at Dundas, which he left to take charge of Owen Sound, at that time an extensive district, rich only in severe labors. In 1861 he was removed to St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, where he remained till 1868 when he was appointed pastor of Brantford. This he retained until 1881 when he went to Cayuga. Father Bardou's intellectual worth and deep learning received honorable recognition at the hands of the Holy Father, who at the request of the Bishop of Hamilton conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. His Lordship showed his esteem by making him Archdeacon

of the Diocese of Hamilton. Father Bardou leaves behind him a brother about two years younger who is a Bishop in the East. *Requiescat in pace.*

#### Crimes in Ireland.

During a recent debate in Parliament Mr. T. W. Russell, Orange "Liberal," member for South Tyrone, gave an additional exhibition of the unfairness and bigotry of the "Unionist" Party. Previous to the vote being taken on supply for the Irish Secretary's office, the above-named honorable gentleman made a fierce attack on the administration of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley. Mr. Russell reiterated the charges frequently advanced by him on other occasions, both in the House and on the platform, viz.: that crime in the counties of Clare, Kerry and Limerick had increased during the period that the present Government had been in power, and that convictions for agrarian crimes could not be obtained in the courts. Mr. Russell is one of those unfortunates alluded to in the Gospel as afflicted with spiritual blindness. While boasting that they are not like the rest of men—extortioners, thieves, etc.—and while possessed by very keen sight for the defects of others, they cannot see the beam which hangs over their own eyelids. During the present Liberal Administration there have been more crimes of violence and disorder committed in Belfast and other districts of Ulster than in any of the southern counties. Whole regiments were drafted into Belfast to aid the ordinary force of police in suppressing the riots that broke out in that city immediately after the visit and the violent harangues of Lord Salisbury during the Easter Recess. Houses of Catholics were wrecked; one hotel was looted; mob law prevailed, and innocent girls returning from work were assaulted on the public highways.

What really occurred in his own district of shameful crime and savage lawlessness is opportunely forgotten by Mr. Russell, while imaginary agrarian offences, are expatiated upon to embarrass the Government. Mr. Morley, however, in his own calm, practical way, declined to make a speech in reply, but for information of English members quietly read the statistics, as furnished by sworn officials of the Crown. The figures showed that for the last twelve months there has been "a steady and well-marked decrease in crime and offences of every kind in Ireland, even in areas and districts formerly noted for moonlighting and other illegal pranks of a reprehensible character.

There is one feature which should not be overlooked in the Irish criminal statistics. It is this: the clear undeniable evidence of religious intolerance in Protestant centres only. In the counties of Kerry, Limerick or Clare, where the overwhelming majority is Catholic, there is a total absence of religious strife. It is never even heard of that any man or woman in these Catholic counties, or in other counties where the Catholic element predominates, has ever been molested, or kept out of office, or in any way ostracized on account of their religious

belief or practice. Whatever crimes may have been perpetrated in these districts have uniformly originated in some agrarian trouble, when the landlord had all the law and Government forces on his side, and when no resource was left to the tenant but what an eminent Judge designated as "the wild justice of revenge."

The despatches inform us that even the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, of coercion fame, was compelled to admit the incorrectness of Mr. Russell's unfair statements, and give due credit to Mr. Morley for "a fair measure of success in administering the Government in Ireland." He admitted that there had been a diminution in agrarian crimes in Ireland. He could scarcely point to any other crime seeing that in every county the Judges at the late Assizes had congratulated the Grand Juries on the absence of serious offences, and that in some counties the Judges were presented with the symbolic pair of white gloves. The right hon. gentleman, however, was not disposed to give all the credit of such happy results to his opponent in the treasury benches. He maintained that the general diminution in crime all over the kingdom of Ireland was partly due to the good harvest and partly to the "influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood, the members of which, he declared, were supporting the present Administration for reasons of policy."

It is an admission worth remembering on the part of Hon. A. J. Balfour that the priests of Ireland wield so much influence for good in society and in the preservation of the peace of the realm. During his administration the priests obtained scant courtesy from Mr. Balfour's officials. They were shadowed in the streets by the hon. gentleman's special detectives; they were set down as disturbers of the peace and abettors of crime; and were (several of them the idols of the people) dragged from their quiet homes and cast into dungeons, where they had to share with criminals the six-ounce loaf and the plank bed.

If the priests of Ireland support the present Administration, as Mr. Balfour intimates, "through reasons of policy," they are the most unselfish beings that ever lived. Reasons of revenge and hatred for his person and Government have no weight in determining their support of a more humane Government. The priests of Ireland are willing to forget past wrongs and indignities heaped on them personally. They are moved only by "reasons of policy" to welcome an administration of justice and humanity for their people, and of fair play to all her Majesty's subjects, whether Catholic or Protestant. This policy is one of equal distribution to all of the benefits and privileges of the British Constitution, as guaranteed by the Magna Charta that was wrested from King John by the Catholic Barons and a Catholic Bishop at Runnymede, but from whose liberal provisions Catholics in England and Ireland have been debarred during the last three hundred years.

In consequence of the danger arising from the cholera epidemic the eleventh General Congress of Italian Catholics, which was to be held in Naples next month, has been postponed until February next year.

Scandal.

There is no more solemn—no more solemn—we may well say awful—declaration of Our Lord than when He said: "Woe unto the world because of scandals for it must needs be that scandals come, but nevertheless, woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh." The fact that our Lord said that it was necessary that scandals should come is no excuse for our giving scandal. On the contrary, we are solemnly warned that the just judgments of heaven may be expected to fall upon us if we give scandal. Again He says: "He that shall scandalize one of those little ones that believe in Me it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." This shows the estimation in which the subject of scandal was held by our Lord.

And how did the Apostles look upon the matter? Saint Paul in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, speaking of the danger of giving scandal by eating meat which had been offered to idols says: "Take heed lest perhaps this your liberty become a stumbling-block to the weak . . . and through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ hath died. Now when you sin thus against the brethren and wound their weak conscience you sin against Christ." For himself this noble Apostle declares: "Wherefore if meat scandalize my brother I will never eat flesh lest I should scandalize my brother." That is the heroic charity which it would be well for us all to try to imitate.

Again the same Apostle in his Epistle to the Romans, says: "Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that you put not a stumbling block or a scandal in your brother's way." "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died. Let not then your good be evil spoken of." "Therefore let us follow after the things that are of peace and keep the things that are of edification one towards another." "It is good not to eat meat, and not to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother is offended or scandalized, or made weak." Then follows a very solemn injunction to which we all do well to take earnest heed. "Hast thou faith. Have it to thyself before God. Blessed is he that condemneth not himself in that which he alloweth." That is, if you have faith be true, be consistent and sincere before God. Mere profession is of no account. Blessed will you be if you do not condemn yourself by acting contrary to your professed principles. By all means be consistent and live up to your profession and your principles for it is a fearful thing to give scandal to your brethren, to weak consciences, or to the world at large.

Can there possibly be a sadder reflection, or one more fraught with self-reproach and even with remorse when brought before the judgment seat of God, or, for that matter, before the judgment of our own consciences in the light of divine truth, than that by our deliberate or even thoughtless conduct, we may have been the cause—even the unwitting cause of damage to the spiritual interests, perhaps the loss, of the soul of another? We remember to have heard the story—we believe it was a true one—of a young man who was wavering in doubt about becoming a Christian, though often solicited by a Christian friend of his. Finally the young man, knowing that his friend would probably be placed in circumstances where his faith and constancy would be severely tried, said to himself, "I will watch him now and see whether he is consistent and has the courage of his convictions. If he comes through unscathed I will have faith and become a Christian. If not I shall have very good evidence that Christianity is something to be professed but not practised—in fact that it is all a sham." Fortunately his friend was

true to his convictions and the young man was converted. But what if he had failed? Of course, it is easy to say that the young man was unreasonable in hanging his faith upon such a slender thread. But that would not excuse the failure of his friend. The silent influence of example is proverbial. Striking instances of it are constantly occurring in the experience of almost every one. This is particularly the case with us Catholics.

We are surrounded by Protestants who are more or less ignorant of the Catholic religion. They are all curious to learn about it. Some, under the influence of favorable circumstances have lost their prejudices in a measure, and are in a respectful state of mind, but they are not enough interested to go to work seriously to examine the subject. They are influenced by external circumstances, especially by the character and conduct of some Catholics with whom they are acquainted. It has often been remarked and we believe the remark is perfectly true, that if all Catholics were good, consistent Christians, and lived up to the requirements of their religion the world would be converted in a comparatively short time. What a terrible thought that the conversion of the world should be retarded and souls lost through the inconsistencies of professed Catholics.

In this connection it seems to us that nothing is more deplorable, nothing more un-Catholic and scandalous than the manifestation of party spirit especially among some of our Catholic writers. A sincere love of the truth is thoroughly inconsistent with all mere personal considerations in advocating and defending it. Mere worldly ambition, pride of opinion, personal pique and personal vanity of special gifts, strife for the vanquishing of an opponent rather than for the triumph of truth, and efforts to widen rather than heal the breaches of controversy—all this is totally and entirely foreign to the true Christian and Catholic spirit and scandals resulting from it will reveal their sad and desolating effects only in eternity at the judgment seat of God when all hearts shall be revealed and we shall be called upon to render an account of our stewardship.

"See how these Christians love one another," was the powerful attraction which multiplied converts in the early Church. Would to God the experience could be repeated in our day. It is believed by many that the conversion of our country has been put back many years—who can tell how many—by the unfortunate developments of the past year. Oh, brethren, for God's sake, for our own souls sake, for the sake of dear, Holy Church which we love, and the salvation of souls for which we labor, let us "lay aside all malice and all guile, and dissimulations, and envies and all detractions and as new-born babes desire the rational milk without guile, that thereby we may grow unto salvation if so be we have tasted that the Lord is sweet." Why should we be at enmity with one another. Are we not all brethren? Are we not all laboring for the same glorious end? Are we not all agreed in essential principles? Why should we quarrel about technicalities or matters of discipline which should be left to the ordinary of each diocese? Let us give up all personal pique and sharp-shooting, and severe criticism and let us try to see eye to eye and settle down to calm, dignified, brotherly advocacy of the great truths for the defence of which we are set as watchmen on the walls of Zion.—*Catholic Review*.

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**In The Sanctuary.**

By Joseph T. Noonan.

Often in the solemn stillness  
Of the sanctuary fair,  
Banished all my woe, my care,  
Deep immersed in silent prayer,  
Heart enraptured, centred there,  
Comes a whisper sweet and tender.

Kneeling there before the altar,  
Gazing with uplifted eyes,  
Consolation from the skies—  
Harrest boon of Paradise—  
In my soul serenely lies,  
As I kneel and ponder long.

Then a voice like sweetest music,  
Soft descends as heavenly dew,  
Stirs and thrills me through and through,  
And it says—its words are few—  
Listen and I'll tell them you:  
"Son! give me thy soul immortal."

**Selected Receipts.**

**BANANA GEMS.**—Beat together one cupful of sugar with three eggs. Add one-fourth of a cupful of water and stir in one cupful of flour, mixed with one teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in two thinly-sliced bananas and half fill caps, which should be steamed one hour.

**PEACH SAUCE.**—Beat a quarter pound of butter to a cream and add gradually a half cup of powdered sugar; beat until very light. Mash or press two large, yellow peaches through a colander, add a little at a time to the butter and sugar, beating all the while. When very light, turn into a pretty dish and stand in the refrigerator to harden.

**EGG-PLANT FRITTER.**—Pare the egg-plant and cut into slices about one inch thick, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Beat two eggs without separating, add to them one cup of milk, half a teaspoonful salt and one cup of flour. Beat well, and add one level teaspoonful of baking powder and beat again. Cut each slice of egg plant into quarters, dip in the batter and fry in smoking hot fat.

**WINE SAUCE.**—Put into a clean saucepan six raw yolks of eggs and beat them with four tablespoonfuls of caster sugar until they become thick and white. And one pint of white wine and stir unceasingly on a gentle fire until nearly boiling; then take it from the fire and pour it on the pudding immediately, or it will be spoiled. The pudding should be dished and kept hot while the sauce is being made.

**STUFFED TOMATO SALAD.**—Carefully scald twelve peach tomatoes and remove skin. Cut slice from stem and carefully remove seeds. Cut cress fine, add a little chopped chives (these grow wild in almost every sod). Put into a bowl a teaspoonful of salt, dash of cayenne, and six tablespoonfuls of olive oil; mix and add gradually sufficient vinegar to make a creamy whitish dressing. Fill the tomatoes with the cress and chives, pour over the dressing, place on lettuce leaves and serve.

**RELIABLE GINGER POP.**—Allow four quarts of warm water, one ounce of white ginger root, two lemons, one pound of white sugar, half a tablespoon of cream tartar and half a cup of soft yeast. Cut the ginger root fine and boil in a little of the water, grate in the yellow rind only of the lemons and put in the pulp and juice. When nearly cold add the yeast. Put all in a stone jar, in a warm place, twenty-four hours, then bottle for use.

**PEPPER POP.**—Boil six pounds of tripe for an hour, then take it from the water in which it has boiled, and put it in fresh water with a knuckle of veal. Let them boil for two hours, then put some potatoes, onions, carrots, a little parsley and some celery salt, or stalks of celery, or any other herbs or vegetable your taste demands. Plenty of salt is essential, and considerable black pepper. When the tripe is tender, cut into small bits and put it back into the kettle. After removing the vegetables, make a nice gravy. Serve dumplings with it, if you like them. Steam them for three-quarters of an

hour, so as to be thoroughly cooked. Drop them into the boiling gravy just before using.

**DEVILED CLAMS.**—Drain twenty-five clams free from their liquor, which will be more easily done by pouring a cup of cold water over them. Chop very fine. Scald one cup of cream or milk. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour until smooth, add to the scalded cream and stir until it thickens. Then add two tablespoonfuls of dry bread crumbs, the yolks of two raw eggs, and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Take from the fire, mix well together, stir in the clams, then add salt and pepper to taste. Do not add salt until after the clams are well mixed in, for they being salty may flavor the mixture sufficiently. Fill clam, scallop or silver shells, brush over with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Serve on beds of watercress.

**Farm Notes.**

It does not pay to wash dirty sheep. The dirt will more than pay for the reduction in price.

J.S. Woodward, the western New York sheep grower, is an earnest advocate of sheep in the orchard.

Hunt for borers when you see a tree failing and looking pale, with small leaves, or a small tree blossoming too young.

The loss in handling clover for hay is considerably increased if allowed to ripen before cutting or too dry in curing out.

If fruit growers would act more in concert in the work of destroying insect pests much more thorough work would be done.

In the farmer's garden the horse cultivator with the narrow teeth should do all the hard work. The hand rake can do a great deal of effective work here, also.

It is not necessary that the source of the water supply be on a level or above the barn floor in order to bring it in the building. A pump in the barn will bring in water from a point considerably below and distant from it.

When stock of any kind goes first on the spring pasture, do not withdraw the grain ration at once—let it be gradual. Especially should this be so with colts and young cattle; the dairy cows should have one feed of grain in a day all summer.

A gentleman who is regarded as good authority in sheep matters says the consumption of mutton has increased tenfold in this country during the last fifteen years. If so, it must be due in part to the production of better mutton than formerly, as American mutton did not, in former days, compare with English "chops." Perhaps it is due in part to better cooking.

**Gardening Notes.**

Beauty in fruit is a great point to aid in selling it. The handsome and showy apple or pear, says the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, readily outsells the plain one, though the latter may be much the better. But so it is in many other things in this world.

The phylloxera seems to be making slow and sure progress in the vineyards of Santa Clara Valley. William Pfeffer, of Guhserville, ventures the alarming prediction that the destruction of all *vitifera* vineyards in Santa Clara and all over the State is only a question of time. Mr. Pfeffer assumes, of course, that no specific remedy for the deadly pest will meantime be found. Planting of resistant vines may be an expensive process, but it is at present the only resource of vineyardists whose preserves may have been invaded by phylloxera.

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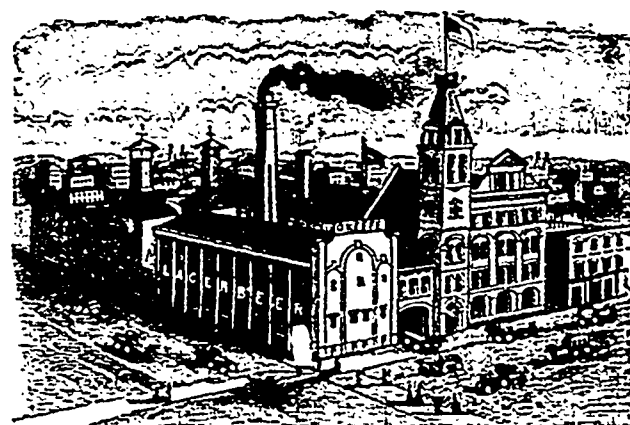
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Circular of the Bishop of Hamilton.

To the Reverend Clergy of the Diocese of Hamilton.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER:

One of the most important duties devolving on the chief pastor of a diocese, is the obligation of making adequate provision for the spiritual wants of his people, according to the admonition of the Apostle to the prelates at Ephesus: "take heed to yourselves and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." Among the means to attain this end, I know of none more efficacious than the multiplication of churches and the clergy, and the fostering of vocations for the holy priesthood. For does not the history of our own Province of Ontario teach us the sad lesson, that in districts seldom or never visited by priests, many children of Catholic parents have lost the faith! and do we not mingle daily with men bearing honored Catholic names, now, alas! lost to the true fold and enlisted in the ranks of the enemies of the Church, owing to the sad circumstance that in their earlier days there were no priests to instruct them in the truths of our holy religion. Hence it was in answer to the question of the Holy See as to the requirements of the Church in this diocese, I answered in my diocesan report, "more clergy, more churches, more students for the priesthood."

A good priest on the mission is a special blessing to the people, for he is constantly doing the work of Jesus Christ—in fact, in the language of the holy fathers, he is another Christ—and good priests we cannot have unless pastors and parents encourage holy vocations and make generous sacrifices in aiding the good work of ecclesiastical education. The Bishop alone can do but little; with the zealous co-operation of pastors and people he can accomplish much. For that co-operation, in the name of our Divine Lord, I now most earnestly appeal, and that it has not been denied me so far the increase in the number of churches, schools and diocesan clergy within the past four years will bear ample testimony. It is gratifying to be able to state that in the short time that has elapsed since the death of my lamented predecessor (Bishop Carbery) no less than ten young priests (all natives of the country) have been added to the ranks of the clergy and ten new churches erected or in course of construction, not to mention schools and charitable institutions, whilst at the present time we have as students studying for the holy ministry nine theologians, five or six in philosophy, and some twenty more in the city receiving an elementary classical education.

Never before in the history of the diocese were there so many students in the College of Berlin, at the Grand Seminary of Montreal, and in the city Classical School, a large proportion of whom, I am pleased to state, are German-speaking students, who will be available hereafter to supply the wants of our many important German missions. Whilst this state of things is consoling, a very serious difficulty presents itself. Where shall we find funds to make provisions for all these? "Whence shall we buy bread that all these may eat?" In former years the Grand Seminary required only a portion of the fees for board and tuition from the bishop, accepting promissory notes for the balance from the students, to be paid after ordination. This was the arrangement in my college days, but that privilege no longer exists, and in future the bishop will have to assume the full responsibility of paying all the scholastic fees. It is clear then that the burden is no light one, as all the theologians and some of the philo-

sophers are studying at the expense of the diocese, whilst the Classical School depends for its support almost exclusively on the funds of the Cathedral.

Under these circumstances, set forth in the diocesan report presented to Propaganda, I asked and obtained permission from the Holy See to assess every parish in the diocese, without exception, in order to procure the funds required for ecclesiastical education. At the Diocesan Synod held at Berlin on the 14th July last, after the Roman documents were read, authorizing the holding of the Synod "without formalities and without full attendance of diocesan priests," I discussed this matter with the clergy, and it was decided that each parish should be assessed in proportion to its population—a minimum sum for each family being mentioned as the basis of the assessment, and if the collection taken fell short of that, the balance to be taken from the pew rent or other revenue of the parish. The minimum sum for poor parishes was fixed at twenty dollars, and for the largest parishes from seventy-five to one hundred dollars, the other parishes contributing their fair proportion. If this arrangement works well, as I hope it will, it may save the necessity, in future, of levying a special sum on each congregation.

You are therefore directed to take up this collection annually, on any Sunday in the month of October that suits your convenience, after notifying the congregation the previous Sunday, and forward the same without delay to our Chancellor.

Please exhort your good people to contribute generously, and encourage pious benefactors, whom God has blessed with a good share of this world's goods, to devote a portion of their wealth to the pious purpose of founding a bursary to educate a young man for the ministry, as there is no work of more importance to the Church in this country at the present day than the formation of a native, zealous and well-educated priesthood.

This circular shall be read in all the churches of the diocese the first Sunday after its reception.

I humbly ask a share in your pious prayers and in those of your flock.

May God bless you all.

Your faithful servant in Christ,

† THOMAS JOSEPH DOWLING,  
Bishop of Hamilton.

J. H. Cory, Secretary.

Hamilton, Sept. 28th, 1893.

St. Michael's Day at the Cathedral.

Last Sunday being the Patronal Feast of St. Michael's Cathedral, Toronto, the services in that church were unusually impressive and imposing. At the 9 o'clock Mass the members of the Young Ladies Sodality ended a very successful Retreat by approaching Holy Communion in a body. Wearing long white veils they walked to the church in procession from their Hall in Bond street convent, and nearly filled the great aisle of the Cathedral in front of our Lady's altar. The Mass was said by the Very Rev. Vicar General McCann Spiritual Director of the Sodality who had also conducted the Retreat. Father Ryan gave a brief and impressive instruction on the Holy Rosary. At 10 30 Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. J. J. McCann V.C. assisted by Father Cherrier of St. Michael's College as Deacon and Mr. McGrand as Subdeacon. The Cathedral choir rendered Mozart's 12th Mass in their usual brilliant style, and a solo offertory piece (*Bone Jesu*) was splendidly sung by Mr. Frank Anglin. Father Ryan preached an eloquent sermon on St. Michael "The Warrior Angel." He showed how the great battle begun in heaven is continued on earth, and told why our present glorious Pontiff Leo XIII., head of the Church militant has invoked the aid of St. Michael in the contest now raging between Revelation and Evolution—

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W. O. MACDONALD,  
ACTUARY

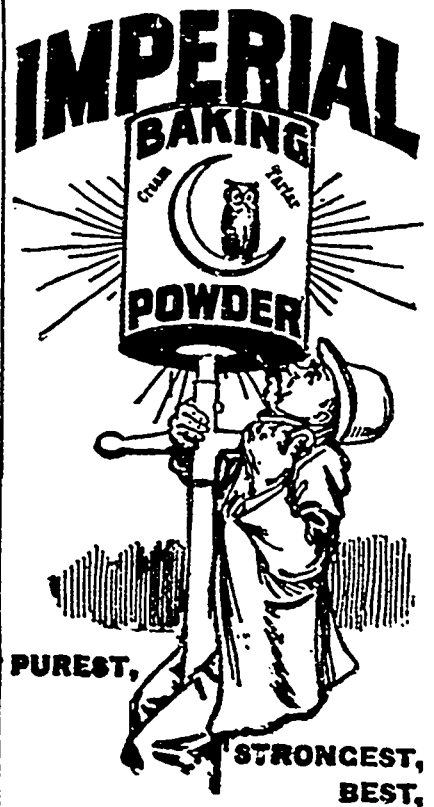
J. K. MACDONALD,  
MANAGING DIRECTOR.

The Rights of God and the Rebellion of man. The cry of the arch enemy now, the preacher said, is: "Who is like to man." The great Archangel's answer is: "Who is like to God." And the Angel defender of God's Rights will conquer by revealing God to man and revealing man to himself.

The congregation at High Mass was unusually large, even for St. Michael's Cathedral, many visitors to the city being present: Amongst them, the Premier of Canada Sir John Thompson, and his Solicitor-General the Hon. J. J. Curran.

In the evening at 7.30, Solemn Gregorian Vespers were sung in full chorus of choir and Sanctuary and at the Benediction service two impressive solos were admirably given by Mr. Travers and Mr. Egan. The cathedral was crowded at this evening service, many no doubt attracted by the announcement that Father Ryan was to begin his course of Lectures on "The Sacrament of Society," Christian Marriage. The Rev. Lecturer spoke of marriage as a sacred contract, instituted by God in the Garden of Paradise. He will continue his Lectures on the Sacrament of Matrimony every second Sunday evening during the coming season. On next Sunday evening a very interesting ceremony will be held in St. Michael's Cathedral. The members of the Young Ladies Sodality will attend as they did last Sunday morning in their long white veils, and with their Badges and Banners will march in procession round the aisles of the Church. There will be a reception of new members and a solemn act of consecration. The Very Rev. Vicar General McCann will preside at the ceremony and preach the sermon of the evening.

The bulbs of the pretty little yellow dogtooth violet (*Erythronium Americanum*), a rarity in Germany, sell there for three marks (seventy-five cents) a dozen. If they came from the wilds of the Himalaya, we also would think more of them and plant them in the garden.



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The Rev. Mr. Russell.

The Rev. Mr. Russell, late rector of the American Chapel in Florence, and a recent convert to the Catholic Church, has set a good example to all converts by refusing to furnish to reporters any particulars of the causes which led to the great change in his life and opinions. He has given up much, and, in a worldly sense, gained little; but he has no harsh words to speak of the religious body with which he was so long associated, and of the friends from whom it was a pain to part. This beautiful reticence is characteristic of the many men of learning and culture who have passed from the uncertainties of sectarianism into the safe fold. How different the loud-mouthings of the "converted priests" and renegades of all kinds, who snatch their vocabularies for verbal missiles to hurl at mother Church!

"There is a good old saying," remarked Mr. Russell, "which runs: 'It's an evil bird that befools its own nest.' I cannot abuse the church in which I spent the best thirty years of my life. It is all a matter of conscience. Mine has told me that the faith for me is Roman Catholicism, and I have obeyed it. That is all there is to my conversion. I have left the Episcopal body in decency and in order, and I believe that my friends will not lose what affection they may have for me."

Andrew Marvel and the Bribe.

Andrew Marvel, a poet of some little fame, was chosen as a member of Parliament for the borough of Hull, in the reign of Charles II. He was a man of integrity and spirit, and such persons seem to have been rare in that reign. The Government, wishing to bring over to their side so important a person, and believing that a man of no fortune could readily be bought, sent the lord treasurer, who had been his school-fellow, to see Marvel. Danby, slipped into his hand an order for £1,000, and then went to his carriage. Marvel called the treasurer back to the garret, and then summoned Jack, his servant-boy.

"Jack, what had I for dinner yesterday?"

"Don't you know, sir? The little shoulder of mutton you ordered me to bring you from the market."

"Quite right, child; and what have I for to-day?"

"Don't you know, sir, that you bid me lay by the blade-bone to boil?"

"'Tis so; very right, child; go away." Then, turning to the astonished treasurer, he said: "My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvel's dinner is provided. There is your piece of paper; I want it not. The ministry must seek other men for their purpose; I am not one."

Cure d'Ars.

The cause of the beatification of the Venerable Cure d'Ars is being pushed forward, and there is reason to hope that ere long we shall see crowned with the highest honors of the Church this grand figure, whom God has raised up, in these times of impiety, for the glory of the priesthood and the revelation of the ineffable beauty of the supernatural order. On the occasion of the recent visit of the Bishop of Belley to Rome, the Sovereign Pontiff said to him: "I desire very much to proceed to the beatification of the Cure d'Ars. But," he added, smiling, "here we go slowly—Rome is the Eternal City." The process is so far advanced, however, that probably before the end of the year the preparatory congregation will be held for the final examination of the heroic virtues of the servant of God; this will be quickly followed by two other congregations. The miracles will then be subjected to similar examination. The work of the advocates in regard to the heroic nature of the holy man's

virtues is almost terminated, and their investigations of the miracles will be completed before the Sacred Congregation of Rites shall have finished the examination of the virtues.

Poultry Notes.

There is much more money to be made from the production of spring chicks than from the sale of eggs.

To raise geese successfully there must be some pasture land near by, for geese cannot thrive without plenty of green food.

The simple operation of throwing out grain to a flock of poultry may be done in a wrong manner. The whole flock should be given "fair play" by scattering the grain widely, and on clean ground.

Chicks that are stupid and drowsy and continually crying are probably lousy. Examine their heads by lamp light at night. Moisten the down on their heads and throats slightly with kerosene and put back under the hen.

Spirits of turpentine is used, with excellent results, as a remedy for roup in fowls. Give half a teaspoonful dose once daily, mixed with cotton-seed or sweet oil, in the ration of two parts of the latter to one part of turpentine. It is excellent for gaps, too—a few drops will kill the parasite worms.

A dog that sucks eggs can always be cured by boiling an egg very soft, then placing it, as hot as boiling water can make it, in the dog's mouth, and slamming his jaws together so as to break the egg in his mouth. No matter how long he may have been addicted to egg-sucking, one dose of soft-boiled eggs will answer for the rest of his days.

Fowls eat nearly double the amount when laying freely that they do at other times. Laying hens may be seen in the evening after the other fowls have retired to roost, searching for and devouring greedily the large earth worms that come out after a soft, warm rain. Then again they require more food at moulting times than when neither laying nor moulting. The size of the pen is also of great importance. If they are so large that the grass grows freely and cannot be eaten down, then the hens eat less and lay better. If they have a free grass range the best plan is to feed them twice a day, morning and night, giving them nearly as much as they can eat.

Useful Hints.

Two large screws put into the wall some two inches apart make a very good broom holder. Hang the broom handle downwards. Nails may be used instead of screws.

A yard and a half square of coarse table linen will answer for a bread cloth. Keep a good supply of these in order that they may be always sweet and clean, and never use them for other purposes.

When buying wall paper avoid getting the figure too small, and thus destroying the "character" of your room. Those experienced in decoration are very prompt to give the go-by to a "weak" looking paper.

Servicable little mats for the wash stand may be made of bath toweling. After these mats have been cut in the shape and size required, the edges are over cast and finished with a blanket stitch in Shetland wool.

The fashionable substitute for a round comb to keep back a child's hair is a narrow elastic band with a bow of colored ribbon to match the frock fastened on top of the elastic. This is usually very becoming and prevents the hair from falling over the face.

A nice way to keep wax for the work basket is to fill half shells of English walnuts with melted wax, fastening the two shells closely together at one end. There will then be a small space at the other end through which the thread will slip when the wax is being used.

League of the Cross.

St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross held its regular weekly meeting in St. Paul's Hall on Sunday afternoon last, and as usual the meeting was a very interesting one.

The President Mr. Geo. Duffy occupied the chair. A large amount of routine business was transacted. The library committee reported that several donations of books and magazines had already been received. The Rev. Father Hand was present and administered the total abstinence pledge to four new members, after which he addressed the members on their duty as citizens and total abstinents he congratulated the society on its rapid growth, and expressed the hope that the members would remain true to their pledges until such time as every man who called himself a Catholic would be proud to stand under their noble banner.

President Duffy and Secretary Cahill delivered really eloquent addresses advising the members to be up and doing in the noble cause that was lifting up fallen humanity. A choice program of recitations music and singing was taken part in by Messrs Wall bridge, Tompaine, Richard Kennedy, Harris and Judge and was much appreciated—as a proof that the good work is not confined to the parish each Sunday sees new members from outside parishes joining the Sodality.

The members attribute this to the very good reports that weekly appear in the CATHOLIC REGISTER and the daily papers, and for which reports the members are very thankful.

Honor Roll for September.

ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL.

Form IV. J. O'Hearn, F. O'Grady, G. McGuire, J. McCandlish, F. Murray, C. O'Brien, C. Fraser, E. Bradley, C. Cummins, V. Book, Good W. Houston, J. McKenna, L. Meyer, F. Charlebois.

Form III.—Excellent W. Maguire, H. Phelan, S. O'Toole, D. O'Donoghue, P. Russell, Good M. Dumphey, J. McGowan, F. Healy, J. McCandlish, F. McNamara.

Form II.—Excellent: P. Flanagan, F. Elliott, J. Costello, J. Korchner, C. Baras, W. Tobin, Good—C. Korchner, J. Tobin, D. O'Donoghue.

Favors of fortune come to but few, and those who have them tell us that the quiet, homely joys, which are within the reach of us all, are infinitely the best. Then let us not cast them away, but treasure them as a sunbeam, and get all the light and warmth from it that the blessing holds.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, October 4th, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 63	30 64
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 62	0 60
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 60	0 60
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 47
Oats, per bush.....	0 31	0 32
Peas, per bush.....	0 55	0 56
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 55
Geese, per lb.....	0 07	0 08
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 11	0 13
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 24	0 25
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 15	0 17
Parasly, per doz.....	0 15	0 03
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 00
Celery, per basket.....	1 00	1 25
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per bag.....	1 20	1 25
Turnips, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Peas, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 03
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	0 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, Oct. 3.—At the cattle yards here this morning we had just 70 loads all told on sale. The market was scarcely quotably changed. There was a fair amount of trade done in export cattle, and as much as 4½c was in a few cases paid, but the average sales ranged from 3½ to 4½ per pound. The sales were of no quotable importance.

There was a fair local enquiry, and anything tolerably good in outchors' cattle sold readily, and more was wanted. Comparatively good stuff went at from 3 to 3½c per pound. Inferior sold as low as 2½c. The general run of the butchers' stock which came in to-day was of very second rate quality, and sales were slow.

The sheep and lambs were in ample supply, as we had over six hundred on offer. Lambs were weak, at from \$2.25 to \$3.50 each; the latter price was not often made.

Milkers were not in active demand, and prices continue unchanged.

Good calves were enquired for and sold readily at from \$5 to \$7 each, but rough were not wanted.

More than eight hundred hogs were here, and all sold at steady, unchanged prices. All grades will sell.

The market was a poor one, and is best described as featureless.

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## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

The young lawyer's face crimsoned to the roots of the fair locks waving on his brow. For a moment he gazed out of the window down into the marketplace—while talking they had entered the professor's room—then turned with a smile, and answered with a slight touch of sarcasm:

"From what I can judge of that girl's character she will hardly trouble herself about your blessing. I should only need to gain her own consent; and if you expect to frighten me by the words 'juggler's daughter,' you are greatly mistaken, my esteemed professor. Of course, with your views, such an idea would upset your nerves entirely. A player's child, with her warm heart, and the cool blood of the old line of merchant ancestors that flows slowly through your veins—such a marriage would never do. Those people would turn in their graves."

He pointed through the open door into the large room adjoining. There on the wall hung a long row of admirably painted oil-portraits—stately, corpulent figures, with glittering diamonds on their fingers and on their neatly tied cravats. These were the various burgomasters and councillors of commerce who had formerly borne the name of Hellwig.

The professor walked across his room and entered the apartment—the stings of his friend's sarcasm seemed to glide off from him. Folding his arms across his breast, he paced up and down several times under the portraits.

"They led blameless lives," he said, suddenly stopping.

"Did they all maintain this stainless external dignity without secret struggles? I do not believe it. Human nature is contradictory, and rebels most obstinately where it ought to submit. All these sacrifices have become stones in a solid structure, and this edifice is called the 'House of Hellwig.' Have they been demanded and made only to have some base descendant overthrow the whole like a house of cards? Heaven forbid!"

It almost seemed as if these words had decided some mental conflict, for the unusual irritation his friend had noticed with surprise had disappeared when he returned to his own room.

Felicitas had been sitting by the child's bedside about half an hour, when the councillor's widow returned. Her face instantly darkened at the sight of the young girl.

"Why are you here, Caroline?" she asked, sharply, throwing her sunshade upon the sofa and hurriedly drawing off her gloves. "I certainly did not request this service."

"But I did," said the professor sternly, suddenly appearing behind her on the threshold of the open door. "Your child needed watching; she ran out to me, with bare feet, as I came upstairs."

"Impossible! Why, Anna, how could you be so disobedient!"

"Am you really in doubt, Adele, as to the proper person to reprove in this case?" asked the professor, still controlling himself, though there was a tone of indignation in his voice.

"Dear me, I'm at my wits' end with this careless creature Rosa. She had nothing in the world to do except take care of the child, and yet I know my back was hardly turned before she was gaping out of the window or staring into the looking-glass."

"She happens to be standing at the ironing-table, toiling in the sweat of her brow at a dress which you must *à tout prix* put on to-morrow," interrupted the professor, emphasizing every word with cutting scorn.

The young widow started. For an instant her face expressed the most intense confusion, but she quickly recovered herself.

"Oh, how absurd!" she cried, knitting her white brow angrily, "she

entirely misunderstood me—that misfortune often happens."

"Well," he said, "we will let it pass as a misunderstanding. But how could you leave your sick child in the care of a person you have just accused of utter negligence?"

"John, I obeyed the summons of a sacred duty!" she replied, impressively, raising her lovely eyes to heaven.

"Your most sacred duty is your duty as a mother!" he exclaimed, now thoroughly angry. "I did not send you here to attend missionary meetings, but solely for the health of the child."

"Why, John, suppose aunt and papa should hear you. You used to have very different views."

"I admit it, but individual reflection will always lead us to the one fundamental principle of morality, that we should use our whole powers in the sphere where Providence has placed us. If you could count a hundred pagan children saved by your instrumentality, it would not relieve one jot of the reproach that must rest upon you for neglecting your own daughter."

The young mother's face glowed like a peony. But, after a struggle, she succeeded in maintaining her usual gentleness.

"Don't be so harsh to me, John!" she pleaded. "Remember, I am only a weak woman, but I always mean to do what is right. If I have erred, it was principally on account of your dear mother. She wished me to go with her. But it shall not occur again."

She had spoken in the sweetest tones of her musical voice, and now held out her hand to the professor. Strange, the grave man blushed like a girl. Doubtless he was unconscious of the side-glance cast toward the young figure sitting with downcast eyes by the child's bed, as he took the little hand in two fingers and instantly let it fall again. The dove-like eyes, which had rested so beseechingly on his face, flashed, and she turned pale, but calmness was bravely maintained. Taking her child's head between her hands she kissed her feverish forehead.

"I can take charge of Anna now, and thank you most warmly, dear Caroline, for filling my place here," she said, kindly, to Felicitas.

The young girl rose, but the child began to cry bitterly and clasped both little hands tightly around her arm.

The professor felt her pulse.

"She is in a violent fever, I can not allow her to be excited," he said, kindly, though formally, to Felicitas.

"Will you take the trouble to remain until she falls asleep?"

She silently resumed her place, and he went out of the room. At the same time the councillor's widow hurried into her sitting-room, letting the door close behind her somewhat noisily. Felicitas heard her walking rapidly up and down. Suddenly there was a sharp noise, like the tearing of some texture. Anna started up and began to tremble: the noise was repeated several times in quick succession.

"Mamma, Anna will be good. Anna won't behave so again. Don't whip Anna, mamma!" cried the child suddenly.

At this moment Rosa entered. Her blooming face looked pale and startled.

"She is tearing something to bits again. I heard her on the landing," she whispered to Felicitas, with an expression of great contempt. "Lie still, dear," she murmured, soothingly, to the child, "mamma won't hurt you. She isn't coming out now, and will soon be kind again."

A door shut, the councillor's widow had evidently left the room. Rosa went in and soon came back with a bunch of white rags in her hand—the remnants of a cambric handkerchief.

"When she gets into a rage she does not know what she is doing: grumbled the maid. "She tears whatever she happens to have in her hands, and strikes without mercy. Yonder poor little creature knows that well enough."

Felicitas clasped the child in her arms, as if to protect her from her mother's passionate anger; but her anxiety was groundless. The widow's voice was heard on the landing in its usual bell-like clearness, as she talked gayly with the lawyer on his way downstairs, and when, soon after, she entered the bedroom, she looked even more beautiful and winning than ever. The flush evoked by anger still lingered as a delicate tinge of rose upon her cheek, and who would ever have dreamed of attributing the enhanced brilliancy of the eyes in that sweet face to anything save some lofty emotion of a beautiful soul!

CHAPTER XVI.

When Felicitas, at the professor's request, resumed her seat by the bed of the little sufferer, she had not supposed that her position as nurse was to be occupied for many days. But the child became dangerously ill, and would not let either her mother or Rosa come near her. She would permit no one to touch her or give her medicine, except the professor and Felicitas. In her feverish ravings the torn handkerchief played a conspicuous part. The professor listened in astonishment to the child's cries of terror, and his searching questions often called a blush of mingled embarrassment and alarm into his cousin's cheeks. But the latter, supported by Rosa, always asserted that Anna must have had some bad dream.

Felicitas soon became familiar with her duties as nurse, for though her task was at first made more difficult by the necessity of hourly intercourse with the professor, the anxiety for the child's life which they both felt helped her to master the awkwardness of the situation far more quickly than she had expected. It seemed strange to herself to find that she so readily understood him in his professional character. While to others, even to the child's mother, his manner appeared impenetrable, she instantly knew whether he detected an increase of danger or saw ground for hope. Therefore, he rarely needed to utter any word of explanation to make her perceive what was required at the moment. He watched himself on alternate nights, and during the day passed a great deal of time in the sick-room. For hours he sat patiently beside the little bed, laying first one hand and then the other on the child's forehead. The little girl would lie quiet and motionless—there was evidently something peculiarly soothing in his touch.

Felicitas angrily tried to shake off the thoughts that stole over her as, sitting at no great distance from him, she watched him in silence. There were the same hard, irregular lines in the face, the same massive brow, from which the thick hair was brushed smoothly back, the same eyes, the same voice, everything precisely as it had been when he was the terror of her childhood, but there was no trace of the expression of gloomy asceticism which had robbed the face of its youthfulness and made it so repellent. A mild light seemed to irradiate the intellectual forehead, and when she heard him speak in soothing tones to the excited child, she could not help owning that he fully appreciated the sacredness of his calling. He did not stand coldly watching the sufferings of others, did not seek merely to save the body—the terrified soul found a support in him, read sympathy in his eyes, and drew courage and consolation from his voice. He had a rare gift of language. Words and tones were at his command that stirred the young girl's heart like an electric shock. Who at such moments thought of his angular movements, his repellent manner in society. Here he possessed the beauty of goodness—he was a man conscious of great moral power—the over-thinking, tireless mediator between the two determined foes, Life and Death. Yet spite of these softening thoughts which passed

through Felicitas's mind, her final conclusion was always the same: "He can think and feel humanely, can pity the helpless condition of the humblest of his fellow-mortals, therefore the juggler's outlawed child has double cause to abhor him, for to her he has been a pitiless oppressor, a prejudiced, unjust judge."

During their daily intercourse the professor had never again adopted the gentle tone that was so terrible to her, and against which she armed herself with the weapons of defiance and pride. He retained the coldly courteous manner he had assumed since their last conversation, and this was evinced in bearing rather than in words; for, except to ask the most indispensable questions, he rarely addressed her. He had a hard position to fill toward the councillor's widow. At first she had behaved as if she were frantic, and would not consent to have Felicitas fill her place beside the child's sick bed; it required all his determination in order to calm her. Then she could not be kept from constantly putting in at the door the lovely curly head the child so dreaded—especially if her cousin and Felicitas chanced to be alone in the room. She wept and wrung her snowy hands. There is no human face that looks beautiful amid a torrent of tears which spring from real agony, no matter what poets may say about "heroines bewitching 'mid their tears"—but not a line was deepened in the blooming oval of her countenance, not a single muscle twitched convulsively; no disfiguring red blotches marred the transparent complexion, the pearly tears trickled gently down the cheeks. It was as exquisitely perfect weeping as ever artist could imagine in the most beautiful Mater Dolorosa. What a contrast she afforded to the pale, careworn, anxious face of the young girl beside the bed! Every evening regularly she appeared in an elegant wrapper, a delicate lace cap shading the bewitching face, and a religious book in her hand, and said that she was going to watch. The same discussion always took place between her and her cousin. She repeated precisely the same phrases about what she termed the interference with her maternal rights, and went away, gently weeping and complaining, to rise the next morning as fresh as a May rose.

It was the ninth evening of Anna's illness. The child lay in a dull stupor. From time to time an unintelligible murmur escaped her lips. The professor had been sitting a long time beside the little bed with his anxious face hidden by his clasped hands; suddenly he rose and beckoned to Felicitas to come into the next room.

"You watched all last night, and have not allowed yourself a moment's rest either yesterday or to-day, yet I am going to ask a further sacrifice from you," he said. "The result will be determined to-night. I might let my cousin or Rosa stay with the child, for she is unconscious, but I need beside me entire devotion and thoughtfulness. Will you watch again to-night?"

"Yes."

"But you will probably be compelled to undergo hours of anxiety and suspense—do you feel strong enough?"

"Oh, yes. I love the child, and in short I will have strength."

"Have you such firm confidence in the might of your will?"

His voice was already assuming that dreaded tone of gentleness.

"It has never yet deserted me," she replied, her eyes, hitherto so calm, growing cold and repellent.

Night closed in; a sweet, still spring night. The full, bright light of the moon was flooding the sleeping town; it hovered as if on silvery wings into the large room of the merchant's house, touching the old portraits, and breathing a strange life into their still features. The flowers on the carpet bloomed anew in the pallid light, and myriads of silver sparks flashed from

the crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling. But within the dim sick room a terrible power was brooding over the narrow bed, approaching nearer and nearer the struggling little form—the child was lying in violent convulsions. The professor sat beside her, his eyes fixed steadily upon the quivering limbs and distorted face. He had done all that medical skill and human science could accomplish, and now was forced to remain powerless and inactive while the forces of nature fought out their fierce conflict.

The clock outside struck twelve with slow, loud strokes. Felicitas, who was sitting silently at the foot of the bed, shuddered; it seemed as if one of those mighty, clanging notes must bear away the little one's soul. And, in truth, the convulsed limbs relaxed, the small clinched hands opened and fell wearily on the coverlet, and in a few moments more the head rested quietly on the pillow. The professor bent over the bed—ten anxious moments passed, then he raised his head and whispered in an agitated tone, "I think she will live."

The young girl leaned anxiously over her little charge, heard her deep, calm breathing, and saw the weary limbs sink into a comfortable attitude of repose. Then she rose noiselessly and went out into the next room. The fragrant night-air, in which a breath of the coolness of dawn already blonded, swept past her with its refreshing touch; she leaned her tired head against the stone casement of the window, while her folded hands hung loosely down. On the sill stood a tea-rose bush that bore a single exquisite flower, doubly pale in the white moonlight, it swayed lightly above the girl's snowy forehead and glittering hair. Felicitas' pulses were throbbing feverishly. No wonder; within yonder dark close room, death had been very near a human life; the tension of her nerves during the last few hours had been frightful—no sound save the child's sharp, shrill cries that reached her ears; she had seen only the convulsed form, and the pale, silent face of the physician, who had asked the assistance she could give merely by signs and glances. Four narrow walls had surrounded them, united in the exercise of duty and compassion, while a deep gulf of hatred and prejudice yawned between them.

The young girl's dry, burning eyes gazed through the window at the moonlit front of the town-hall. The statues on each side of the clock—the Virgin and St. Boniface—stood forth in ghostly relief from their niches. What was the use of their standing protectively there? The tragedy had happened just beneath them. Those three tall windows, now glittering with a silvery luster, had sent forth on that fatal evening the red glow of a fairy-like illumination, and yonder, where the moonlight was shimmering on the floor, that marvelously beautiful woman had fearlessly confronted the densely crowded audience and the muzzles of the deadly weapons; but beneath her armor a mother's heart was throbbing tenderly, for at the inn lay her little child for whom she must toil, for whose sake she appeared before these staring eyes until—the last six shots crashed and she fell dying.

The professor came out of the sick-chamber and closed the door noiselessly behind him. Then he went up to Felicitas, who was still standing motionless at the window.

"Anna is sleeping quietly," he said. "I will stay with her the remainder of the night—now go and rest."

Hardly waiting for him to finish his sentence, Felicitas instantly left the window-niche and was silently passing him to go out of the room.

"I think we ought not to part so coldly to night!" he said, in a low tone—almost seemed as if he broke the spell of silence reluctantly. "We have stood loyally by each other during these last few days, like two faith-

ful comrades, trying to save a human life from the grasp of death—consider that!" he added, warmly. "In a few weeks we shall part, and our paths in life will never cross again. I will not deny you the satisfaction of admitting that the strength of your character has refuted much of the prejudice and dislike I have entertained toward you for nine years. Only one dark spot, your wicked hatred and obstinacy remains to recall the willful child who once called forth all my harshness and severity."

Felicitas had advanced several paces toward him. The moonlight flooded her whole figure. As she stood with her haughty head turned back over her shoulder toward him, while her face, with its firmly compressed lips, grew even more death-like in its pallor, there was the most implacable hostility in her whole bearing.

"In all the diseases of the human body you inquire into causes before you form your opinion," she answered. "But you never thought it worth while to investigate the sources of the waywardness you desired to correct in a human soul. You judged blindly, from mere suggestions, and thus committed as great a crime as though you had allowed one of your patients to perish from neglect. Tear from a grown man his ideal, the radiant future of which he had long dreamed, and though he may be the most devout and pious of mortal creatures, he will not, in the first flush of disappointment, fold his hands in quiet submission—how much less a child nine years old, who had been looking forward to the day when she should again see her idolized mother, whose soul cherished no dream, no hope, that was not in some way associated with this meeting."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**Salads Good for Children.**

"What simple desserts do you give your children," asked one mother of another recently, "besides fruit, of which mine tire? The little vandals sigh for the 'pies and things' of which they hear and see on playmates' tables."

"I never give the children any dessert but fruit, except fruit jellies," replied the one addressed, "and I do not insist on dessert at their dinner. I provide a salad, lettuce, cress, or some green, which I do not think is often enough included in children's fare. Pure olive oil is good for them, a valuable nourishment, and the fresh green is most wholesome and corrective."

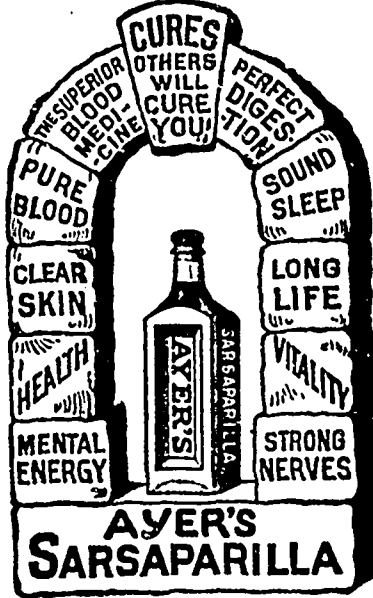
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CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Spanish pilgrimage to Rome has been adjourned until October. It is announced that it will be most imposing in numbers and in the quality of the personages taking part in it.

A general Chapter of all the Superiors of the Trappist monasteries will be held on October 1st in the house of St. Marie des Sept-Fonts, near Allier. The chief Abbot, Father Sebastian Wyart, who was Captain Adjutant Major of the First Battalion of Pontifical Mousquetaires previous to 1870, will preside on the occasion. The Chapter will take into consideration the new arrangements which have been made, so that the Order may enjoy the full benefit of unification.

The *Catholic Columbian* says: St. Francis' Hospital is as usual feeling the heaviest pressure of the prevailing distress. From forty to fifty able-bodied men who can obtain neither work nor food are fed at its gates at noon-time. The noble and indiscriminating charity of these Sisters should command the ready support of our people in prompt and generous donations.

The Holy Father has sent the great Benedictine, Dom Gerard von Galvin, to Brazil, to reestablish in that country the Order of St. Benedict which, in common with other religious Orders, suffered much under the government of the late Emperor Dom Pedro; it should be stated, however, that the sufferings of the religious Orders during the later years of the reign of Dom Pedro were not due to the old Emperor himself, but rather to the Freemasons who controlled his later ministers and legislators, in spite of him.

As an addition to the exhibit at the World's Fair by Catholic colleges the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, of New York, are going to Chicago to present a Latin play. A company of fifty of the students will go and give in ancient tongue the Latin comedy, "The Captives," by Plautus. "The Captives" will be presented in full with the appropriate scenery and costumes, drawn and set on the strictest fidelity to the models used in Rome 2,000 years ago. Archbishop Feehan of Chicago is enthusiastic over the project and promises his support and patronage.

During his recent Western tour Monsignor Satolli went to Plano, in the Chicago archdiocese, to administer confirmation to a class of candidates there, and in the parade held in his honor the Grand Army post, the local lodge of the United Workmen and other organizations marched, while people flocked into the place from towns forty and fifty miles away, so eager were they to see the Apostolic Delegate and to honor him.

A notable tribute to the excellence of Catholic patriotic teaching was that made at the Parliament of Religions by United States Commissioner of Education Harris, who declared, in his "Argument for the Divine Being," that "of the famous proofs of Divine existence St. Anselm's holds the first place." Dr. Harris devoted no small portion of his paper to this proof of St. Anselm's, and eulogised the depth and clearness of the Catholic theologian's thought.

St. Chad's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul, under the able direction of its president Mr. Edward Caulfield J.P. is doing noble work among the poor of Manchester, England. For years a large and well attended young men and lad's club has been in existence, and a series of high class, but free entertainments have been arranged by Father Bernard Vaughan S.J.

The appointment of Monsignor Carroll to be the Bishop Coadjutor of Shrewsbury, England, is very popular among the Catholics who form his flock. The new Bishop is a thorough man of business, with no ecclesiastical "side," but with broad sympathies which have won him the good opinion of the Pro-

testants of Stalybridge, where he has served on the School Board and in half-a-dozen other public capacities. Bishop Knight, of whom the new Bishop is the assistant, with right of succession, is the son of Sir Arnold Knight. Two attacks of influenza have affected his health and spirits to an extent which made him request the Pope to give him the helpmeet he now has.

On September the 10th, a pilgrimage was made from Chorlton cum Hardy, a rising village near Manchester, England, to Barlow Hall, the birthplace of Rev. Edward Barlow, in religion Father Ambrose O.S.B., who was cruelly put to death on the 10th of Sept. 1641, for professing the Catholic faith. Mass was said in the pretty chapel of St. Peter's Priory, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, which was too small to hold the numerous pilgrims, so the glass front of the Sanctuary was removed enabling those kneeling on the lawn to see the bright but simple altar. Prior Vaughan stood at the opened front and preached the sermon, taking as his text, "Their bodies are buried in peace and their name liveth forever (Ecclesiasticus, 44, XIV.)." Dinner was afterwards served under a Marquee in the grounds, and the large gathering were attentively waited on by Prior Vaughan, Colonel Vaughan and others. The procession which was larger than any procession of English pilgrims of late years, was composed of 4,000 people and proceeded to Barlow Hall. On their return, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given in the Priory chapel.



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Capital Authorized, \$1,000,000.

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Hon. S. C. WOOD, Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMISSIONER, TRUSTEE, ASSIGNEE, LIQUIDATOR &c., or as AGENT for any of the above appointments. Estates managed. Money invested. Bonds issued and countersigned. Financial business of all kinds transacted.

Deposit safes to rent all sizes. Valuables of all kinds received and safe custody Guaranteed and Insured.

N.B.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the professional case of same.

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- Trimmed Tucks, Insertion and Embroidery, \$1.25.
- Trimmed Tucks, Insertion and Embroidery, \$1.60.

**DRAWERS.**

- Cotton Trimmed Lace, 20c.
- Cotton Trimmed Tucks and Frill, 25c.
- Cotton Trimmed Torchon Lace and Tucks, 40c.
- Cotton Trimmed, Wide Embroidery and Tucks, 50c.
- Cotton Trimmed, Wide Frill, Embroidery and Tucks, 65c.
- Cambric Trimmed Tucks and Torchon Lace 75c.

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- Cotton Trimmed Lace, 20c.
- Cotton Trimmed Frill, 25c.
- Cotton Trimmed Insertion Frill, 35c.

**SKIRTS.**

- Fancy Shot Silk Skirts, \$2.25.
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**R. SIMPSON,**

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

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

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