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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 13.

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PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

At Ottawa our legislators cannot be said to have made much headway in the business of Parliament, little having yet been done outside the debate on the Address and its adoption. On Tuesday evening of last week the House was enlivened somewhat by the debate on Mr. McCarthy's bill, a synopsis of which appears in this issue of THE REGISTER.

On Wednesday enquiry touching the Behring Sea regulations was made by Sir Richard Cartwright, and Mr. Mills asked that the correspondence in connection with the subject be brought down—which Sir John Thompson promised to do, if the Imperial authorities did not object.

Hon. Mr. Lariviere moved for the papers in reference to the appeal made in the name of the Catholic minority of the Province of Manitoba. Mr. Lariviere also moved "for copies of all school ordinances, school regulations, or by-laws and amendments thereto, adopted by the Legislative Assembly, the Executive, and by any Board or Council of Education in reference to the establishment, maintenance and administration of schools in the Northwest Territories since 1885; for copies of all petitions, memorials and correspondence in reference thereto, and for copies of all reports to and orders in Council respecting the same."

Mr. Tarte followed with a motion for all correspondence "between Archbishop Tache of St. Boniface and any member of the Government since last session, and in particular of the memorial recently sent to the Governor-General or to the Prime Minister, respecting the Manitoba schools, and of the ordinances adopted by the Legislature of the Northwest Territories in 1892 and now in force; copies of all memorials, petitions and letters addressed to the Governor-General in Council, or to any Minister, asking for the disallowance of the ordinances; of correspondence between the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories or the Executive Council of the said Territories and the Dominion Government, and copies of the instructions to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories, and of communications sent to the executive of the Territories in order to amend the ordinances of 1892."

Both motions were carried after warm discussion by Messrs. Tarte and Davin. Sir John Thompson moved an adjournment till the following Tuesday, and the House adjourned accordingly.

In the Local Legislature, one of the principal subjects during the past week was that relating to fees. The Opposition had moved an amendment, by the terms of which salaries were to

be substituted for fees, and the office made elective instead of being, as now, in the gift of the Government. A vote being taken the amendment was defeated by 19 to 29. So fees it will be for some time longer—for which, doubtless, the fee fed favorite will be devoutly thankful.

A Royal Commission on secondary education in England has been appointed, and is approved by Her Majesty. It will commence its labors almost at once. The commission is a large one, being comprised of seventeen members, from representative boards throughout the country; it has the interesting distinction of having three distinguished women as members. The work of a Royal Commission is always said to be proverbially slow, and it is thought there will be a few years of grace before the good Britons, so as to train up a generation of young teachers. The Cambridge Female Training College is now open for Catholic students, which is considered a step in the right direction.

The St. Patrick's Day banquet given in London, England, on the evening of the 15th was one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind ever held, the demand for tickets surpassed any previous gathering. Mr. Justin McCarthy M.P., presided, and the other guests included a great galaxy of public men. Speeches were made by Mr. Edward Blake, Mr. Sexton and several others. The guests included prominent representatives of England, Scotland and Wales.

Mr. Harry Furniss the political cartoonist of *Punch* has severed his connection with that journal, and is about to start on his own account, a new and original paper. "Mr. Furniss," says the *Liverpool Times*, "with the exception of 'Dickie Doyle,' is the only member of the staff of our leading comic journal who has ever voluntarily resigned his position. Mr. Furniss came to London when he was nineteen, and he is now in his fortieth year." "Dickie Doyle," by which name, he was generally known in London, was the father of the popular novelist Dr. Conan Doyle, he resigned his position on *Punch* on account of that journal's disgusting attitude at the time of Cardinal Wiseman's being made Archbishop of Westminster.

From time to time we are startled by the dreadful work of the anarchists in the Old World. Last week it was the beautiful Church of the Madeline, Paris, that suffered, fortunately, there was only the loss of one life, the man who threw the bomb. Now we hear of an attempt on another church in Grenoble. About 20 persons were injured by the latter outrage, some mor-

tally. The explosive was placed at the entrance of the church, it was filled with gunpowder and had a long fuse attached. When it exploded the whole church was filled with smoke, under cover of which the miscreant must have escaped. The panic created among the worshippers was terrible. They rushed shrieking and shouting for the entrance, the stronger throwing the weaker down and trampling on the prostrate bodies. The despatches say a great number of women, children and aged people were injured.

The cable despatches announce an encyclical letter from the Holy Father, it was to be published last Saturday. It is addressed to the bishops of Poland, Russia, Austria and Germany. The Holy Father treats of the religious conditions in each of the countries named, especially Poland. Referring to the latter country, he "exhorts the Catholic inhabitants to renewed constancy in their faith under the difficult circumstances in which they are placed."

The students of Buda Pesth were determined that proper honors should be paid to the memory of Louis Kosuth. The National Theatre of that place tried to give its usual evening performance, in spite of the warning given to the manager by the students to close. The first act of the play was but half done when about 200 students attacked the police at the door, and after a short struggle took possession, and demanded the curtain to be lowered and that a black flag be raised over the theatre. Many of the audience resented the interference of the students, but to avoid a riot the manager complied with their demands. Further despatches say: "Upon leaving the theatre the rioters learned that several music halls had remained open. They went through the streets where the entertainments were in progress, then threw stones through the windows and handled roughly all persons whom they found at the entrance of the halls. A strong force of police eventually overtook them, about 15 men were wounded and several were arrested."

Alexander Dumas, although a man of the world, has courage to express his opinions, and is not ashamed of the African blood that courses through his veins. He recently complimented Mgr. Perraud, Bishop of Autun, on a lecture that had been given by the latter in January in his Cathedral of Autun on the "Abolition of Slavery." M. Dumas wrote to the Bishop: "Monsignor, I have read and re-read with the greatest interest your discourses on the abolition of slavery. No one could remain deaf to such an appeal, and I least of all, since I have only to go back four generations in order to find negro slaves among my ancestors. Therefore it is not only for my brethren from a Christian

point of view that I thank you, but also for relatives that I may still have on negro-laden ships."

On Sunday next, a Catholic priest is to preach and conduct the evening service in the Chapel of Harvard University. He is the Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, a graduate of Harvard, and is now stationed in New York City, at the Paulist Fathers' until assigned to a mission. It is not the first time a Catholic occupied the pulpit, but it will be the first time a Catholic has conducted the service. The Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, Rector of the Catholic University delivered the annual Dudleyan lecture in the chapel two years ago. Rev. Francis G. Peabody Plummer, Professor of Christian Morals gives the following explanation of the invitation accorded to Father O'Callaghan:

"Three or four years ago a Catholic priest, much more prominent in the Church than Father O'Callaghan, was asked to conduct a Sunday evening service, but, after considerable deliberation, he declined. We have always intended to have Catholics represented, as well as other religious faiths. In looking over the priests who might be invited, the most likely man seemed to be Father O'Callaghan, the chief reason for selecting him being the fact that he is one of our graduates in recent years. He immediately accepted. Our action in inviting him is purely voluntary, and no pressure has been brought to bear at all. If the people are looking for significance in the action it is simply that Harvard wishes to show that her services are purely unsectarian, and that any earnest disciple of any faith is welcome in Appleton Chapel."

Committees from the Ancient Order of Hibernians and the Irish Benevolent Society waited on his Honor Lieut. Gov. Howlan at the Hotel Davies, Charlottetown, P.E.I., recently, and presented him with congratulatory addresses on his being appointed to the distinguished position of Lieutenant-Governor of the Island. Mr. Howlan replied in a most happy manner, saying: "I am pleased to learn that my long political career, extending over a period of thirty years, meets with your general approval, and that I have in some degree tried to conduct myself as became a true son of the Emerald Isle."

A very handsome and interesting gift was to be presented to his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, last Sunday the 25th of March. It is a jewel box made from wood that was part of an old mulberry tree, under which the first Mass was celebrated in Maryland, on the 25th of March, 1634. The donor was General Bradley F. Johnson, who selected the anniversary of the event for the presentation. The tree was said to be 800 or 400 years old when it blew down a few years ago. The trunk was very much decayed but the roots were quite sound. The box was made a short time after the tree fell. "It is five inches long, four inches wide and four and a half deep, and is lined with cardinal red satin. A silver plate in the shape of a Maryland cross embellishes the lid. On the cross is inscribed the dates March 25, 1634, the day of the landing at St. Mary's, May 1, 1649, when the 'act concerning religion,' which guaranteed religious toleration to Maryland was passed; August 16, 1868, when Cardinal Gibbons was consecrated, and June 7, 1886, when he was created Cardinal." The box will be used for the Cardinal's pectoral jewels.

## MR. MCCARTHY'S BILL.

What Mr. Devlin Says on the Subject.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA, March 20.—Mr. McCarthy, in moving that his bill entitled an act further to amend the act respecting the Northwest Territories be read a first time, made a brief speech which aroused a warm rejoinder from Mr. Devlin, the member for Ottawa County. The bill, Mr. McCarthy explained, was the same as the one he had introduced last session. It proposed to give to the Northwest Territories the power to deal with the subject of education untrammelled and uncontrolled, also to repeal the remainder of the clause in the act known as the dual language clause, which was left in the act by the compromise which was arranged after the discussion in this house in 1891. It would be recalled, he said, that at that time power was given to the Northwest Assembly to repeal a portion of the clause, but the remainder was still left beyond their authority. The act had provided previous to that time that either the English or French language might be used in the debates of the Legislative Assembly and in the debates before the courts, and that both languages shall be used in the publication of the proceedings of the Assembly and in the publication of laws. The compromise was in the form of a proviso:—"That after the next general election of the Legislature such Assembly may by ordinance or otherwise regulate its proceedings and the manner of recording and publishing the same." The power given to the Legislative Assembly was thus, he said, merely to govern its own proceedings, and the law was left otherwise as it was. His bill would also give the Assembly the power to decide whether the dual languages should be continued in the courts and in the publication of the laws.

Continuing, he said:—"As I have said often before in making this motion, or in bringing in a bill to repeal this clause, I do not do it from any feeling of hostility to my French-Canadian fellow-subjects. I believe, sir, that the interests of this country will be best served when the distinction between these nationalities is done away with, at all events so far as the Northwest is concerned we certainly should not introduce a measure which is calculated and apparently designed to perpetuate that race distinction which unhappily exists in one of the older Provinces.

Mr. Devlin—Which one?

Mr. McCarthy—In the Province of Quebec. If the hon. gentleman wants to know we have no difficulty in answering that question.

Mr. Devlin—We will tell you about the other bye-and-bye.

Mr. McCarthy—With regard to the subject of education, I think that the House and the country must be satisfied just now that an attempt to interfere with a Province in the Northwest or the Territories in the Northwest on the subject of education is calculated to cause a great deal of trouble. We have had the Manitoba school question up by reason of an attempt that was made in the constitution of Manitoba to fetter or control that Province on the subject of education, and recently I think the Government have found some little difficulty in dealing with a cognate question which came from the Northwest Territories. The sooner we realize that the people of Manitoba as well as the people of the Northwest are perfectly competent to manage their educational affairs themselves without any control from this Parliament the better it will be for the peace and welfare of the country. I therefore have pleasure in introducing to the House a bill which will take away that limitation which the act intends to impose, which the act does impose, with regard to educa-

tion, and which will remove the last vestige of the dual language clause so far as the Northwest is concerned.

MR. DEVLIN REPLIES.

When the Speaker put the motion of Mr. McCarthy for the first reading of the bill Mr. Tarte called out "Division," but Mr. Devlin, rising, addressed the House in reply to the member for North Simcoe. He said: Mr. Speaker, I certainly did not expect to speak upon this question at the present time, but I wish to answer one statement which was made by the hon. gentleman who had just resumed his seat (Mr. McCarthy). He says that the Province of Quebec is responsible for the hard feeling that to-day exists in the Dominion of Canada, and I answer by saying: He is the one. He is the one who is responsible for the hard feeling that exists in the Dominion of Canada. We have had that hon. gentleman here year after year since 1887, with what? With a project of law, the intension of which is to close the Northwest Territories and the Province of Manitoba against the Catholics of the Province of Quebec, a project of law which tells them that if they wish to go to that Province or to those Territories they must remember that there—if his views can be carried out—their language will be proscribed and their rights will be trampled upon. Why, Mr. Speaker, it was only last night that we heard another effusion on this same subject. I do not see the Controller of Customs in his seat at this moment, and I regret that he is not. But we are beginning to be accustomed to these insults coming from those gentlemen whose only political stock is this one—their hatred of their Roman Catholic fellow citizens. What does the hon. gentleman expect to gain by all this agitation? Does he imagine for one moment that we from the Province of Quebec fear him? Does he imagine for one moment that the Province of Quebec is going to submit to all his dictates? His object no doubt is to attain to a position which by reason of his alliance with the party with which he was so long connected he could not attain. He wanted no doubt to enter the Cabinet. I believe that was his object. Now, finding that he could not enter the Cabinet, finding that he would not be taken into the Cabinet, he is trying by this other means to attain to the position of leader of the Government in this country. He would like to form a solely Protestant population in this country. He would like to form solely and to constitute solely Protestant schools in this country. He would stand up in this House and tell a Province which sends 65 representatives here that they shall not speak the language which they learned from their parents. From the very beginning of the time in which this animosity took root in his heart, from that moment to this, every political question of any importance to the country at large has been left aside by him simply that he might speak his hatred against the Catholics of Canada, and in particular against the French Canadians of the Province of Quebec. He has met with very little success so far. He speaks of the Province of Quebec as one in which there is hatred. Let me tell him—

Mr. McCarthy—The hon. gentleman will allow me to interrupt him. I did not at all use the expression he thinks. I never referred to the Province of Quebec as having hatred.

Mr. Devlin—Would the hon. gentleman tell us exactly what he did say?

Mr. McCarthy—What I said was that I trusted we were not going to perpetuate the racial divisions which unhappily existed in the Province of Quebec. I never said "hatred" at all.

Mr. Devlin—Very well then. I will immediately give the hon. gentleman an instance of some of the divisions which exist in the Province of

Quebec. In the counties of that Province, which are largely Catholic, in some of such counties the representative is a Protestant. I will take the county which I represent in this House. The overwhelming majority of Ottawa is Roman Catholic, yet I am the first Catholic member that ever sat for that county in this House; a Protestant gentleman represented that county for 30 years. To give him (Mr. McCarthy) a further instance of the same generosity, I may state that the County of Ottawa was represented in the Local House by a Protestant member for years. The Warden of that county was a Protestant; for years the Mayor of the most Catholic city in the whole Province of Quebec—the City of Hull—was a Protestant, and so I could name a good many other counties with a similar record. I could name the County of Lotbinière, which is almost exclusively French-Canadian Catholic, and that county sent a Protestant representative to this House. More than that, it sent to the Quebec Parliament—a Catholic Parliament—a Protestant gentleman to represent it. I tell the hon. member there is no spirit of intolerance in the Province of Quebec; there is no bigotry in the Province of Quebec. There is certainly a spirit of disgust, but that disgust is simply evidenced on account of the miserable attempt of the hon. gentleman to fasten against them this charge of bigotry. Does he claim that the French Canadian people have any right in this Dominion of Canada? He tells us here plainly that the object is to do away with their language. Have they not as much right to speak the French language as he has to speak the English language? What is the object of all his hostility against the French language? What is the object of all his hostility against institutions which have been established in this country, and which have been found to work successfully here? Does he mean to say that a population of nearly two millions shall have no rights in the Dominion of Canada? Sir, I tell the hon. member that every time he stands up in this House to attack us as he has done to-day there are nearly two millions of Roman Catholics in this country who mock at him, who laugh at him, who treat him with contempt; and here in this House what is his following? One lone gentleman. (Laughter.) That is the following he has here, after all these years of agitation against the Catholics. I tell the hon. gentleman that the Catholic element in Canada has been a truer and a better friend of the Dominion than ever the hon. gentleman has. What has he done for the country? Let us examine his career from the beginning to this moment. Let us examine what he was outside the House, let us examine what he has done inside the House. What has he done after all these years to promote the prosperity of his country or good feeling amongst our people? Nothing; nothing. A few mean, despicable attempts at imposing a peculiar kind of legislation. He spoke of the Manitoba school act; he no doubt means to say it is a success. I would like to ask the hon. gentleman does he mean to say that Public Schools or Protestant Schools exist to-day in the Province of Manitoba? The hon. gentleman who introduced the school act is in this House to-day, and he is able to speak for himself on the subject. The Protestants in the Province of Manitoba, who are in a majority, abolished the Catholic Schools under the pretence of establishing Public Schools. Are Public Schools in existence in the Province of Manitoba to-day? No, there are no Public Schools in the Province of Manitoba. I said said so last session; I said so the session before. The schools which exist to-day in the Province of Mani-

to subscribe are purely Protestant schools.

. An hon. member—No.

Mr. Devlin—I beg pardon, yes. The best authority on that subject is the gentlemen who introduced those schools, and I will quote his own words. The hon. member for Winnipeg (Mr. Martin), speaking a short time ago, said:—

"He was himself not satisfied with the school act, and had never been so. He had made a strong effort to have the Public Schools controlled by the Government really made National Schools, with religion obliterated, and he was now more convinced than ever that that was the only school which could be justified as constitutional. They said that the State had no right to interfere in the matter of religion, but he contended that they could not do the one without the other. It had been urged by satisfied supporters of the act that none could complain of the devotional element introduced, as it was of the broadest nature, but they found that the Roman Catholics had the very greatest objection to this provision of the act, and he was dissatisfied himself, and was glad many Protestants shared his objections. It had been said that in the event of his opinions being adopted our Public Schools would be Godless schools, but by many staunch supporters of the school act it had been privately admitted to him that the religious exercises practised in the schools at that time were without value. The Roman Catholics had honestly stated that in their belief the two forms of education should go together. The Protestants admitted, on the other hand, that it was impossible to have religious training in schools, and only asked that it be recognized, insisting, however, on imposing their views on others in that respect. Rather than that small amount of religious training should be done away with in the schools, the Protestants said they would prefer the old state of affairs. He would leave it to his audience to determine which was the more honest stand of the two."

Mr. Devlin continued:—"Documents have recently been put into the hands of every reader in this country by the venerable Bishop of St. Boniface—documents which we will quote further on in the debate on this bill—showing conclusively that the schools which exist to-day in Manitoba are not Public Schools, but simply and purely Protestant schools. I have quoted from the hon. gentleman who introduced this villainous school act in the Province of Manitoba to the effect that the schools there are Protestant schools, and this is your great generosity toward the Catholics of Manitoba. You wanted Public Schools, you said, on the broad grounds of the young nationality growing up in that Province. See the result. You have turned the strong Protestant element of that Province against the poor, struggling Catholic minority. You have not succeeded even in establishing the Public Schools that you pretend by this bill you were going to establish. You have established Protestant schools; you maintain them, and you wish to do the same in the Northwest. Mr. Speaker, last night the Hon. Controller of Customs—and I just quote this as an evidence of the spirit of the bill and the spirit of the hon. member who has introduced it—referred to our church as the 'Romish Church.' He spoke next of its efforts to obtain State recognition in the Northwest. He said that the Archbishop had been fooled in his attempt to secure ascendancy in the Province of Manitoba, and finally he went on to speak of the loyalty of the Orangemen, leaving the inference to be drawn that the Catholics were not loyal. The hon. gentleman uttered three insults in that speech: First, against the church, by the offensive way in



which he spoke of it as the Romish Church. In the second place, against the Archbishop of Manitoba in saying what was not true, that the Archbishop tried to secure ascendancy. The Archbishop did nothing of the kind. He simply asked for the restoration of those rights which, up to 1870, the Catholics of Manitoba enjoyed. Finally against the Catholics, when the hon. gentleman spoke of the loyalty of the Orangemen. I will say that he speaks the truth if he refers to their loyalty to persecution from the beginning to the end of the history of the order. These are some of the outcomes of the mean spirit of hostility manifested toward the Catholics of this country by the hon. member for North Simcoe (Mr. McCarthy), and by the Controller of Customs, a gentleman paid by the Catholics."

Mr. Speaker—Order. I think the hon. gentleman should not indulge in remarks of that kind.

Mr. Devlin—Perhaps I should not indulge in the truth, Mr. Speaker.

Mr. Speaker—I think the hon. member had better take the advice of the chair and not indulge in the language he is using.

Mr. Devlin—Against the Controller?

Mr. Speaker—With regard to hon. members of the House.

Mr. Devlin—I was merely quoting the Controller's language from an organ of the Government.

Mr. Speaker—The hon. gentleman in saying that these hon. gentlemen were actuated by a mean spirit is indulging in language which he, as an old member of this House, will, I think, admit is not in accordance with Parliamentary usage.

Mr. Devlin—Very well, Mr. Speaker. When the question is up again I will refer to the lovely spirit, the generous, broad spirit actuating these gentlemen, the magnificent spirit which has for its object the destruction of a language and the deprivation of a people of its rights.

The bill was read a first time.

#### Opening a Bank Account.

It is not necessary to be possessed of a vast sum of money to open an account with the largest of banks, writes Walter H. Barrett in a practical article giving directions and advice concerning women's bank accounts in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*. Two hundred dollars is ample. In case of lack of personal acquaintances a letter of introduction to the bank president or cashier is a first requisite. Banks are usually open for business with customers between the hours of ten in the morning and three in the afternoon, so it will be well to call upon the officers with your letter of introduction during these hours. You will be asked to enter your name, address and reference in the "identification" book, and in subscribing your autograph you should do so precisely as you intend to write it on checks. This is necessary because the signature in the book is for comparison in case a question of forgery should arise. These preliminaries over, the first deposit, either in bills, check or draft, may be made. The amount of the deposit must be written on a "deposit slip" to be handed with the money to receiving teller. A pass book, showing the amount to the depositor's credit, a check book and a number of deposit slips will be supplied by the bank, and with these, formalities are over.

OUR OF SORTS.—Symptoms, headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

#### History of a French Magazine.

The election of M. Brunatiere to be the Editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* marks an epoch in the history of that well-known periodical. Hitherto, throughout practically its whole career, it has been under the sway of what has been dubbed the Buloz dynasty. Francois Buloz was for many years the absolute arbiter of its fortunes, and after him his son Charles. But in the hands of the latter the sceptre of authority at length wavered and then fell. A short time ago he was constrained to resign his editorship altogether, amid circumstances neither pleasant nor creditable, and now the stockholders have chosen another man to fill the place, and the name of Buloz will no more be known where for two generations it was well-nigh omnipotent.

This famous review was founded about sixty-five years ago, in a far different form from that in which it now appears. Externally it was decidedly pretentious, its cover bearing an elaborate design by Tony Johannot. This displayed two female figures—a North American Indian scantily clad, and holding in her hand an olive branch; and a French woman, in classic attire, leaning against a pillar on which were inscribed the names of various illustrious men. These figures illustrated the significance of the title "*Revue des Deux Mondes*." Within, however, the periodical did not fulfil the promise of its face. Its contents were confined exclusively to articles on travel and geography, and these were not original, but mere reprints from other publications books and papers. No wonder, then, that the venture was unsuccessful. It struggled along for two or three years, and then, with a total subscription list of less than four-score, prepared to give up the ghost. Just as the supposedly last number was going to press, however, a crank called at the office. He would, at any rate, be termed a crank in these days. He was eccentric in his notions, pugnacious in advocating them, obstinate to a degree; all around an uncommonly hard man to get on with. His name was Francois Buloz; he had recently come to Paris from Geneva, and he had some money to invest in business. When he entered the "*Revue*" office he found every one suffering with the blues. They had just finished spelling the word "failure."

"But what's the matter?" demanded the Genevese crank; "why don't you make the thing a success?"

"If you think that an easy task, try it yourself."

"Very well," responded M. Buloz, "I'm ready. What will you take for it?"

"Whatever you'll give!" The concern was really worth nothing to its owners.

"Good. I'll give you 500 francs? Is it a bargain? Very good! With your permission I'll take charge of the place at once." And so the Buloz dynasty was founded.

Two great changes were at once effected by M. Buloz. He threw Tony Johannot's picture into the waste basket and gave the review the severely simple cover it has ever since worn, and he decreed that pen and ink should take the place of shears and the paste-pot. He went to the University and asked the leading members of the faculty to write articles, and to other eminent men on the same errand. They hesitated. The review was dying, they said. But he assured them that it was very much alive, and would soon be the foremost magazine in Europe; and then he added that he was quite ready to pay good prices for contributions in advance of publication. Thus he finally prevailed upon Guizot, Cousin, Villemain and others to write for him; and their example led a host of literary aspirants to seek M. Buloz's patronage. Emile de Girardin, George

Sand, Prosper Merimee, Alfred de Muscat were presently enrolled on his list of contributors, and it began to look much as if the "*Revue*" were indeed to become the leading literary periodical of Europe. The cranky editor felt sure of it and began to give his crankiness full play. Never was autocrat more arrogant. To some of the best writers in France he said: "Perhaps I'll print your article—if I find it good enough! But I'll pay you nothing—not a sou. Surely you will be amply repaid by the honor of having your name appear in my '*Revue*.' In future, of course, if your work merits it, I may pay you for subsequent articles. But not a sou for this." Was there a revolt against such tyranny? On the contrary; the best writers of France competed with each other in their eagerness to write for the "*Revue*" on those terms. Thus the magazine soon became what its editor declared it would be. As for its contributors, they became immortal; for thirty years every man elected to the French Academy was chosen from their ranks.

#### Talking Canary Birds.

The story of the talking canary, which attracted much attention, has brought out other instances of an acquired power of speech in the same bird. In the organ of the Selborne society, where the story originally appeared, there are some further cases given, and probably many more may be yet forthcoming. Attention has been directed to an account of a talking canary at Norwood which was published in a natural history magazine for 1858. It began by repeating a word which its mistress had often used to it—"Kissie, kissie"—and by following the word up by an imitation of the sound of a kiss. Its mistress had been in the habit of kissing the bird and talking to it as if it were a child. After a time the bird repeated other words, until it had a large vocabulary of phrases, one of which consisted of five words.

Again, in 1863, a talking canary was heard and seen at a cottage near Bath. Visitors crowded to the spot to hear and see it. Its vocabulary consisted of such phrases as are generally taught to parrots. A case is also recorded of a speaking canary having been exhibited in Regent street about 20 years ago. The explanation given is that the bird is gifted with unusual powers of imitation, and will pick up airs freely which it is in the habit of frequently hearing. Left to itself, it quickly imitates the notes of other birds, and in Germany and the Tyrol canaries are usually placed for this purpose besides the nightingale. In our own country they are often taught to imitate the lark. The words which it imitates may be regarded as a mere development or variant of its musical notes.

#### Early Plants.

However desirable it may be to secure early vegetables by setting out those started in the hotbed or in the living room of the house, the work of setting should not be attempted too early in the season. It must be remembered that house or hotbed-grown plants are tender and not susceptible to such a degree of cold as is frequently experienced in the early part of the season. It is therefore safer to omit transplanting until the weather is quite uniform in temperature. Potted plants may be hardened by putting out of doors and so sooner prepared for transplanting. Earliness of product is governed largely by uninterrupted growth, the setting should therefore be so carefully attended to as to prevent any shock to the growth.

"For a long time I suffered with stomach and liver troubles, and could find no relief until I began to use Ayer's Pills. I took them regularly for a few months, and my health was completely restored."—D. W. Baine, New Bern, N. C.

#### A Catholic Author.

Concerning the Catholic author, Richard Malcolm Johnson, Frank Carpenter, in correspondence to the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, tells some interesting facts.

Mr. Johnson was a professor in the University at Georgia at the time the war began, and when it closed, leaving himself and all his friends poor, he opened a boarding school for boys at his home, near Sparta, in Georgia, and made here for years \$20 000 and upward annually by teaching. He had about fifty boys who paid him tuition fees of \$500 a year, and the most famous families of the South sent their children to him. The story of how he gave up teaching and devoted himself to writing for an income about one-tenth the size of that derived from his school, is an interesting one. He says: "I like the profession of teaching very much, and I looked upon it as my life work. I never thought of making money by writing for pay, and it was not until I came to Baltimore that I realized that I could write anything which had a real money value. I left Georgia on account of the death of my daughter. We loved her dearly, and I could not endure life amid the old associations without her. I gave up my school and moved to this city and began teaching here. About forty of my boys came from the South to Baltimore to enter my school, and had I not changed my religion I would probably be teaching to-day. Some time after I came here, however, I grew convinced that my religious ideas were wrong, and from being an Episcopalian I was converted to Catholicism and became a member of the Catholic Church. The most of my students were Episcopalians, and when their parents learned of the change in my religious belief they withdrew their sons from the school, and the result was that I eventually gave up teaching. In the meantime I had written some short stories which were published in a Southern magazine which was then printed here in Baltimore. These now form a part of my book known as "*The Dukesborough Tales*." They attracted attention, but I never thought of their having any money value until one day Mr. Alden, the Editor of *Harper's Magazine*, asked me what I had received for them. He was surprised when I told him that I had written them for nothing, and he said that he would be glad to have me do some writing for *Harper's*, and that if I could give him stories like those he would pay for them. I then wrote some stories for *Harper's*. They were published after I was fifty years of age."

#### Saved by a Dog.

The sagacity of a dog saved a Woodburn family from being burned to death. Fire started in the house of John Rooney, on Poole street, North Woburn, about 2 o'clock in the morning, and the family, consisting of five persons, barely escaped with their lives. They were saved by the instinct of the house dog, who rushed upstairs and roused Mr. Rooney by barking. Escape by the stairways to the lower part of the house was cut off by the fire, and the upper rooms were fast filling with smoke. Mr. Rooney succeeded in tying some bed covering together, and with this lowered one of his sons to the ground. He obtained a ladder and rescued the others, but not until they were nearly overcome by the smoke. Afterward the dog was found crouching in a corner of one of the rooms, nearly suffocated.

#### Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

We have just received a supply of this very popular annual. It contains the usual good things in the shape of stories, poems, historical and biographical sketches, and plenty of pretty, interesting pictures. Price by mail 25c., in stamps or scrip. Address, CATHOLIC REGISTER PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.

## PANEGRIC OF ST. PATRICK.

An Eloquent Sermon by Rev. James F. Treacy, D. D.

The following is a full report of the eloquent panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland pronounced by Rev. Dr. Treacy in St. Michael's Cathedral on St. Patrick's Day.

"I will send thee unto the Gentiles to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness into light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance amongst them that are sanctified. Acts, xxi, 14.

Your Grace, Rev. Fathers, and Dearly Beloved—The foregoing words were addressed by our Lord to the Apostle St. Paul, on that eventful day when, thrown from his horse and stricken blind on the road to Damascus, the spiritual eyes of his soul were first opened to the light of faith in the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth. When he was afterwards arraigned before the tribunal of King Agrippa and charged with being an apostate from the Jewish religion, the Apostle, in self defence, related the wonderful circumstances of his conversion—how Jesus had appeared to him, revealing the great mission for which he was chosen, the many trials that awaited him in his accomplishment, the various imprisonments that he should suffer from both Jews and Gentiles—how, finally, God would deliver him out of their hands, and send him back again amongst them to deliver them from the bondage of Satan and from the slavery of Sin. "Rise and stand upon thy feet, for I have appeared to thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of those things which thou has seen and of those in which I will appear to thee, delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee to open their eyes and to turn them from darkness unto light and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and inheritance amongst them that are sanctified by faith that is in Me."

Words, dearly beloved, of Divine origin, and possessing all the fecundity of the word of a God; not restricted to one sense only, nor yet addressed solely to the Apostle of one particular nation, but divinely applicable to the Apostle of every converted nation, and more especially to that nation whose religious glory we honor, and to that Apostle whose feast we celebrate. Like St. Paul, the Apostle of Ireland was favored with many visions of his future ministry. Like him also, he was long a prisoner in the hands of those whose Apostle he afterwards became; and being afterwards delivered by God out of their hands, was again sent back amongst them to deliver them from the bondage of Satan and lead them captives under the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ. *Victi victoribus leges dedit.* The conquered gave laws to their conquerors. The captive triumphed over his pagan masters. From him they received forgiveness of their sins and inheritance amongst the Christian nations; and not only the common inheritance of his Christianity, but the peculiar inheritance of his own apostleship. Unlike the mantle of Elias, the apostolic cloak of St. Patrick did not descend upon the shoulders of one man alone, but has fallen into the arms of an entire nation, that has ably supported it with the faith it symbolized for over 1,400 years, and has carried it unscathed to all the nations of the earth.

The Son of God came down from Heaven to teach mankind the great doctrines of eternal salvation. This He did by word and example. His words, being the words of a God, carried the conviction of divine faith to the intellects of His hearers, and His example, as that of a man fashioned in soul and body like unto themselves, induced them to practice the doctrines which He had taught them. The Catholic Church, the living representative of Jesus Christ on earth, still adheres to that two-fold method of propagating divine truth. By the ministry of her priests she bears the doctrines of salvation to the nations of the earth, and by the examples of her Saints she persuades them into practicing the doctrines which they have received. In her divine office she brings daily before the eyes of her children the holy lives and virtues of the Saints, and desires that we should ever regard these great examples of Christian perfection as our daily models in the practice of virtue.

To-day, the anniversary of his death, the Church celebrates the feast of St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland and forgetting, as it were, that he is by no means a particular nation, she holds him forth before the eyes of all her children as the example of one of the most perfect imitators of his Divine Master—the saint of humility, meekness, mortification and prayer, who still continues to teach his sons and daughters by the silent sermon of his life and virtues. "Be ye imitators of me, as I have been of our Lord Jesus Christ." Though you have heard the story of his life a thousand times, though it has sunk deeply into your hearts and memories, yet I should consider that I were failing in reverence to our nation's Apostle, and to conform to the spirit of the Church, if I did not again repeat it in brief and simple words.

St. Patrick was born in France, near the city of Boulogne sur Mer, about the year 357. His father, Calpurnius, held the Roman dignity of Decurion or Municipal

Senator. His mother, Conchessa, was a niece of the celebrated St. Martin of Tours. Calpurnius and his wife, says an old chronicle, were both holy in the sight of God, "walking without offence in the justifications of the Lord." They were eminent in birth, in faith, in hope and in religion, showing themselves by their acts and in their conversation to be worthy citizens of the Church. Of the early religious life of our Saint we know but little. In his "Confessions" he tells us that in his youth he was not as fervent as he should have been, and accepted the afflictions of his captivity as a just punishment from God for the sins and imperfections of his youth.

In his sixteenth year he was made captive, along with several others of his nation, by pirates from the Irish coast. The youthful Apostle was sent to the northern part of the island, where he was sold as a slave to a pagan chieftain called Milcho. In his service our Saint was occupied in herding the flocks. In this lonely occupation he had ample leisure to meditate on the great truths of religion, which in his father's home he had well nigh forgotten. The beauties of the surrounding scenery, the dark solitude of the oak forests, the whistling of the wintry wind along the cliffs, and the screaming of the eagles from the mountain top, all spoke eloquently to the heart of the young slave of the wisdom and goodness and power of the Creator. In his humble avocation as herdsman he learned those great lessons of patience and humility which in after years constituted so much towards the success of his missionary life.

It was in this hardy climate of Ulster where he acquired that strength of body and indifference to heat and cold which enabled him in time to come to support the labors of the Episcopacy for over thirty years. But above all, it was during these long weary years of captivity, and from daily intercourse with the natives, that he obtained so thorough a knowledge of their customs, laws and language, which afterwards attracted the attention of St. Germain of Auxerre, and marked him at once as the future Apostle of our country.

After six years' captivity our Saint returned to his native France. The school of adversity had been for him one replete with the richest lessons. He had become accustomed to meditate on the hidden ways of the Almighty, and it was in those nightly meditations by the mountain slopes of Antrim that God had spoken to him, revealing the secrets of his vocation. Like Abraham, he was to leave his father's house and the home of his kindred and go to a strange land which should be pointed out to him, there to become the Apostle of a faithful people and the Father of a chosen race. Restored once more to liberty, his first thought was to prepare himself for the mission which awaited him. After having studied for years in the great monastic centres of Marmoutier and Lerins; after having accompanied St. Germain to Britain in a mission undertaken by him to extirpate the Paganian heresy in that country, our Apostle journeyed to Rome, and there, on the recommendation of the Holy Bishop of Auxerre, was commissioned by Pope Celestine to preach the Gospel to the Pagan Irish.

His friends and relatives became alarmed on hearing of his resolution to devote his life to the conversion of a race who, under the dread name of "Scots" had often carried death and destruction through the outskirts of the Roman Empire. All the means that natural affection could suggest were employed to shake his resolution. Gifts were offered, tears shed in abundance, and the most touching entreaties were addressed to him. "The grace of God," he said afterwards, "enabled me to resist them that I might preach the Gospel to the Irish nation." All the efforts of his friends proved fruitless. The will of God had been but too clearly defined in his regard. The voice of the Irish children was constantly ringing in his ears. It had often disturbed his nightly meditations in the solitude of Marmoutier, and in the holy seclusion of Lerins he still heard it. It followed him to Rome, even into the presence of Celestine, and now it rose high above the cries of even flesh and blood: "Holy youth! Divine Apostle we implore thee to come and dwell with us!" Their prayers were heard. He would come to them. Like the great patriarch of old, he would leave all to obey the voice of God.

He accordingly set out for Ireland, and arrived off the coast of Wicklow in the month of May, of the year 432. What a change had taken place in his destiny from that time when, as a humble shepherd boy and slave, he led his flocks to pasture on the hill sides of Antrim. He now appears as the prophet of a new religion, the accredited ambassador or the Most High God of the Christians to the Pagan clans of Ireland. He goes to proclaim Christian liberty where he himself had found pagan bondage, and to impose the sweet yoke of a crucified God on pagan necks which had long endured the shackles of Satan. Innisfall was now dearer to him than it could ever have been to the Phœnicians of old, who first visited its shores. Dearer than it was to the Scots who, when they beheld it from afar, framed in the rays of the setting sun, knelt reverently on the docks of their ships and thanked the Sun-God for the island home, He had given them.

Ireland was no longer to be the land of the heathen and the mother of the Sabean fire-worshipper; she was now to assume the real signification of her loveliest title: "The Isle of Destiny." Destined to be henceforward Christianity's sacred Isle and the virgin home of that Incroasted Fire which came down from Heaven, and which warms and lights every man that cometh into the world." This was the land which God had pointed out to the new Abraham. Thou shalt leave Ur-of the Chaldeans, the home of heathenry, the courtly palaces of Arian Bishops, and the high places where Nestorius and Pelagius worship; and thou shalt turn thy face to the West, to that land which I have pointed out to thee, and there I will build thee a great nation which shall be the home of light and truth amid the universal gloom, and which in time shall communicate its inherited blessing to all the nations of the earth.

Repulsed at Wicklow, he landed in Ulster, where he preached the new Gospel and made many converts. Hearing that a solemn convocation of the nobles and princes of the land would take place about Easter-tide at the Royal Palace of Tara, he resolved to go thither, and propagate the new religion in the very midst of Paganism. Sailing round the mouth of the Boyne, he proceeded up the river, and encamping on the Hill of Slane, boldly lighted the Paschal fire. Now it happened that the pagan Irish, many of whom were Sabæans, or fire worshippers, celebrated that day their greatest feast in honor of Baal, the Sun-God. It was the custom that all the fires in the province should be extinguished before the ceremonies began. When, therefore, the King beheld the strange fire on the neighboring hill he was surprised, and angrily enquired of his followers who had so presumed to disobey the royal command and violate the sacred customs of the country. An aged druid priest replied that they were strangers from a far-off land beyond the seas; and unless their fire were that night extinguished, those men who lighted it should in time reign over the whole island.

That Paschal fire, dearly beloved, of divine faith was never extinguished in Ireland. It first warmed the hearts and lighted the intelligence of that Pagan audience at Tara, and thence gradually diffused itself throughout the entire kingdom, burning everywhere the evil works of idolatry and brightening the gloom of Paganism.

After that Easter day the mission of St. Patrick was virtually at an end. The princes and nobles returned homewards from that last Sabæan feast clothed in the white baptismal robe. The Druids left the occult rites of the oak and the mistletoe to become Christian priests, and the vestal virgin of Baal, shorn of their tresses, consecrated themselves to the Sun of Justice, and cherished henceforward a newer fire—that fire of Divine Love—in the seclusion of his convent.

The Apostle labored, however, with consummate prudence. He did not rudely assail or reject customs or ceremonies which might be tolerated—thus affording a precedent which the Apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, in after years, was not slow to follow. The forests of the Druids were consecrated to Christianity, and side by side with the round-towers, and in order to share the solemn feelings which they inspired, Christian temples arose. Nor did the occupation of the barbs end with the religion by which it was created. Their services would be henceforth necessary to chant the glories of the new heroes, the Saints and Martyrs of the Catholic Church, and when once blessed and transformed (says the old chronicle) the music or their harps became so sweet that even the angels lent down from Heaven to listen to it.

But, dearly beloved, the Church does not regard only the life of the Apostle and the innumerable spiritual graces which he had received for the benefit of others. She primarily directs the eyes of her children to the many graces which St. Patrick had received for his own individual perfection, and the heroic use that he made of them to sanctify himself, lest, having preached to others, he himself might become a castaway. Though in his manifold virtue he equalled the greatest Saints of the Church, yet in his humility he surpassed even himself. He was wont to call himself "the lowliest and vilest of sinners, unworthy of the mercies of God." Like St. Paul the Apostle, and in imitation of His Divine Master, he did not disdain to work with his own hands, but would often times assist his monks and lay brothers in manual labours. But above all, he was a man of prayer. He daily recited the whole Psalter and the Canticles; and in the most hurried moments of his missionary life would always find time to raise his heart to the Almighty. At night he rose with his monks to chant the divine office, and when the others had retired he would still be found in prayer before the Tabernacle imploring the divine assistance for his own wants and the necessities of the Infant Church. He would afterwards recline on the hard floor of his cell, with a stone for his pillow, and thus would he refresh his body after the fatigues of the day and prepare his soul for the needs of the morrow.

It was this life of continual prayer and mortification which drew down upon his

labors those blessed results which remain unsurpassed in the history of the Church. That blessed life was now drawing to a close. He had truly fought the good fight, and nothing remained but to receive the crown of justice which a merciful and just Judge had in store for him. The weakness of his body increasing, he desired that he might be laid to rest in that Northern Land that he loved so well; and fortifying himself with the Divine Mysteries, he breathed his soul into the hands of his Creator. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth now, says the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow them."

Coming as an Apostle in their midst, he had found our fathers sitting in the darkness of Paganism and in the shadow of idolatry—and what a change he had effected. The princes and nobles, the rich and the poor, the Druid and the bard—all had come to kneel before the altar which Patrick had erected, and to adore that God whom he adored. The idols were broken, the shades of the sacred forest were deserted, and the shrines before which their fathers bent the knee in reverence were scattered to the winds. The power of the Druids and their gods have passed away forever, and the sacred Isle of the Phœnicians, the Innisfall of the "Scots," has now become the "Isle of Saints" of the Christians.

Though dead in the flesh, the spirit of the Apostle still survived in the midst of his children. He did not leave them in poverty, but bequeathed to them the Godly inheritance of his own Christianity—and what was more, his mission of Apostle. Soon after his death his children carried his faith to the nations of Europe, and became in turn the Apostles of other races. Columba introduced Christianity amongst the kinsmen of North Britain, where he established the celebrated monastery of Iona. It was from him that Scotland has received that religious spirit which, corrupted though it has been by the foreign leaven of Geneva, still retains much that is admirable. Columbanus and his monks evangelized Southern France and Northern Italy, building monasteries and founding universities. To Switzerland Ireland has given her patron, St. Gall. Germanic races have received no fewer than 150 Irish missionaries, and in return for the double civilization of science and faith which they brought, have placed them on their altars as the Patron Saints of those churches whose foundation they have laid.

But it is not alone their missionary spirit that must commend itself to our admiration; their intellectual development of Law was still more disgraceable. Schools and Universities multiplied on every side, and strangers from all parts of Europe were received in their midst, and with that generosity characteristic of their race, were educated and clothed free of charge. "A residence in Ireland," says a learned English writer, "like a residence now at our University, was then deemed essential to literary fame." "The monasteries of Ireland," says Dr. Milner, "were the luminaries of Western Europe when the Sun of Science had almost set upon it; and it is to them, under God, that we are indebted for the preservation of the classics, the fathers, and even the Holy Scriptures."

Such was Ireland in the "Dark Ages" of European history. She was then really "the Isle of Saints and Doctors;" and religion and science, banished from the continent by the barbarian chivalry of feudal Europe, found here a peaceful asylum and a home. Thus was the life of our Saint continued, reflected and honored in the labors of his children; and when in after years our native land was tried by the sword of persecution and by the fire of religious hatred, she arose from that trial with all the constancy of the martyr's and the zeal of the Apostle.

Other nations have given isolated examples of their missionary zeal, but the glory of Ireland is infinitely greater. Not content with giving individual proofs of her religious activity, she has gone forth herself as a nation to evangelize that almost universal Empire on whose territories the sun never sets. Providence has allotted to England the conquest of the world; but her soldiers, like the Romans of old, are only the heralds of the Gospel. They prepare the way for its spiritual conquest by the Apostles from Ireland with their Catholic Religion—that religion alone which is large enough, broad enough, deep enough and strong enough to sustain the universality of the Empire to which we belong, and which it is our duty and our mission to Catholicize. That should ever be our chiefest glory—the glory of being chosen instruments in the hands of God for the propagation of the true faith amongst the different races who speak the same language.

But let us remember that such a vocation is not the subject for boasting; neither is our faith itself anything without these good works by which it should be practically manifested. It is only by example of our Christian lives and the faithful discharge of the duties which we owe to God, to ourselves, and to this the land of our birth or the home of our adoption, that our religion shall not be dishonored or reviled on our account. It was one of the reproaches frequently addressed to the Jews by [their



prophets that their evil habits and sinful lives dishonored the Almighty before the Pagans. Alas! might not the same reproach be made to-day of some Catholics, who, by their rioting and their intemperance, bring eternal disgrace not only on their religion, but more on their country and their country's Patron? If many are led to the true fold of the Catholic Church by the good example of some of her children, thousands are kept away by the scandals of others.

Beyond riches and temporal advantages let us prize that faith which St. Patrick gave to our Pagan ancestors, which our fathers had preserved at the peril of their lives, and transmitted to us as our Christian heritage. Let us not be led away by false shame and vulgar human respect to minimize the most trivial of our Catholic practices, and while ever uncompromising in our intolerance of false teaching and erroneous doctrines, let us ever look upon those who abide by them as living images of the same Father, brothers of the same Redeemer, descendants from the same kindred, and citizens of the same young country, and therefore worthy objects of our manly respect and Christian charity.

It is by the practice of these virtues that we shall truly honor our national Apostle. He lived a life of charity, purity, mortification and prayer. Let us go and do likewise. Let us imitate his virtues, or else cease to celebrate his festival. "Let us not," says St. Augustine, "praise the Saints and martyrs for the deeds they have done and the virtues they have practised if we imitate not the virtues which excite our admiration." This will be the practical result of this day's feast—the imitation of his virtues whose feast we celebrate.

God has placed him to-day on a pinnacle of glory to be by his example the shining light that will over direct our footsteps through the pathway of life; so that whosoever his children may go that example may ever light them, his maxims may ever guide them, until that day come when man worketh no more and the human soul is preparing to pass that bourne from whence no traveller has ever returned—where his kindly hand will lead them to the throne of the Master, there to receive the crown that is promised to those who know the true faith and practice its doctrines.

His Grace at Sunnyside.

On Thursday, the 15th inst., his Grace the Archbishop visited the Sacred Heart Orphanage at Sunnyside, where the great bulk of the destitute and orphan children of the diocese find a shelter and are carefully tended by the good Sisters of St. Joseph. Those who are deprived of their guardians in the run of nature are, in a sense, to be congratulated on being entrusted to the charge of these good and saintly ladies who interpret so well the words of our Blessed Saviour: "Suffer the little children to come to Me, and forbid them not, for such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The children at Sunnyside, besides housed and clothed in a manner to deserve the encomiums of their many visitors and especially the officers of the Ontario Government, are educated by some of the most competent of the Sisters of the Community of St. Joseph.

His Grace's visit to the Institution was of an official nature, having to perform one of the acts of his exalted ministry so dear to him in the administration of the sacrament of Confirmation. A large class of boys and girls who for several months past have been receiving instructions from Rev. Father Lynch the chaplain, presented themselves for the reception of the Sacrament, the second on that day, having made their First Communion in the morning. Many of the friends of the Orphanage as well as the following clergy were present. Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. James Walsh accompanying his Grace; Very Rev. Dean Cassidy, and the following Rev. Fathers—J. L. Haud, Jas. Trayling, J. M. Cruise, Louis Cherrier, James Carberry and J. J. Lynch.

His Grace subjected the children to an examination in the Christian doctrine, and their answers was creditable, being to some extent an evidence of the care bestowed upon their instruction. In simple but eloquent words he addressed them on the obligations of their state, explained the nature of value of the great gifts he was about to bestow in the Sacrament, and warned them of the dangers to their faith in the future to meet which special enlightenment and grace were given in Confirmation, he insisted on the necessity of constant daily prayers and assistance at the Holy Sacrifice, and the frequentation of the sacraments. At the completion of the Sacred Rite, his Grace from a firm conviction of the necessity of such an obligation, gave boys and girls both, the total abstinence pledge until they had attained the age of 21 years. The function closed with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, when the voices of 300 children ascended to heaven in the solemn and beautiful praises of their Blessed and Protector while enthroned on the tabernacle in the Sacrament of His Love. Visits of this kind are looked forward to with the greatest eagerness, and are long remembered by the little orphans of Sunnyside.

HOLY WEEK.

Holy Week was especially observed in all the city churches. Beginning with tenebrae on Wednesday evening until after Vespers on Easter Sunday, the services were all attended by very large crowds. The great number of communicants on Holy Thursday and Easter was very noticeable, and the source of much joy and satisfaction to the different pastors.

In all the churches, as well as in all the chapels of the many religious communities throughout the city, beautiful repositories were erected for Holy Thursday. The following day all was changed to mourning, and the churches were garbed in their most sombre hues to commemorate the saddest day of the year—the day on which the Saviour of the World suffered and died. In the morning the Mass of the Pre-sanctified was celebrated, while in the afternoon immense congregations gathered in their respective churches to go over the painful way to Calvary.

On Holy Saturday the ceremony of blessing the fire, incense, paschal candle and water was performed; while on the following day—Easter Sunday—the resurrection of Christ was celebrated in a very befitting manner. The high altars of all the churches looked very beautiful with their Easter lilies, numerous lights and decorations, while the auditoriums of several of the churches were tastefully decorated with evergreens. The different choirs were nearly all assisted by efficient orchestras, and the music was superior to that of former years.

St. Michael's Cathedral.

The ceremonies of Holy Week were carried out in the Cathedral with unusual splendor. Crowds attended the various devotional exercises. The office of Tenebrae commenced on Wednesday evening, the Archbishop presiding. The Lamentations were sung by Rev. Fathers Trayling, Gearin and Lamarche. The "Jerusalem" was rendered by the choir in a very impressive manner.

On Holy Thursday the Pontifical High Mass was chanted by the Archbishop, with Vicar General McCann as assistant priest, Dean Cassidy and Father Ryan, deacons of honor, and Rev. Fathers Trayling and Lafontaine, deacon and subdeacon of the Mass, Father Hand, master of ceremonies.

In the Sanctuary were Vicar General McCann, Dean Cassidy, Fathers Ryan, Rohleder, Trayling, Lafontaine, Haud, Kilcullen, Klein, Harold, Mitcham, Gallagher, Kelly, Lynch, Tracy, C. Utse, Coyle, O'Malley, Murray, Guinane, Martlo, Klorman, Duffy, McLane, McPhillips, Whitney, Guerin, McEntee.

The Altar of Repose was tastefully and richly adorned; and during the day was visited by a large number of devout worshippers.

In the evening devotional prayers were recited after the Tenebrae, and his Grace dwelt with loving earnestness on the infinite goodness of Our Lord in the institution of the Blessed Sacrament.

Good Friday the Mass of the Pre-sanctified was sung by Vicar General McCann, assisted by deacon and subdeacon. The Passion was chanted by Rev. Fathers Rohleder, Trayling and Coyle. The Archbishop assisted, and explained the meaning and object of the veneration of the Cross.

In the evening the Holy Way of the Cross was made, and a sermon on the Passion was preached by Father McCann.

Great was the throng on Easter Sunday at all the Masses. The number of communicants was large. The late Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Ryan, assisted by Father Kelly and J. McGrand. The Archbishop was assisted by Vicar General McCann. The Cathedral was crowded. His Grace the Archbishop preached on the festival a sermon replete with thoughts and striking arguments. It was eloquent and convincing. The music was worthy of the occasion, and reflected the utmost credit on the choir and musical director, Father Rohleder.

The grandeur of the morning ceremonial was noted abroad, and no room could be found for the multitude that sought to enter the Cathedral at Vespers in the evening. A remarkably able sermon was preached by Father Ryan on the text: "Peace be with you."

The singing was good. It was indeed a musical Vespers. Amongst the singers were Mrs. Juliet Smith, Mrs. Klein, Miss Elliot, and Mr. D. Egan. Altogether the Cathedral Easter celebration was bright, devotional and impressive.

St. Paul's.

The Easter services at St. Paul's were very largely attended by devout worshippers. Father Hand was celebrant of the grand Mass at 11 o'clock, Father Redden, deacon, and Mr. Stanton subdeacon. The music was from Hayden's No. 2 Mass, and was exquisitely rendered. The soloists in the Mass were Mrs. McCann, Mrs. Klein, Miss Carroll, and Messrs. Tomney, Mogan, and Richard. Napolitano's orchestra rendered the accompaniment. The choir is now under the charge of Rev. Father O'Malley, who promises to bring it to a high state of efficiency. At Vespers Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Shea rendered solo's of exquisite execution.

St. Basil's.

The services in this Church were characterized by the usual solemnity and impressiveness, and were attended by overflowing congregations. Rev. Father Marjón was the celebrant at High Mass, with Rev. Father Guinane as deacon, and Mr. A. Vaschaldos as subdeacon. Hayden's 1st Mass in B-flat was sung by the choir, under the direction of Rev. Father Murray, with full orchestral accompaniment; and its rendering reflected great credit on the indefatigable conductor, to whose zeal and energy the success is largely due. The "Gloria" and "Et Incarnatus," the only portions of the Mass for solo voices, were very effectively given, the soloists being Mrs. F. A. Niure, Miss Kate Moylan, Miss A. Johnston, Messrs. J. F. Kirk, H. T. Kelly and George Forbes. At the offertory Webber's "Hæc Dies" was sung.

In the evening at Vespers the soloists were, in addition to those of the morning, Mrs. O'Hara, Miss A. Murphy, Messrs. J. D. Wardo and F. A. Anglin. The choir sang Gloria's Vespers, Hummel's "Alma Virgo" (in which the difficult solo part was taken by Mrs. O'Hara), Lombillotto's "Regina Coeli" and "Tantum Ergo" and Faure's "Ave Verum," the latter sung as a duet by Messrs. Kirk and Anglin.

Rev. Father Tuffy, who had been announced to preach a sermon on the Resurrection, was prevented by illness from doing so, and his place was taken by Rev. Father Brannan.

During the half hour preceding Vespers, the Organist, Mr. Moore, played the following numbers: Offertorio in F, Ju's Ori on; Intermezzo Bizet; Cantilena Nuptiale, Dubois; Fuguo in F minor, Rieck; and, at the conclusion of Vespers, March in E flat, by Salome.

Our Lady of Lourdes.

This beautiful little church was crowded on Easter Sunday morning. Hummel's Mass in D was rendered by the choir, under the able direction of Miss Fannie Sullivan, B.M., and the assistance of O'Hanna's orchestra. After the Consecration Miss Norma Roynolds sang an Ave Maria. Miss Hallworth, Miss Flower and Mrs. Percy Greene assisted the chorus.

St. Helen's.

The Easter services at St. Helen's Church, Lansdowne Ave., were unusually attractive. The main altar was beautifully decorated with natural flowers and colored lights. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. Dillon, sang Mozart's 1st Mass in C in a very artistic manner.

The offertory pieces, "Victimæ Paschales," was beautifully rendered. Miss Teresa Memory presided at the organ with her accustomed skill.

The Very Rev. Dean Cassidy celebrated Solemn High Mass, with Father Lynch as deacon, and Rev. Mr. McDonough as subdeacon. Father Lynch delivered an effective and earnest sermon on the Resurrection—the accomplishment of prophecy, the vindication of our faith, and the inspiration of good resolves.

The collection was somewhat larger than usual.

Leasideville and Little York.

The observance of Easter at Leasideville, as usual, was an impressive and interesting event, and called out a multitude of worshippers. The musical part of the services, under the direction of Miss Murphy, was of unexceptional excellence and impressiveness. At the last Mass Rev. Fr. Bergin delivered a very eloquent and touching sermon on the "Resurrection."

In the evening musical Vespers were rendered in charming style. Rev. Fr. Kearney delivered a beautiful sermon also on the Resurrection, which reminded one of the great Father Tom Burke.

St. John the Evangelist's presented a grand appearance, being crowded to its utmost capacity. Rev. Father Shaughnessy, C.S.B., conducted the services and delivered an eloquent sermon suitable to the occasion.

Loretto Abbey.

The time set apart by the Church for honoring in a special manner the Passion of Our Lord, was observed with due solemnity at Loretto Abbey.

It began with Tenebrae on Wednesday evening, which office was rendered very impressive by the singing of the Lamentations. The very spirit of the prophets of old seemed revived in the pathetic strains so sad, yet so sweet. On Holy Thursday High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Coyle after which the Blessed Sacrament was carried in procession to the Repository which had been prepared at a side altar. This presented a lovely spectacle—around the Tabernacle were tall graceful lilies, while the whole Repository seemed a beautiful confusion of colored lights and natural flowers, whose rich perfume pervaded the chapel. All day long, and through the lonely hours of the night, the sisters "watched and prayed," making reparation for those who do not appreciate this precious gift of the Real Presence. The "Holy Hour," which is a favorite devotion at the Abbey, was spent more fervently than ever, and from 11 to 12 the little chapel presented a pleasing spectacle. The professed sisters, the white veiled novices, postulants and pupils, all joined in prayer to commemorate

that awful hour of agony in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The usual morning services took place on Good Friday, and in the afternoon the Stations of the Cross were said by all the choir singing a verse of the Stabat Mater between the Stations.

Easter Saturday was observed with its mixture of sorrow and joy. They might well sing "Alleluia," who had spent the seven weeks in the penitential spirit of the Church. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

Faber speaks a great deal about the "Paschal Moon"—but that seems the time for lonely vigils. The "Paschal Sun" though, was not very high in the heavens before the full glory of Easter broke upon the Abbey. The choir is to be congratulated upon the efficient manner in which the musical portion was conducted. The "Hæc Dies" with violin accompaniments was grand, and made each one repeat heartily: "This is the day the Lord has made. Let us be glad and rejoice therein."

An appropriate selection from the "Creation" "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was exquisitely rendered, and the Regina Coeli sung with evident joy and gladness.

The main altar, which had been devoid of ornament during the penitential season, has again wreathed in flowers—nature's own sweet offering towards the Easter celebrations. Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the sacred festivities which were throughout, an honor to the institute and a proof that the true spirit of Mother Church pervades the Abbey.

Sacred Heart Orphanage, Sunnyside.

The sacred functions of Holy Week were conducted by Rev. Father Lynch, chaplain of the Orphanage. The Repository for the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, constructed for the occasion, was a model of neatness and taste. All day long on Holy Thursday the children of the Institution, numbering nearly 300, remained in groups before the Blessed Sacrament, reciting from time to time numerous prayers. Many of the friends of the Institution paid a visit to the Repository.

On Easter Sunday the chapel of the Institution presented a most pleasing appearance. The altar which was one blaze of lights, was decorated with natural flowers, including Easter lilies, hyacinths, roses, while arrayed around it were many of the choicest potted flowers, kindly lent or donated by friends. The Mass was sung at 7 o'clock by Rev. J. Lynch, the Chaplain. It was a Mass in A, composed by Rev. W. J. Galvin for children's voices. The orphans seem to have developed a special liking for music. To hear the full chorus of 300 voices singing with a precision and exactness in pronunciation and time would astonish many a veteran chorister, while remembering that some of the little walls who take part are under five years of age. The Offertory piece was the Regina Coeli, specially arranged by one of the Sisters, and an alleluia rendered by one of the orphans with a voice of surpassing sweetness. At the Vespers at 3.30 in the afternoon the sermon on the Feast was preached by the Chaplain.

St. Joseph's Convent.

Not alone were the churches of the city the scenes of solemn religious services during Holy Week, but the religious chapel afforded, if a more simple, yet just as devout a spectacle. Amongst these may be mentioned St. Joseph's Academy. On Holy Thursday the Repository presented a beautiful appearance; the Altar was ablaze with lighted candles which, with the floral decorations, gave exquisite beauty and splendor to the scene.

On Good Friday and Holy Saturday the services were conducted by the chaplain, Rev. Father Fraillon, C.S.B.

On Easter morning the choir under the direction of one of the Sisters sang Wiggan's Mass Regina Coeli, and Hæc Deus.

Obituary.

Mr. Thomas Foley of the Dominion Savings Bank of Charlottetown, P. E. I., was stricken suddenly at his home with paralysis on Friday evening, the 16th ult. The family physician did all in his power to bring the unfortunate gentleman back to consciousness, but the efforts were in vain. Mr. Foley lingered till the Sunday morning, when he expired. The funeral took place on Tuesday, the 20th ult., from St. Dunstan's Cathedral, where High Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul.

St. Helen's Fancy Fair.

The young ladies of the Sodality of this parish opened their fancy fair last evening in Mellon's Hall, Brockton. The Fair will be open for the rest of the week, and every evening an interesting programme of music will be carried out.

C. O. F.

A new court of the Catholic Order of Foresters will shortly be opened in London, Ont., a report of which we will have to report on.

## COUSINS AND CONVERTS.

"The Beautiful American Nun."

Some weeks ago an American Catholic paper published an extract from the *Personal Reminiscences* of a Protestant gentleman, Judge Crittenden, in which he told the story of the Beautiful American Nun," and the deep impression it had made upon many minds in Vermont, where the Allen family lived. In a recent number of the *American Catholic Quarterly*, Dr. Richard L. Clark contributes an article on "Our Converts," in which he briefly narrates the wonderful incident, and tells more of the striking conversions which followed Fanny Allen's reception into the Church.

Fanny Allen, the youngest daughter of Vermont's Revolutionary hero, General Ethan Allen, was born on February 10, 1784. While still receiving her education at the hands of a devoted step-father, she was led by an unknown impulse to a temple of religion, of which she knew almost nothing. From that moment, in her heart, she became a Catholic in faith. It was her own secret. She received baptism at the age of twenty-two, at the hands of the Rev. Daniel Barber, afterwards an eminent convert, but at this time a Protestant minister. She soon afterwards, with her parents' consent, went to Montreal, to study French, and a pupil in a Convent School.

Her conversion was sudden; it took place at the gate of the sanctuary-railing in the Convent chapel, where a Sister had sent her to place a vase of flowers before the Blessed Sacrament. Her steps were mysteriously arrested at the gate; three times she attempted to fulfil her mission, and three times she was stopped by an inscrutable impulse. Was she, without an open profession of faith, unworthy to approach the Holy of Holies? She fell upon her knees and adored Christ in the Eucharist. Retiring to an obscure corner of the church, she wept, and when her voice returned to her, she exclaimed: "After this I must give myself to my Saviour." The tidings of her conversion produced intense sensation in her family and she was brought home where the allurements of society, and all the means to which her parents could resort, were used to change her purpose; but in the end her mother accompanied her again on a second visit to the Convent at Montreal. But she took time even then, and had recourse to prayer before making a selection among the many admirable Religious Orders in Montreal. Finally, she entered the Hotel Dieu. She was professed in 1810, her parents attending among the course of people attracted to the chapel. Her parents frequently visited her. Her Convent life was a model of the true Religious. Her physician, an American Protestant, was so impressed by her heroic death, that he himself joined the Church. She died on December 10, 1819. We shall soon see cause for wonder at the many conversions which followed hers in Vermont.

First, there was the conversion of the Barber family. The Rev. Daniel Barber had served two terms as a soldier in the Revolutionary War. He belonged to a large, intellectual, and influential family. Born in Connecticut in 1756, he was reared in the strictest school of Congregationalism. In search of Apostolic succession, he joined the Episcopal Church, and at the age of thirty he was a minister therein, which was about the year 1786. During thirty-two years of Episcopal ministry he was in spirit Catholic; but little was known in Vermont of the Catholic Church. He would make the sign of the Cross, and he deemed nothing unworthy of a Christian which honored Christ. He was present at the Religious profession of Fanny Allen, at Montreal, in 1810,

and was deeply impressed by her heroic faith. In 1812 he visited Bishop Cheverus at Boston—the Bishop Cheverus who was once at our own Tottenham. Many difficulties presented themselves to his mind, and he communicated to his son—the Rev. Virgil Horace Barber, then an Episcopal minister in Northern New York—his doubts, and lent him the books on Catholic doctrine which he was reading. In 1810 Virgil Horace Barber met Father Benedict Joseph Fenwick at New York, and feeling greatly disturbed, communicated to him his doubts and difficulties. He was already married and had a large family. He was a man of fine education and culture. He and his wife, under the instruction and kind advice of Father Fenwick, but under circumstances of appalling sacrifice, became Catholics, and all their children followed.

Daniel Barber, his father, though yet not wholly converted or over his scruples, was at all times honest in his convictions, and he earnestly desired to know the truth and to embrace it. Such was his scrupulosity in changing his religion a second time, and such his desire for study and light, that not only did his son, Virgil Horace, and all his family precede him in entering the Church, but so also did his own wife and other relatives in Vermont. Finally, he, who had led so many others to investigate and embrace the truth saw its full effulgence himself, and in November, 1818, he resigned his parish, and delivered a farewell address to his congregation. He then went to visit his friends in the South, and while there he was received into the Church at Georgetown, where his son, Virgil Horace, who had joined the Society of Jesus, was making his novitiate.

Such were the sentiments of gratitude to God of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Horace Barber, for the grace of conversion, that each desired to make an entire sacrifice of their lives to Religion; but how could husband and wife be separated, and be received into the Ecclesiastical and Religious state? They consulted their friend, Father Fenwick, of the Society of Jesus, and he informed them that by their mutual consent and by the permission of the Sovereign Pontiff, this could be done; and he cited the case of Lord and Lady Warner, in England, who became converts, and, after making provision for their children, Lord Warner was received into the Society of Jesus, while she took the veil in a Convent on the Continent. It would be extremely interesting to relate the details of this remarkable history, but time and space are not sufficient. The requisite permission and arrangements having been made, the Rev. Virgil Horace Barber was received into the Society of Jesus, made his novitiate at Georgetown College, and after completing his studies, partly in Rome, was ordained a priest in the Society of Jesus in 1822. With the permission of his Superiors in the Society, he was sent to Claremont, the home of the Barbers, to serve as a missionary priest, where he built a church, and announced, with fervor and effect, the truths he had himself embraced. His wife, Mrs. Jorusha Barber, became a Visitation Nun, under the religious name of Sister Mary St. Augustin, at Georgetown Convent. All the children of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Horace Barber became members of Religious Orders. Their oldest child, Mary Barber, became an Ursuline Nun at Quebec, under the religious name of Sister Mary Benedicta. Mary Abigail Barber also became an Ursuline Nun in the same Convent at Quebec. Susan Barber became an Ursuline Nun in the Convent of that Order at Three Rivers, Canada. Josephine Barber became a Visitation Nun in the Convent of that Order at Mobile, Alabama. The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Barber

became a Jesuit priest, and few students of Georgetown College have not heard of the saintly life of the good and learned Rev. Samuel Barber, S.J. The mother and four daughters remained faithful and devout Nuns to the last, and edified their respective Sisterhoods by their sanctity, their religious obedience, and their angelic virtues.

The Rev. Virgil Horace and the Rev. Samuel Barber were preceptors of Dr. Clarke at Georgetown College, from 1814 to 1818, the former as catechist and teacher of Christian Doctrine, and the latter as Professor of Classics. Both were learned men, but both were even more devout than learned: "I shall never forget the edification I experienced at seeing Father Virgil Horace Barber going to Confession to his own son, whom he always called Father Samuel." The conversion of the Barber family led to the conversion of Mrs. Tyler, sister of the older Barber; also of his nephew, William Tyler, who afterwards became first Bishop of Hartford; and to the conversion of Mr. Kewley, Mr. Ironside, Mr. Colvin White, and several other ministers. In its widespread consequences and fruits, in leading to conversions, the conversion of the Barber family had almost the features of a "movement."—*London Weekly Register*.

## Put God in Your Will.

While in the enjoyment of your faculties and when the light of reason guides your actions, ere the shadow of death begins to darken your understanding, make your will. In this record of your wishes name all who are entitled to be remembered. Take time for reflection and ask yourself who should be your heirs in justice as related to or dependent on you, in gratitude because of their participation in assisting you to accumulate and save what you possess. When you have reflected you will decide that God who has endowed you with the qualities that enabled you to be what you are, to possess what you have and who has blessed your efforts, is entitled to be remembered in your will. If you ask how can you give anything to God, your heart and reason if enlightened by religion will tell you that the fatherly protection that cared for you is extended to those who are in need, making them heirs of God to receive what is given to Him. Whosoever shall give them the least gift, even a cup of cold water in Christ's name because they belong to Him, shall give to God and shall be rewarded for this charity in the next life. And if you remember God, through those who are dear to him, they will benefit by your charity and you will have changed your earthly possessions into heavenly treasure and transferred it to a bank in which it will draw interest a hundred fold. Gratitude to God and your own interest should induce you to put your Heavenly Father's name in your will and the best way to do this so that there may be no doubt of your intention and that you may receive merit for your action is to make your will in time when influenced by reason and charitable motives and not by fear.—*Seranton Record*.

## Poor Blood.

Persons, sick and convalescent whose blood grows poor and thin who have a distaste for food, whose members grow cold and inactive, whose sleep is agitated and uneasy, whose flesh is wasting away, who have no energy and disinclination to work, should use Almoxia Wine, recommended by all the principal physicians. J. D. Oliver & Co., 10 King street west, Toronto, sole agent for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

Prayer is the noblest kind of human exertion. It is the one department of action in which man realises the highest privilege and capacity of his being. And in doing this he is himself enriched and ennobled, almost indefinitely. Now, as of old, when he comes down from the mountain, his face bears tokens of an irradiation which is not of this world.

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People who are bulldozed into buying mineral waters which have nothing but the dealer to recommend them are bound to be disappointed. ST. LEON MINERAL WATER is endorsed by every prominent medical practitioner in this country, is a perfect medicine, is chemically pure, and sold just as it flows from the rock.

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"VITALIZED AIR"

For one month prior to alterations in his parlors, C. H. RIGGS, the Popular Dentist, S. E. corner King and Yonge Sts., will continue to make plates with best Teeth at his old rates. Painless extraction guaranteed. Special attention also given to Gold and Silver filling.

**Enslor.**

*Written for the Register.*

Let earth rejoice, all voices raise  
All powers unite to sing His praise;  
Let heavenly host and earthly choir  
Praise Him with harp, and lute and lyre;  
With timbrel sweet and organ grand  
The psalm raise on sea and land;  
Let Halleluhs rend the sky,  
To praise and bless Our Lord Most High.

He has arisen, as He said,  
Though on the cross He died and bled,  
Though in the tomb He buried lay  
Through dark of night and light of day;  
The Roman guards affrighted fled,  
The Angel guarded in their stead;  
The massive stone was rolled away,  
And Christ Our Lord arose to-day.

This morn the sun shined over the hills,  
The streams rushed forth in eddying rills;  
The ocean great rolled in repose;  
The songs of birds from earth arose;  
The violets sweet with dewy face  
Gave perfume to the breeze of their race;  
And vale and mead and mountains sing  
Hymns to their risen King.

Remorseless Death's robber of his sting,  
The Lord walks forth a conquering King;  
Upon His brow the laurel wreath,  
Within His hand the palm of peace;  
Enthroned, with sceptre, gift with power,  
He reigns triumphant from this hour  
Then loud the hymn of triumph raise,  
Our Lord the conquering King to praise.

The victory great let all proclaim,  
Sound out the powerful victory's name;  
O David's Son, Emmanuel great,  
On Thee the throne of Heaven wait;  
Let choirs nine and earth's great band  
Unite in every clime and strand,  
In great To Deum, in words sublime  
To praise Our risen King Divine.

Toronto, March 25th, 1894. M. L. H.

**Five Minute Sermon.**

**BEHAVIOR AT MASS.**

If you recollect, the only time that our meek and gentle Lord gave way to angry indignation, and acted with downright severity, was when He found the buyers and sellers in the temple. Inflamed with zeal at the sight of such profanation, He at once turned upon the sacrilegious traffickers and drove them and their wares out of the temple, using a scourge and saying: "Take these things hence, and make not the house of My Father a house of traffic." Nor did they stand on the order of their going, for they recognized in the indignant countenance and commanding presence of Jesus Christ the manifestation of divine displeasure.

Now, the attitude of Our Lord Jesus Christ towards the old Jewish temple teaches us two very important lessons—first, to love the house of God, and to frequent it; and second to behave with the greatest reverence within the walls. Surely the Lord of the temple did not need to honor it. Yet, behold His attachment for it, how often He visited it, and how incensed He was against all who profane it. And if the sanctuary of the old law was so sacred in the eyes of our Lord Jesus Christ, how much more so the sanctuaries of the new law? Was it not said of Him, that "zeal for God's house hath consumed Him?" And do we not find that amongst us who have most the spirit of Christ imitate Him in this also? Good Christians love the house of God; they visit it often, and they are full of reverence for it. While, on the other hand, there is no more infallible sign of a coarse and tepid Christian spirit than irreverence in the temple of God. People whom you see enter the church laughing and talking, have little or no sense of worship; they come rather for appearance sake, like the Sadducees of old.

People whom you see come habitually late to church, though they live in the very next block, have no true devotion to God's house or its services, for real devotion overcomes all obstacles and brooks no delay.

People whom you find neglecting church Sunday after Sunday, have nothing in the spirit of Christ; they are merely baptized heathens. There is no truer test of our religious spirit than this.

What is our attitude towards the house of God? Do we love to fre-

quent it? Do we act with due reverence in it? If we are indifferent or irreverent, our religion is a mere sentiment, and our worship worse than a pretence. Let those who talk in church, the slothful Christians who straggle in late to church, the negligent Christian who seldom enter the church at all, ask themselves how our Lord Jesus Christ must regard their conduct. Surely he would use the lash upon them, or would withdraw from them as he did the sacrilegious Jews in the temple. Our Blessed Savior would find much to displease Him in our churches. He might, perhaps, even find a den of thieves, and in many of the organ galleries He would find dens of impious flirts and gossipers.

Let us imitate the Blessed Savior in his love and reverence for the temple of God; let us frequent its sacred precincts, and never by word or act, be guilty of the slightest irreverence within its walls. Let us teach our children to behave with the utmost decorum before the altar; let them understand that no word should be spoken that is not addressed to the throne of God. And then we shall not grieve the Sacred Heart of Jesus, so soon to bleed on Calvary.

**Public Kitchens in Berlin.**

A public kitchen for the working classes was inaugurated in 1866 by a German woman, Han Morgenstein. She has established many of these kitchens, each one having a public dining-room comfortably warmed and furnished, and supplied with the daily papers. Each kitchen, supplying perhaps from 300 to 400 people with daily meals, is managed by a local committee, the whole scheme being under the control of a central council. All the paid cooks are on the premises by 6 in the morning, and the vegetables and meat have been brought in before them. Waste of any kind is strictly forbidden. A subscription of \$3,250 was sufficient to start this scheme; the reserve fund set aside for providing new kitchens increases every year, while the council pays fair wages and is able to pension off its old servants. For a sum varying from 3 to 6 cents the Berlin workman can obtain a satisfactory meal at any of these restaurants. A dinner for 4 cents allows a basin of thick, substantial German soup, a plate of vegetables and a plate of pudding, and a roll of bread costs a little over one-fourth of a cent.

**An Ideal Life.**

Rest every day and restful occupation every day give the best results. To be fresh in the morning every day in the year is the happy privilege of perfect health, and is the reward of a right use of power. To do the best work and the most of which one is capable, there is no method so helpful as regular, happy continuous application. When one does every day all that he can do without undue exertion, keeps well up to his ability, all his working power will in time come in use, and he will bring every talent into service. Carlyle could work like a demon for weeks together. But then when he rested, his nerves played all manner of fiendish tricks upon him. Tennyson, unresting, unshaking, wrought at his best up to a serene old age. All cannot order their time and work in such a rational way, but all can have that as an ideal.

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

Mr. Wm. C. Brown, of Carlingford, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the County Louth.

**A HURON CO. MIRACLE.**

**An Old Lady's Story of Deep Interest to Others.**

*Mrs. Robert Bissett, who was Crippled with Rheumatism for Nine Years, Despite Advancing Years, has found relief—She Relates Her Experience that Others may Profit by it.*

*From the Oudrich Star.*

For upwards of three years the Star has been republishing articles from various papers in Canada and the United States recounting miracles in healing, wrought, often in forlorn cases, by the use of the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A more or less intimate acquaintance with the publishers of several of the newspapers warranted us in believing that the cases reported by them were not overdrawn or exaggerated advertisements, but were published as truthful statements of remarkable cures from human ills worthy of the widest publicity, that other sufferers might be benefitted also. For some time past we have heard the name of Mrs. Robert Bissett, of Colborne township, mentioned as one who had experienced much benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after years of painful suffering. Curious to know the particulars, a representative of the Star called upon her son at his flour and feed store on Hamilton street, and asked how far the story was true. Without hesitation or reserve Mr. Bissett led us into praise of Pink Pills, which he said had a most wonderful effect in relieving his mother from the suffering of a bedridden invalid, crippled by rheumatism, and restoring her to the enjoyment of a fair degree of health and activity for a person of seventy years of age. "See her yourself," he said; "I am sure she will freely tell you all about her case, and you can judge how much she owes to Pink Pills. I am sure that it is owing to them that she is alive to-day."

Acting on this cordial invitation, the reporter drove out to the well known Bissett homestead. Mrs. Bissett was found enjoying an afternoon's visit at a residence of a neighbor, Mrs. Robinson. She laughingly greeted the reporter with the assurance that she knew what he had come for as her son told her the day she was in town what was wanted, and although she had no wish to figure in the newspapers she was willing to tell the facts in her case. "It is about nine years," she said, "since I was first taken down with rheumatism and for seven months I lay helpless in bed unable to raise or turn myself. I doctored with local physicians and I suppose the treatment I received must have helped me for I was able to go around for quite a long while, until another attack came on, and for two years I was again laid up, never being able to put a foot under me or helped myself in any way. I tried everything, bleed you—doctors, baths, liniments and medicines, and of course suffered a great deal, being troubled also with asthma. But although I finally got on my feet again I was not able to do anything, and could get across the room only with the help of someone and leaning on a chair which they would push before me. By and by I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and though I had no faith in anything, I bought some at Wilson's drug store and began their use, and when I had taken two boxes I felt they were helping me. I continued them quite a while, improving gradually until now I am as you see me, although I have not taken them for a couple of months. I can now go around alone, and although I always keep my stick with me to guard against an accident or a mis-step, I can safely say I am wonderfully improved from the use of Pink Pills. I am no longer a helpless burden and care on my children that I was, and Pink Pills did it."

Mrs. Bissett has been a woman of great activity and industry, and is possessed of an unusually bright and vivacious mind; she is a great reader and talks with all the charming interest of one of the old time mothers in Israel. In her long residence of 48 years in this country she has seen many changes, and to her patient toil and untiring labors may be attributed much of the prosperity and beauty which is characteristic of the old homestead.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature.

Bear in mind Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a

box, or six boxes for \$2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

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# The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

March 29—Easter Thursday.  
30—Easter Friday.  
31—Easter Saturday.  
April 1—Sunday *In Albis*.  
2—Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary.  
3—S. Joseph, Spouse of the Blessed Virgin and Patron of the whole Church.  
4—S. Isidoro, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor.

### Paschal Peace.

We hear a great deal nowadays about apostles and apostolates. We have apostles of light, and apostles of darkness; apostles of progress, and apostles of poverty; apostles of prohibition and apostles of public schools. And then there is the apostolate of the press, the apostolate of the platform, and the apostolate of the theatre, especially since Mr. Daly, the New York manager, got the Lietare medal, which some people seem to think is a clerical commission or an ecclesiastical dignity. Our secular papers say that the reason we have so many lay apostles is that the pulpit is falling into disfavor. We do not think so. Indeed we strongly hold that this marvellous multiplication of preachers proves just the contrary: the pulpit was never so popular. But the pulpit like Mr. Spurgeon's "top-not," has had to "come down." If everyone is not his own pulpit now, almost everyone wants to be his own preacher; indeed there are many modern churches in which everyone is his or her own Pope. We do not here discuss or try to account for, this religious and oratorical phenomenon, we simply state it as a fact, and we merely wish to suggest to our self-constituted apostles and preachers a subject for their Easter, indeed their everyday sermon. That subject is—Paschal Peace. No matter how they may differ about other things, they can all agree about this. Here is a subject that is easily handled, and is well within the capacity of every man, woman and child. They will have to practise a little before they begin to preach of course, but they can begin to practise at home. Indeed the home is the best place for preaching and practising this beautiful sermon of the Easter time, for paschal peace is first with family and friends. Everybody knows that St. Augustine said: "Peace is the tranquility of order." But perhaps everybody does not stop to reflect that there are three kinds of order, order that comes from love, order that results from law, and order that is required by liberty. Now domestic peace the peace of the family and the home, is the tranquility of order that comes from love. It should not be difficult to preach this part of the

sermon. It is the exordium, the beginning; but preachers know it is important to begin well; and peace, like charity, begins at home. Indeed this domestic peace is charity—charity without reproach, charity without envy, charity without end.

The second part of the sermon—the tranquility of order that results from law, is civic peace and harmony, for love should rule social as well as domestic peace. It was a pleasant thing to see the signs of this civic harmony in the tranquility of order that prevailed in this Queen city of Toronto during the St. Patrick's Day parade. It was a tranquility that came from law, but it was a law that deserved to be loved. This hearty good will and generous favor of all citizens towards the legitimate and peaceful public demonstrations of some, is a civic consummation devoutly to be wished, and a subject on which apostles and preachers of peace may be as eloquent and active as they like. Here is an instance where citizens need not fear divine or human censure for preaching at the corners of streets, or even from perambulating pulpits of carriages, waggons and carts.

It were much to be desired of course that every human law were lovely and loveable, but as long as human nature is a little proud and perverse, it is almost too much to hope. Laws even when just and necessary must sometimes run counter to human inclinations. But the tranquility of order that law requires and liberty demands will be sufficiently secured if the preachers of public peace remember a few simple principles. The first thing for them to bear in mind is, that this is a free country; and the second, that it is a constitutional country. Because it is a free country, legislators should not impose laws on reasonably unwilling minorities. And because it is a constitutional country all subjects should have equal rights and favors. If these, and a few other such principles, are preached and practised, this Canada of ours will enjoy the blessings of domestic, civic and national peace—our Easter wish to friends and country.

### A Word from Mr. Gladstone.

The latest public utterance of Mr. Gladstone is a letter in which he acknowledges an address presented to him by the Liberal Association of Edinburgh. Making personal reference he says: "For myself I need say little more than that I carry with me out of office the political opinions I professed in it. It is indeed a source of satisfaction to me that after 60 years of highly contentious life, I can be honorably relieved of some of that active participation in the political conflict of which I had so full a share. But I recognize the great and growing demand of these countries for satisfying their legislative wants. I lament that the discrepancy of sentiment between the two houses of Parliament has been revived to such an extent as to raise a question between the chamber responsible and the chamber totally irresponsible to the nation, and raise it in such a form as will demand at no distant day a conclusive judgment from the constituencies."

If Mr. Labouchere's amendment be taken as an indication of the set of

the political current, it is not hazardous to predict that the House of Lords will not, as in the past, be so reckless in the exercise of its power, but inclined rather to more respectful consideration of such measures as in future, come before it from the lower house. If, however, the "Lords" will not improve their methods in this connection, the no distant day of judgment, hinted at above, will come to them, and their arrogance and folly will be punished in the utter extinction of the upper house as part and parcel of the British Constitution.

Mr. Gladstone is still for Home Rule—first and foremost and paramount as he deems it to all other questions now awaiting the action of the House of Commons. "I feel deeply convinced," observes the ex-Premier in his letter to the Scotch Liberals, "that until the first demands of Ireland are satisfied as the House of Commons tried to satisfy them, neither will the legislative wants of any portion of the United Kingdom be adequately met, nor will the Empire attain the maximum of its union and power, nor British honor be effectually cleared of the deepest historic stain ever attached to it."

More than once Mr. Gladstone declared that his sole and only reason for remaining in public life was that he might be instrumental in making atonement for the wrongs done Ireland by the duplicity and greed of the English usurpation. With that object, old as he was, he clung to office, and fought the battle to a triumph, as far as it could be fought in the popular branch of the legislature. Mr. Gladstone is now as deeply concerned as ever for the immediate success of Home Rule, and whether in or out of office, he will keep inviolate his pledge to the Irish people.

### Political Etiquette.

Every schoolboy knows that "Romish" was always bad grammar. Every gentleman knows it was always bad manners, and now it has been decided by highest authority that "Romish" must be considered bad politics. It is not pleasant to think the decision was necessary, and it is almost too much to hope that the decision may be effective and final. Lessons are useless to those who will not learn. Our friends, the P. P. A.'s, can scarcely be considered bound as yet to use parliamentary language, and it might be ungenerous and unjust to hold them strictly to the laws of good grammar or good manners. But their leaders, speakers and writers might remember with profit that false, injurious and painful epithets, do not always pay even in party politics. It is a sad commentary on our boasted public school culture, that so many who have enjoyed its advantages, seem satisfied with the mental food supplied by A.P.A. and P.P.A. literature. One of the reasons adduced for calling the middle ages dark and ignorant, is the general credulity given by the people of these times to old wives' fables. The reason had no foundation in fact for the middle ages; but Mr. Gladstone abundantly proves, in the *Century* for March, from published A.P.A. documents, that the reason holds good

for the darkness, ignorance and malice of thousands of educated readers in this our age of public school perfection. We advise Mr. Dalton McCarthy to give a little attention, under the able direction of Mr. Clark Wallace. "English as she is spoke" on our P. P. A. platforms, and "as she is wrote" in our P.P.A. press before condemning us to the solitary confinement of such a vile and villainous vocabulary.

### Hygiene and Demography.

The eighth meeting of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which is of great scientific interest as well as of public importance, will take place September of the coming year at Buda Pesth, Hungary, under the distinguished patronage of H. J. H. the Emperor of Austria. Conjointly with the Congress there will be at Buda Pesth a sanitary exhibition, which will be not merely an industrial affair, but a special exhibition intended to illustrate the reports read before the Congress.

The seventh Congress, which was held at London, England, three years ago, was attended by 2,700 delegates, representing provinces, states and nations in all parts of the world. It was inaugurated by a general meeting in St. James' Hall, the chair having been taken by H. R. H. the Prince of Wales. Promising by expressing the pleasure it gave him to preside, and thanking the members, more particularly those who came from a distance, for their attendance, he alluded to the importance of the meeting as shown by the list of its officers, both honorary and active. He then alluded to the knowledge he had acquired of the benefits arising from Sanitary methods when he was a member of the Royal Commission on the dwellings of the working classes; and expressed his satisfaction that the registers of Great Britain bore witness to the decreasing mortality in the large towns, to the increasing length of life in the whole population, and to many facts proving the great influence of Sanitary institutions. He expressed the hope that the deliberations of the Congress, being free from general or municipal politics, would exercise such an influence on public opinion as to induce individuals to submit to changes which appeared inconsistent or injurious to them, because they would be really beneficial to the general community.

The representative medical delegates of France, Germany, Austria, Italy and England, who were present, also addressed the meeting.

The Congress was divided into nine sections. A full report of the papers read and the subsequent discussions which took place in the several sections has since been published, and fills thirteen volumes—there being in all 249 papers.

It is earnestly to be hoped that at the forthcoming meeting at Buda Pesth some delegate from Canada will be present, who will worthily represent the existing Sanitary interests of this country, and, at the same time, have the knowledge and address to present to the Congress the advances and progress made in Canada in Quarantine as well as Sanitary Science in general.

### The Croakers Silenced.

Time and again have we called attention to the croaking predictions of the London *Times* and its anti-Irish copyists in Canada. The latest despatches show most exclusively how erroneous and misleading were their pronouncements on the prospects of the Gladstonian policy, either for England or Ireland. According to the prognostications of those one-sided journals, Mr. Gladstone's liberal policy and magnetic influence had come to an end. His successor, Lord Rosebery, "would not be governed by sentiment," nor would he act the crank or the agitator; or "feel bound in every particular to carry out either Mr. Gladstone's ideas of Home Rule, or every plank of the Newcastle programme." It is now evident that both Home Rule for Ireland and the Newcastle programme are held up prominently before the English people, and are both most likely to become, in the near future, not only questions for the legislature but accomplished facts.

Mr. John Morley, M.P. for Newcastle, proclaimed, in a memorial speech to his constituents, the radical measures adopted by him and the Government of which he is member. These measures are styled the "Newcastle Programme." Every member of Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, Lord Rosebery among the others, is committed to the carrying out of every item mentioned in the forecast made at Newcastle of the principal changes the Liberal Party promises to make for England's future government. Neither has Mr. Morley nor any member of the Ministry so far wavered or given sign of hesitancy about the adoption of such changes, or their firm determination to have them passed into law. It is very absurd, then, for the *Mail* and other anti-Irish journals to venture on the statement that Lord Rosebery has backed down, when every cable despatch proves to the very contrary. In Edinburgh he declared, in the presence of an immense audience, that his views and principles about Home Rule were utterly misrepresented, and wilfully so, by the London *Times*. His opposition to a non-representative Upper House of Lords was clearly enough set forth, especially when such House opposed and defeated measures of law called for and desired by a majority of the electorate in Great Britain and Ireland.

And now we are informed that the Newcastle programme is to the front, and that the fate of the House of Lords will depend upon its adoption or rejection of every plank in that programme, Home Rule included. The first plank is already before the Commons, and will be introduced without delay. It provides for a half-yearly registration with a three months' residence qualification; and that, as in Canada, all elections shall take place on the same day. This provision will prevent men of wealth and owners of large estates from voting in several constituencies, and using personal influence at the polls in many districts. While such practices prevailed the landlords and moneyed men were an almost irresistible power at every election. It is most probable

the House of Lords will reject this Bill, and by so doing hasten the day of its downfall.

The "one man one vote" principle will form a separate measure, involving a redistribution of seats. The despatches tell us that the "decision to introduce this measure as a distinct Bill has taken the Coercionists by surprise. These latter must sustain incalculable loss of power for evil and terrorising on election day. They must depend on themselves and immediate friends for decision at the polls. The evident result must be triumph for the people's liberties and enfranchisement all over England and Scotland, and a glorious Resurrection for Ireland. Disestablishment of the Church in Wales is another plank that will be put forward immediately, and which will meet with opposition, if not total rejection in the House of Lords. Then comes the Evicted Tenants' Relief Bill, that must pass by an overwhelming majority. What a triumph for the thousands of tenants in Ireland who, to establish a principle, gave up their homes and lands, and went to live in huts by the road side, waiting in silent patience for the day of deliverance. The Bill about to become law in their favor will restore them to the cherished homes of themselves and their fathers before them, who, by dint of hard work and long perseverance, had converted the bog or the stony hillside into rich pastures and fragrant meadows.

Probably before all these fond anticipations be realized another general election must take place. Then it will be the pleasing duty of every man with Irish blood in his veins to be up and doing. Irishmen, at home and abroad, must cast aside all personal differences in this last crisis and supreme effort of Ireland to regain her long-lost charter of liberties. Let us even now to work. A beginning has been inaugurated, and generous contributions have been placed in the hands of Hon. Edward Blake, or have been sent to him across the sea. But much more remains to be done. Every Irishman, and every friend of the Irish cause, should be heard from. There is no time to be lost. The general elections are expected to be held in August or September next. Before that time the Nationalist Committee should be supplied with the means and money necessary to overcome and surmount all the difficulties and obstacles which the illiberal and unscrupulous Coercionists will throw in the way of popular enfranchisement and Home Rule for Ireland.

### Called Down.

The clever young member for Ottawa County—Mr. O. R. Devlin—very opportunely called down two prominent gentlemen holding seats in the House of Commons—each the idol of a faction, and both representative of instincts by no means broad or generous. Of Mr. Dalton McCarthy something better than narrow bigotry might be expected; for he holds an enviable position in his profession, and commands respect alike from Bench and Bar; but with regard to Mr. Clarke Wallace we must not be surprised if now and then he behaves rudely when

speaking of things held sacred by a large number of his fellow-citizens. For the one, because of his standing and ability, we could wish a more honorable career than that involved in his creed and race antagonisms; for the other, with his pernicious surroundings, we fear it is idle to express the hope that some day or other he will be given the grace to mend his ways.

Mr. McCarthy is committed to the destruction in the North-West of Catholic education and the French language. For this purpose he introduced in the Commons last week his usual bill providing the ways and means for the accomplishment of that cherished object—accompanying his motion with sundry assertions and statements not strictly in line with fact. That the honorable member for North Simcoe spoke without the card was evident from the manner in which he was tripped up by Mr. Devlin, who took the P. P. A. champion at his own word and condemned him out of his own mouth. Holding up to public view this anti-Gallician Mr. Devlin asks: "Does he imagine for one moment that we from the Province of Quebec fear him? Does he imagine for one moment that the Province of Quebec is going to submit to all his dictates? We venture to say, in reply to these pregnant questions, that neither in Quebec nor in Ontario is there the shadow of fear of Mr. McCarthy or his following, whose principles are repudiated by all that is upright and honorable in Canadian manhood.

The member for North Simcoe hurls his invectives against Lower Canada and its people, whom he accuses of racial distinctions and intolerance. What are the actual facts? Let Mr. Devlin answer: "The overwhelming majority of Ottawa County," says that gentleman, "is Roman Catholic, yet I am the first Catholic member that has ever sat for that country in this House; a Protestant gentleman represented that county for 80 years. To give him (Mr. McCarthy) a further instance of the same generosity, I may state that the County of Ottawa was represented in the Local House by a Protestant member for years. The Warden of that County was a Protestant; for years the Mayor of the most Catholic city in the whole Province of Quebec—the City of Hull—was a Protestant, and so I could name a good many other counties with a similar record. I could name the County of Lotbiniere, which is almost exclusively French-Canadian Catholic, and that county sent a Protestant representative to this House. More than that it sent to the Quebec Parliament—a Catholic Parliament—a Protestant gentleman to represent it."

Can Mr. McCarthy say as much for the "enlightened" Province of Ontario? How many Catholics of this Province find seats in the Local Legislature and Federal Parliament? How many Catholic Mayors has Toronto had since William Lyon Mackenzie became its first chief magistrate? How many Catholics are to be found in the municipalities of Ontario—in the representative positions, in the

banks, insurance offices—aye, even in situations procurable in the mercantile community? The apostle of the new crusade will please answer. Pending his reply we beg to assure him that his mission is doomed to ignominious failure. It would be a blot on humanity were it otherwise.

### The Fee Commission.

As foreshadowed in the speech of the Lieutenant Governor at the opening of the present session of the Ontario Legislature, a Commission has been appointed to look into the Fee system and report upon its operations and capacity as a wealth-source for the lucky office-holder. The names of the Commissioners are: Chancellor Boyd, of the High Court of Justice; Hon. John Beverley Robinson; Mr. Thomas Brooke, of the Township of Brantford; Mr. John J. Hobson, of the Township of Guelph; and Mr. John James Mason, of Hamilton. We would be pleased to see the name of a Catholic in this very excellent list; but we suppose Sir Oliver Mowat, in the multiplicity of his duties, forgot all about the claims of his old friends of that persuasion—or perhaps ignored them as he did in the case of the Central Prison Bursarship. That was an appointment which had been filled by a Catholic—the late Mr. Quinn—and it was thought his successor would also be a Catholic, so few are there of that creed employed by the Provincial Government. But Mr. Robert Jaffray had more influence than the Catholics with Sir Oliver, and succeeded in planting his brother in the Bursarship.

Coming back to the Fee question. It is true that in many cases the emoluments are entirely out of proportion to the service rendered. But has it not been so from the beginning? We enter no defence for the fat sinecures now enjoyed under the Fee system, and would cheerfully see them pared down; but when a certain class cry out against the Mowats and the Ryans, we may fairly ask why they did not raise their voices against the Jarvises and the Lindsays. The Tory gobbler, it seems, may devour everything that comes to his net, and it is all right; but the Grit gobbler must live on short commons—or get out.

The Holy Father presented the Seminary of Prerugia, recently with a beautiful collection of specimens of the mineral and vegetable world. There were twenty-two cases full of various objects, which had been on exhibition in the Vatican and Genoa, and have now been placed in the museum of the seminary.

### St. Paul's Fancy Fair.

St. Paul's Hall, Power street, presented a very gay appearance on Monday evening at the opening of the "Fancy Fair," held under the auspices of the Ladies of that parish for the liquidation of the debt on the church. The beautiful decorations of the different tables displayed the good taste of the fair sex. The light of the numerous colored lamps shed a soft glow over the pure white lilies so profusely used in ornamenting the well-filled tables of fancy articles. The following ladies have charge of the different tables: Refreshment table, presided over by Mesdames Martin, Melady and the Misses O'Connor and Eichorn; the Sodality table, by Misses Kearney and Furniss; the Literary table, by Misses Mallon, Hibbitt and Walsh; Confraternity table, by Mesdames Curry and Richard. A fine programme of vocal and instrumental music is given every evening. On Friday and Saturday evenings the grand drawing of the prizes will take place, and also many useful articles for the household will be disposed of. Among the many who were at the opening the following were noticed: Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, Rev. Fathers Hand, Redden, O'Malley, Messrs. Dwan, Moran, O'Connor and Melady.

Weekly Retrospect.

The beautiful festival of Easter has passed with unusual rapidity, it seems to us. Although the weather was not the most agreeable, the day being so very cold, but old March could not help giving us a little taste of his biting wind, before bidding us adieu; yet it was Easter Sunday, and the very air breathed forth alleluias, and as the wind swept along in its noisy March fashion, we thought we heard sweet voices whispering to us: "To-day He is risen!"

The Church in her wisdom prepares us so fittingly for this great festival, and he or she must indeed be cold and unfeeling, who is not in some way affected by the solemnities of Holy Week. How utterly desolate the tabernacle seems to us on Good Friday after the celebration of the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified! And then what joy enters our hearts on Holy Saturday at the Gloria, when the bells are again rung.

How very often, nowadays, we see the utter neglect of those necessary little appendages to good manners, which make the perfect lady or gentleman. We are afraid there are a great many little things sadly neglected, and the consequence will be if more attention is not paid to them the coming generation will be utterly void of any of the polished and easy manners which marked the old-time lady or gentleman. We always find the laborer or tiller of the soil knows enough to doff his hat, when he enters a house; but now the smart young man, who has just graduated from our schools and is entering business, thinks it too much trouble to take it off, and tilts it jauntily on the back or side of his head, and looks most knowingly out of the corner of his cunning little eye, at any lady who has the misfortune to pass him. We wonder if he is under the impression this gives him the air of a free-born citizen, we never could say gentleman, it will soon be necessary to drop that word out of the English vocabulary. If young boys are not taught to pay attention to all these little things at home, they should be taught them in the Public Schools, and not have so much cramming of book-learning. Let us quote from our beloved Father Faber, of whom we hope our readers will never tire: "Let us keep ourselves low and nestle in the thought of our own unworthiness; let us wonder God should bear with us at all, and so learn sweet manners to bear with the waywardness of others."

A very beautiful picture of the "Annunciation" was painted recently by Miss Ford of Toronto; it was on view at this lady's studio, in the James' Building, corner of King and Yonge streets. The humility displayed by the attitude of Our Lady in the picture as the angel delivers the divine message is beautifully expressed; the lights and shades of the picture are very effective. In our ignorance of the different schools of art, we thought of the Pre-Raphaelite School, but Miss Ford very kindly enlightened us and explained these effects of light were practised by the French school of artists. Miss Ford has some other pictures, which are interesting studies to lovers of the beautiful.

A pretty Spring visiting pelisse this season is made of black camel's-hair cloth, a full skirt gathered into a round waist, it is finished with a small shoulder cape edged with satin and a collar of pleated ribbon. The sleeves of this handsome garment are the large leg of mutton pattern, made of black moire. The hat worn with it is of black fancy chip with jet paillettes and peacock feathers made of jet, rising from bows of green velvet. A pretty smart spring cape is made of brown cloth fitted to a yoke of a paler shade, covered with guipure. A pointed hood at the back makes a rolled edge to the yoke, and is finished off in the front with a rosette at each side. The hood

and rosettes may be made of velvet to harmonize with color of the cape.

The new tailor-made gowns are in cloth, serge and hop-sack; the combinations of color are excellent. A very pretty gown for street wear is described in a late number of an old country journal; it has a skirt of frieze cloth in a pretty warm hue of tan, the coat turning back with a round collar, edged with a hem of Mediterranean blue faced cloth, partly covered with a braiding pattern in tan and silver. The waistcoat, which fits tightly up to the neck, is entirely of the blue cloth, fastening down the centre like a military waistcoat with innumerable little silver buttons, followed by a line of silver braid fancifully twisted at the corners.

Wit and Humor.

Roscius de Hammo—"I hear you played to standing room only in Shelbyville."

Barnes Torner—"Yes, that's so. There wasn't a reserved seat sold."

Workhouse Superintendent—"Is there anything you would prefer in the line of work?"

Dismal Dawson—"If it's all the same to you I think I would like to sit in the parlor and knit tidies."

Yabsley—"They tell me you are somewhat of a believer in predestination."

Wickwire—"Yep; I would believe in it fully if I could only satisfy myself that I was one of the elect."

"Bunkins used to think the theater was demoralizing," remarked the manager.

"Has he changed his view?"

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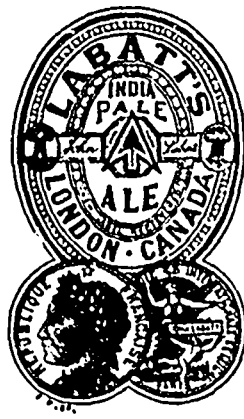
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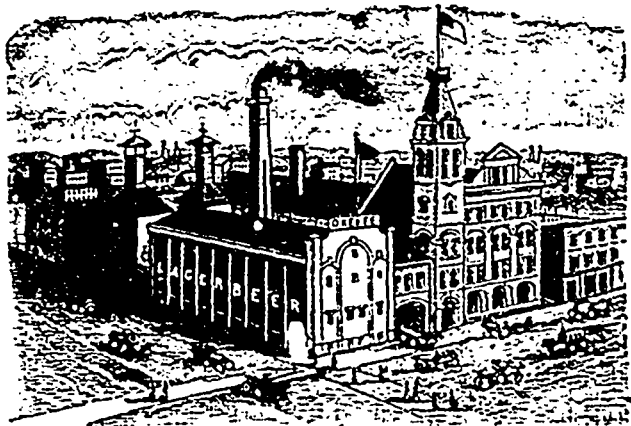
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

As a result of the refusal of Messrs. Harland & Wolff, of the Queen's Island ship-building works in Belfast, to pay the platers' helpers direct from the office, as is the case in Messrs. Workman, Clark & Co's, and in the principal ship-building yards in England and Scotland, a meeting of the helpers, on February 26th, decided by 240 voters to 4 to continue the strike which has been going on for some time past.

Cavan.

With sincere regret we announce, this week, the death of Rev. F. Teevau, Administrator of the Parish of Cavan, which occurred at the residence of his brother, Dr. Teevau, Northumberland road, Dublin, on March 1st, after a brief illness, borne to the last with a good natured thought for others, so characteristic of him, and which made bright, in his robust health, the home of many a despondent poor one. As a priest, even outside his sacred functions, the popularity of the deceased was universal and unbounded. May his rest in peace.

Cork.

On the night of February 24th, a boy named Edward O'Brien, aged 15, son of a carpenter living on Kyles quay, Cork, was found suspended by a rope from a rafter in the garret of his house. A small step-ladder was in a position a yard or so from his feet, as if he had kicked it away. No motive has been assigned for the deed.

The death occurred, recently, of a man named Denis McCarthy, who had reached the patriarchal age of 103. Deceased was a small farmer residing in the townland of Grange, parish of Barryroe, and up to a short time before death was vigorous and healthy. He was seven years old in famed '88, and remembered many stirring incidents of that eventful period.

The Mayor of Cork, on March 2d, received a communication in which he was informed that a gentleman whose death was recently announced—Mr. Thomas Bones, of the well-known Belfast firm of Swanston & Bones—bequeathed the sum of £150 each to the North Infirmary, South Infirmary, Fever Hospital, County and City Hospitals, and Eye, Ear and Throat Hospitals.

Derry.

On Tuesday morning, February 27th, a sad occurrence took place in Long Tower Church, Londonderry. While the seven o'clock Mass was being concluded, an aged man, named John O'Neill, a stone-mason, was observed to fall forward where he knelt. Mr. Neal Crossan, of Bishop street, who was the first to observe him, went to his assistance, and, aided by several other members of the congregation, carried him out of the church, where efforts were made to restore what seemed to be suspended animation; but it was soon found that life was extinct. Deceased, who had been suffering from heart disease for years past, and was under medical attendance, was much respected in his social circle, and, as evidenced by his last moments, was of a very pious disposition.

Donragh.

At the last meeting of the Ballyshannon Town Commissioners, Mr. Robert Sweeney, J.P., chairman, presiding, the following resolution was passed unanimously on the motion of Mr. Peter Kelly, seconded by Mr. James Moohan: "Resolved—That we, the Town Commissioners of Ballyshannon, in meeting assembled, beg to tender to our respected and most efficient representative, J. G. Swift MacNeil, Esq., our sincere condolence in the great loss he has sustained in the demise of his mother, who was a lady of exemplary character and philanthropy; and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Mr. MacNeil and to the Irish National Press."

Dublin.

For the week ending February 25th, the Irish Evicted Tenants Fund was increased by the addition of £474, and had reached the total of £6,926. Of the £474 acknowledged, the Nationalists of Belfast, headed by Most Rev. Dr. McAlister, the patriotic Bishop of Down and Connor, contributed £307—as a first instalment of their support of the evicted.

Mr. Henry Smith, of Capel street, Dublin, died on February 28th, at his residence, Creamorne, Terenure. Mr. Smith for many years carried on an extensive ironmongery business, and was highly esteemed for his commercial abilities, and respected by all who were acquainted with him. His funeral took place on Saturday, March 3d, and was largely and respectfully attended.

Galway.

On March 1st, a crowded meeting was held at Black's Assembly Room, Galway, for the purpose of considering the project of establishing a woolen factory in the town. The meeting was convened by the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, who presided. The proceedings were very enthusiastic, and there seemed to be the greatest desire on the part of everyone present that the project should become a success. There was a very large attendance, and shares to the amount of £2,000 in the proposed concern were taken. Four hundred pounds had previously been subscribed at a full meeting of the members of the local Temperance Society, the Rev. Father Dooley, P.P., President, in the chair.

Kerry.

Francis Casoy, cabinetmaker, an old and respected inhabitant of Strand street, Tralee, died rather suddenly on Sunday evening, Feb. 25th.

There is, at present, an inmate of the Tralee Workhouse who has attained the extraordinary age of 103 years, and still enjoys the best of health. His name is John Driscoll, born and residing for the greater portion of his life in Tralee. He was forty years employed by the late Mr. Cornelius O'Sullivan, in his yard, as liveryman.

We deeply regret to have to announce the death of Rev. Thomas H. Brosnan, P.P., of the united parishes of Abbeydorney and Killynau, which took place at the Parochial House, Abbeydorney, March 1st, after an illness of a week's duration. Father Brosnan was born at Dromultin, near Castleisland, in the year 1833, received his education in the Irish College, Paris, and Maynooth, and was ordained in the year 1857. His first curacy was the parish of Ballybunion, whence, after about two years, he was transferred to Causeway, where he spent eight years. From the curacy of Causeway, he was promoted to the pastoral control of Tuosist, after about a year in which parish he was transferred to the pastoral control of Abbeydorney and Killynau, the interests of which, spiritually and temporally, he devoted himself heartily to for the past twenty-five years. He always took the keenest interest in the welfare of his flock amongst whom his demise has caused general regret.

Kildare.

Robert Kennedy, Esq., of Baronrath, Straffan, has been appointed Lieutenant and "Custos Rotulorum" (Keeper of the Rolls,) of the County of Kildare.

On February 26th, a meeting of the parishioners of Athy, was held in the Town Hall, for the purpose of taking steps for the erection of a suitable memorial to the memory of the late Rev. James Doyle, P.P. Mr. Thomas J. Whelan, C.T.C., presided, and there was a large and representative attendance which included a number of Protestants. On the motion of Mr. M. Minch, seconded by Mr. Thomas P. Lennon, T. C., a resolution was passed calling on the people of Athy and neighborhood to unite in the work of erecting a memorial to the deceased Parish Priest.

Kilkenny.

At the last meeting of the Thomastown Board of Guardians, Mr. Andrew O'Connell, J.P., expressed his intention of resigning the office of Chairman. It is also stated that Mr. Bowe, of Tallaroon, is about to resign his office as Poor Law Guardian. His resignation will leave a wide gap in that body.

While engaged blasting stones on the land of John Nolan, of Fahee, Bigwood, on February 14th, two men received injuries in the eyes, hands, and feet, by the premature explosion of a "blast." One of them named Brennan, had to be removed to the Waterford Union hospital, where, under Dr. Connolly's care, he is progressing favorably. The other escaped with slight bruises.

King's County.

On February 23d, the following gentlemen were sworn on the King's County Grand Jury, for fiscal business, before Mr. J. Perry Goodbody, High Sheriff, by Mr. J. P. Fagan, Clerk of the Crown and Peace: Reckter Toler, D.L., (foreman); Captain French, Captain Fox, Captain Drought, Reginald Digby, W. B. H. Muloch, John V. Cassidy, John W. Tarleton, Toler R. Garvey, Jonathan C. Darby, Arthur Burdett, E. J. Beaumont Neabitt, Joseph Studholme, Judge Morris, Ernest B. Browne, Captain Beward Daly, Major Geo. L. Bennett, Richard Warburton, Abraham A. Faller, Thomas Perry, Major Urquhart, Geo. Ridley, Francis P. Dunne.

Lettim.

On February 28th, Justice Madden opened the Commission in the Criminal Court, Carrick-on-Shannon. Justice Harrison sat in the Record Court. Justice Madden, in addressing the Grand Jury, said he was very happy to inform them that the number of cases to go before them was small, and that none of them, with the exception of one, were of a serious nature. He was glad to ascertain, not only from the returns presented to him, but also from the County Inspector, that the general condition of the county was eminently satisfactory.

Limerick.

The death is announced in our Irish exchanges of Jacobus A. Purcell, City and County Court Judge, Limerick, which took place, on March 5th, at his residence, Harcourt street, Dublin. The deceased was one of the most widely known of the members of the Inner Bar, who presided since the October Sessions, 1874, (in succession to Barrister Michael Leahy), in the City and County Courts of Limerick. His death is supposed to have been due to disease of the heart. For some years past, Judge Purcell acted in the same capacity for Queen's County.

There is no reason why children should be allowed to suffer from loathsome scrofulous sores and glandular swellings when such a pleasant, effective, and economical medicine as Ayer's Sarsaparilla may be procured of the nearest druggist. Be sure you get Ayer's.

A Great Catholic Novel.

Have you read "The Betrothed" if not there is a treat in store for you, and one you may enjoy without a twinge of doubt. Its age—for, in these days, seventy years is a long life for a novel—has not in the least detracted from the charm of its vivid pictures of Italian life, of devoted love and purity. It is the one book of its author. Whatever else he did was so inferior to it, however good in itself, that it has been forgotten. For one description alone—that of the Great Plague in 1630—it must long survive the majority of its contemporaries. Count Manzoni lived until 1873, thus witnessing a half century of his work's success. His was a most noble, fervent and devout Catholic life. He married (in 1807) the daughter of a banker of Geneva—a Calvinist, but eventually she became a Catholic, and they fulfilled together the purpose of their life. No one who had not a most pure and high souled genius could have written "The Betrothed"—the "I Promessi Sposi" of the Italians.

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The Catholic Bazaar, Woodstock.

Below is given the result of the Grand Prize Drawing in connection with the Catholic Bazaar, held in Woodstock. Persons holding winning numbers will please send tickets to Rev. Father Brady, stating how they wish their prizes disposed of:

- 1355 E draws 40, a St. Bernard puppy, won by John Quinn, St. Andrews, N. B.
- 3893 K draws 13 a valuable work in fancy drapery, won by Miss Maria S. Kyllia, 701 Main St., St. John, N. B.
- 2519 J draws 5, \$10 in gold, won by Jas. Toner, Portage Du Fort, Que.
- 1224 E draws 35, \$10 in gold, won by Annie O'Keefe, Kuno, N. Y.
- 2003 C draws 36, a beautiful gold medal, won by Miss Carrie Mahler, Brantford, Ont.
- 2748 K draws 37, \$50 in gold, won by James Scallan, St. Andrews, N. B.
- 2041 N draws 38, \$25 in gold, won by Miss Mary A. Greer, Hartford, Conn.
- 1535 G draws 4, \$10 in gold, won by Miss Kate McDonnell, 52 McGill College ave., Montreal, or 25 in 3 of Kenyon, Loch Garry, P. O.
- 3709 T draws 34, a pair of valuable curtains, won by J. F. Brady, 1715 Cornelia St., Chicago.
- 252 J draws 33, a bedroom set, won by Miss Annie Clifford, Bath, Ont.
- 1153 F draws 32, a handsome dinner and tea set, won by Mrs. T. Burns, Niagara, Ont.
- 2100 K draws 31, \$10 in gold, won by R. Wakely, 42 Starr St., Halifax, N. S.
- 1334 R draws 30, \$10 in gold, won by Miss Mary Giddens, Old City, Pa.
- 3781 F draws 19, \$10 in gold, won by James Bond, 173 Yonge St. Toronto.
- 1340 D draws 23, \$10 in gold, won by James O'Brien, Eramosa, Ont.
- 4621 L draws 25, an antique oak table, won by Rev. Father Molphy, Ingersoll, Ont.
- 799 R draws 21, \$10 in gold, won by Miss Sadie Duan, Salamanca, N. Y.
- 3615 O draws 27, Fabiola beautifully illustrated, won by Miss Alice Haffoy, Woodstock.
- 3690 S draws 22, \$10 in gold, won by J. C. Robinson, 154 Fifth a.e., Pittsburg, Pa.
- 2635 G draws 10, a gold watch, won by Miss Ellen Whelan, 55 Percy St., Ottawa.
- 2749 Q draws 28, The New York Sun for one year, won by J. Coughlin, Alms House, Washington, D. C.
- 2029 I draws 24, \$10 in gold, won by Mrs. W. C. Stewart, Woodstock.
- 3438 S draws 41, a parrot, won by R. McAvoy, 6 Magee Row, Corning, N. Y.
- 3178 K draws 26, the Columbian Jubilee, won by Miss Agnes Farrell, Frederickton, N. B.
- 1231 I draws 3, \$10 in gold, won by Wm. Mahon of Seaforth, Ont.
- 3551 G draws 14, painting in pastel, won by H. Caulton, Orillia asylum, Ont.
- 1571 G draws 13, a pastel, won by F. Gilmore, 69 Sherboarne St., Toronto, Ont.
- 2473 J draws 15, a water color by Miss Mollie Edever, Chicago, Ill., won by G. W. Brohman, Brantford, Ont.
- 1693 F draws 12 a water color by Miss Flora White of London, England, won by Miss Rosa E. Ferguson, Vesta, Ont.
- 2026 F draws 5, \$10, won by Miss K. Hanley, 194 Herkimer St., Hamilton, Ont.
- 333 J draws 2, \$10 in gold, won by John Flynn, Hespele, Ont.
- 3975 K draws 20, \$10 in gold, won by Alex. Maheux, Windsor, Ont.
- 2533 P draws 11, "Madonna," won by Thomas O'Brien, Paris, Ont.
- 3552 C draws 1, a portrait of Very Rev. Dr. Finnelly, St. Thomas, Ont., won by Mr. John Dolan, Stratford, Ont.
- 3831 R draws 29, \$10 in gold, won by Mrs. Rose Penn, 3067 Canal St., Washington, D. C.
- 599 G draws 6, \$10 in gold, won by T. Trudella, 350 Adelaide St. Toronto.
- 596 G draws 8, beautiful rattan chair, won by L. L. Darocher, 11 Dorsett St., Toronto, Ont.
- 1583 D draws 17, a handsome pillow, hand painted won by Douglas Cameron, Alexandria, Ont.
- 1975 D draws 7, \$10 in gold, won by James Carroll, Trenton, Ont.
- 2532 H draws 39, a three year old colt by Daidie Diamond, won by Miss Nellie Hogan, Stratford, Ont.
- 3314 D draws 16, marine scenes by Miss Winnie McNally, Newark, won by John E. Murphy, Arnprior, Ont.

St. Alphonsus Club.

When Dr. Clark, Superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto, addressed the members of the St. Alphonsus Club, he jokingly remarked, upon being tendered a vote of thanks on that evening, that he would be very happy to have the members give him a concert at the Asylum for the benefit of the inmates and attendants. The matter was placed in the hands of the Entertainment Committee, and they last week met Dr. Clark's request by taking the Minstrels to the Asylum, where for about two hours, they delighted a large and thoroughly appreciative audience. The first part of the programme consisted of ballads and "end"

songs, assisted by the entire chorus of 70 voices, and was received with round after round of applause. The jokes from the wicked "and" men were received with hearty laughter, and the assortment of *bon mots* and sharp repartees were applauded in every instance. The second part was composed of specialities, every one of which deserved the applause given.

Three rehearsals will be held this week—on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening, and all those taking part are requested to make a special effort to attend each of these practices. The plan will open at the Grand on Friday, the 30th instant. The public who have enjoyed the series of open meetings held during the past two or three months by the Club should give them the encouragement they deserve by attending at the performance in the Grand Opera House next Monday evening, the 2nd of April. The entertainment is under the patronage of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, and his Grace the Archbishop has graciously given his approval and best wishes.

St. Alphonsus Minstrels.

The production of St. Alphonsus Club Minstrels on Monday, April 2nd, at the Grand Opera House under the patronage of his grace the Archbishop and his Honor the Lieutenant Governor promises to be one of the most successful amateur performances of the season. In addition to the exceptionally large chorus of 80 voices there will be special features, such as stump speeches, Plantation melodies, etc.

Personal.

We are pleased to congratulate Mr. John T. McElroy of Concord, County of York, who has just graduated successfully from the Ontario Veterinary College.



The Change from Girlhood to Womanhood—is fraught with dangers. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best tonic and nerve at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another.

For all women, at all times of life, in all cases of peculiar nature, the "Prescription" is the safe agent that builds up, strengthens, and cures.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic disorders and displacements common to women, it is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

A great many medicines "relieve" Catarrh in the Head. That means that it's driven from the head into the throat and lungs. But, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy perfectly and permanently cures.

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1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President.

St. Patrick's Day in Douro.

The annual festival of St. Patrick, the great Apostle of Ireland was celebrated in St. Joseph's church, Douro, on the 17th, with the usual fervour and devotion. Mass was commenced at half-past ten o'clock in the presence of the largest congregation that has assembled on the occasion of this anniversary for years. After mass the ever zealous and energetic pastor, Rev. Father Kelly, addressed to his people a few words appropriate to St. Patrick and his conversion of the Irish people to Christianity, and quickened the national feelings of those present by announcing to them that Rev. Father Collins, of the Cathedral, Peterborough, would preach the annual sermon. Presently the Rev. preacher appeared and from the sanctuary delivered a most fervid and eloquent panegyric on the virtues and life of the great apostle of Ireland. The Rev. preacher traced the early life of St. Patrick—his captivity in Ireland before his conversion—his deliverance by the hand of Divine Providence from the land of exile and bondage. St. Patrick escaped to his native France, where under the guidance of St. Martin of Tours, his near relative, and of St. Germanus, Bishop of Auxerre, he prepared himself by long studies, earnest prayer and pious meditation for the priesthood and the great work which he felt called—the conversion of a whole nation from idolatry to the saving truths of Christianity. The higher intellectual and imaginative qualities of the ancient Irish people, he described as predisposing them to listen to and accept the saving principles taught by St. Patrick. Father Collins then described the arrival of St. Patrick in Ireland armed with power from above and the plenitude of jurisdiction from Pope Celestine, in the chair of Peter. He told of the wonderful power of Ireland's apostle in impressing on the hearts of the Druid priests and peasants the truth of the holy Catholic religion, and dwelt upon the unparalleled success with which his missionary ligo was crowned, and the undying tenacity of the Irish people to the faith he followed. Wherever in the wide world, the eloquent father said, Irishmen were this day scattered, their hearts fondly turned to the Emerald Isle in loving memory of it green hillsides and the grave-mounds of their fathers with throbbing breasts, and sighed for the day when Ireland shall be free. He advised Irishmen to peace and patience, and God would bless them. He exhorted the congregation and the growing up young men and women to remain true and steadfast to the Catholic traditions of their forefathers, and congratulated them on the becoming and acceptable manner in which they honoured St. Patrick's day, as evidenced by the large number of communicants who partook of the Blessed Sacrament. It was noticeable that every man, woman and child composing the large congregation wore the emblem or a green ribbon pinned on the breast.

At the urgent request of the rev. rector, Mr. J. W. Fitzgerald, who was present, addressed to the people outside the church a few words, mainly on the political aspect and outlook of Ireland. He agreed with Rev. Father Collins that Irish exiles everywhere were that day fondly looking back to Ireland and longing for the time when Ireland could make her own laws, upon her own soil, for the benefit of Irishmen, north and south and east and west alike. This grand old Irish nation of ours and our fathers, he said, must not perish or be blotted out. God put it there and, with our Irish help, God will keep it there—Irish still. The swelling voice of the oppressing people of every civilized land is asserting itself and compelling attention. The value of men's brains and muscles, and the works they produce, is being recognized. The growing power of democracy is abroad, influencing and moulding and making public opinion; and it is felt in the castle as in the cot. These forces cannot be crushed, or turned back, and although they might, for a brief period, be checked by the gasping efforts of dying tyrants, they cannot long be delayed in their irresistible onward march towards the accomplishment of human freedom. Let Irishmen at home and a road persevere and stand together, and Home Rule for the land of St. Patrick is assured.—Peterborough Examiner.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S

Brother, the Rev. Wm. N. Cleveland, certifies to Mr. John D. Rose's sickness and cure. Mr. Rose's statement is as follows:—"I, the undersigned, feel constrained to bear testimony to the value of your remedy for Dyspepsia. Last summer my stomach failed so entirely that I was unable for weeks to digest any food except an occasional cracker; meanwhile, I was reduced to a skeleton, and became so weak as to be unable to walk without staggering. Having seen in a Toronto paper your remedy advertised, I procured through my sister, a bottle of your medicine. Upon trying it I began at once to mend, and in a short time entirely regained my health, gaining in eight days 13 lbs. To-day I am well and hearty, which blessing, under God, I owe (as I think) to your medicine, R. D. C. Yours truly, JOHN D. ROSE, Chaumont, New York.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER. It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season. Beware of substitutions and imitations. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

To Creditors of MARGARET DURAN, late of the City of Toronto, Spluster, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to R.S.O., c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Margaret Duran, who died on or about the eighth day of February, 1894, are required to deliver or send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned, the solicitor for the executor of the said deceased, a statement in writing, containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, with vouchers, if any, duly verified by statutory declaration on or before the twenty third day of April, 1894, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and he will not be liable for any claim of which he shall not have had notice as above at the time of such distribution.

FRANK A. ANGLIN, Cor Bay and Richmond streets. Solicitor for the Executor.

Dated at Toronto, 12th March, 1894.

CATHOLIC DEVOTIONAL READING FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

- A Flower for each day of the Month of May... 10
- New Month of May. Cloth... 40
- The Young Girl's Month of May. Paper... 10
- Our Lady's Month. Cloth... 25
- Tickets for the Month of May, per package... 5
- A Flower every Evening of the Month of May. Cloth... 35
- Little Month of Mary. Leatherette... 35
- The Child's Month of May. Paper... 10
- Cloth... 18
- New May Devotions. By Rev. A. Wirth, O.S.B. Cloth... 1 00
- The Month of May. For Congregational Use. Cloth... 00

SOUVENIRS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

- The Great Day or Souvenir of Holy Communion. Cloth... 45
- Counsel on Holy Communion. Paper... 18
- Stories for First Communion. Cloth... 50
- Devout Communicant. Cloth... 25
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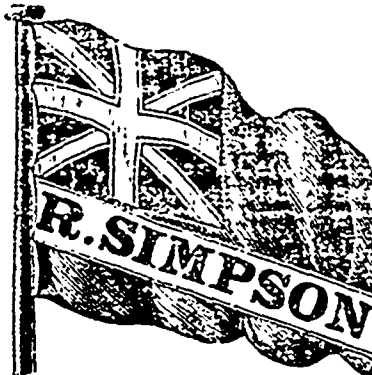


A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."—T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

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- Sheet Iron Roasting Pans, 10 1/2 x 14, 9c, regular price 10c.
- 1-gal. Oil Cans, 15c, regular price 20c.
- Covered Tin Pails 4-quart, 10c, regular price 15c.
- 10-quart Flaring Tin Pails, 10c, regular price 15c.
- China Egg Cups, 20c dozen, regular price 30c.
- Large Ink Bottles, 3c.
- Black Teapots, 13c.
- Special Vase Lamps, \$1.
- Flint Tumbler, 3c.
- Copper Bottom Rollers, No. 8, 9c, regular price \$1.15.
- Lipped Preserving Kettles, onyxware, 3c, regular price 5c.
- Lipped Saucepans, onyxware, 1-quart, 2c, regular price 3c.
- Onyx Tea Kettle, stove size No. 8, \$1.20, regular price \$1.50.
- Tea and Coffee Pots, 2 quarts, 6c, regular price \$1.
- Tubs, 5c, worth 75c.
- Good Horse Broom, 10c.
- Haswood Bake Boards, 12c, regular price 25c.
- Kitchen Tables, \$1.25, regular price \$1.70.
- Gas Range Sets, 12 fruit saucers, 1 large fruit dish, 20c, regular price, 75c.
- Glass Tea Sets, cream, sugar, butter and spoon-holder, 12c, regular price 25c.
- Opal Gas Globes, 10c, regular price 15c.
- "Doulton" 100-piece Dinner Set, \$8, worth \$10.
- White Castile and Oatmeal Bar Soap, 6c, or 65c dozen.

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St. Catharine's Home Rule Fund.

Mr. Edward McArdle, treasurer of the Edward Blake Home Rule fund begs to acknowledge receipt of the following subscriptions:

- Capt. P. Larkin, \$200; Edward McArdle, 50; Capt. B. King, 25; Dean Harris, 25; John McKeown, 10; Wm. Ahearne, 10; Thos. Sheehan, 10; James A. McSley, 10; Daniel McGuire, 10; Patrick Breen, 10; Geo. A. Begy, 5; Capt. P. Sullivan, 5; James Flynn, 5; L. Bissonnette, 5; Patrick Dickson, 5; Edward Murphy, 5; John Phelan, 5; Michael Tracey, 5; B. D. Voisard & Sons, 5; Sheriff Dawson, 5; P. Nicholson, 5; John Connolly, 5; John McNulty, 5; Capt. John Clifford, 5; Michael Driscoll, 5; Quinn Bro., 5; E. Viger, 5; Daniel McCarthy, 5; James A. McMahon, 5; Rev. F. Smith, 5; S. Montgomerly, 5; John B. McIntyre, 5; R. D. Dunn, 5; Miss Kate Finn, 5; John McCarthy, 3; M. J. McCarron, 3; Martin Flannery, 3; Ed. Hartnett, 3; John McLugh, 3; John P. Phelan, 3; David E. Fisher, 2; James B. Dolan, 2; Adam Haynes, 2; James Kelly, 2; Israel Lalonde, 2; Cornelius Neeson, 2; Timothy Sullivan, 2; Capt. Wm. Mellwain, 2; H. M. H. Howell, 2; Daniel McCarthy, 2; Wm. Sullivan, 2; Wm. Foley, 2; J. E. McCarthy, 2; Patrick O'Reilly, 2; Patrick Hartman, 2; Anthony Meyer, 2; Cornelius O'Gorman, 2; Richard McNamara, 2; E. P. Healey, 2; Thomas Scott, 2; Walter Hynes, sr., 2; James Warren, 2; D. Holland, 2; J. McGrath, 2; Miss M. Flatherty, 2; Thomas Sexton, 2; Michael O'Brien, 2; John Bolton, 1; James Heaney, 1; James Home, 1; James Stack, 1; John Sexton, 1; John Harrigan, 1; P. Harrigan, 1; M. Harrigan, 1; D. Bergeron, 1; Geo. Collins, 1; M. Howe, 1; J. Warren, 1; S. F. Walsh, 1; Byron Abbey, 1; Charles Abb v. 1; Frank Melville, 1; M. Eawright, 1; Martio Lacy, 1; Charles Burrows, 1; John Shea, 1; Miss Aggie Carr, 1; Robert Patterson, 1; Stephen McNamara, 1; W. J. Kilroy, 1; Thos. J. Gallagher, 1; Miss McCormick, 1; Charles Cassidy, 1; Daniel Cassidy, 1; Simon French, 1; I. Lonrigan, 1; Michael Moriarity, 1; Matthew Sissett, 1; Mrs. J. Devaney, 1; George York, 1; Thomas Phelan, 1; Richard Kearney, 1; Patrick O'Brien, 1; Thomas Durnin, 1; J. Doyle, 1; Walter Hynes, jr., 1; James McCabe, 1; Capt. McAvoy, 1; John O'Mara, 1; J. Sullivan, 1; F. J. Timmons, 1; Owen Gallagher, 1; Dennis Dacey, 1; M. Sullivan, 1; Small amounts, 55.

To Mr. John McKeown M.A., chairman of the Edward Blake Home Rule Fund.

SIR—I have much pleasure in transmitting to you the names of the subscribers to the "Blake Home Rule Fund. The amount to date is \$670 00, which, acting on your instructions, I have mailed to Hon. E. Blake, House of Commons, London. The pledges which are yet to be honored and the amount to be handed in from the entertainment of the N. U. students will probably swell the total to \$900.

Yours respectfully, E. McArdle, Treasurer.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

For Over Fifty Years Mrs. Wixlow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WIXLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

THE MARKETS.

Toronto, March 25, 1894.

|                                |        |        |
|--------------------------------|--------|--------|
| Wheat, white, per bush.....    | \$0 62 | \$9 06 |
| Wheat, red, per bush.....      | 0 61   | 0 62   |
| Wheat, spring, per bush.....   | 0 60   | 0 00   |
| Wheat, goose, per bush.....    | 0 58   | 0 50   |
| Oats, per bush.....            | 0 40   | 0 41   |
| Peas, per bush.....            | 0 62   | 0 63   |
| Barley, per bu h.....          | 0 42   | 0 43   |
| Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs..... | 5 50   | 6 00   |
| Chickens, per pair.....        | 0 50   | 0 65   |
| Geese, per lb.....             | 0 07   | 0 08   |
| Turkeys, per lb.....           | 0 10   | 0 12   |
| Butter, per lb., in tubs.....  | 0 19   | 0 21   |
| Parsley, per doz.....          | 0 15   | 0 00   |
| Butter, per lb.....            | 0 21   | 0 23   |
| Eggs, new laid, per dozen..... | 0 13   | 0 14   |
| Apples, per bbl.....           | 2 50   | 4 00   |
| Hay, timothy.....              | 9 00   | 10 50  |
| Straw, sheaf.....              | 7 00   | 8 00   |
| Straw, loose.....              | 5 00   | 5 50   |

? Why? Look Like This DENT'S TOOTHACHE CURE STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY (GUARANTEED) Don't Take Any Other. A SWEET AFFAIR. C. E. DENT & CO., DETROIT, MICH.



## A CHILD OF THE BASILICA.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

I.

"For God and for Rome!" she cried enthusiastically, as she pinned a tiny cross on the breast of a tall, stalwart youth who looked to the best advantage in the uniform of a Papal volunteer.

"For God, for Rome, and for the Pope king!" she added in that sweet Tuscan tongue, which rang over the piazza like the chime of a silver bell. Hundreds of the Pope's soldiers, some of whom were veterans, whose faces had been bronzed by the hot southern sun, and prematurely furrowed by the toils and privations of many a forced march and the brunt and anxiety of many a battle, were gathered in the piazza of St. Peter's, Rome, awaiting orders to fall into line for the defence of the city.

"Pray, who is that enthusiastic little girl?" asked a zouave of one of the Pope's guards; "how handsome she is! If she were in France she would make an excellent *cantiniere*."

"Everybody here knows her," exclaimed the guard, looking at the girl with evident admiration. "Her name is Paola Rudini. Ever since she was a child in bib and tucker, she has lived in this locality, and is a favorite with everybody—she is so amiable and so good!"

"And who is the cavalier to whom she is speaking?"

"Well, he is a certain Giovanni Cavallotti, a young artist by profession, to whom she is betrothed. Paola is proud of him. You can see it in her face that she is—can you not? Other women parting with lovers who are going to the battle-field, and whom they may never see again, blubber and whine a good deal. They sometimes even become hysterical; but Paola is made of sterner stuff, I tell you. She is a brave and intrepid little girl—is Paola. And with all that there is no more womanly heart in all Rome than hers. *Ecco!*"

"Fall into line! Present arms!" shouted the commander's voice, and all the soldiers formed into at once one complete battalion on whose serried ranks the autumn sun shone brilliantly down, reflecting its gold rays on their burnished helmets and gleaming scabbards.

As they marched with military precision in the direction of the old fortifications, raising herself to her full height in the crowd of spectators, nodded farewell to her lover, who smiled a cordial acknowledgment in return.

Meanwhile the groups of civilians, mostly aged men, who could be of no use in the present crisis, waved their hats in the air and cheered the departing soldiers.

"May the Madonna guard your banners!" exclaimed one. "Long live the Pope-king!" shouted another! "Down with Victor Emmanuel!" ejaculated a third.

And the cries were taken up and repeated till the square in front of the church rang with their echoes, as the multitude swayed hither and thither around the fountain, and at the base of the big Egyptian obelisk that looked down on the scene with a mute grandeur peculiarly its own. Women, wearing variegated headgears, and holding Rosary beads in their hands, stood under the colonnades invoking the benediction of Heaven on the defenders of their homes.

When the soldiers had disappeared on the other side of the castle of St. Angelo, and the crowd had dispersed, Paola entered the cathedral, and knelt for some time in prayer before an altar in one of the side chapels. A solemn silence reigned through isle and transept, contrasting vividly with the clamor of the excited crowd that had

but a few moments previously made the welkin ring on the square outside with its enthusiastic plaudits.

In front of the high altar which gleamed rich with gold and lapis lazuli, the sacred lamps lay burning around the marble balustrade, beneath which was situated the tomb of the apostles. The massive roof of stucco overhead seemed to the maiden, as she gazed upward, a vision of perfect loveliness; while the statues of saints, looking from their niches on the side walls, seemed to her to be sentinels who kept watch and ward over the Holy of Holies. She glided noiselessly from the chapel up the aisle, and having knelt for a moment in front of the bronze figure of St. Peter, she left the basilica, and penetrated into one of the quaint, narrow streets that are to be found in the vicinity of the Vatican.

Her step was light and graceful as that of a fawn. There were no traces of tears on the long lashes of those dark eyes, large, round, and liquid, but with the light of innocence, full of candor, and hallowed with a certain mystic gleam that spoke the innate holiness of her heart. Her jet black tresses were half covered with a striped red kerchief, her sun brown features were ruddy with the hue of health, and her neat, trim figure was a model of perfection.

On one of the side walls of the narrow street into which she penetrated was a niche containing a statue of the Madonna holding in her arms the child Christ. The figures were from an artistic point of view unpretentious and ordinary. The clay was rough and uneven, and the rain, and Tramontana winds, that swept down from the Alban hills in the winter and early spring-time, had given it a weather-beaten appearance; but it was all the more dear on that account to Paola, who out of her own little earnings as a seamstress purchased regularly, week after week, the oil that fed the lamp which was perpetually burning at the Virgin's feet. Every morning, going to her work, she would murmur a fervent "Ave Maria" as she bowed to the statue, and the same reverence was paid it by her on her return home in the evening. She lived close by in an attic on the sixth floor of a tenement.

Paola had at this time neither father nor mother. Her earliest recollections went back to a picturesque little hamlet on the banks of the Arno where the turquoise sky of Tuscany shimmered over her head, and a sword of the richest emerald lay at her feet. She remembered how, when a mere child, she used to pass the hours away, gazing dreamily on the wide canopy of heaven; creating in imagination so many battalions of armed knights out of the occasional fleecy clouds that used to assume very fantastic shapes on the western horizon, particularly at sunset; seeing the glitter of angels' wings in the golden sunshine; hearing the mystic voices of cherubs in the low, sweet zephyrs that played as on an Æolian harp through the blossoming mulberry groves; listening with a rapt and infinite wonder to the rustling of the vine leaves on the hill-side, and the swish of the rushing river as it half dived its way along the valley, under the wild flowers that bloomed in profusion on its banks. The piping of the shepherd's reed in the dim twilight broke, betimes, on her ears, like the shrill cry of a heavenly choir. The roses that grew in such beauty by her old homestead, the ivy that sheltered its walls, the balmy fragrance of the air, impressed her with a keen sense of pleasure and delight. A child of nature, she actually revelled in nature's choicest treasures.

There was, however, a rude awakening from the Juliet day-dream. Somewhat hazily she remembered her mother, a fragile, delicate woman, the widow of Carlo Rudini, who had died a month or so before little Paola was

born. After her husband's death, Paolo's mother did her best to make a living out of the vineyard. Fortune favored her the first year, but owing to her want of practical knowledge of vine dressing the second year's crop was a failure. A laborer, who was formerly in the employ of Carlo Rudini, came along about this time, and after some weeks easily induced her to become his wife, for the poor woman was quite helpless to look after her property, and Ricardo Rienzi—such was the name of her second husband—was a skilled hand in taking care of the vines. That was, however, his only good quality. Once he had become the master of what was once the Rudini farmstead, he showed himself in his true colors. He was a big, brawny brute. His features were red and blotched, due to the copious libations in which he used to indulge; and his manners were as uncouth as those of any denizen of the city slums, in the purlious of which he had spent the early years of his life.

He maltreated his delicate wife to such an extent that she sickened and died; and he afterwards turned his rage on his step-daughter, who, however, being of quite a contrary temperament to that of her mother, rebelled against him, and eventually fled from the Tuscan vineyard, and walked on foot to Rome. The journey took her two months to accomplish, and she received kindly shelter and good, plain food at the various houses along the route.

She was twelve years old just then. A good and charitable lady, a cousin of her mother's, took charge of the child, and taught her a trade—that of a seamstress—in which she was earning a livelihood at the time this story opens. All Paola's spare moments since her arrival in Rome were spent in the Basilica of St. Peter's, or in bringing oil and flowers to the base of the statue of the Madonna in one of the neighboring streets. She soon became so well known to the sacristan and the other officials of the church that at the former's suggestion they, by unanimous consent, called her a "child of the Basilica."

II.

Those were dark days for Pius IX. and the government of the Church. The French garrison, which had been the only bulwark of the temporal power of the Pope against the encroachments and intrigues of King Victor Emmanuel, was withdrawn from Rome. The Papal authorities had, owing to this perfidious conduct of Bonaparte, to fall back on their own resources, which, of course, proved utterly inadequate to cope with the overwhelming forces commanded by the usurping Piedmontese. The conflict was brief, but sharp. Despite the daring attitude and brave, intrepid conduct of the Pope's troops, Rome was captured by Victor Emmanuel's soldiers, and thus the capital of Christianity was handed over to men who had no respect for religion of any kind, and who immediately commenced to put their theories into practice by exercising a fierce despotism over the Catholics of the city, and by levelling to the ground many of its proudest Christian memorials.

On the evening after the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops into Rome, Paola, sad at heart, left St. Peter's, and subsequently gathered a bouquet of roses to lay at the feet of the Madonna. She had just twined the flowers round the pedestal in the niche, and was about to offer up her usual evening prayer to Our Lady, when she saw a group of men staggering down the laneway in her direction.

"Contadini!" shouted one of the group who seemed to have less control of his legs than any other of his companions, and who spoke in thick guttural accents, "contadini, see you that monument of superstition yonder?

Suppose we go and send that Madonna's statue shivering into atoms to the ground! *Vivva il re!* We are all soldiers of the King—are we not?—and we can do just as we please," he continued, looking stupidly at his friends, who did not appear so anxious as he was to outrage a memorial to the Mother of God.

No matter how anti-religious the Italian revolutionist may be, there is still a sentiment of respect for the Virgin lurking somewhere in one of the nooks or corners of his bleak and desolate heart.

The men turned pale on hearing the abominable suggestion of their comrade. Their fear was, however only momentary. The few score of bottles of white wine which they had emptied at a neighboring trattoria some short time previously, had mounted to their heads, inflaming their worst passions, and letting loose that insane and bigoted hatred of everything that reminded them of Christ and His Church.

Moreover, their chief, in the shape of the tempter, was still shouting in their ears:

"Are you cowards—you others? You who have driven Pio Nono's battalions from the walls of Rome—you who scattered the Papal Zouaves before you, as the tempestuous Tramontane scatters the chaff from the meadows—are you—are you, I say, going to let all your courage ooze out through the pores of your catiff heels at sighting a mere statue of clay? Ah! if Garibaldi could only see you now, how he would curse you for poltroons! Well, if you will not do the job, contadini my faith! I must only do it myself!"

His invective lashed them with all the stinging force of a knotted whip. Their eyes glared like those of wild animals in quest of their prey, their hands were clenched in anger, and their voices rang uproariously through the winding laneway:

"We are with you, Ricardo!"

"With you to the death, Ricardo!"

"Long live the King, and down with the Pope and his Church!"

Staggering up to the wall from which the statue, lit with an oil lamp and decked with flowers, overlooked the street, they indulged in a peal of brutal laughter prior to making an assault on the memorial.

The man called Ricardo, a tall, rough, herculean monster, drew the sword from its scabbard, exclaiming in mock-heroic accents:

"With this blade shall I slay her! Word of honor, I shall!"

"You shall not!" cried a shrill voice, that of a girl whose presence had owing to the dense darkness of the evening, escaped the attention of Ricardo and his friends. In the yellow, flickering light of the oil lamp that lay at the Madonna's feet they saw the lithe, slender form, the resolute face, and the gleaming dark eyes of the child of the Basilica. She stood with folded arms before him, proud and dignified as a daughter of the Vikings.

At sight of the determined girl they awoke from their semi-drunken stupor. Her audacity took their breath away.

Ricardo, however, was the first to speak.

"Who are you, woman?" he asked; "what right have you to interfere with the King's troops in their destruction of yonder statue? If you do not answer me at once this blade shall pierce your bosom."

He held the point of his sword to her breast as he spoke. Not a nerve moved in the girl's face. She looked at the big, burly soldier with the contempt of a noble woman who defies and despises any or every punishment she might suffer for the principles which she cherishes.

"Lower that sword, and then I will answer you!" she exclaimed; "otherwise you must only carry out your threat, if you are cowardly enough to do so."

There was such a strange ringing significance in the accents of her voice that he removed the blade and put it back in the scabbard.

"My name," she said, "is Paola Rudini, the daughter of your deceased wife, Ricardo Rionzi, the wife whom you drove to her grave by your brutalities!"

Ricardo fell back as if he had been dealt a blow straight from the shoulder.

"As for my right to interfere in your ghastly work to-night" she continued, with flashing eyes, "I am a child of the Madonna, and sooner than see her statue profaned I would die a thousand deaths! So, come on now, and strike. By doing so you will prove at least that the soldiers of the King are the cowards that Ricardo represented them to be."

"She is a brave girl, my faith!" exclaimed one; "I think we had better leave her alone. What say you, Ricardo? It would not look well for soldiers such as we are to kill a defenceless woman."

"You are right, Leono," whispered Ricardo. "We had better leave the nun alone. I used to be able to manage her mother years ago, but the daughter is a Tartar. Let us be off, contadini; I know a wine-shop hard by where we can quench our thirst! Viva il re!"

They fled back to the Square of St. Peter's, shouting still for the gallant King Victor Emmanuel.

All that night Paola stood guarding the statue of the Madonna, telling her beads, and repeating her thanks for having been able to save the holy figure in clay from the desecration of vandal hands.

When the news of the attempted profanation of the statue got bruited about next day, it excited almost general indignation, and Paola, the child of the Basilica, who had bravely faced a group of drunken soldiers in defence of the Mother of God, became the heroine of the hour. She accepted the ovation tendered her with the best of grace and with a modesty truly edifying.

Many, even of those who had taken sides with Victor Emmanuel against the Pope, condemned the conduct of Ricardo and his confederates; for the Madonna was still the Queen of the Roman populace, their refuge in moments of affliction, their joy and their comfort in days of prosperity.

Once the excitement was over, Paola's thoughts reverted to her lover. She had known, of course, that the brave band of men who defended the Holy Father had been defeated by the army of the Piedmontese.

"What has become of Giovanni?" she asked herself. "I should so much like to know. Perhaps he is a prisoner in the hands of the King's brigands, or perhaps he is—"

A sudden tremor shook her frame at the bare possibility of his death. She decided on searching for him that very night.

"I must find him whether he is dead or alive!" she murmured.

### III.

She searched hospital after hospital for Giovanni. His face was not among those of the sick or wounded; nor did his name figure on the books of these institutions. An almost overwhelming sense of fear took possession of her. She trembled with grief at the thought that her lover might be found among the slain; yet with a curious inconsistency she smiled a moment afterward when the idea occurred to her that, dead in the service of the Church, Giovanni Cavallotti would have sealed his faith with the blood-red signet of martyrdom. In that case she would become a Little Sister of the Poor; she would tend the aged and infirm; she would devote her whole life to works of charity, and pray for the soul of Giovanni.

Still the woman's nature in her yearned for the presence of the man to whom she had pledged the troth of her

young, generous heart. And she walked along the Corso—it was now the gray dawn of the autumn morning, and Roman peasants from the Campagna riding on horseback to the market were already arriving in the city—she uttered a silent prayer to the Madonna, asking her help in the search that she, poor little Paola, was making after her soldier lover.

Just as she was approaching that portion of the Corso off which the present Chamber of Deputies is situated, she was suddenly confronted by one of Giovanni's brothers-in-arms, whom she recognized immediately.

"What, might I ask, has lured the dainty Signorina out of doors so very early in the morning?" he cried, grasping both her hands in his, and looking inquiringly into her anxious eyes.

"Just a morning promenade, and nothing more, Signor Vettucio," she replied, compelled by an innate modesty to conceal the truth. "It is not exactly the time for young women like myself to be about, but Paola, as you know yourself, is a little eccentric now and then. I suppose I might ask you, too, why you are such an early bird?"

"You might, indeed, Signorina Paola," he exclaimed: "one of my friends is ill, and I am going to the nearest apothecary's to get him some medicine."

Her heart throbbed violently beneath her corset.

"Is it Giovanni Cavallotti who is ill?" she asked in trembling accents.

"Word of honor!" he observed; "you must be a witch to have guessed the truth. Yes; it is Giovanni. He fought bravely against the Piedmontese on the fortifications the other day, but in doing so received a severe wound on the right arm."

The brown, ruddy cheeks of Paola grew white as snow. A look of consternation overspread her features.

"Be reassured, Signorina," he exclaimed, noticing her agitation, "the wound is not so dangerous, but the patient is still a little weak, and requires some quinine to pull him together."

Her large, round eyes were raised upwards in gratitude that her lover was neither dead nor dying.

When Vettucio had provided himself with the quinine, he said:

"Will the Signorina accompany me to see Giovanni? Giovanni is the Signorina's friend. He often speaks of her. Instead of his being taken to an hospital, I had him transported to my home, where my mother is nursing him. The very sight of you, Signorina, will, I am certain, ensure his speedy recovery."

Paola blushed. She was glad to know that Giovanni thought of her in his illness.

A few minutes afterwards Paola and her companion entered a small apartment in a narrow street off the corso. Giovanni, looking somewhat pale, was reclining on a lounge, his right arm swathed in a bandage. Beside him sat an aged lady, Vettucio's mother.

The greeting of the lovers was most cordial. She told him of all the adventures that had befallen her since she pinned the cross on his breast on that day in the Piazza San Pietro, from whence he marched with his regiment to the fortifications. He in return recounted, but with characteristic modesty, the part he had taken in the defence of Rome.

Then she persuaded him to allow her to help Signor Vettucio in nursing him, and after she had spent several hours in his society, she rose to leave.

"Paola," he murmured, as Vettucio and the old lady retired to an inner chamber, you know we are *promessi sposi*—are we not?"

"Yes, certainly," she said, not quite understanding why he should have put her such a superfluous question.

"Well," he observed, while a sweet smile lit up his wan features, "you will have to relieve me of my promise

to become your husband. My days are numbered. A higher destiny awaits you, Paola, than any that you could have with your poor Ricardo. You shall become a spouse of Christ."

She looked in silence at her lover, and with a sudden intuition she saw he was dying. Then bowing her head with sweet resignation she murmured:

"God's will be done, Ricardo. May he find me prepared to do His bidding in all things."

Then she left him for a while, and proceeded in the direction of St. Peter's. As she reached the Tiber, she saw a group of people standing around the macerated form of a man whose uniform was dripping with water. One of the bystanders, in a dramatic attitude peculiar to most Italians, was exclaiming, as he pointed to the prostrated figure:

"I saw him plunge headlong from the battlement of the bridge. His head must have got fairly hurt in the fall. I boarded a boat immediately, and rescued him."

An ambulance wagon was soon on the scene. As the body of the suicide was being lifted into the vehicle, Paola recognized in the blood-stained features those of her stepfather, Ricardo Rionzi, the chief of the gang who had attempted to profane the statue of the Madonna. He had evidently attempted to put an end to his life in a moment of drunken debauch.

She was at first horrified at the spectacle that had just presented itself to her gaze. Then a sweet glow of pity stole like sunshine over her face, and she only remembered that the dying man was at one time the husband of her own mother. Her first momentary hatred of the brute had changed into commiseration, and she begged to be allowed to accompany him to the hospital.

"Who are you that you make such a demand?" said one of the hospital officials, addressing her somewhat gruffly.

"The claim of a daughter," replied Paola, firmly.

When one half hour afterwards she knelt by his bedside in the Hospital of St. Anthony, he opened his eyes and recognized her.

"Do not fear," she murmured, as she saw the scared and haunted look in his eyes; "I have not come here with any evil intent. I forgive you, Ricardo—yes, I forgive you for the savage treatment that you once dealt my mother and myself. I shall try, too, to forget it. And, listen; if God forgives you, so shall I your conduct of the other evening, when you wanted to outrage the statue of the Madonna. You have little time to lose. The doctors have pronounced your wounds fatal, and in a few brief moments more you shall be dead."

The dying man, whose features, from which the blood stains had been wiped away, still gleamed red with the alcohol that had been for years fermenting in his system, looked up at her with tearful eyes. Her wondrous pity, her sweet, Christian forgiveness, had touched even the heart of this wretch to the core. It was on her part a charity that knew no bounds, which prompted her to forgive everything, so that the soul of her former persecutor may appear laved in the regenerating waters of penance before the great white throne.

"I do repent," he whispered huskily, with the death-rattle in his throat; "Paola, I have been the worst of sinners. Oh, I fear God cannot have mercy on such a malefactor as I have been."

"Hush," she said; "the mercy of God is infinite: I shall ask the Madonna to intercede for you with Him. Shall I bring you a priest to shrive you of your sins, Ricardo?"

"A priest!" he hissed, with an expiring gleam of anti-clerical passion in his eyes. "Well, child, let him come."

Paola's face was a picture of content. The chaplain came and heard Ricardo's confession, after which the dying man sank back on his pillow and expired.

After having completed the funeral arrangements and assisted at the burial of her stepfather, Paola proceeded at once to the house of Signor Vettucio, the door of which was muffled with crape. Noiselessly, and with beating heart she entered and saw the face of Ricardo gray in the shadow of death. Her lover was no more.

For the past twenty years Sister Veronica has been the friend and comforter of the poor of St. Peter's parish in Rome. She has grown old and gray in the service of her Spouse, though her face looks almost as young and fresh as ever; for as she enters the church morning after morning, the bystanders still whisper: "There goes the child of the Basilica.—*The Rosary.*"

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., March 10, 1894.

The present week has been an exciting one in English political circles. Though barely a week old the career of the new Government so far has been one of storm and peril, indeed, it is only by the most skilful guidance that they have escaped utter and disastrous shipwreck. For twenty four hours it was a case of touch up, and I am not exaggerating one iota when I say that if Sir William Harcourt had been Prince Minister instead of Chancellor of the Exchequer a dissolution would have been inevitable.

Now, however, the crisis having died of political starvation—to use the phrase of Mr. Michael Davitt—the inevitable reaction has followed, and the proceedings in the House have settled down once more to their usual humdrum character. The lobbies are however, still the scene of much excitement. As the sea is troubled long after the storm is ended, and the effects of the crisis are visible in Parliamentary circles, although the elements which caused it are now of rest. Members are still discussing the situation as eagerly as they did when the fate of the Liberal party was yet trembling in the balance. Every man has his version of how the mishap occurred, but there is a general feeling among Ministerialists that no more pranks of the kind must be played. The whips have been taught the lesson that they must not carry the art of finessing too far; and those who voted against the Government without dreaming for one moment that they were in any danger of defeat are not likely to indulge in any further speculative enterprises of the kind. Lord Tweedmouth, meeting a steady going Ministerialist to-day, chaffed him for "aiding and abetting Labby," and the member at once retorted that he should have taught his late colleague, not to allow themselves to be caught napping.

Nevertheless, all's right with the Government again, and the Opposition admit that they have got out of the difficulty in which they were placed with surprising skill.

Mr. Justin McCarthy in an interview yesterday with a reporter of one of the Liberal journals said that for the present the Irish members are lying low. They have received satisfactory assurances from Sir William Harcourt as to the attitude of the Government towards Home Rule, and they confidently await the statement which Lord Rosebery is expected to make on the subject at Edinburgh on Saturday. The Opposition papers as well as some of the Tory-dyed correspondents of the New York press, have greatly exaggerated the domestic differences of the Irish party. They have also attempted to make capital out of the prolonged sittings which have been held in Committee room 15. The business, however, which the party has had to consider has been of the highest importance. Among other things the speech of Lord Rosebery in reply to Lord Salisbury has been discussed at great length, and though there have been alterations in the personnel of the officials the party was never more united for practical purposes than it is at this moment.

The substitution of Mr. T. D. Sullivan for Mr. Arthur O'Connor on the committee is described by the Times as a rebuff for Mr. Healy, a statement which carries absurdity on the face of it, for is not Mr. Sullivan "Tim's" father-in-law and one of his staunchest supporters? Another fact which would dispose of the allegation that the majority have a strong antipathy to Mr. Healy is to be found in the voting for the committee. Mr. Healy received the support of nearly all the men who voted against Arthur O'Connor, and as a result, came out nearly at the top of the ballot. The super-

session of Mr. O'Connor as committed man and Mr. O'Driscoll as Whip is to be attributed entirely to their actions in New York last autumn. These gentlemen were not officially commissioned to visit America on behalf of the Irish Parliamentary party. Mr. O'Driscoll went over in his capacity as Commissioner to the World's Fair, and Mr. O'Connor took the trip across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health. Naturally they were brought into contact with many of the warmest supporters of the Home Rule movement, and their utterances on the party organization were much discussed in the American papers. I happened to be in New York at the time of their visit, and I am not surprised that the party felt compelled to take some notice of the line of policy they thought it their duty to adopt in regard to the action of Mr. Justin McCarthy and his supporters at Westminster.

The latter have noticed as a significant fact that last evening Lord Rosebery visited the lobby of the House of Commons, and remained closeted with Mr. John Morley for a considerable time in the Whip's room. The Nationalists will hold a further meeting on Monday to consider the situation, which in their opinion, will be materially affected by Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech.

Nobody here pays the slightest regard to the latest manifesto of Mr. John Redmond. One a week from his pen makes such documents rather common, and the curious thing is that in spite of all his fulminations the Nationalists are not a penny the worse. Mr. Redmond has now assumed the position of being the only true apostle of Nationalism, and he tries

"To prove his doctrine orthodox  
By apostolic blows and knocks."

The Tories just now are centering their hopes in the Parnellites. They seem to be unaware that except in Dublin and Waterloo Mr. Redmond has not the ghost of a following in Ireland.

At question time in the House of Commons yesterday afternoon Mr. Morley spoke in severe terms of the recent deliverance of Mr. Justice O'Brien on the state of crime in the County of Clare. It is seldom that a Judge receives such a rebuke from the Treasury Bench, and the rarity of the occurrence makes it all the more impressive. The Irish members went wild with delight at Mr. Morley's scathing censure on a judge who has rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the people of Ireland. If Mr. Justice O'Brien has any sense of decency left he will at once tender his resignation to the Lord Chancellor. But I fear that "Petber the Packer" has long ago bidden good-bye to any sense, the retention of which would in any way detract from his own self-esteem.

Mr. Labouchere's offer to provide the Government with five hundred stalwarts to swamp the House of Lords led to some very amusing scenes in the Commons smoking-room. A large number of members volunteered for service, but the stipulation was that nothing less than a Dukedom should be offered them. Marquises were held in scant favour, while Earldoms were at a positive discount. Mr. Labouchere treats the whole subject as a gigantic joke, and cannot understand why Sir William Harcourt should have lectured him for his levity. The fact is the cynic of Palace yard takes nothing seriously. His only attempt at legislation in this Parliament has been to reform the law affecting chimney-sweeps, and whenever this Bill was mentioned it evoked roars of laughter.

I was sorry to learn that the influence of the Unionist biased New York London Correspondent was so potent over the water as to impose even upon so patriotic a journal as "the REGISTER." It is not true that "the Evening Sun



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|--------------------|----------------|----------------------|
|                    | a.m. p.m.      | a.m. p.m.            |
| G. T. R. East      | 8.00 7.20      | 7.15 10.40           |
| O. and Q. Railway  | 7.45 8.00      | 7.35 7.40            |
| G. T. R. West      | 7.30 3.25      | 12.40pm 8.00         |
| N. and N. W.       | 7.30 4.20      | 10.05 8.10           |
| T. G. and B.       | 7.00 4.80      | 10.55 8.50           |
| Midland            | 7.00 3.35      | 12.15pm 9.30         |
| C. V. R.           | 7.00 3.00      | 12.15pm 8.50         |
| G. W. R.           | a.m. p.m. noon | a.m. p.m. 9.00 2.00  |
|                    |                | 6.15 4.00 10.30 8.20 |
| U. S. N. Y.        | 6.15 12.00     | 9.00 5.45            |
|                    |                | 4.00 10.30 11pm      |
| U.S. West'n States | 6.15 12 n.     | 9.00 8.20            |
|                    |                | 10.30                |

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for March: 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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