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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 41.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The Gorman Catholic Verem which met recently in New York, made the following recommendation: "Subscribe to, write for, advertise in the Catholic press."

An idea of the progress of the Church in the United States may be inferred from the fact that in a recent episcopal trip Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia confirmed more than twenty-five hundred.

A malicious rumor was some time ago started to the effect that Mother Katherine Drexel intended to leave the convent life. She recently returned from the visitation of her first foundation amongst the Indians of New Mexico and only smiled at the absurdity of the gossip. "I have no nun in my diocese in whose perseverance I have more confidence," was the remark of Archbishop Ryan on hearing the calumny. Mother Katherine will be remembered as the heiress who some years ago determined to become a nun and to use her money in promoting the good of religion.

Mr. Gladstone, having been asked lately what he considered to be the brightest hope of the coming years for mankind, answered: "I should say a maintenance of faith in the Invisible. This is the great hope of the future, the mainstay of civilization. And by that I mean a living faith in a personal God. I do not hold with a 'stream of tendency.' After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience of the reality and the nearness and personality of God." Add to this the promise of Christ to be with His Church to the end of time, and the prospect becomes a certainty.

The St. Alphonsus Club are making arrangements to bring T. D. Sullivan, M.P., to Toronto. There is no doubt that the largest hall in the city will be filled by people who have been singing "God Save Ireland," come to see and hear the man who wrote it.

Mr. Edward Blake has been invited to preside at an Indian Home Rule congress at Madras. If Mr. Blake is unable to attend, Michael Davitt or John Dillon will be asked instead, as the East Indians wish to identify their aims with the Irish movement.

An enthusiastic admirer recently addressed Mayor Hopkins of Chicago as the "modern Alexander" and the title has been adhered to by opposing caricaturists, who represent the mayor with a curious head-gear, which is a combination of stove pipe hat and Greek helmet.

Suit for \$100,000 damages for libel was begun on Saturday last against the publishers of the *New York World* by Lawyers Spollissey and Gray, of New York, in behalf of Michael Walsh, editor of the *Sunday Democrat* and of the *Catholic World*. This is an outcome of the charges made against Archbishop Corrigan of conspiring to undermine the authority of the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli. This misrepresentation of Church dignitaries has been carried on with such

Lourdes and came home with them, was so impressed with the success of their pilgrimage that it is said he seriously contemplates organizing a great national pilgrimage to the shrine from this country next year, and has received assurances that such an undertaking would be hailed with delight by American Catholics.

Rev. Thomas S. Fitzgerald, S. J., has been appointed provincial of the Missouri province of the Jesuit order.



THE LATE A. A. TACHE, O.M.I.  
Archbishop of St. Boniface.

license as to have gone beyond all bounds of decency and fair play. Now, probably, some one will suffer for it.

The object of the remarks of Leo XIII. in that passage of the October Encyclical which speaks of stage productions of a tendency degrading to the dignity of the Redeemer, is a play written by Bovio, an Italian deputy, an ex-Garibaldian and an implacable ante-clerical. In it the dignity of the Redeemer is annihilated and an imperfect man set in his place.

A Rome despatch says, the Pope has suspended his regular audiences and routine business and is devoting himself solely to work on his letter in regard to the policy of the Church in the United States.

It is within the probabilities that next summer will witness another and a more numerous and imposing American pilgrimage to the famous French shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Bishop Keane of the Washington University, who joined this year's pilgrims at

Father Fitzgerald is well known in the West. He was president of Marquette College in Milwaukee for three years. As a pulpit orator he has few peers. For some years Father Fitzgerald has been president of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago, but will hereafter make his headquarters in St. Louis, where he was formally installed in his new office recently. Father Frieden, his predecessor, will be stationed at Florissant, Mo.

It is said that Father Cherrier of Winnipeg Man., will be appointed shortly to succeed the late Archbishop Tache.

The Unitarians, who held their national conference at Saratoga last week, exhibited a truly commendable spirit of Christian tolerance and fraternity by inviting Dr. Conaty of Worcester and Judge Robinson of New Haven to address their gathering. Dr. Conaty spoke on one of his favorite themes, the total abstinence cause, and Judge Robinson urged his hearers to study the history and teaching of the Catholic church, in order that they might see for themselves how groundless are

the charges her enemies have brought against her. The Catholic University, whose trustees are fully aware of Judge Robinson's high qualifications, are eager to secure him as one of the professors of its law school. He is at present one of the lecturers of the law school at Yale University.

The Holy See has confided to the Capuchins the government of the prefecture apostolic lately erected in Massowah, and whose erection the cable was so prompt to proclaim an indication that the Vatican was eager to come to terms with the Quirinal, whereas it was nothing more than the exercise of its ordinary jurisdiction and care. The Capuchins are one of the most successful of the Catholic missionary orders, and their chief missions are Agra, Patna and Punjab, in India; Aden, in Arabia; the Gallas country, in Africa; the Seychellas Islands, Armidale, in Australia, and Bagdad, to which list must now be added the Massowah district.

The committee charged with the preliminaries of the western Catholic summer school are to meet at Chicago the coming week and consider reports and suggestions regarding the site of the proposed school. The indications seem to point to some spot in Wisconsin as the location that will be decided upon, and it looks as if the Plattsburg school will have a counterpart next summer on the shores of Lake Superior. Nothing has been heard of the Pacific school since the announcement that its establishment was being urged by some enthusiastic Catholics of that section of the country.

During the official reception held at Chateaudun recently by M. Casimir-Perier, the Bishop, in presenting the clergy of the diocese to the President, expressed his adhesion to the Republic and congratulated the President upon having accepted office. M. Casimir-Perier in reply thanked the Bishop, who, he said, knew how to serve his country as well as his Church.

The Pope has signified his disapprobation of the pretension of the young Duke of Orleans to the French throne by conveying an expression of his regret for the death of the Count de Paris, not to the Duke but to his sister the queen of Portugal.

Quite recently near the Church of S. Dorotea, in Trastevere, a little child was in imminent danger of death by being run over. The cab-horse was already touching her when a priest who was passing threw himself upon the horse. He saved the life of the little girl, but was himself knocked down by the shaft. Carried to the hospital, he soon expired. On Sunday his body was transported from the *Consolazioni* to Sant' Egidio. Many religious confraternities were present, together with many religious and secular priests.

## CARDINAL GIBBONS.

"Our Cardinal" is what the people of the United States, Protestant largely as well as Catholic, call the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore. He is more to the laboring classes, has more of their sympathy and esteem than perhaps any other man in public life. He has always taken a keen interest in their affairs and the problems given rise to by their surrounding conditions.

Only last week, after the majority of the people, sympathizers and otherwise, had suffered the riot and disturbance to pass from memory, Cardinal Gibbons is found making a public address in favor of the formation of courts of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor.

He is described by those who know him as a gentle, earnest, simple-hearted man: ready to counsel, zealous for the faith, constant in kindness.



JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

devoted to modern progress. He is what we associate in our minds with the idea of the primitive Christian—simple, humble, enduring, faithful and pious.

He is gentle and patient, shrinks from giving pain and in disagreeable cases only asserts his authority when all other means have been found wanting. According to those who have had the opportunity of observing him closely, he cares much more for love and respect than for submission. When combined with these qualities there are found natural prudence and dignity, which render any presuming upon human nature an impossibility, it will be readily perceived that the head of the Church in the United States, like the head of the Universal Church, is at once a powerful and a lovable man.

It is to this character of his, and to the fact that while sympathizing with the poor, he yet strives to be just and fair to those in command of the country's wealth, that we must look for the explanation of the remark made by a non-Catholic writer, that are there few men in the whole country more liked than the Cardinal Archbishop, more looked up to by the nation, or more properly esteemed.

Like his great predecessor in the See of Baltimore, Archbishop Spalding, Cardinal Gibbons is an author of much repute. Even judged in comparison with the most popular productions of literature his book "The Faith of Our Fathers" has been very successful. It has had a large, and for a religious work an exceptionally large sale. It was written during the rare hours the Archbishop could spare from the more active and absorbing duties of his ministry, just as Cardinal Wiseman wrote *Fabiola*, a few lines at a time.

This great work practically embodies the discourses and instructions he delivered to mixed Southern congregations when he was Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina. The easy style, the clearness and sincerity of the work have led to its universal acceptance in the homes of English readers. These merits are also conspicuous in his second work, "Our Christian Heritage." When it said that besides revising his

first book, His Eminence is now engaged in the production of a third, some idea will be had of the amount of work taken upon himself by one already burdened with excessive cares.

Before this work can be finished, there will have been held a meeting of the Archbishops of the United States and the Cardinal will have gone to Rome, whence the report comes that the Holy Father has expressed his eagerness to again see and confer with the representative of the United States in the College of Cardinals.

One who recently penetrated to the study of His Eminence describes it as exceedingly simple. A few pictures of saints, a few books, a few chairs, a plain dark desk and the always present crucifix are its only ornaments.

Here he receives his priests and his more particular friends. Here he composes his sermons. Here he dictates his letters. The Cardinal is described as having the appearance of a tall, spare, earnest-looking priest. There is said to be a spiritual look in his pale eyes, a fineness in his wasted hands, a mild character in his wan, thin face, which is particular attractive to the casual onlooker. It is also frequently remarked that there is an expression of humor about the lines of the mouth, a humor "Kindly Irish of the Irish," and the flickering smile that lingers about his lips as he relates some pleasant anecdote relieves his face of the severe clerical aspect. The first thought upon meeting him is said to be, "That's a good man," the second, "That's a gentle man."

Although born in Baltimore, it was in Ireland and at the age of ten that he first went to school. Returning he studied at St. Charles' College and St. Mary's College, Baltimore. In 1861, he was ordained priest and assigned to St. Patrick's in his native city, passing soon after to St. Bridget's and St. Lawrence's.

At the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore he was entrusted with what some one called the "heavy honor" of creating a Catholic community out of practically nothing in the loneliness of North Carolina. For this purpose he was created titular Bishop of Adramyttum. His success in this field caused him, on the death of Bishop McGill in 1862, to be transferred to Richmond. In 1878 he was raised to the position of Archbishop of Baltimore and in 1887 was created Cardinal.

It is in the classics that Cardinal Gibbons loves to read, and he is one of the examples to which the advocates of the study of Greek and Latin can point when they claim that nothing conduces so much to the formation of a good style in English composition. But he is also a master of French, as was shown when he made his celebrated defense of the Knights of Labor in that language. Besides, he has become to a considerable degree proficient in Italian.

Rev. John Talbot Smith, writing of Archbishop Corrigan, tells of his aversion toward even Catholic movements, refusing to have any part in their operations until their virility and capacity for good have been thoroughly proven. Cardinal Gibbons is of the opposite disposition. He shows a zealous interest in all Catholic educational movements, and even goes so far as to assist in promoting harmony and good fellowship in the Catholic Club, an organization which is an effective force in Church work in the city.

As was said at the outset, the Cardinal is the friend and favorite of the people, and to them this opportunity of learning somewhat of his personal characteristics will it is hoped be acceptable.

"I was troubled for a long time with an itching humor on the scalp," says Mr. D. P. Davis, Neal's Landing, Fla., "but at last, being recommended Ayer's Hair Vigor, I tried it, and a complete cure was effected." Everyone who has used it speaks well of this dressing.

## Exclusive Salvation.

The Rev. Sydney F. Smith, S.J., in a very clear and concise theological analysis and criticism of Mr. Gladstone's recent paper on "The Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church" elucidates the crucial question of exclusive salvation, which is such a stumbling block to outsiders and of which even some Catholics have a rather confused conception. Mr. Gladstone contends that the condition of modern heretics and schismatics must be acceptable to God, because He so signally blesses their lives, and employs them as His instruments in many good works. "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus," writes Father Smith in the current number of *The Month*, "is a maxim which is not, and never was, taken to mean that there is no possibility of salvation for anyone whatever who is not within the body of the one Church. What it means, and always has meant, and what the phrase itself suitably expresses, is just what the words of Our Lord declare—'He that believeth (you) and is baptised, shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be condemned.' God founded the Catholic Church with the intention that all should join it, and there is a consequent Divine Commandment, under pain of sin, that all should join it. The Commandment exists, and it follows that no properly informed person can remain outside the Church without endangering his soul. At the same time, since no Commandment binds until its existence is certified to the subject, these persons in invincible (that is, inculpable) ignorance of the Commandment, are not committing sin by disregarding its injunctions; and as they are not guilty of sin, they do not place themselves out of reach of salvation. Although they have fewer 'aids and graces' than are given to Catholics, they are not altogether deprived of aids and graces. They may hold many false doctrines which can only do them harm, but along with these they retain some true doctrines as well; and they receive those graces which, like missionaries, are granted to souls outside the Church, with the object of drawing them into it."

## Carving Extraordinary.

One of the most remarkable specimens of minute carving in the world is to be seen in the East India Museum in Salem, the work of some pious monk of mediæval times. It was taken from a monastery during some of the wars between the Italian states, and fell into the hands of the Salem sea captain. It is a sphere of box or sandalwood, less than two inches in diameter, divided into two hemispheres, connected by a hinge carved in wood itself. The outside is beautifully carved in a geometrical design. Each compartment contains between 50 and 100 figures. The upper one represents the heaven of the artist's imagination. The Virgin Mother is enthroned in the centre, and around her are grouped in concentric circles, to the back of the hollow hemisphere, apostles, saints and angels—every face and attitude expressing ecstasy and adoration. To the naked eye nothing is discernible but what resembles delicate frost work, but with a strong magnifying glass all becomes clear. The lower hemisphere represents the day of judgment and the punishment of the wicked. The Saviour is seated on an arch, representing the vault of heaven. His attitude indicates the awful duty He is fulfilling. Four angels in front are the only winged figures in this hemisphere. On the right are five female figures, the most prominent of which is the Virgin, crowned as before. On the left is the same number of male figures. The interior and lower part of this hemisphere is appalling. The artist has embodied the terrific images of Dante's

Inferno. Numerous figures, among them crowned heads and bishops, are seen rising from their graves. In the foreground the gates of hell are yawning for their victims. Grim visaged demons are everywhere busy dragging the impenitent to their places of punishment. It is not pleasant to look at, but the wonder is with what instruments the work was wrought and what eyes and hands could have guided them.

## Nature at Mass.

As the first beam of dawn shoot up from the eastern portals, Nature goes to mass. Tho the Blessed Sacrament is in the temple of the Most High. The star in the East shines ever before it, and the altar is lighted by myriads of stars. Their pure white light has beamed upon it since the holy morn at Bethlehem, though being obscured from our vision at this hour by the rising sun. The earth awakes with delightful freshness and her children of every clime, from the northern pine to the tropical palm, breathe their spirit of homage; the hoary-headed oak, the arching elm, the flowering magnolia,—every tree, and shrub and vine and flower; the morning glory, child of an hour, the modest daisy, the fragrant pink, the rose in endless variety and beauty, the gaudy cactus, all murmur their pater noster in unison with the hundreds of thousands of Nature's tongues and voices as if endowed with soul.

In the country at daybreak are you ever awakened by the chorus of bird song of almost infinite variety of note and wonderful volume of sound? It is Nature's *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. They, are you ever impressed by a solemn stillness akin to awe? Bow thy knees and mingle thy prayers with Nature's before the altar at which all nature worships.

But however beautiful is worship in temples not made with hands, there is nothing so satisfying to the spiritual nature of man, no place so fully and entirely meeting his inborn desires and aspirations for communion with God the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, as in one Holy Church where he kneels before the Real Presence. It is there, worshipping with the saints and angels, that those influences are realized and embodied, that are necessary to a true life here and glorious future.—*Catholic Union and Times*.

## Irish Pilgrimage.

Alfred Austin, a poet who has been freely mentioned in the running for the Laureateship, has contributed an article on Irish scenery to *Blackwood's Magazine*, in which he regrets that his attention had never been directed to the distressful country (whose the fault?) before, although he has traversed Europe in quest of the beautiful in nature and human kindness. Both he found *go leor* in Ireland, and in language that is almost as vivid as the limner's brush he makes grateful acknowledgment of the fact. Talk of Italy, he says, Bantry Bay and Olanmacnoise are as lovely and as hallowed by the past as the Gulf of Spezia and the Cyclopean walls of Sora. "Go to Ireland" is his advice; "and go often." Glowingly he describes the foam clouds of Loop Head, the mistel thrushes in the woods of Dromana, the smiles and tears of fitful Killarney, the grove-covered clefts of Glengarriff, and the bluebell woods of Abbeyleix.

And this was the island pictured by an English statesman generations ago as "this damnable country."

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

## MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

Rev. Walter Elliott, of the Paulists, has been giving missions for the benefit of non Catholics in the diocese of Detroit during the past year and is now about to begin in Ohio. In a letter to the *New York World* he talks of his purposes and hopes:

To the Editor of the *World*.

"Some of our Protestant friends show alarm at the Catholic missionary movements now taking shape in this country. Millions of money, they say, are being poured into the South to catch the blacks and the very Government of the United States is being prostituted to aid in Catholicizing the Indians. So, too, with recent attempts to secure an audience for Catholic lecturers. Rome is going to assail the very citadel of Bible Christianity in this Protestant land.

"Well, there is more truth in this than is always the case with Protestant forebodings, though neither money nor governments are concerned in the matter. The Catholic Church is going, without the shadow of a doubt, to explain to the non-Catholic public the higher life of religion as enjoyed in her fold. Catholics have the true development of man's nature committed to them, both to practice and to preach. All that there is of the noble ideals of the Gospel are commonplaces to instructed Catholics, easily believed without fear of doubt, intelligibly communicated to the earnest inquirer.

"And here is where a mistake is often made. The perfect organization of the Church is thought to be the object of its existence, whereas it is a means to an end. The external magnificence of our Church is an outward representation of the inward life of God, which inspires its members, a divinely-ordained means for elevating men's souls to perfect union with the Deity in an order of existence quite above and beyond all purely natural effort.

"We want to prove this. We want to show the vital force of Catholicity. The spiritual and moral good of mankind, taken one by one and personally, is the aim of Catholicity—an aim which she can attain by unrivalled instrumentalities. And having settled our American household in a fair state of order, we are bound by every law of charity and duty to address 'our brethren who are separated from us on account of disagreement concerning the Christian faith,' to use Pope Leo's words to the Catholic Summer School.

"The Catholic religion can make men more virtuous and holy, can extend virtue and holiness over larger areas of humanity, can lift the soul into higher regions of clear contemplation of the Deity, can better teach the mind as well as guide the conduct of men—can, in a word, fit men for heaven infinitely better than any or all the Christian societies separated from Him, and this lofty claim we are in a position to prove.

"The very stumbling-blocks of our Protestant friends often become their stepping-stones to the Church's door. For example: In my many lectures to Protestants last winter and spring, I was often asked, 'Why do you not turn the drunkards and adulterers and other open sinners out of your Church?' And when I answered that by keeping them mixed up with the faithful Christians, we realized their conversion more certainly, I met with hearty approval. Excluded from the Sacraments on account of his sin, the Catholic sinner is still present in church, still listens to God's word, still feels ashamed by contrast, no less than by the admonitions of his conscience. Pity for the sinner is a note of Christ's following, and it is better practised in Catholicity than elsewhere.

"So, too, with regard to the teaching authority of the Church. Viewed as religious tyranny at first glance,

further acquaintance shows it to be the only certain security of belief, and hence of righteousness, and the Church offers in it a refuge for weak spirits and a criterion of certitude for strong ones.

"Our methods of reaching non-Catholics are those of the Apostles. We shall ask our countrymen to hear us about the inner witness of the spirit joined to the unity of the same spirit in the bond of Catholic peace. It is not in splendid ceremonies and edifices, processions and institutions that Catholicity consists or most promptly acts, but in the synthesis of the divine action within our hearts, with the same divine action in the brotherhood of the Christian Church. If we can show a higher form of prayer and we claim the highest we have a right to a hearing from the prayerful Protestants. If we can show a union with Christ which is similar to His own union with His Father, then we have a standpoint superior to all this is the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist: 'As I live by the Father so he that eateth Me shall live by Me.' Herein is the triumph of Eucharistic faith.

"Some expect that we shall form new societies with missionary purposes. Doubtless such things are generally the result of renewed religious life, but they are results and not causes. Organization develops latent force, it does not create it. The force of Apostolic zeal is more than latent in the Catholic Church, which palpitates with strength ever ready for expansion. But as for organization, what can equal the divine organization of the Catholic Church itself? It is not by peripatetic missionaries alone that we shall win the mind of America to Catholic holiness and truth. Every man's neighbor shall be his missionary and the ordinary clergy shall be centres of expansion.

"The routine of a good Catholic's life has but to be unveiled, and it reveals activity of sanctifying influences so potent as hardly to be dreamed of by our separated brethren. Meantime specialists will have their place in the missionary era now dawning upon us, but they shall not be a caste. Religious orders are rather a convenient form than an essential quality of the Apostolic life. The Episcopate is of divine origin. It is the Apostolic order of the Church, culminating in the Papacy. And to the Pope and Bishops is committed by exclusive right the external ordering of the fold of Christ. First in the list of Episcopal prerogatives is the promulgation of the way of life that is in Christ Jesus Our Lord.

"Hence our Protestant public may expect an entire union of effort in the noble enterprise of winning back to the one true Church, the northern nations—all work together—Bishops, priests, secular and religious, men and woman. The office of a priest is Apostolic. The vocation of the laity is Apostolic, efficacious in proportion to intelligence and virtue. The times are Apostolic, for they offer advantages in the resources of civilization which are tantamount to victory for whatever cause is right. It is an age of travel, and that means the circulation of truth incarnated in Catholic character. It is an age of liberty, and that gives religion its dearest prerogative, access to souls. It is an age of varied study, and that means a thirst which can only be slaked at fountains springing into eternal life. Those who are conscious of hatred of all error and of love of all men must hail with abounding joy the liberty, intelligence, the migratory habits, the international tendencies of these times, for they announce in trumpet tones the Divine invitation to the religious union of Christendom.

"The Catholic Church has never hesitated to condemn the cowardly error that one religion is as good as another; nevertheless, she welcomes with joy

the free decision of guileless non Catholics in her dispute with the throng of Christian dissidents who are inheritors of the great schism. Given the truth and a worthy exponent to find an auditor becomes a necessary condition of peace of mind.

"In view of all this, it is cheering to Catholics to perceive that their outside brethren are still eager for the discussion of religious questions, and not unwilling to listen to Catholic representatives.

"I believe that the struggle with infidelity has had the effect of loosening denominational bonds rather than belief in God and in Christ. That religion should be denominational is absurd, except the organism be Catholic, and the logical exercise of refuting agnosticism has helped minds to the detection of absurdities of all kinds. Religion should be Catholic in its organism, and should be international in its scope of action as well as form of government. The only serious claimant to such qualities is the Church of Rome, and it gets and continues to get the attention of the calmer minds everywhere.

"Experience proves this. I am not the only one who can state facts to verify it. Many a priest has gathered the general public of town and village into secular halls to listen to Catholic claims—has gathered these non-Catholics by simply advertising his purpose. Religion in any aspect has the first call to attention from our American sober-minded men and woman. No wonder that such a class will come to listen to a promise of the unity of truth, the perfect rest of soul in pardon of sin, the harmony of the inner Christian life with external Christian ordinances, which is a summary of the Catholic claim.

"We are not claiming the immediate conversion of this people; we are not in dreamland. Yet we are ready for sudden impulses of grace sweeping in many millions. What we look for with absolute certainty, however, is the starting of countless little streams of converts all over the country, and especially in parishes in which Catholicity is most worthy represented.

WALTER ELLIOTT.

## Gregory the Great.

In the Middle Ages legend and history united in making Gregory the author of all and each of the church melodies, and that he made them by divine inspiration, a belief which they expressed in art by the symbol of a dove whispering in his ear, and which is a distinguished mark of that Pope in his many pictures and statues. It would require large space to follow the growth of this chant throughout Europe. Gregory established two schools for teaching it, one at the Lateran, the other near St. Peter's at the Vatican. It was to the sound of these notes that the missionaries he sent to England chanted their hymns while King Ethelbert sat awaiting them in the open air near the town of Canterbury. Charlemagne brought teachers of this music from Rome and established schools of ecclesiastical music at Metz and Soissons. And here, in this new kingdom, where a fresh and active civilization grew up, this Gregorian chant, which not only had the early Christian music in it, but which had fragments of the ancient Roman music, accompanied the services of the Church. Thus it has been deduced, and with much probability, that "the Gregorian melody forms the classical basis of our European music, and it is upon its principles that even the productions of to-day are originally founded."

## Agents Wanted

To canvass for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER. A liberal commission allowed. Write for particulars.

Two Italian ironclad warships have been ordered to Morocco in view of the disturbed situation there.

## Prince Edward Island.

Lieut. Governor Howland was present at the Alberton exhibition on Sept. 29th. After receiving addresses from J. C. Weeks on behalf of the Commissioners and Rev. Father Burke, who spoke for the people of the Western district, his Honor declared the fair open.

In his speech in reply to the address, his Honor referred to the striking progress shown by the superiority of the present fair over those of the time when it was hardly possible to have a fair at all. In the course of his address to the Lieut. Governor Father Burke paid that gentleman's character a striking tribute. We quote:

"Those of us who remember your advent to this country a little Irish boy with nothing but your two hands, and the many good qualities which usually adorn the Irish character, to clear a way for yourself in the world and support a mother and family, those of us who remember later your commercial activity and the plucky battle waged during your early political career for your own and your people's rights; those of us who have witnessed your triumphs and reverses and who now after all these years see you filling the first dignity in the land, are constrained to proclaim this, after all, a country where merit is duly recognized, and justice to all the guiding star of the state. Your striking example is before the young men of this country today, and it proclaims in unmistakable language that no matter of what class, creed or nationality the fathers owned allegiance, so long as they fulfil the conditions of good citizenship here and prepare themselves for the discharge of their duties, there is no position within the gift of Canada to which they cannot, and should not, properly aspire."

## Rudolph of Hapsburg.

The founder of a long line of Austrian sovereigns was Rudolph of Hapsburg, of whom many stories are told. One of them relates how he, when at Metz, walked out early one morning, and, being cold, entered a baker's shop to warm himself. The mistress exclaimed peevishly: "Soldiers ought not to come into poor women's houses!" "Do not be angry, good woman," replied the Emperor; "I am an old soldier, and have spent my fortune in the service of that rascal Rudolph. He suffers me to want, in spite of all the fine promises he made to his followers." "Well, you deserve it for serving that fellow," cried the woman; "do you know that I and all the bakers in the town but two have been ruined by that fine Rudolph of yours? Be off this minute, I tell you!" And, grumbling all the time, she threw a pail of water on the fire, and filled the room with smoke, so that, coughing and laughing, the Emperor was obliged to depart. Presently, when sitting down to the table, he recollected his adventure, and ordered a boar's head and a bottle of wine to be sent to the baker's wife, bidding the messenger say they were from the old soldier she had driven out of her shop. Back came the woman, very much alarmed, and asking for forgiveness. The Emperor pardoned her, on condition that she repeated all that she had said about "that rascal Rudolph," which she proceeded to do, to the great amusement of the company.

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## AUBREY DE VERE.

Aubrey de Vere has made himself known to lovers of literature by his labors in both prose and poetry, but chiefly through the latter. He is sprung from a family, long resident in Ireland, of the old Norman stock, and derived from his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere, the friend of Wordsworth, a predisposition to verse, nor are the few stirring sonnets and the dramas of his father yet forgotten, though obscured by the splendor of the great poetic age in which he lived. The family has been loyal to Ireland, and a large part of Aubrey de Vere's verse is devoted to the celebration of the historical and mythic legends, the piety, humanity, and sorrow of his own land. He belongs to the generation of Tennyson, having been born in 1811, but the voice in his verse is that of the "large language"—of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley—and echoes with an



AUBREY DE VERE.

earlier day whose song has long fallen silent in our books; and there mingles with this strain of our most noble modern English speech the indefinable melody and the simple and spirited quality which seem indigenous to all Irish poetry.

Here, however, it is not meant to describe or praise his verse, but only to pay some brief tribute to the man, as we print his portrait, and to the life he has led in self-devotion to high and humane ends, in scenes and among men that make his reminiscences of unusual and lasting value. As a boy he was the guest of Wordsworth, and the friendships which began with this and other eminent names make a roll of the century in England of astonishing fullness and brilliancy. He became Roman Catholic in early manhood at the era of the Oxford movement, and the church has been, perhaps, the chief poetic inspiration granted him. Several of his volumes deal with legends, glories and aspirations with an amplitude and a loftiness not elsewhere to be found in our literature, and with a pure fervor such as characterizes only the best of the "books of the spirit" that are so rare in the English tongue. The religious and poetic instincts united to lift his thought into a region almost Platonic, as respects the principles, the abstract motives, and ends of life, as is seen in his essays, which are bathed in a difficult air, while in his poetry the same elements take on an extraordinarily picturesque detail, and an individuality often heroic.

In these "Recollections" one soon discovers a strongly marked personality. The kindly nature; the strong sense of humor; the mind laboriously just in thought, and delicate, while frank, in appreciation; the cheerful enjoyment of varied life; the piety toward friends as well as toward heaven, and much else, will now for the first time, as here familiarly revealed, aid those who have enjoyed his very impersonal prose and verse to make near acquaintance with the man who has won their regard; and they will follow the completion of his work with more than friendly interest.—G. E. W. in the Century.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

By Aubrey de Vere.

Gerald Griffin, a friend of mind in youth, lived about four miles from us in a village called Pallas. He was a man of remarkable genius, and of a character yet more remarkable, though his life was too short to allow either to be recognized widely. He was the youngest of four brothers, whose parents had emigrated to America. As a boy he lived with two brothers, both of them physicians, whose talents and conduct eventually made them eminently successful in their profession, but in early years their career was a struggling one. The boy had a high spirit of independence. He resolved to be no longer a burden to them, to cast himself upon the huge world of London, and there make his way as he might. Knowing that his brothers would not sanction a design apparently so hopeless, he took his departure without an adieu; and for a considerable time they did not know where he was. At first he supported himself by reporting for newspapers, and afterwards by writing short dramatic pieces for the small theatres. He could thus however, win but a precarious existence, and during several years seems to have been in danger of starving for he never allowed his brothers to know of his difficulties. Later he wrote tales illustrative of Irish life in the lower and middle classes entitled "Holland Tide," "Tales of the Munster Festivals," etc. All at once to his great surprise his little spark of local reputation burst out into a flame. His "Collegians," appeared: it met with a great and immediate success. Some of the critics pronounced him the best novelist of the time next to Sir Walter Scott; his publisher sent him £800, and he despatched the whole of that sum to his parents in America. "The Collegians" has been frequently reprinted, and presents the best picture existing of Irish peasant life, at once the most vivid and the most accurate. Its comic parts are the most comic, and its tragic the most tragic, to be found in Irish literature. The tale is founded on a terrible crime perpetrated in the county of Limerick early in this century: A young man of gentle birth fell in love with a beautiful and virtuous peasant girl, married her secretly, got tired of her, and drowned her in the Shannon. For a considerable time it was impossible to arrest the murderer; his capture was described to me by a near relative of mine, the magistrate who arrested him. He had received secret information, and led a body of police to the house of the murderer's parents at a late hour of the night. Apparently there had been a dinner party in that house, for on the door being opened after a slight delay he was received in the hall by its mistress, a tall and stately lady in a black velvet dress. She addressed him with quiet scorn, informed him that her house, a hospitable one, had been favored by many guests, but none resembling those who had come at that unusual hour to visit it; that she knew his errand; that her son had not been in that house for many weeks; but that he was welcome to search for him as they pleased. They searched the house in vain—they next searched the offices. When on the point of retiring one of the party remarked a ladder within the stable, the top of which leaned against a small door in the wall. The policemen refused to mount it, for they said that if the murderer was hid on the premises he must be behind that door and would certainly stab the first to enter. The magistrate mounted. The search was again in vain, and all had descended from the loft except the last policeman, who, as he approached the door, carelessly prodded with his bayonet the straw with which the floor was covered. A loud scream rang out from beneath it, and the murderer leaped up. He had been grazed, not

wounded, and if he had held his peace must have escaped. His scream was almost immediately re-echoed by a distant one louder and more piercing. It came from one who knew her son's voice well. That magistrate told me that the most terrible thing he had ever witnessed was the contrast between that mother's stately bearing at first and the piteous abjectness of her later appeals as on her knees she implored him to spare her son.

The guilt was conclusively proved, and the murderer was sentenced to be hanged; but in those times justice was not always impartially administered, and the peasantry were certain that a gentleman never would be hanged. He requested that he should be taken to the place of execution in a carriage, but his crime had excited universal abhorrence, and none of the livery stables in Limerick would supply one. One was procured from a distance on the morning of the execution, and the unhappy man entered it. When midway on the bridge in Limerick that spans a small arm of the Shannon, the horses stopped, and no efforts could induce them to go farther. The crowds were more certain than ever that somehow there would be an escape: a gentleman could not be hanged. The horses plunged more and more furiously, but would not advance. The murderer fell into an agony of terror. He exclaimed, "Let me out, and I will walk!" He walked to the place of execution, and was hanged.

The "Colleen Bawn," which had an extraordinary success at one of the London theaters, was a dramatic condensation of "The Collegians." I went to see it, but could not remain for more than ten minutes. All the refinement which, not less than strength, marks the original, and especially the scenes that describe the Irish peasantry, had vanished, and a vulgar sensationalism had taken its place. This vulgarity has been so common in the delineations of Ireland, whether in novels or on the stage, that the ordinary English conception of the Irish peasant is the opposite of the truth in many cases: at least it wholly ignores that delicacy, pathos, and sympathy which characterize the humbler and the better among them, and remind us that manners are a tradition, and that in the centuries gone by many a political convulsion placed nobility "in commission" among the poor. In Gerald Griffin's day, when whatever crime might be stimulated by violent passions, or whatever exaggeration might mingle with a generous "Nationalist" enthusiasm, the preaching of that vilest of all things, Jacobinism, had never been heard, a man of genius like him could not fail to feel the charm both of the Irish character and the Irish manner, a thing then so much valued that "bad manners to you" was an ordinary malediction. Many of his poems illustrate Irish peasant life with singular grace and pathos; and to become the Irish Burns, as he once told me, was long the great object of his ambition.

After the publication of "The Collegians," Gerald Griffin took up his abode once more in the small dispensary house of his brother at Pallas. My father thought that he would there find little room for his books, and many interruptions of his studious hours. He invited him to pass the winter at Curragh Chase, placing two rooms at his disposal, and telling him that he would find quiet in the woods, and a large command of books in the library; but Gerald declined the invitation. He built an arbor in his brother's garden, and there, I think, made a study of Homer. He had a great knowledge of early Irish history, and we all expected from him a long series of historic romances illustrating Ireland as Scott's had illustrated Scotland. An unexpected obstacle frus-

trated that hope. He was a remarkably religious man. Prosperity, which weakens religion in many Irishmen, deepened it him. Whatever ambition belonged to him in youth left him early: things spiritual remained to him the sole realities, and literature was of worth only so far as it reflected them. He startled his friends by asserting that strong passion, one of the chief attractions in imaginative literature, did little but mischief. It was in vain that those friends, clerical as well as secular, maintained that in wise hands it should have an elevating tendency. He clung to his doctrine all the more because it involved self-sacrifice, well aware that it must be fatal to the success of literature, such as that for which his gifts and his experience had especially fitted him. He wrote no more popular novels, though a later production, "The Invasion," recording one of the Danish piratical descents on Ireland, is full of admirable description. One day his brother found the fireplace black with the cinders of papers recently burned. He had just destroyed the whole of his manuscripts, verse and prose alike, and answered all inquiries by stating that he had devoted the rest of his life to the instruction of little peasant boys, as one of the "Christian Brothers"—the humblest of all religious communities. He labored assiduously for a few years at Cork; there, a few years later, I saw his grave, and heard his fellow laborers declare that if Ireland had ever had a saint, Gerald Griffin was one. No doubt, his choice was the best, not only for himself, but for the children who came under an influence so benign. But the country he loved so well lost its chance of an Irish Burns, or an Irish Scott; and the unfriendly critic will say, "So fares it with Irish gifts; the lower hit their mark, the highest miss it, sometimes by going to one side of it, and as often by going above it!" Macready, later, brought upon the stage a drama called "Gisippus," written by Gerald in early youth. I think it proved a success, and the £300 paid for it brought out a new edition of Gerald's works. In his religious retreat he found a peace and solemn happiness of which he wrote in rapturous terms. In person he was dignified; and his face was eminently handsome, as well as refined and intellectual.—Century.

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A. O. H.

The regular meeting of Division No. 1. A. O. H. was held in their Hall last Sunday afternoon. The Officers were all present and a large number of members were present as well as a goodly number of visiting brothers. A large amount of business was taken up and acted on.

The Provincial President Bro. H. McCaffrey was present and addressed the meeting on various topics and gave some valuable information on the Insurance question.

Bro. Wm. Moore President No. 3 Division and Bro. Hugh Kelly President No. 5 Division, addressed the meeting also informing the members that No. 6 Division will hold a grand social in Dingman's Hall on Halloween and invited the members of No. 1 to attend, this being a young Division and the first entertainment held by them.

The members of No. 1, intend to patronize it in large numbers. The meeting was then brought to a close in usual form.

A meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of York County was held in North Toronto on Tuesday evening Oct. 2nd. The meeting was presided over by Brother P. W. Falvey County President; nearly every member was present and a large number of the Brothers from the different Divisions. A large amount of important business of great interest to the Order at large was taken up and quickly disposed of.

It was unanimously recommended to the members of the Order to use all means in their power to stamp out the vulgar sentiment so often expressed in public and on the public stage by personators of the Irish in a low character thereby degrading the Irish race. At a late hour the meeting was brought to a close.

Wm. Ryan,  
County Secretary.



DR. L. N. BOURQUE,  
2ND VICE-PRESIDENT C. M. B. A.  
MONCTON, N.B.

C. M. B. A.

The Advisory Board have made arrangements to have the annual Sermon at the Cathedral on the first Sunday in November. Rev. F. Ryan S.J., who is a member of the association will preach the sermon.



P. J. MONTREUIL,  
GRAND MARSHAL, C. M. B. A., LEVIS, QUE.

C. O. F.

The regular meeting of Sacred Heart Court, No. 291, C. O. F., was held in their hall Thursday last a good attendance being present. The regular business of the court was transacted in proper order after which the principal topic of the evening was a resolution that our next meeting, which will be held Thursday, October 18th, at 8 p.m., will be an open meeting with entertainment. An excellent programme is being prepared for that occasion. The committee in charge of this will lose no time in putting forth their energy to make it a success.

At the last regular meeting held Oct. 4th, the following resolution was adopted:

Whereas it has been the will of our Heavenly Father to whom we bow submissively, to visit with deep affliction our esteemed Brother Henry Fletcher in removing, by the hand of death, his beloved son, John Fletcher. Resolved, that we extend to Brother Fletcher and his afflicted family, our heart-

felt sympathy in the great loss they have sustained. Words are poor and inadequate to express the commiseration we feel, and which we believe is felt by all his associates, and trust that the knowledge, that he whom they mourn has entered into a better than this sorrowful world, will enable them to bear with Christian fortitude the heavy cross placed upon them, and that they may be consoled with the hope of a glorious reunion hereafter.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Brother Fletcher and family, spread on the minutes of this Court and published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record.



DEAN CASSIDY,  
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St. Alphonsus Club.

Mr. L. V. McBrady has been re-elected President of the Club by acclamation. The election contest this year is between tickets led by J. G. O'Donoghue and Malcolm Forbes, who are candidates for the office of first vice-president. The election will be held on Tuesday, October 16. Mr. O'Donoghue takes the place of Mr. J. E. Day, who was originally a candidate but declined to stand for election.



L. V. McBRADY,  
PRESIDENT ST. ALPHONSUS CLUB.

C. Y. L. L. A.

The first open meeting of the society, held on Monday, the 8th inst., was eminently successful. Miss McGregor, elocutionist, and Mrs. J. C. Smith were well received and both twice recalled. Mrs. O'Sullivan played the accompaniments and Gillson's orchestra rendered the instrumental part of the programme. The event of the evening was an instructive lecture on the Roman Catacombs by Rev. Dr. Treacy of St. Mary's parish. At its conclusion Mr. J. C. Walsh moved and Mr. W. T. J. Lee seconded a vote of thanks to the reverend lecturer.



JAS. E. DAY,  
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Prof. Loyden considers that Bright's disease, from which the Czar is suffering, has existed for two years, and that he was surprised that the malady was not discovered before.



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## THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

The Register's Suggestion Approved.—Inter-VIEWS With Prominent Citizens.

The suggestion contained in The CATHOLIC REGISTER of last week, that among the monuments of men who have played a part in the making of the history of Canada which adorn the City of Toronto, there should be erected one to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, is one that has met with the hearty approval of men who rank among Toronto's leading citizens. Naturally it has been taken up with enthusiasm by those to whom the memory of the Irish-Canadian politician literature is endeared by the sacred ties of faith and nationality.

A representative of the REGISTER interviewed the gentlemen whose names appear below. These gentlemen, it will be seen, are not only at the head of the list of Irishmen and Catholics, but are leaders in every movement which has for its object the public good.

Said Mr. S. H. Blake: "Yes, I heartily endorse the sentiment contained in the REGISTER's article. I shall be glad, indeed, to do my part towards the accomplishment of anything which will worthily commemorate the name of such a man. I need not say that I have a great respect for the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. One must have respect for a man of his wonderful talents—a man who, while never forgetting the land of his birth, devoted himself unselfishly to the service of the country of his adoption. His memory is further endeared to us by the untimely fate with which he met. It is well that his career should be kept before the people by some fitting tribute. Every Irishman worthy of the name, I believe, will hear with joy the proposal."

Mr. Eugene O Keefe is equally pronounced. "I think it most fitting indeed," he said, "that a suitable monument should be erected to the memory of Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He was a great man—but why need I go into history, which is known to every Irish school-boy and to every Canadian who is interested in the achievements of the great men of the Dominion. He adopted Canada as his home, and he proved himself to be truly loyal to the land whose cause he espoused. Yes, some fitting monument should be erected to his memory. And every Irishman throughout Canada should, and would contribute his mite toward its erection. The monument should come as the gift not of the wealthy but of all classes. Every Irishman in Canada should be in the position of saying 'I have given my share to keep green the memory of one of my countrymen whose deeds deserve the recognition of all who can value sacrifice, patriotism, and statesmanship.' There may be some who will point to the errors of poor McGee. From faults, perhaps, he was not free. He was human, but his greatness will outlive his faults. Probably I feel a stronger personal interest in McGee than most men. I knew him well. I remember his last speech. It was that of a patriot. It was inspired. It was a speech which had as its dominant notes peace and conciliation. It was the fitting termination of a career, so suddenly and so tragically brought to a close. By all means let the name of McGee be honored in marble."

And here are the words of Mr. C. J. McCabe, Barrister, and President of the I.O.B.A. "The idea contained in the REGISTER's article is an excellent one. In the first place the kind of monuments spoken of are calculated to make all Canadians, but especially Irish-Canadians emulate the character and accomplishments of men like Thomas D'Arcy McGee. I think indeed, it is due the Irish element of the Dominion that one of their countrymen should be honored in stone or

marble. Apart, however, from the political or national aspect of the case, I am of opinion, that the project, if carried out, would have a good effect on Canadian art. McGee needs no monument of stone or marble, which attest the feebleness of mortal hand, to keep green his memory. He will live in the affections of his countrymen. But it is well that the coming generation should have some perpetual reminder of the deeds of one who has so well deserved the honor and reverence in which his name is held by those who are acquainted with his public acts."

Mr. Matthew O'Connor shares the views of each of the gentlemen quoted. "By all means," said he, "let steps be taken to give the idea suggested by the REGISTER definite shape. The project is one in which all Canadians, but especially Irish Canadians, should be proud to take a part. There are a sufficient number of prominent, liberal Irishmen in the Dominion to raise sufficient funds to erect to the memory of D'Arcy McGee a monument, which would not only fittingly attest their love of the memory of the man, but would be an ornament to the city of Toronto. For the matter of that all Canadians should be glad to contribute to the construction of such a memorial. McGee served Canada faithfully and well, and like Sir Chas. Gavan Duffy and other moulders of Irish thought in the stormy days of '48, he showed that while compelled to flee from his own country, he could fill with honor and distinction the highest post which could be conferred on him in a land governed in accordance with ideas of liberty and justice."

Col. Mason, Manager of the Home Savings Co., also heartily approved of the idea. "Every Canadian should be proud," he said, "to share in the work of suitably commemorating the memory of a man who has done so much for their country. Of course the movement should not be confined to any one city. All Canada owes a debt to Thomas D'Arcy McGee. It is true that just at this moment it might be rather difficult to raise sufficient money to erect a suitable monument to his memory, but in such matters Canadians and Irishmen are alike ready to make a sacrifice. The length of time which has been taken in erecting the statue of Sir John Macdonald has been pointed to by some as evidencing a want of enthusiasm on the part of the people over the accomplishments of our leading men. In my opinion the difficulty arose from the fact that the maximum amount was limited; and since the rule on the point has been changed the sum contributed has begun to show not only a visible, but a marked increase. Perhaps this may be useful as a hint to be considered by those who will take the preliminary steps toward the carrying out of the idea suggested by the REGISTER."

Hon. Edward Blake, M. P., when asked for his opinion, would not depart from the rule which he has followed for thirty years in the matter of giving his views for publication. Nevertheless, he incidentally expressed his hearty approval of the proposal to publicly honor the memory of a man to whom Canadians in general and Irish Canadians in particular owe a debt of gratitude. He also asserted his desire to do all he could to help to bring the project to a successful conclusion by any means in his power.

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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER X.

HAMILTON, January, 18—.

DEAR — Since I wrote my last you went to see the Island of St. George with a party of ladies from the Hotel. St. George was formerly the chief town of the Islands and the residence of the Governor; the House of Assembly and Public Buildings formerly concentrated here, but it is now occupied by forts and barracks. Moore states in one of his letters that the Island of St. George is a lovely place. That was in 1801. It is chiefly used as a military station now. Moore says, "Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbor of St. George's Isle. The number of beautiful islets, the clearness of the water and the animated play of the graceful little boats gliding forever between the islands, and coming to sail from one cedar grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined."

ST. GEORGE'S BAY.

"That little Bay where turning in  
From ocean's rude and angry din,  
As lovers steal to bliss,  
The billows kiss the shore, and then  
Flow back into the deep again,  
As though they did not kiss.

And while I sing the animated smiles  
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,  
Believe, mon ami, when zephyrs bland  
Floated our bark to this enchanted land—  
Those leafy isles upon the ocean thrown  
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone—  
Not all the charm that ethio fancy gave  
To bleached arbors o'er the western wave  
Could wake a dream more soothing or sub-  
lime  
Of bowers ethereal and the spirit's clime."  
MOORE.

We drove over the causeway, which is an excellent, smooth road; it was constructed in 1871. Up to that time the only way of getting to St. George was by boat across the narrow entrance channel called the Reach. During a gale this passage was extremely dangerous; so, to the delight of all classes, this causeway was built. An iron swing bridge was also placed at the other side across the channel. This iron bridge was constructed in England and sent out in pieces. The whole cost of the causeway was \$140,000.

The colored *cocher* who drove our conveyance took us first to view the Parish Church (Episcopal), called St. Peter's, the walls of which are almost covered with handsome marble tablets. It is saddening to read of the great number who died of yellow fever in 1858, cut off in the prime of life. These tablets display fine sculpture, and in some ancient ones the quaint phraseology of former times arrests attention, notably that erected to the good Governor Popple, and also that to the unfortunate Governor Campbell, who succumbed to the fever eight days after his arrival in Bermuda.

On leaving the church we went up the narrow street towards the hill, on which much of the town is built. The streets are so narrow that two fairly stout persons would almost jostle each other in passing on the side-walk. Those streets were constructed before carriages were known in the Islands. These narrow streets winding up the hill, with their gardens hemmed in by high walls, over which hang different species of cacti, with papaws, bananas and plantains towering above, and the graceful form of the palmetto surmounting the whole, strongly reminded us of a picture of an old Spanish town which we saw in a picture gallery.

We intended to go up to the Signal Station, or Barrack Hill, from which a fine view may be obtained, and afterwards to visit Old Fort, at the entrance of St. George's Harbor, Fort Victoria, Fort Albert, Fort St. Catherine, and also Ordnance Islet, which, standing alone inshore near the landing steps, was formerly a bare, rocky eminence, but is now nearly covered with buildings, entrepots,

magazines, &c., containing a large store of ammunition as well as offices for the Engineering Department. However, on our way up the hill our onward career is checked by the commotion going on among the defenders of our country, who seemed to be much excited, and were actively running up and down hill fully equipped in martial array with swords, guns and bayonets ready for use.

We began to wonder if some foreign power—perhaps the Chinese, who are said to be building up a Navy—or the Russians, tired of bull-doing the poor Poles, had come over to take Bermuda, hearing of the absence of the *Bellerophon* and others of H. M. S. mon-of-war, which had left us comparatively unprotected since their departure for the West Indies. After some consideration and discussion this theory was unanimously rejected; so plucking up courage and following in the wake of the gallant red-coats we made inquiries of some of their colored admirers, who stood gazing at the scene. We found that it was a sham battle, which would be quite a novel entertainment for us.

Some of our party were rather timid and we all thought it prudent to withdraw beyond the range of any stray shots; so we went "half a league" onward to the top of a hill, where we could safely observe the battle field. We were *entrenched* behind a rock, and from our *ambuscade* we watched the vigorous onslaught made by the attacking forces, and the valiant defence of the besieged in the Fort. Some were on their knees taking aim, others crouching behind a hill, or a rock, firing at the enemy, and still others running along the brow of the rocky ledge.

"The surly drums beat terrible afar,  
With all the dreadful music of the war."

The officers, waving their swords,  
urged on their men.

"Forward the Light Brigade.

Flashed all their sabres bare,  
Flashed as they waved in air.  
Forward the Light Brigade,  
Charge for the guns, they said.  
Plunged in the battery-smoke,  
Right through the line they broke.  
Oh! the wild charge they made!  
All of us wondered!"

The amiable enemy, who evidently followed the Scriptural maxim, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," harmed them not. *Que roulez vous.*

"Take not away the life you cannot give,  
For all things have an equal right to live."

"Peace, thy olive wand extend,  
And bid wild war his ravage end;  
Man with brother man to meet,  
And as a brother kindly greet."

"Grim visaged war hath smoothed his  
wrinkled front."

The battle being over we descended from our elevated position and met them after their bloodless victory marching triumphantly along, the band in front gaily playing, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and empty ambulances bringing up the rear.

Watching this sham-battle, I was reminded of the story which has been told of the battle of Monte Rotondo, Nov. 8, 1867, in which 5,000 Papal Zouaves defeated, chased, and dislodged from their intrenchments 12,000 of Garibaldi's banditti in a hand-to-hand fight. It was *sauve qui peut* with the Garibaldians. The French soldiery, always inclined to raillery and punning, baptized the battle, instead of Monte Rotondo, "*Montre ton dos*" (show thy back).

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare's o'er;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking:  
Dream of battled fields no more,  
Days of danger, nights of waking.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare's o'er;  
Dream of fighting fields no more;  
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,  
Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

As we are amongst warriors this poem may not be out of place after seeing a sham battle. This description of War, or rather of a battle, is

enough to make one's flesh creep with horror. It seems quite a contrast to the *sham* battle.

"Oh! the bellowing thunders!  
The shudders, the shocks!  
When thousands 'gainst thousands  
Come clashing like rocks!  
When the rain is all scarlet,  
The clouds are half fire,  
And men's sinews are snapped  
Like the threads of a lyre!  
When each litter's a hearse,  
And each bullet a knell;  
When each breath is a curse,  
And each bosom a hell!"

A. PROCTOR.

We read of "Battle's magnificently stern array."

"But when all's past, it is humbling to tread  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,  
And see worms of the earth, and fowls of the air,  
And beasts of the forest, all gathering there—  
All regarding man as their prey,  
All rejoicing in his decay."

I fear this letter will be too long if I write any more, so I shall continue my description of St. George's Island and the Forts, &c., in my next. I will conclude by asking why don't you write more often? Letters from home are the very sweetest kind of reading.

"Kind messages that pass from land to land;  
Kind letters that betray the heart's own history,  
In which we feel the pressure of a hand,  
And that warm affection which is no mystery."

What do you think of those names for a signature? Adelborontiphosco-phornio. Where have you left Chrononhotonthrologos? said Fadladimida, enquiring for her husband, the King of the Antipodes.

Adieu, PLACIDA.



James E. Nicholson.

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Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 403 Montcalm street, Montreal has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. Up to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with inflammation of the lungs, which would bring her to the very verge of death. This was followed by bronchitis for the rest of the year. Her bronchial tubes were affected to such an extent that it was with difficulty she could breathe, and a draught of outside air would make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a constant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my affairs nor to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. I had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt that they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and the addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cured I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on a up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or the least pant for breath, and since that time I have enjoyed the best of health. Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period of former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not think it possible for me to say too much in favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of which in other cases as well as mine has proved invaluable.

A depraved or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

Oct. 12—Feria.  
13—St. Edward.  
14—St. Callistus.  
15—St. Theresa.  
16—Feria.  
17—St. Hedwige.  
18—St. Luke.

## This Picture and That.

In March, 1869, the conditions of the transfer of the Territory of the North-West, including what is now Manitoba, to the Canadian Confederation were settled between the Imperial Government, the Canadian Commissioners, and the Hudson's Bay Company. The inhabitants of the country were utterly ignored. Later on it became necessary for Lord Grenville, the then Secretary for the Colonies, to caution the Government of Canada "that the old inhabitants of the country be treated with such forethought and consideration as may preserve them from the dangers of the approaching change."

This wise advice was not acted upon. On the contrary, it was necessary for Lord Grenville to write again on November 3, 1869, "The Canadian Government have by this measure given occasion to an outburst of violence in the Territory," and so grave was the blunder that the Imperial Government felt obliged to take upon themselves a closer direction of the affair, with the intention of "exhausting all means of explanation and conciliation before having recourse to force."

All other means being found unavailing, it was found necessary to send to Rome, where Bishop Tache was engaged in ceremonies and deliberations dear to his heart as a zealous son of the Church, the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. From these duties he was obliged to obtain leave from the Sovereign Pontiff; but such was the gravity of the situation into which the Government had floundered in their blundering, and such was the weight of the influence of the missionary who had labored among them for so many years, that Pius IX. dispensed even with the ordinary rules of allowing the departure of a Bishop from the Council, blessed Bishop Tache and his mission, and added with emotion, "I bless the people of the Red River, on condition that they will listen to your advice and live in peace and charity."

Bishop Tache, thus trebly armed, armed with the authority of the Government, the mediation of the Pope, and his own great influence, took the winter's journey to Canada. Arriving in Montreal he was met by Sir George Cartier, who said to him, "I am

happy to see you; we have blundered and you must help us to undo the mischief."

The result was all that could be desired. But how could that result be accomplished? Solely because of the fact that the good Bishop bore with him on his winter mission a letter from the Governor-General containing the assurance that "right would be done in all cases" and that "the people may rely that respect and attention will be extended to the different religious persuasions." There was also a proclamation drawn up in accordance with instructions from Lord Grenville, which contained this passage to which Sir John Young drew Bishop Tache's attention, "By Her Majesty's authority I do assure you that on the Union with Canada all your civil and religious rights and privileges will be respected."

There is no Catholic and there are few non-Catholics not aware of the convictions of Catholics in the matter and of the convictions of the Church in all countries concerning religious instruction for Her children. They were made known by and made known to the Governor General of Canada when the assistance of a Bishop and the good will of a Pope were necessary to peace and settlement. They are known to those who have sought to force Catholics to accept Protestant schools in Manitoba. They are known, and the principles of justice are known, to those who sought to confiscate the school property of the Catholics in that Province. They are known to those who have proclaimed themselves content now that a minority have been oppressed by a majority. They are known to those who think the question settled because it at present stands square with their views. And they are known to all who have learned the history of similar movements to crush out Catholic life in Ireland, and have found the Church strongest to bear, and best able to recuperate when her trials were greatest.

The Church that will last "to the consummation of the world" is not now for the first time pronounced vanquished. But that is a deeper question than need be discussed when pointing out the shame and disgrace that attach to those who disregard the terms of honor and uprightness that in the beginning secured peace. What a change there is between the time when a proclamation assured that "all civil and religious rights and privileges will be respected," and now when Catholics are made to share in the support and even the old debt of Protestant schools. What matters it that the law approves the infamy! Right and justice and liberty are above the law and law is amenable and subject to them. This question will not be settled until it be settled upon these lines, for without justice and mutual toleration there is no real community of freemen.

## Examine Your Tax Bills.

Catholics have until the fifteenth of the present month to make any necessary appeals against improper rating as Public School supporters. The matter is of great importance to the Separate Schools as even with the greatest care some errors will go

unrectified and monies that should in right and justice go to the support of Separate Schools are diverted by the very simple mistake of the assessor toward the Public Schools.

In any case where it is found that a wrong entry has been made an appeal should be at once entered and the classification changed. If you have not time yourself, hand the tax bill to a trustee or to the parish priest who will see to its correction.

## Secret Societies in Politics.

In the *Century* for October Washington Gladden again takes up the cudgels against the A.P.A., discussing the place organized secrecy should have in the conduct of public business. His argument may be very well applied to the conditions in this country, where the secret society as a governing force has long ago taken root and flourished.

After admitting the need and propriety of secrecy in all that concerns the sacredness of the family, the original society group, he continues: "But when any organization undertakes to influence or direct public affairs, there must be no more secrecy. The first law of public business is the law of publicity. What concerns the whole public the whole public has a right to know all about. A group of citizens, meeting in secret, and scheming to impose their will by stealth or indirection upon the community, is as much out of place in a republic as a cinder in the eye or a tumor on the brain. What these people are trying to do directly concerns me; my freedom, my security, my welfare are to be affected by their action; yet I am not permitted to know anything about their designs; I cannot discuss their measures with them; I must simply accept what they in their secret conclaves decree."

The worst feature of the discussion ament lodge rule is the apparent unwillingness of responsible public journals to speak the truth about it. The *Century* has proved that it is possible for a reputable publication to attack the system without any loss to itself. The only one of our own papers that openly faced this particular organization in Ontario, succeeded in making it despised and ridiculed by the readers of that paper. But what called forth this denunciation was but a spasm. A greater, more widespread evil manifests itself and has for years existed in every organized community in the Province, where secret organizations have been alert enough to keep the offices in the clutches of their members. If they were successful up to the extent to which their numbers entitled them to consideration, the evil would be to some extent mitigated. But they are not content with less than everything. As an example of this it was freely stated at the time of the last municipal election in Toronto that the only Catholic on the permanent staff in the City Hall buildings, for there were only one, was an office boy.

Let those who pride themselves upon the superiority of their civilization ponder upon so glaring an anomaly and ask themselves whether the system they allow to be thus perpetuated is like to the healthy town meeting of

the New England where liberty could not be suppressed, or like the Paris League whose secret machinations destroyed the peace of France.

The times are ripe for a crusade against this iniquity, and success waits upon them who will begin it.

## The McGee Statue.

The favor with which the suggestion of a statue to D'Arcy McGee was met, appears from the interviews printed on another page. The prevailing sentiment seems to be that the movement has been delayed too long already, and that now the first step has been taken, every Irishman and every Catholic will be willing to do his share in carrying the work to completion.

There is, of course, no reason whatever, why the contributors should be confined within the classes mentioned. As was said by one reader, "If Sir John Macdonald were alive he would say amen to the proposition with right good will," and this but indicates the estimation in which McGee was held by men of all kinds in the Dominion. The feelings of Mr. Blake may be inferred from the report.

But no matter what may be the assistance derivable from such sources, the work will devolve very largely upon Catholic Irishmen to whom more than to any others, this project should be, and, no doubt, will be, a matter of personal pride and solicitude. It becomes necessary, therefore, that a committee of organization be at once formed to whom subscriptions may be sent, and by whom designs may be received.

One gentleman, who was interviewed, touched a responsive chord when he spoke of the encouragement to Canadian art which is contained in the proposals. Art, for its own sake, has never received the support it should in this country. Those painters who attain to proficiency in knowledge of the beautiful and the ability to present it, have been obliged to seek other countries for the rewards of their genius and study. This is not as it should be in a province which boasts one of the best systems of education known in the present day world.

Apropos of this shortcoming of ours, there came recently a letter from a Canadian now travelling in Ireland. The first things spoken of are the monuments and statues of Dublin. Statues of Father Mathew, O'Connell, Nelson, Sir John Grey, the thirty figures clustering round the pedestal of the O'Connell monument, reminding him who runs of the great movement for Emancipation; Smith O'Brien, Moore, Burke, Goldsmith, Grattan, Steele, Cardinal McCabe, Davis and Mitchel. How strange and new must be the emotions aroused in the mind of the young man who arrives in such a place after leaving Toronto and its disregard of the greatness of the men who won her liberties and made her laws. We look to the early institution of practical steps to begin the work.

"May God pardon the authors and abettors of such wrong doings and enlighten them that they may comprehend that the maltreatment of the minority will, in the long run, prove injurious to this Province, its adjacent Territories and even to the whole Dominion."—*Archbishop Tache.*

**The Horns of a Dilemma.**

*Harper's Weekly*, a newspaper sometime anti-Catholic, sometime Republican, and now a supporter of Cleveland and an opponent of Tammany, discusses the present contest in New York in very despairing tones. The writer would seem to look place in "the night's Plutonian shore" so black is the outlook. On the one hand is Morton, the choice of Platt, the Republican "Boss" and on the other, Hill, the choice, as is said, of Tammany. Estimating the evils, *Harper's* chooses the less, which is Morton, and insists that Tammany, like Carthage, must be destroyed.

According to last reports, Tammany needs pretty severe handling indeed. If it be true that not only the police but the elective magistracy are in league with crime, it is high time to cry a halt. It looks as if the Lexow investigating Committee were going to get at the bottom of the infamy, if there is any bottom to it.

But what a pretty position our Catholic friends over there are in! They are to choose between the corruption of Tammany on the one hand and a Republican compact with bigotry on the other. Senator Hill in his nomination speech took full advantage of the opportunity left him by the enemy. He dealt with the question in a clear, and it must be said, a manly fashion. "The Democratic party," he said, "stands in this State as it has ever stood, for that religious liberty which is guaranteed by our constitution, and I arraign the Republican party for its covert sympathy with and encouragement of the proscriptive spirit which attempts to set up a religious test as a qualification for official preferment in this land of the free, and which is propagated by a certain political organization which deserves execration at the hands of every fair-minded man, but which the Republican state convention last week distinctly refused, though earnestly urged, to condemn. Our duty is plain, and I believe we shall perform it, and if, perchance, adherence to the right brings disaster, we shall bravely accept our fate and take our place in private stations by the side of our proscribed fellow-citizens until reason, justice and true religious freedom shall resume their sway, as surely they will."

With words like these on one side and only silence opposite, a silence that speaks louder even than Hill's words, it may require a larger magnifying glass than the one now brought to bear upon Tammany, to make Catholics leave the ranks of the Democracy. What Catholic Republicans will do, is harder to guess.

**Oliver Wendell Holmes.**

There is no rule so acceptable as that of a good autocrat, and there was never an autocrat so widely beloved, so little condemned as the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table who has just passed away with the fulness of years and honors upon him. Dr. Holmes was one of the moving forces in American literature, doing much to chasten and develop it although never claiming to be in the ranks of the pro-

found. He is to Americans what Charles Lamb is to Englishmen, and his influence for good will be felt long after his quiet personal goodness and loveableness have been in large measure forgotten.

"I love my country; I would like to see its political institutions admired; I would be happy to feel that the freedom they are supposed to afford is enjoyed by all. But alas! the events of the last few years are not showing Canada and Canadians to the best advantages."—*Archbishop Tache.*

**Editorial Notes.**

The *Globe* of Tuesday says: "The CATHOLIC REGISTER suggests that the memory of Thomas D'Aarcy McGeo should be preserved by the erection of a statue. McGeo was a brilliant man in many walks of life, and perhaps the diffusion of his talents did something to lessen the flame that would have burned more freely if more concentrated. He was, however, the first of Canadian orators, a lyrical writer of uncommon merit, and in prose has told most interestingly the story of that land which he loved so well. He lived at a time of great events, and in the midst of men of mark, but he easily held his place amongst the highest and excelled his contemporaries in witty and graceful oratory. That he met a martyr's death only adds to his claim to be remembered by posterity, for it will convey the lesson that, while the assassin may cut short a great man's life, he cannot destroy his title to immortality.

Rev. Dr. Treacy said in the course of his lecture on the Catacombs the other evening: "This has, in all ages, been regarded as a test of a nation's morality and greatness—the respect paid to the memory of its departed heroes. By it are the minds of youth stimulated to the pursuit of glory, a pursuit which redounds to the greatness and glory of the country itself."

Speaking of the proposal to erect a statue to Tecumseh in London, the *Empire* says, "The proposal is one which deserves to succeed. Such tributes to the pioneers of the country will stand as a lasting credit to the generation which erects them. We cannot have too many reminders of how the independence of this country was preserved and its development secured, because there is not a page in our history for which Canadians need ever be ashamed."

Nearly six thousand people were present at the Catholic Truth Society annual meeting in Preston, England.

Pere Didon is personally conducting a party of his young friends from the Ecole Albert-le-Grand, at Arcueil, in a delightful trip to Constantinople.

While in Toronto the Knights of St. John and Malta were talking about excluding Catholics from membership last week, the labor organizations in St. Louis were discussing whether A.P.A. men should not be dismissed. In St. Louis the names of the A.P.A. members are being published week by week by an energetic Catholic paper.

The church of St. Augustine, the oldest in Boston, celebrated its seventy-fifth anniversary a few days ago. It was dedicated eleven years after the erection of the diocese which in 1808 included all New England and was a suffragan of Baltimore. In 1843 there were in the six New England states but thirty-four priests. Now there are one Archbishop, Eight Bishops, 1,181 priests, 745 churches 418 chapels and a catholic population of 1,400,000.

**Notes by the Way.**

A run of thirty-two miles after leaving Orillia brings the traveller to the town of Midland. In the days gone by when the lumber trade was a thriving industry the town was full of activity. Now, however, somewhat of the glory has departed and some of the mills are closed. It is hoped that there will soon be an extensive revival in this important industry and that those who have been obliged to depart will return to their homes. Midland has about two thousand of a population.

The stage is still a thing of present in this part of the country. Three miles of it over a good road have to be covered before one reaches Penetanguishene, a place that will always occupy a position of prominence in the annals of the Church in Ontario. This was the scene of the heroic labors of the Jesuit Fathers long years ago. That they and their deeds and zeal have not been forgotten is attested by the presence of the memorial church, which in point of beauty can compare with almost any of its fellows in the more portentous places. The work of its erection is an immense undertaking, but under the care of the active parish priest, Father Laboureau, there is every reason to expect an edifying success. Penetanguishene has a very attractive and progressive appearance. Many new buildings are in course of construction, notably among them the new Northern Hotel of Mr. Jos. Dasome. There is an active branch of the C. M. B. A., also, whose members did much to enhance the pleasure of my visit. Mr. Harford, the delegate, has good words for St. John and its people.

Elmvale and Phelpsston are two of the next places visited. The latter has a twelve thousand dollar church in the charge of Rev. Father Guerin. The parish comprises the townships Fios and Modane and part of Vespra. Many fine farms are to be seen in this vicinity although some of them are not yet in the fullest state of advancement. Immense stacks of straw at frequent intervals along the way show these farms to be capable of producing good results. One thing will be quickly impressed upon any stranger in this district; that is the way in which people of all denominations join in showing respect to the zealous priest, Father Guerin, who is by all odds the most widely esteemed person in the neighborhood. M.

**Rev. Bro. Arnold.**

The many friends in this section of the Dominion will be pleased to hear that Rev. Bro. Arnold, who has been for years suffering from acute rheumatism, and who passed through this city last week on his return from the Hot Springs of Arkansas, is now almost completely restored to his old-time vigor. This is gratifying news, especially to the citizens of Toronto, by a large number of whom, irrespective of creed, he was deservedly esteemed. It is seventeen years since the good Bro. was called to Montreal—his present field of labor—and for ten years previously he remained with us, faithfully carrying on the work of the Christian Schools here, and making himself useful generally as a worthy and obliging citizen. His old friends will join the REGISTER in wishing Bro. Arnold yet many years in the service of his noble and holy vocation.

**Obituary.**

On Tuesday the 2nd October a quiet and worthy citizen of Perth, Mr. Richard Graham, grocer, died after a brief illness at the age of 65 years. Deceased was a native of County Westmeath, Ireland, and came to Canada in 1846, living in Perth ever since. During a long sojourn there he has won many friends by his kind and forbearing manners. His wife, who is a daughter of the late John MacNamara, a government pensioned school teacher, together with two daughters are bereft of a fond husband and father and abundant sympathy is felt for them. Mr. Graham was a devout Catholic.

**The Archbishop's Tour.**

On Sunday last His Grace Archbishop Walsh confirmed about seventy five children at Newmarket. The Church was filled to overflowing by people of all denominations. In the evening Rev. F. Ryan, S.J. preached to a very large congregation.

On Tuesday His Grace administered the Sacrament at Brentwood and on Wednesday at Stayner. To night (Thursday) he will deliver an address in Stayner on the subject "What Catholics do not believe." On Sunday confirmation will be administered to a large class in Collingwood.

**Notice to Correspondents.**

All communications intended for publication in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER must be at this office not later than Tuesday morning. H. McC's letter is unavoidably held over.

The Duke D'Aosta, nephew of the King of Italy, arrived at Cateborough, the residence of Lord Carow, last week.

**The Maples.**

*For The Register.*

Emblems of our lovely Land!  
Sermons ye are preaching,  
Ablar than orations grand;  
Silent but heart reaching.

Touched by Beauty's fairy wand,  
Forth ye stand in glory;  
Whispering to breezes fond  
All the wondrous story.

Comes the cruel autumn blast,  
Hurle to earth thy splendor!  
Hearing as it hastens past  
Walls of sad surrender.

So, when Fortune's beaming smile  
Lights up Fame's adorning,  
Ah! how oft does Death the while  
Sound his notes of warning!

—*Howe E.*

**One Day.**

The trees rustle; the wind blows  
Merrily out of the town;  
The shadows creep, the sun goes  
Steadily over and down.

In a crown gloom the moats gleam  
Slender the sweet wife stands;  
Her lips are red; her eyes dream  
Kisses are warm on her hands.

The child moans; the hours slip  
Bitterly over her head;  
In the gray dusk the tears drop;  
Mother is up there dead.

The hermit hears the strange bright  
Murmur of life at play;  
In the waste day and the waste night  
Times to rebel and to play.

The laborer toils in gray wise,  
Godlike and patient and calm;  
The beggar moans; his bleared eyes  
Measure the dust on his palm.

The wise man marks the flow and ebb  
Hidden and held aloof;  
In his deep mind is laid the web,  
Shuttles are driving the wool.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

**Transitton.**

*CYRILLE LAVIGNE.*

We used to call her Kitty when she crept  
about the floor,  
Which softened into Kate when she reached  
the age of four;  
Her wisdom and her manners, and her many  
little tricks  
Made her Kit to all companions at the dainty  
age of six.

But she grew so large and rapidly at school  
—then she was eight,  
That no one failed to call her by the pretty  
name of Kate.

At ten her First Communion made her long  
to be, sweet one!  
Like Prato's dear Dominican, St. Catherine  
—a nun.

At twelve, with tears to convent halls she  
fearful went away,  
And Catherine, so sweet and good, came  
back, and with a K.

Fourteen, and with simplicity of ancient  
days, and style,  
She made it Kathryn—nor did we offend  
her with a smile.

She graduates this year, my love! she's  
budding sweet sixteen,  
And when she writes her signet reads:—  
Your own fond one, KATHLEEN.

**The King's Sabbath.**

Once idly in his hall King Olavo sat  
Pondering, and with his dagger whittled  
chips;  
And one drew near to him with austere  
lips,

Saying, "To-morrow is Monday," and at  
that  
The King said nothing, but held forth his  
flat

Broad palm, and bending on his mighty  
hips,  
Took up and mutely laid therein the  
slips

Of scattered wood as on a hearth, and gat  
From off the embers near, a burning brand.  
Kindling the pile with this, the dreaming  
Dane

Sat silent with his eyes set and his bland  
Proud mouth, tight woven, smiling, drawn  
with pain

Watching the fierce fire flare, and wax  
and wane,  
His and burn down upon his shrivelled  
hand.

—*Archibald Lampman.*

The Republic of Andorra recently purchased a Krupp gun. The republic is however too small to admit of practice with the new toy as a shot fired from it must strike outside the boundary. The republic is in the Pyrenees and has an area of 450 square miles.

## A PRIEST'S DEVOTION.

An Incident of the Forest Fires.

Now that the smoke of the terrible forest fire around Hinckley and Sandstone has cleared away, and the noble charity of the State of Minnesota has relieved the immediate need of a people who saved nothing but their lives, it may be well to call attention to the heroic action of the Catholic priest of Hinckley, Rev. Father Lawlor. When it became evident that the fated town of Hinckley was about to be destroyed, the Rev. Father called on all whom he could reach and implored them to betake themselves, at once, to the neighboring sand pit and in the hurry and agony, loudly begged men, women and children to follow him to safety.

Terrible to tell, many men swearing and blaspheming hastened with horses and wagons to seek escape through the woods, but they were at once overtaken by the fire which swept down on them like a tornado. The Rev. Father seeing that the sand pit was likely to be crowded, went without hesitation to seek still another refuge, and having found it, brought many women and children to this place of safety. There, encouraging the trembling refugees as they stood in the water; consoling those who were sick and faint; while his own head and eyes were as if melting with the heat; he tore his coat in two and dipping it in the water placed one portion over the heads of a mother and her babe to keep them cool; doing the like with the other half to save poor scorching children; his hat, too, he made use of to pour water on the heads of his suffering companions, some of whom died in his presence. Forgetful of himself he did all that lay in him for the poor sufferers.

Father Lawlor is now at St. Mary's Hospital, Duluth, and has lost everything; both Church and House are blotted out—vestment, altar service, household good, are ashes. The good Father, who by his coolness and courage in this fearful calamity, saved so many lives, makes no pretence to the heroic; newspapers will not have much to say of him; yet it would be a suitable recognition of his fearless Christian manhood to rebuild for him both house and church and to supply them with all that is needful for religious service and renewed action in behalf of God's honor and the people's good. The highest reward Father Lawlor seeks, is the opportunity of laboring anew amongst his suffering people.

## A Protestant View.

The Roman Catholic church, according to Dr. Briggs, is more tolerant than any Protestant church. The learned doctor is a competent witness upon this point. Dr. McGlynn's case was cited as the best evidence that could be submitted to prove his proposition. That case was settled in Rome according to principles of equity and Christian toleration. The doctor criticised severely the waste of endeavor in Protestant circles in maintaining so many isms, sects and sub-divisions based upon purely human interpretations of scriptural passages. "The statistics of our Protestant churches," he said, "are startling. They show that if the same management is followed bankruptcy is inevitable. The average number of communicants to each Roman Catholic clergyman in this country is 685, to the Protestant clergyman 142. I confidently assert that we can spare 50,000 out of our 99,000 clergymen, and still do better work than we are doing now, if we can only get nearer Christian unity. Of course, out of this 50,000 we would dismiss the ignorant, the weak and the lazy. There is an ample field for those who can do good work in the missions of Asia and Africa. There are on the average 709 communicants

in every Roman Catholic church in this country and only 105 in the Protestant. Of the \$549,000,000 invested in Protestant churches in this country, we can spare, at least \$200,000,000, if we can have Christian unity. Let us treat this as a practical question and labor for it."

## Fun.

"There's been a true bill found against Girkus."  
"Indeed! What is he charged with?"  
"Groceries."

"My task in life," said the pastor, complacently, "consists in saving young men."  
"Ah!" replied the maiden, "save a good one for me, won't you?"—*Life*

There is a story told of a colored girl who happened to meet a gentleman going down the street and who got on the same side of the narrow walk; then both started for the other side, and another collision was imminent. They then danced back and dodged again, when the colored girl suddenly stopped and said: "See heah, mister, what am dis gwine to be, a schottische or a waltz?"—*Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer-Sun.*

It used to be told of General Logan, who was a member of Congress at the breaking out of the war, that when he saw there was really going to be a fight, he seized a musket, slipped out of Washington, and walked all the way to Bull Run, where he arrived just in time to have a hand in the fray.

He wore a dress coat, but he stood his ground as long as any one. The rout was complete, and the next morning, a good deal out of breath, he was back at the capital, telling some of his fellow congressmen what he had seen.

"Who gave you this account of the fight?" asked a member from northern New York, as he joined the group.

"Why, I was there myself," said Logan. The New Yorker was mystified. Apparently he had not heard the news.

"You were there?" he exclaimed. "Are the cars running?"

"No," said Logan, "the cars ain't running, but every other thing in the State of Virginia is, as near as I could make out."—*Youth's Companion.*

Once upon a time, away back in the '60s, there was only one Pullman car. That was known as car A. It cost \$40,000. Car A ran out of Chicago on the Alton road. George M. Pullman had evolved it. When his idea had been put into wood he mounted it on sixteen wheels and attached it to a train. Then he, personally, sold the right to sleep in it for 50 cents a chance—or 50 cents a risk, if you prefer it, for it was about one man out of five who could possibly sleep in car A of the '60s.

Fifty cents was the price, and two in a berth was the rule, an unwelcome as the laws of the Medes and Persians. If some sybarite wished to sleep by himself and was extravagant enough to pay for the luxury, he paid \$1. Then he temporarily owned the berth.

One night, going out of Chicago, a long, lean, ugly man, with a wart on his cheek, came into the depot. He paid George M. Pullman 50 cents, and a half berth was assigned him. Then he took off his coat and vest as I hung them up, and they fitted the peg about as well as they fitted him. Then he kicked off his boots, which were of surprising length, turned into the berth, and, having an easy conscience, was sleeping like a healthy baby before the car left the depot.

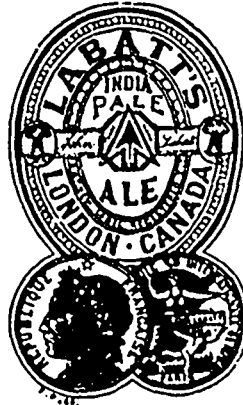
Along came another passenger, and paid his 50 cents. In two minutes he was back at George Pullman.

"There's a man in that berth of mine," said he, hotly, "and he's about ten feet high. How am going to sleep there, I'd like to know. Go and look at him."

In went Pullman—mad, too. The tall, lank man's knees were under his chin, his arms were stretched across the bed, and his feet were stored comfortably—for him. Pullman shook him until he awoke, and told him if he wanted the whole berth he would have to pay \$1.

"My dear sir," said the tall man, "a contract is a contract. I have paid you 50 cents for half this berth, and, as you see, I'm occupying it. There's the other half," pointing to a strip about six inches wide. "Sell that and don't disturb me again." And, so saying, the man with a wart on his face went to sleep again. He was Abraham Lincoln.—*Philadelphia Record.*

STILL ANOTHER TRIUMPH—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but for years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

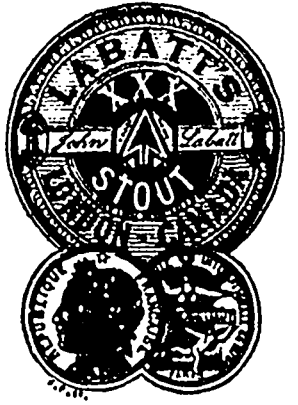


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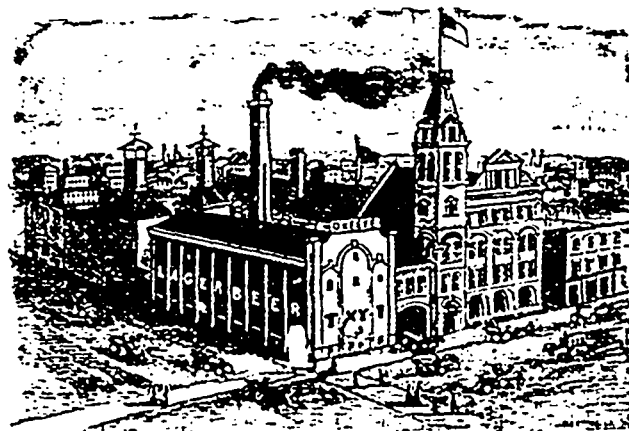
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

On Monday Mr. W. R. Shokleton, Q. C., Revising Barrister for the County, sat in the Court House, Ballyclare, and proceeded with the revision of the voters' lists for the polling districts of Ballyclare, Lylehill, Parkgate and Kells. Mr. Thomas Cunningham acted as registrar. Mr. W. H. Arbuthnot, solicitor, Belfast, represented the Troy party. The Nationalists also looked keenly after the interests of the party.

Armagh.

John Noble, Lurgan, was loading one of his carts in Lurgan the other day when his horse moved forward and he fell on the pavement, sustaining injuries to the head and spine. He died on Tuesday.

Carlow.

The foundation stone of Carlow water-works reservoir was laid at Killeahin last week, amidst every element of eclat which a representative assemblage, an imposing ceremonial and a generous display of civic hospitality could lend to the occasion. The chairman of the Town Commissioners, Mr Michael Governey, invited many citizens to luncheon.

Cavan.

Died—At Main street, Ballboy, John McManus. Interment was in Tullycorbet Cemetery; funeral was immensely attended.

Clare.

Lieut. William Henn, R. N., oldest son of Thomas Rice Henn, Paradise Hill, Kildyart, Recorder of Galway, died at his father's residence Sept. 3, after a brief illness. Lieut. Henn, who was heir to the extensive estate of his father and owner of the famous yacht Galatea, the winner of many prizes in American and English waters, lived entirely on board the vessel mentioned. He paid a visit to America on the occasion of the match between the Valkyrie and Vigilant, with a view of witnessing the event, subsequently traveling through Mexico and portions of the United States. Lieut. Henn was attacked with bronchitis, which subsequently developed with fatal results. He was a member of the Royal Geographic Society, and a magistrate and grand juror for Clare County, and was only 47 years old. He was married to a Scotch lady, by whom there is no issue. Mr. Francis Blackburne Henn, R. M., Sligo, formerly pursebearer to his grandfather, the late Lord Chancellor Blackburne, Ireland, in consequence of the death of his brother, now inherits the estate. The Henn estate covers an area of 7,664 acres in this country.

Cork.

Adolph Frietsch arrived in Queenstown during the past week from New York, having crossed the Atlantic in a small craft 40 feet in length and 9 feet in beam. He made the trip in thirty-five days. He intended to remain two weeks in Queenstown and Cork exhibiting himself and craft.

The waters on the west coast of Cork are at present alive with fish, oven large quantities of salmon being captured in nets in ocean waters, while over 600,000 mackerel were captured in Dunmanus Bay, near Skull, on Friday. The glut is so great that, for want of buyers or sufficient hands to cure them for the United States, thousands of fish were thrown back again from off the pier into the sea.

Down.

Edward Hunter, Joseph Mobray, Joseph Orr, Joseph Tracy and John Armstrong, living in Londonderry, were arrested by District Inspector O'Connell and other officers on the charge of having placed upon the rail of the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway a piece of metal known as a chair, with intent to endanger the safety of the travelers. Hunter and Mobray were kept in custody, but the other three were allowed out on bail. The obstacle was encountered near Derry City last Wednesday night, and broke an engine lifeguard.

Derry.

The fishing at Killoogh still keeps good, although the same remark does not apply to the herring fishing at Ardglass. The principal kind caught is whiting, haddock, codling and plaice.

Most Rev. Dr. McGivern, Bishop of Dro-more, recently visited the parish of Kil-bronney, administered the sacrament of Confirmation and Holy Communion to over 200 children.

Dublin.

On Saturday a young man named Robert Douglas, of 5 Auburn street, while fishing, fell into the Royal Canal near the Broad-stone, and was drowned.

Very Rev. N. J. Brennan of the French College, Blackrock, has been appointed to the presidency of the important house and college of the order at Trinidad.

Fermanagh.

With feelings of deep regret we chronicle the death of Miss Ellen McPhillips, Eniskillen, which occurred at the County Infirmary, Eniskillen, on the 30th of August. Deceased, who had been ailing for considerable time, was teacher in the schools in the Convent of Mercy for five years, and a member of the Sodality of the Children of Mary for ever two years. During her term in the schools both as a companion and a teacher she endeared herself to the children by her winning and affectionate manner.

Galway.

A man named John Coghlan, who was boating on the River Shannon, near Meollik, was drowned by the upsetting of his boat. Two others—Kolly and Higgins—were rescued in an exhausted condition.

Kerry.

A man named Bunyan, while excavating a sand pit near Ballyduff lately, sustained serious injuries by the sudden collapsing of a heavy bank of sand. The unfortunate man was almost buried, and only for the timely arrival of his wife he would have perished. As it was he sustained some serious injuries.

Kildare.

The annual excursion of the Kildare Archaeological Society took place recently and a very excellent programme arranged. Castledermot and Killea Castle—the latter the seat of Lord Walter Fitzgerald—were visited and several objects of great antiquarian and archaeological interest inspected. At the Franciscan Abbey ruins, Castledermot, the Most Rev. Dr. Comerford read a paper on the history and antiquities of the locality, and the Round Tower and two Celtic Crosses, with other ancient remains were inspected. Miss Margaret Stokes acting as cicerone. The party next drove to Killea Castle, where the Rev. Mr. Ganly read a descriptive paper, and the old churchyard and moat were examined.

Kilkenny.

C. F. Brennan of Kilkenny, a member of the Irish Road Club, who started from Mizen Head on Monday morning with the intention of creating a record of a bicycle ride between that point and Fair Head, the extreme point of Ireland, finished his journey at 8.10 on Tuesday evening, covering the distance, nearly 400 miles, in thirty-eight hours and forty minutes.

King's County.

On Sunday Very Rev. Dr. Monahan, vicar-general and dean of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, was entertained at a public dinner in the Harp Hotel, Banagher, and a complimentary address, with a purse of sovereigns, was presented to him, the spontaneous gift of his devoted parishioners of Banagher. A similar gratifying compliment was paid some time ago to this distinguished and venerated clergyman by his faithful parishioners of Cloghan.

Leitrim.

On Thursday a special court was held in Carrick-on-Shannon to hear charges of violent assault against Thomas MacNabula, Mullagmore, County Roscommon. It appeared from the evidence that MacNabula was subject to temporary spasms, during which he would make attacks on people, and on Wednesday evening, when perfectly sober, he made an attack on his brother, Michael, who lives in Carrick-on-Shannon, with a razor. He did not inflict any injury with the razor, but he gave him several blows on the face with his fist, causing ugly wounds. MacNabula then attacked his father. The plea of insanity was put in by prisoner's friends, and it was suggested sending him to an asylum, but Mr. Dalgan thought some imprisonment should be inflicted, and sentenced him to one month's imprisonment in Sligo Jail.

Longford.

A financial crisis has arisen in the Longford Union in consequence of the low rate struck last year. The union is now in debt to the extent of \$3,500.

Dr. Slovin of Longford Union is in such a shattered condition of health that his many friends fear he will not be able to hold office much longer.

Louth.

W. H. Kisbo, county court judge for Louth and Armagh, sat in the county Court-house, Dundalk, last week and concluded the revisions of the lists of voters for the polling districts of Dundalk, Louth, Dromiskin and Hackballscross. Mr. M. C. Moy-nagh, solicitor, appeared on behalf of the Dundalk branch of the Federation, while Mr. J. Loudon looked after the interests of the unionists.

Mayo.

By the death of Miss Celia Colleran second youngest daughter of Mr. Stephen Colleran, Glenheat, and sister of Rev. John J. Colleran, Administrator, Backs, a blank is created, not alone among her immediate relatives, but in the locality where she lived, and in which she was generally esteemed.

Meath.

National Federation branches are being steadily established in all the parishes of the county. The priests, as usual, are leading the national movement in the different localities.

The area of Lower Navan Barony is 25,838 acres. In the year 1841 the population was 16,161; in 1851, 12,523; 1861, 9,890; 1871, 8,799; 1881, 8,294; and at the time and the census was taken, in 1891, only 7,779. This statement shows a large and continual decrease in the population of the barony.

Monaghan.

Young John McMahon, Tyraverty, was knocked down by a horse which he was leading, and the wheel of the car passing over his neck killed him instantly. His father and mother were in the car at the time of the accident.

Mr. J. J. Downes of Carrickmacross was lately sworn in a Justice of County Mona-



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ghan before Dr. Cullen, Carrickmacross: The appointment of Dr. Downes, who is a guardian of Carrickmacross Union and a town commissioner, very popular with all classes. Mr. John Kerr, Clones, has also been appointed a Justice of the Peace.

Queen's County.

At the last meeting of the Mountmollick Board of Guardians a communication from the Local Government Board informed the guardians that they will recommend the Commissioners of Public Works to issue to the board the following, further instalments of loans under the Laborer's acts in 1889 and 1890, viz: Clonon Division, £10; Tiunnab-inch £ 0; Maryborough, £170, and Mount-rath £90: total, £280.

Roscommon.

The sudden death of Mr. John Flynn of Cleaboy House, Ballintubber on Sunday last, caused sincere regret. Last week he was in his usual health and attended the Dublin Horse Show, where he was one of the judges of the Roscommon sheep. He returned on Friday feeling unwell, but there was nothing to give grounds for any alarm until Sunday, when a change for the worse took place.

Sligo.

The telegraph office, which the Government had led Mr. Coltery, M. P., to believe would be established, has been abandoned. Mr. Coltery and constituents are greatly surprised at the action of the Postmaster-general.

A rural court was held last week and the police applied for further adjournment of the hearing of the charge against Ellen Curran, of Ratharrick, for on the 12th and 13th of July last endangering the life of Bridget Glendoeing of Clougherenagh, Sligo, by placing strychnine in a bowl of sugar. The application was granted and the accused was allowed out on bail.

Tyrone.

While a farmer named Brown of Stewartstown was on top of a load of hay tying it with a rope, the latter broke, and he fell to the ground and was killed.

Waterford.

Timothy's Freeman says: Yesterday morning a boatman named William Kench and his son of Moss street, Dublin, were rowing in the Liffey, opposite Sir John Rogerson's quay, when they heard a loud splash. They pulled at once to the spot and found a man struggling in the water. With some difficulty they succeeded in getting him on board the boat. The rescued one said his name was William Flynn, that he was a native of Waterford, that he was a draper by business, and that he had no friends in Dublin.

Westmeath.

At the Parochial House, Mullingar, Sept. 2, died Rev. Peter Kollaghan, pastor, at the fine old age of 70 years; sincerely regretted by his parishioners and his colleagues in the sacred ministry. Requiem services were very impressive and the funeral cortege was long.

Wexford.

Luke Cavanagh of Churchtown, recently returned from California, was discovered in a leaky boat off the Wexford coast, near Slade. He said he was going to sail to the United States, and that his port of destination was San Francisco.

Wicklow.

Mr. Patrick Paden of Bayview, Wicklow, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Wicklow.  
Mrs. Margret Sleater, Knockrig, died Sept. 2. Funeral was to Knockprtric and the cortege passed through Ballynglass.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Wisdon's Soothing Syrup for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

CUTLERY.

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Are supplying the Trade with their perior  
ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,

Brewed from the finest Malt and best Bavarian brand of Hops. They are highly recommended by the Medical faculty for their purity and strengthening qualities.

Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

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## China's Old Cathedral.

Late mails received from China bring details of the contemplated removal of the ancient Catholic cathedral of Peking, and the bestowal of high rank on the bishop and abbe of the diocese. The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that since 1702 this edifice has stood within the imperial city of China, and its lofty bell-tower, overlooking the imperial palace grounds, has been regarded as an obstacle to the good influences of the spirits that haunt the Chinese imaginations. Years passed, but all efforts to remove the building were fruitless until, during the last year, the arts of diplomacy prevailed, and the old cathedral is to be deserted. Its past history is full of interest, and through the kindness of Rev. Father Barbi, of St. Ignace College, a reporter obtained access to rare volumes in the library which give a history of the Cathedral from its inception. In 1672 Father Gerbillon, a native of Belgium, who by means of his mathematical attainments had become so necessary to the service of the Chinese emperor, Kang Hi, that he had become necessary to the Council, obtained a decree authorizing the freedom of Christian worship throughout the country. In 1702 Kang Hi was afflicted with fever, and the native doctors were unable to cure him. Father Gerbillon had a small quantity of quinine which the Jesuit fathers had obtained in Peru, and by the aid of the drug cured the imperial patient. As a reward for this action Kang Hi permitted the erection of a cathedral in a corner of the palace grounds.

The mandarins then, as now, were bitterly opposed to the erection of the building, alleging the evil influences which would ensue if the construction was proceeded with. In reply to their objections the emperor said: "These strangers have rendered me infinite services; they refuse money, honors, and office; they take delight in their religion, and in granting them a house for worship I can only give them gratification." Kang Hi also gave the fathers gold valued at 200,000 francs, which they invested in the stock of the British and East India Company, and until the dissolution of that Corporation, in 1857, the interest on this sum was paid to the Propaganda for the maintenance of missions in China and the East. As a further mark of honor the emperor wrote three inscriptions, which were carved on stone and placed in prominent positions in the Church. One, placed upon a column, read as follows: "To the Creator of every thing." The others inscribed on tablets, were: "He is infinitely good and just; He enlightens, upholds and rules everything with supreme authority and with sovereign justice." "He had no beginning and will have no end: He has made all things from the earliest time. He is the Governor and the true Lord of them."

These inscriptions will doubtless be removed to the cathedral, their value being inestimable, not only in the eyes of the fathers, but also in the estimation of the Chinese.

The building itself was about 125 feet long and some 30 feet wide. Bricks and plaster were used in its construction. For nearly two centuries the cathedral has stood undisturbed. Buildings have been added in the shape of a hospital and dispensary, a museum of science, and a room where a splendid collection of the flora and fauna of North China, made by Pere Davie, is arranged.

Attempts by the Chinese to remove the Cathedral have been ineffectual, although every emperor and empress since Kang Hi's time have used their endeavors by threats and persuasion. In 1886 the empress dowager, who has made the removal of this building an object, sought the aid of foreigners in the employ of Chinese customs, and by dint of mission to the Pope, aided by the influence of the French minister,

under whose government the fathers have enjoyed protection for many years, accomplished her desires. The fathers have received a piece of land on the northwest corner of the imperial palace grounds, whereon they will build a new cathedral. Bishop Pogliabuo was decorated with the insignia of a mandarin of the first class, second grade, and Abbe Favier received a blue button, certifying him to the rank of an official of the second class, first grade. In addition to the land, 320,000 taels (equal to \$300,000) is to be paid as the cost of erecting a new cathedral. The only restrictions placed upon the fathers is that the new Cathedral shall not be built any higher than the Chinese buildings, as the occult wind and water influence which any tower would be likely to occasion will be thus avoided. It may be noted that the Jesuit fathers transferred their religious buildings and converts in China to the Lazarists many years ago, and it was with the principals of that mission that the Chinese government dealt in their negotiations concerning the removal of the cathedral.

The singular conduct of the emperor, granting honors and recognition of the Catholic fathers, marks a new era in the history of Christianity. It recalls the golden days of the Catholic Church in China, when its missionaries were advisers and counsellors of the emperor.

## The Great Composer Verdi.

Verdi, although he has passed his eightieth birthday, is one of the hardest workers living. He has left for awhile the field of his latest operatic triumphs, and is devoting himself to sacred compositions. He is busy on a series of hymns to Our Blessed Lady, for which the poet Boito is writing the words. A more ambitious work is the High Mass he is composing for the eighth centenary of St. Anthony, which is to be celebrated next year at Padua. Verdi is a devout, practical Catholic, well-known for his charity to the poor and his assiduous observance of practices of devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

His musical career may be said to have begun as long ago as 1823, when, at the age of ten years, he was installed organist of the little church of his native village, with the magnificent salary of less than thirty shillings per annum. It is curious to note that when six friends found money for him to go to Milan to study in its great musical academy, he did so badly at the entrance examination that the directors declared he had no musical talent and declined to admit him. Yet the young student thus rejected now stands at the very head of the musicians of Italy. The incident is worth noting as a set-off against the implicit faith in the examination test held by so many of our modern educationists.

## The Tables Turned.

The tables were never perhaps more effectually turned on Lord Coleridge than by an Irish nun. Cross examining, in the Saurin v. Starr case, Mrs. Kennedy, a lady who held the office of Mistress of Novices, and who had mentioned that on one occasion she had found Miss Saurin in the pantry eating strawberries when she ought to have been attending to a class of poor children, or some such duty, Mr. Coleridge said—Eating strawberries, really? Mrs. Kennedy: Yes, sir, she was eating strawberries. Mr. Coleridge: How shocking. Mrs. Kennedy: It was forbidden, sir. Mr. Coleridge: And did you, Mrs. Kennedy, really consider there was any harm in that? Mrs. Kennedy: No, sir, not in itself, any more than there was any harm eating an apple; but you know, sir, the mischief that came from that.

To remove the constipated habit, the only safe treatment is a course of Ayer's Pills, followed by a laxative diet. Most other cathartics do more harm than good, therefore leading physicians recommend Ayer's Pills, especially as a family physic.

# THE NEW STORE.

## SUPREMACY.

You may talk as much as you please about supremacy in Silks, in Dress Goods, in Gloves, in Hosiery, in Underwear, but the fact always remains that supremacy in general merchandise is vested in the NEW STORE. It is the only absolutely comprehensive house in Toronto. It does business for cash only, and therefore is in a condition to sell better goods for the same money, or the same goods for less money, than other houses. When you pay 75c for dress goods at The New Store you can always be sure that the same goods would have cost you elsewhere 85c to \$1, sometimes \$1.25. You are absolutely safe at The New Store. You can trade here with confidence, for we guarantee everything we sell, and your money will always be cheerfully refunded if your purchase is not satisfactory.

## SILK DEPARTMENT.

We question whether you can find a brighter or a fresher stock elsewhere. Not only is the assortment now and highly desirable, but our prices are the smallest. A few hints:—

- 35 pieces of Colored Failla, \$1 quality, for 49c.
- 21 pieces of Colored Gros Grains, \$1 quality, for 49c.
- 10 pieces of Changeable Satin Duchoss, \$1 quality, for 49c.
- 5 pieces of special—very special Black Satin Duchoss, regular prices \$1 25, for 70c.
- 8 pieces of Black Peau-de-Soie, regular price \$1 25, for 79c.
- 4 pieces of Black Gros Grains, regular price \$1 25, for 79c.

## DRESS GOODS.

Have you seen our line of Dress-goods—wonderful creations—things of beauty. You can't keep from admiring, and you'll wonder at the endless variety of texture and design. A few special items in Dress Goods:—

- 10 pieces of New Scotch Tweed, 1½ yards wide, value \$1 50, for 75c.
- 12 pieces of Covert Clothes, 49c.
- 10 pieces of Silk and Wool Mixtures, 49c.
- 15 pieces of Excelsior Styles in new Fall Novelty Dress Goods, value \$1, for 75c.
- 30 New Parisian Dress Patterns—the noblest and most fascinating assortment ever shown in Toronto, from \$6 up to \$12 50.

## BLACK DRESS GOODS.

A profuse variety—nothing old—nothing store-worn or out of date in this wide-awake department. The newest of the new. A full and complete assortment of B. Priestley & Son's well-known goods, ranging in price from 50c up to \$2 50 per yard.

## Another Quick Turn in Underwear.

- 50 doz. Ladies' All-wool Ribbed Hose at 25c.
- Ladies' English Cashmere Hose, High spliced heels, double soles excellent value at 75c. for 60c.
- Ladies' Wool Ribbed Vests, high neck, long sleeves, real value 75c. for 37 1 2c.
- 100 doz. Heavy-weight Jersey Ribbed Vests, long sleeves, high neck, silk embroidered and ribbon-trimmed, real value \$1, for 75c.
- Men's Heavy All-Wool Double-breasted Shirts, 60c.
- Men's Heavy All wool Drawers, 60c.

## EXTRA SPECIAL.

Men's fine and Heavy All wool Shirts and Drawers, in solid colors and stripes, shown everywhere at \$1 25, for 89c.

Mail orders promptly attended to. Send for samples.

# C. S. HERBERT,

219 and 221 Yonge St., Corner Shuter.

## Pllght, Fright, Flight.

"I took my laundry to a newly-opened place on the West Side in Chicago," said G. L. Cramer. "It was a nice looking place and the proprietor, a very young man, confidently informed me that he had only opened a week before and it was his first business venture. When I returned for my clothes I found an excited crowd. The laundry was closed and the proprietor could not be found. We broke in the door finally, as they said he had been gone for two days. There was an immense pile of laundried clothes, but not a mark of any kind to identify them. The proprietor had forgotten this important feature and when he viewed the great pile without any possibility of separating them he fled. After an hour's search I found my own linen, but I have never seen the laundryman since."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

The cornerstone of the new Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph's parish on East 87th street, New York, was laid on Sunday. Archbishop Corrigan, assisted by a large number of priests, officiated. While the ceremonies were in progress a sensation was

caused by the throwing of a missile from one of the tenement houses on East 86th street. The Archbishop sat near Father Schwenninger while the latter was speaking. The missile just grazed the mitre of the Archbishop and fell on the platform at his feet. It is looked upon as an outrage committed by a member of the disreputable A.P.A.

A MAN MADE HAPPY.—GENTLEMEN—For five years I had been a great sufferer with Dyspepsia; the pain in the pit of my stomach was almost unbearable and life only seemed a drag to me. When I would go to sleep I would have horrible dreams, and my life became very miserable, as there was no rest neither day or night. But with the use of only two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY this unhappy state has all been changed and I am a well man. I can assure you, my case was a bad one, and I send you this that it may be the means of convincing others of the wonderful curative qualities possessed by this medicine, that are specially adapted for the cure of Dyspepsia. A lady customer of mine had the Dyspepsia very bad; she could scarcely eat anything, and was troubled with pains similar to those I suffered with; and she cured herself with two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I wish you success with your medicine, as I am fully convinced that it will do all you claim for it. Signed, MELVILLE B. MARSH, Aberscorn, P. Q. General Merchant.

Catholic News.

Cardinal Vaughan is out with a declaration that Catholicism is still making wonderful progress in England and winning adherents almost daily in all parts of that country. The Cardinal says that it is difficult in many places to distinguish between Catholic and Ritualistic services, so completely have Anglican high churchmen copied Catholic ceremonies. Some day there is apt to be a wholesale return of these Anglican Ritualists to the faith and the Church of their fathers.

The new patriarch of Venice, to whom the Italian government tardily granted an *exequatur* the past week, is His Eminence Joseph Cardinal Sarto, who was born at Riese, in the Italian diocese of Treviso, June 2, 1835. The patriarch, prior to his translation to Venice, was the bishop of the Italian diocese of Mantua, and he is one of the five cardinals who were created by Leo XIII. in the sacred consistory that was held June 12 of this year, the other members of the Sacred College created with him being Cardinals Lecot, Granillo, Bourret and Schlauch. His patriarchate is one of the minor of the eight Latin ones.

An unusual event has just occurred in Quebec, says an exchange. For the second time in 250 years, the Ursuline convent, with the permission of Cardinal Taschereau, relaxed the severity of its rules and was thrown open to public inspection. At least 3000 persons of all creeds and nationalities availed themselves of the opportunity to inspect the interior of the famous old institution. The convent is composed of about thirteen different buildings, erected at various times, but all connected together, and in the spacious orchard, gardens and grounds the sisterhood spend their time, devoting themselves especially to the education and training of young girls who are sent from all parts of Canada and the United States. The sisterhood numbers about 100.

Among the most interesting historical objects in the old convent are the mausoleum containing the remains of the venerable Mother Marie de l'Incarnation, founder of the convent; the skull of Montcalm, several large iron shells which fell into the convent during Wolfe's bombardment of Quebec; the old stone paved corridor in which the nuns took refuge then, a number of quaint and almost obliterated paintings, also lamps and vestments presented to the convent by distinguished persons during the early period. The real object of curiosity for the public was the cloisters, which are exclusively occupied by the nuns, and which have hitherto been guarded from all outside intrusion. Everything is of the most primitive character. The furniture is of a very plain and poor order. The cells are bare, except for a plain wooden bedstead, washstand, chair and cupboard.

More Than a Thousand Years Ago.

A Franciscan missionary, now in China, the Rev. Athanasius Goetto, writes from the province of Shensi:—

"Not far from the great Chinese Wall is a massive monument, erected in the seventh century. On it is inscribed the whole history of the creation and the story of Christ. A good deal of the inscription yet remains. Six hundred and twenty years after Christ there were missionaries who I have been laboring." To show the zeal of those apostolic bearers the glad tidings of redemption, we give an idea of the remoteness and inaccessibility of that part of the Celestial Empire, in the words of Father Goetto: "To get there," he says, "I went by steamer 700 miles from Shanghai to Hankow, up the Yang-tse-Kiang; then on a Chinese boat for 50 days on the Han River; then we took mules and rode eight days over what are called the Southern Mountains, when we finally arrived at Singanfou, the old imperial city of China." Think of missionaries

being there in the seventh century? Think of missionaries being there again in the nineteenth century with the same message of salvation! Think of the religion that could give men the zeal to face the hardships, the privations and the perils of such a mission!

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, October 10, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 52	\$0 53
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 51	0 52
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 50	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 30	0 31
Peas, per bush.....	0 58	0 61
Barley, per bush.....	0 40	0 48
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 09	0 10
Dressed hogs, per cwt.....	6 00	6 50
Chickens, per pair.....	0 10	0 35
Ducks, per pair.....	0 35	0 65
Geese, per lb.....	0 05	0 07
Butter in pound rolls.....	0 22	0 21
Eggs, fresh, per doz.....	0 15	0 17
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 25	0 35
Colery, per doz.....	0 30	0 35
Radishes, per doz.....	0 10	0 00
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 10	0 15
Onions, per bag.....	0 85	0 90
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Turnips, per bag.....	0 25	0 35
Beans, per peck.....	0 30	0 60
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per doz.....	0 10	0 15
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Apples, per bin.....	1 00	2 25
Hay, clover.....	7 00	0 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00

AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to day:

CATTLE.		
Good sh ppers, per cwt.....	\$ 3 00	\$3 50
Butchers' choice, picked, per cwt.....	3 00	3 75
Butchers' choice, per cwt.....	2 75	3 60
Butchers' med. am, ".....	2 50	2 75
Bulls and mixed, ".....	2 25	3 00
Springers, per head.....	30 00	45 00
Milk cows, per head.....	22 00	45 00
CALVES.		
Per head, good to choice.....	4 00	8 00
" common.....	1 50	3 00
SHEEP AND LAMBS.		
Shipping sheep, per cwt.....	3 00	3 75
Butchers' sheep, per head.....	2 50	2 75
Lambs, choice, per head.....	2 00	2 75
Lambs, inferior, per head.....	1 50	1 50
HOGS.		
Long lean, per cwt (off cars).....	4 90	5 00
Heavy fat hogs.....	4 60	4 80
Stores, per cwt.....	nominal.	
Stags.....	2 00	2 50



"Take a hole and put some dough around it, then fry in lard." This simple recipe has brought thousands to grief, just because of the frying in lard, which as we all know hinders digestion. In all recipes where you have used lard, try

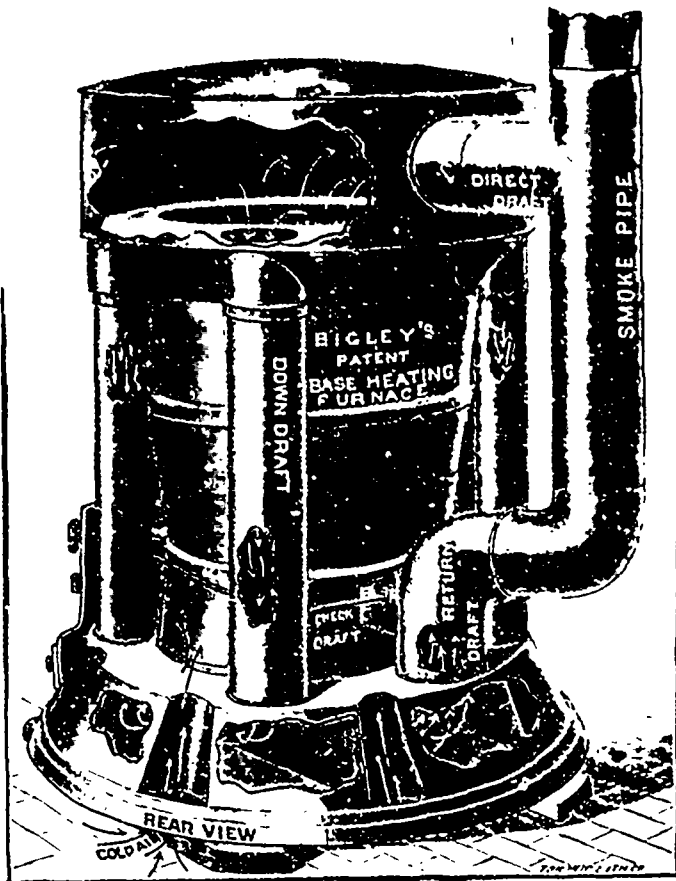
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joice to see the State superintendents of education visit our classes, examine our work, read our text-books, study our methods, look carefully into the results we achieve; in a word, become familiar with our work. We are not ashamed of results or of methods. We do not shirk competition. What we do emphatically object to is that intelligent men should congregate in holes and corners and cry down our methods, and sneer at our results without having even giving a fair examination to the one or the other."—Principal John F. Mullany, in *Regents' Bulletin*, July.

Cardinal San Felice, Archbishop of Naples, in a letter to the mayor of that city, express his thanks to Signor Crispi for the kind reference to himself made by the Premier in his recent speech, and declares his own desire to promote concord between the religious and civil powers against Anarchism.



## The Abbe Constantin.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

CHAPTER I—(CONTINUED)

But among the tombs there was one which, more often than the others, had his visits and his prayers. It was the tomb of his old friend, Doctor Reynaud, who died in his arms in 1871, and under what circumstances! The doctor was like Bernard—he never went to mass, and he never went to confession, but he was so good, so charitable, so compassionate for all who were suffering! This was the great subject of the cure's meditation, his great anxiety. His friend Reynaud, where was he? Then he recalled the noble life of the country doctor, all courage and self-denial, he recalled his death, above all things his death! and he said to himself—

"In paradise! he must be in paradise! The good God may perhaps have given him a little purgatory—for form's sake—but he must have taken him out at the end of five minutes."

All these things passed through the cure's mind as he kept on his way towards Souvigny. He was going to the town to see the marchioness' lawyer, to learn the result of the sale, and find out who the new masters of Longueval



were to be; the abbe had still about a quarter of a mile to go before reaching the outskirts of Souvigny; he was walking just outside the park wall of Lavardens, when he heard voices above his head calling:

"Monsieur le Cure! Monsieur le Cure!" At this point a long row of linden trees bordered a terrace, and the abbe raising his head saw Madame de Lavardens and her son Paul.

"Where are you going, Monsieur le Cure?" asked the countess:

"To Souvigny, to the court house, to learn."

"Stay here—M. de Larnac is coming immediately after the sale, to tell me the result."

The Abbe Constantin went up the terrace. Gertrude de Lannilis, countess of Lavardens, had been very unfortunate. At eighteen, she committed a folly, the only one of her life, but irreparable. She married for love, in a transport of enthusiasm and disinterestedness, M. de Lavardens, one of the most fascinating and witty men of the time. He did not love her, and married her only from necessity—he had spent the last penny of his patrimony, and for three or four years had kept himself up in the world by all sorts of expedients. Mademoiselle de Lannilis knew all that, and did not deceive herself; but she said to herself, "I love him so much that he must at last love me."

From this came all her troubles. Her life would have been tolerable, if she had not loved her husband so much; but she loved him too much. She succeeded only in wearying him with her importunities and her tenderness. He resumed and continued his former

life, which was very dissolute. Fifteen years passed thus in a long martyrdom, which Madame de Lavardens bore with every appearance of passive resignation which was not, however, in her heart. Nothing could distract her, nor cure her of the love which tortured her.

M. de Lavardens died in 1869, he left a son fourteen years old, who already began to show all the characteristics and faults of his father. Without being seriously endangered, Madame de Lavardens' fortune was found to be somewhat undermined and reduced. Madame de Lavardens sold her house in Paris, retired to the country, lived with very great system and economy, devoting herself entirely to the education of her son.

But even there, vexation and sorrow waited her. Paul de Lavardens was intelligent, amiable, and good, but rebelled absolutely against all restraint, and all labor. He drove to despair three or four tutors, who tried to put something serious into his head. He presented himself at St. Cyr, was not admitted, and then began to squander in Paris two or three hundred thousand francs, as fast and as foolishly as possible.

That done, he enlisted in the first regiment of the light infantry, just ordered to Africa, had an opportunity to make his *debut* as one of a little expedition into Sahara, conducted himself with bravery, very soon was made quarter-master, and at the end of three years was appointed sub-lieutenant. Then he lived the brilliant and miserable life of an idler. But he spent only three or four months in Paris. His mother made him an allowance of thirty thousand francs, and declared that so long as she lived, he should not have a cent more until he was married. He knew his mother, and knew that she always kept her word in serious matters. So wishing to make a good figure in Paris, and lead a merry life there, he spent his thirty thousand francs between the months of March and May; and then quietly turned himself out to grass, as it were, at Lavardens, hunting, fishing, and riding with the officers of the artillery regiment stationed at Souvigny.

As soon as the cure came up to Madame de Lavardens:

"I can," said she, "tell you the names of the purchasers of Longueval, without waiting for M. de Larnac. I am perfectly at ease about it, and do not doubt the success of our combination. So that we should not get into a foolish quarrel, we, that is my neighbor M. de Larnac, M. Gallard, a prominent banker in Paris, and I, have made an agreement. M. de Larnac will have La Mionne; M. Gallard the chateau and Blanche Couronne; and I, La Rozerie. I know, Monsieur le Cure, that you are anxious about your poor people. Take courage, These Gallards are very rich, and they will give you plenty of money."

At this moment a carriage was seen approaching at a distance, in a cloud of dust.

"Here comes M. de Larnac," cried Paul. "I know his ponies."

All three came down the terrace in haste, and returned to the chateau. They reached it just as the carriage stopped in front of the steps.

"Well?" asked Madame de Lavardens.

"Well," replied M. de Larnac, "we have nothing."

"What! nothing?" demanded Madame de Lavardens, very pale and very much agitated.

"Nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing; none of us."

And M. de Larnac, jumping out of the carriage, related what had happened at the sale at Souvigny.

"Everything," said he, "went off, at first, as if on wheels. The chateau was awarded to M. Gallard for six hundred thousand and fifty francs. No competitor. An overbid of fifty

francs was enough. On the contrary, there was a battle for Blanche Couronne. The bids rose from five hundred thousand to five hundred and twenty thousand francs, which gave the victory to M. Gallard. A fresh battle, more bitterly disputed for La Rozerie, it was finally awarded to you, madame, for four hundred and fifty five thousand francs; and I secured, without opposition, the forest of La Mionne with an overbid of a hundred francs. Every thing seemed to be ended. People were beginning to stand up in the assemblage, and crowd around our lawyers to learn the names of the purchasers. However, M. Brazier, the judge, who had charge of the sale, called for silence, and the bailiff offered for sale the four lots together at two millions one hundred and fifty or sixty thousand francs, I do not know exactly which. A murmur of incredulity ran round the audience. On all sides you heard: 'No one, go on—there will be no one.' But little Gibert, the lawyer, who was sitting in the front row, and who, until then, had given no signs of life, rose, and said, calmly:

"I have a buyer for the four lots at two millions two hundred thousand francs."

"This was a thunder-clap—a great clamor soon followed a dead silence. The hall was filled with the farmers and growers of the neighborhood. So much money for land—the idea threw them into a respectful stupor. However, M. Gallard nodded to Sandrier, the lawyer, who made his bids. The struggle began between Gibert and Sandrier. They reached two millions five hundred thousand francs. A short moment of hesitation on the part of M. Gallard. He decided. He continued up to three millions. There he stopped, and the estate was awarded to Gibert. Every one rushed for him, they surrounded him, they overwhelmed him. 'The name, the name of the buyer?' 'It is an American,' replied Gibert. 'Madame Scott.'"

"These Scotts," said Madame de Lavardens, addressing M. de Larnac, "do you know anything about them?"

"Yes, madame. I know of them. M. Scott is an American, immensely rich, who established himself in Paris last year. As soon as I heard the name, I knew the victory had never been in doubt. Gallard was beaten in advance. The Scotts began by buying a house in Paris that cost two millions, besides the Park Monceau."

"Yes; Rue Murillo," said Paul. "I went to a ball at their house; it was—"

"Let M. de Larnac speak. You can tell us presently the history of your ball at Madame Scott's."

"Know then, that my Americans are established in Paris, and the shower of gold has commenced," continued M. de Larnac. "True parvenus amuse themselves by foolishly throwing away money. This great fortune is quite new. It is said, that ten years ago Madame Scott was begging in the streets of New York."

"She has begged?"

"So it is said, madame. Then she was married to this Scott, the son of a New York banker—and suddenly a successful law-suit put into their hands not millions, but tens of millions. They have, somewhere in America, a silver mine; an actual, a real mine, a silver mine, in which there is money. Oh! you will see what splendor will shine at Longueval. We will all look like poor people. It is claimed that they have a hundred thousand francs a day to spend."

"Just think what neighbors!" cried Madame de Lavardens. "An adventuress! and still worse—a heretic, Monsieur! Abbe, a Protestant!"

A heretic! a Protestant! Poor cure! that was his first thought when he heard the words: *an American Madame Scott*. The new chatelaine would not go to mass! What did it matter to him if she had begged? What did it

matter to him, her tens of millions and her tens and tens of millions! She was not a Catholic! He would no longer baptize the children born at Longueval, and the chapel of the chateau, where he so often had said mass, would be transformed into a Protestant oratory, in which would be heard the icy eloquence of some Calvinist or Lutheran minister.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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**LITTLE JARVIS.**

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(CONTINUED.)

Jarvis appeared, punctually in the evening, blushing very much, his face shining with the scrubbing he had given it, and his hair carefully soaped up. He also had on his new coat jacket. Brookfield had carefully coached him in ward-room etiquette, and Jarvis promised faithfully to remember it all; but unluckily, he forgot every word of it the moment he entered the wardroom. However, he managed to stow away a remarkably good dinner, partly from inclination and partly from Brookfield's warning that if a midshipman refused any dish that was offered him in the ward-room it was taken as a reflection on ward-room fare, and an affront to his superiors; and the officers drew lots as to which one should call him out.

The officers all treated Jarvis with great respect, although there were several sly allusions to duels to the



death, and a lively discussion as to whether "code" or "cod" were the proper spelling a word very much in use among midshipmen in those days. It was generally agreed that "cod" was right, to Jarvis's infinite relief, who remembered he had spelled it that way in his letter to Brookfield. During it all Jarvis, however, maintained perfect silence and great dignity. The lieutenant was very kind to him, although a twinkle in the eye revealed that there was a joke abroad connected with Jarvis; but, on the whole, Jarvis enjoyed himself hugely, and returned to the steerage with wonderful tales of the immense attention, consideration, and admiration bestowed upon him by the ward-room officers. According to Jarvis's account, he had come off victorious in a stout argument with the first lieutenant, and had browbeat several other officers who ventured to differ with him. Nobody believed him, of course; but as all the midshipmen brought back similar yarns when they dined in the ward-room, it was a point of steerage etiquette to profess unqualified belief in them; so Jarvis's account was received with perfect gravity.

After that, Brookfield and Jarvis became inseparable. Jarvis got no more lickings, although he was still called Little Jarvis.

It was February, and they were cruising among the West India Islands. The weather was beautiful, everybody was in good spirits and hoping to get a whack at a Frenchman, and little Jarvis was so full of pranks and mischief that it seemed as if he only came down from the tops to get his meals and sleep.

One golden afternoon Jarvis seemed possessed. The officer of the deck happened to be his friend, the lieutenant, who winked at everything, until he suddenly turned around and caught Jarvis in the act of a sword-swallowing performance, which wasn't exactly suited to an officer and a gentleman on the quarter-deck. So, in five minutes, Jarvis was enjoying as usual the fine view afforded from the cross trees. At first it was quite jolly up there, the sun shone so bright, and the salt air was so clear and fresh as the ship flew before the wind. Besides, Jarvis had a pencil and paper and some lead bullets in his pocket, and, having a knack of drawing, he drew a number of pictures of his whilom friend, the lieutenant, representing him in numerous grotesque and humiliating situations. These he rolled carefully up into a wad with a bullet in it, and dropped at Brookfield's feet as that young gentleman strolled leisurely along the deck. But, strangely enough, Brookfield did not see the wad, and not ten minutes afterward the lieutenant came briskly along and picked it up. At that, little Jarvis uttered a long and dismal whistle, and looked far across the dancing water.

"I'm in for it now," he groaned to himself.

Down in the ward-room that night the lieutenant suddenly remembered little Jarvis's pictures. He took the wad out of his pocket and spread the scraps of paper carefully out on the table. There was the lieutenant on his knees before a preposterous young lady in ringlets. Again he was bestriding a very lean donkey, who was in the act of shooting him into space, and underneath was scrawled, in a big, boyish hand, "Aint he a grate luetenant now."

The lieutenant got to laughing, and the other officers around the table joined in.

"Olever little rascal, that Jarvis," they all said.

"By Jove!" suddenly exclaimed the lieutenant, "I sent the little scamp aloft about five o'clock and forgot all about him!"

The lieutenant was a kind-hearted fellow, and he hurried up on deck, feeling remorseful for all the long hours that little Jarvis had been aloft.

The night had fallen, and with it had come that vast loneliness which only the ocean knows. Little Jarvis or once got a little down-hearted and orgot to whistle. It was quite dark, and the moon had not risen, although the stars were kindled in the blue-black sky. The ship was cutting fast through the water, the breeze was fresh, and as a gust occasionally struck the great mainsail, it flapped loudly, with a weird, reverberating sound. And besides being dark and dismal on little Jarvis's perch, it was cold and very lonesome. Jarvis began to think what a jolly time the other fellows were having down in the steerage, where it was warm and light, and it was getting to be supper-time, too. They were all skylarking, no doubt; the steward was probably begging them to let him have the table to serve supper; but as it was a favorite amusement to turn the table bottom upward, while the reefers piled in and slid up and down as the ship lurched, sometimes it was half an hour before they would let the much-badgered steward have it. Presently, though, as Jarvis looked about, he saw in the half distance, a long way off, a mere speck. It might be a sail. Jarvis, who had the sharpest eyes on board, concluded to watch that speck, and meanwhile try and keep his mind off his supper, of which there was at present a very slim prospect. The lieutenant, presently, hurrying along the deck, heard a sweet boyish voice far up aloft singing:

"Strike eight bells, call the watch,  
Relieve the wheel and chain:  
Won't we have a jolly time  
When we got home again."

The "home again" had a little pathetic sound. Jarvis's song wasn't so merry as usual; it was sad, and chimed in with the time—night upon the ocean.

"Poor little chap!" thought the lieutenant, and calling out very loud, "Jarvis!" got a cheery "All right, sir," at if the boy had not been swinging up there for hours and hours in the darkness, and seeing the night descend upon the sea.

It seemed scarcely a moment before Jarvis had landed on deck. He went up to the lieutenant eagerly.

"If you please, sir," he said, saluting, "there's a sail off the port quarter. I tried to call out, but nobody heard me—and I believe it a big frigate."

At that moment the lookout on the quarter sung out, "Sail ho!"  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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The democratic spirit of the Catholic Church is illustrated anew in the promotion of Bishop elect McFaul to episcopal dignity. The new Trenton titular began his career as a clerk in a village grocery and saved his wages to enter college. Now Rome makes him one of her prelates and invests him with the authority of a bishop. Cardinal Gibbons, it will be remembered, was once a clerk in New Orleans, and he has as colleagues in the Sacred College men who have risen to their present rank from even lowlier positions than that. Virtue and merit are the only tests Rome applies whenever it is a question of honoring any ecclesiastic with higher dignities.

E. B. A.

Davitt Brauch, No. 11, Toronto, mustered in full force on Tuesday last. There was also present J. Fahy, Grand Marshal; J. J. Nightingale, District Organizer; J. J. Maloney, President, and P. J. C'Connor, Treasurer of No. 12. J. J. Nightingale attended in accordance with instructions received at the late convention to advocate the centralization of the sick funds of the subordinate Branch and Circles in the Grand Branch. After a very animated discussion by the visitors and members a vote was taken and it was unanimously decided in favor of centralization.


The committee elected to select a more suitable hall for the meetings of St. Cecilia's Branch and Circle have engaged the finest hall in the Junction, well furnished with every thing necessary for Branch purposes, and they will shortly take possession.

The Advisory Board of the City Branches met on Wednesday respecting the coming concert in Massey Music Hall for the Blantyre Park Industrial School. And a letter was read from His Worship the Mayor kindly giving his patronage for said concert.

THOUGHT IT WAS CANCER.

James McMillan, Esq., Helena avenue, Bracondale, Toronto, Canada, writes: "I have been suffering from dyspepsia for over 20 years, and have tried every supposed cure, which in some cases gave me temporary relief, but the trouble came back again with renewed force, until I almost despaired of being cured, thinking that instead of dyspepsia it must be cancer of the stomach I had. For the last three years I have been in agony from pain in the stomach, besides other symptoms innumerable, until I could not even move about from pain and weakness. At last I saw your K. D. C. advertised and procured a free sample which I found doing me good. I have used five packages and am free at present from pain or ache, although it is six months since I have been cured, I believe permanently."

A Rome correspondent states that a number of influential Scottish Catholics have petitioned the Pope to nominate a Cardinal amongst the prelates of the hierarchy of Scotland. Dr. Angus MacDonald, Archbishop of Edinburgh, has declined to allow his name to be put forward, on the ground that precedent of seniority and dignity should be given to Archbishop Eyre, of Glasgow.



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For Economy and Convenience, try  
"Reindeer Brand" Condensed Coffee.  
Only hot or cold water required to prepare it for use.  
NO WASTE. NO TROUBLE.  
"REINDEER BRAND" Evaporated  
Cream is a delicious article for the household.

Order through any good Grocer.  
**Trusts Corporation**  
OF ONTARIO  
And Safe Deposit Vaults.

Bank of Commerce Building, King St  
TORONTO.  
Capital, - - - \$1,000,000.  
Hon. J. C. Atkins, P.C., - - President.  
Hon. Sir R. J. Cartwright, } K.C.M.G.,  
Hon. S. C. Wood, } Vice-Presidents.

The Corporation undertakes all manner of TRUSTS and acts as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, GUARDIAN, COMMITTEE, 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 care of same.

A. E. PLUMMER, - Manager.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of October, 1894, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close	Due
	a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00 7.40	7.15 9.30
O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30 7.30	3.25 12.40pm 5.03
N. and N. W.	7.30 4.50	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00 4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00 3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15pm 8.50
	a.m. p.m.	1 m. p.m.
G. W.	noon 9.00	2.00
	2.00	7.30
	6.30 4.60	10.40 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00 n 9.00	5.45
	4.00 12.30	11.00
U.S. West n States	10.00	
	6.30 12 n. 9.00	8.20
	10.30	

English mails close on Mondays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., on Wednesdays at noon, and on Saturday at 7.15 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of October: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29.

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

INFORMATION WANTED,

OF Ellen, Mary and Johanna Donahu. When last heard from, about 25 years ago, they were living in Toronto. Any intelligence concerning them will be gladly received by their brother,  
EDWARD DONAHU,  
(Care of John Hurley),  
Trenton, Tazewell County,  
Illinois.  
Oct. 4, 1894.

Have You Seen

or heard anyone tell about our Boys' Three-piece Suits at

**\$5.00**

Well, they are the best suits for the money that you ever heard of. They sell so fast that it is hard work to keep enough on hand. Make it your business to ask to see them when you are on King street.

Suits for Boys of all Ages.

**OAK HALL,**  
ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS,  
115 to 121 King Street East,  
TORONTO.

"We ought to weigh well what we can decide but once."

How Necessary the advice is when buying a Piano.

Perfect safety rests with those who buy a piano bearing the name, "Heintzman & Co."

UPRIGHTS, BABY GRANDS, TRANSPOSING PIANOS, All the best.

**Heintzman & Co.,**  
117 KING STREET W.,  
TORONTO.  
ESTABLISHED 1850.

TEACHERS WANTED,

FOR 2 Divisions of School at Penetanguishene for 1895. School graded having 4 Divisions. For 3rd Division, female, 3rd class, with a certain knowledge of French desirable, though not necessarily required, as French is not taught. For 2nd Division, male or female, with 2nd or 3rd class Certif. etc. Applications, stating experience, testimonials, qualifications and salary received till October 28th, by  
REV. FATHER LABOUREAU,  
Penetanguishene.

**Toronto General**  
AND  
SAFE DEPOSIT **Trusts Co.**  
VAULTS,  
— CORNER —  
YONGE AND COLBORNE STS  
TORONTO.

Capital, - - - - \$1,000,000  
Guarantee and Reserve Funds, \$240,000

Hon. Ed. Blake, Q.C., M.P., President.  
E. A. Meredith, LL.D., } Vice-Pres'ts.  
John Hoskin, Q.C., LL.D., }

Chartered to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR, TRUSTEE, GUARDIAN, ASSIGNEE, COMMITTEE, RECEIVER, AGENT, etc., and for the faithful performance of all such duties its capital and surplus are liable.

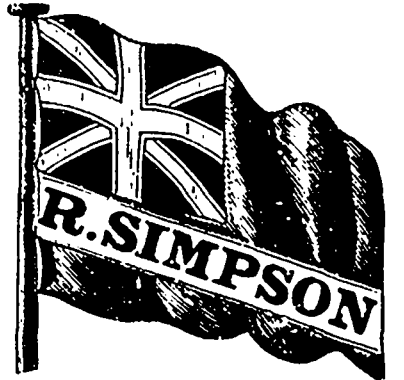
ALL SECURITIES AND TRUST INVESTMENTS ARE INSURED IN THE COMPANY'S BOOKS IN THE NAMES OF THE ESTATES OR TRUSTS TO WHICH THEY BELONG, AND APART FROM THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY.

The protection of the Company's vaults for the preservation of WILLS offered gratuitously.

SAFES IN THEIR BURGLAR PROOF VAULTS FOR RENT.

The services of Solicitors who bring estates or business to the Company are retained. All business entrusted to the Company will be economically and promptly attended to.

**J. W. LANGMUIR,**  
MANAGING DIRECTOR.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

People talk of the wonderful bargains we're offering whilst building is going on. Some folks don't like this breaking into orthodox prices at the start of the season, and, like a hurt pig, squeal; but the great shopping public are behind us and appreciate our bargains.

Story of a Magnificent Silk worthy of everyone's inspection.

Pure Dye Green Proof Black Dress Silk, manufactured expressly for R. Simpson. No better fibre in any silk. No purer dye. No higher finish. Every yard guaranteed. Prices within reach of all—75c, 85c, \$1, \$1.15, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75.

New Carpets.

Tapestry Carpets, regular price 25c, worth 40c. Good Union Carpets, 25c, worth 40c. Fine All-wool Carpets, 65c, worth 85c. Axminster Door Mats for 65c

Flannels Down.

25-inch All-wool Grey Flannel, light and dark shades, plain and twill, 10c, worth 20c  
27-inch All-wool Flannels, 20c, worth 25c  
23-inch All-wool Flannels 25c, worth 30c.

SHOPPING BY MAIL Nothing is simpler. No matter where you reside in the Dominion, you can order by mail anything we sell.

**R. SIMPSON,**

Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

B. W. corner Yonge and Entrance Yonge st Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Queen st. W.

**MEMORIAL**  
STAINED GLASS  
**WINDOWS**  
N.T. LYON, TORONTO