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# The Catholic Register.

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

Vol. I.—No. 39.

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## Register of the Week.

Amongst the events of the week none was more pleasing than the arrival and the installation of our new Governor-General, the Earl of Aberdeen. The ceremony took place at Quebec on the 18th instant, when Major-General Moore, the Administrator of the Dominion, occupied the throne of honor in the Legislative Hall only to vacate it to his Excellency, who deserves and will receive a warm welcome from every lover of Ireland in the length and breadth of the Dominion.

While on the passage over, at a concert given on board for infirm sailors, Lady Aberdeen delivered an address on home industries at the World's Fair. To her Excellency had been entrusted the carrying out of the two exhibits for Ireland and Scotland, under the auspices of the Irish Home Industries and an Association of the same title in Scotland. The Scottish Exhibit failed, through the apathy of the few Scotch people who were in Chicago. The Irish Association went in for a rather rash yet very successful undertaking of putting up an Irish Village at the Fair. "As a proof of the fact that the village is successful, I may mention that our average takings have been about £2,000 a week. We have sold some £10,000 or £12,000 worth of goods from Irish homes, and you may well conceive what that means to many of those poor homes in Ireland, from which the work has come." Lady Aberdeen sketched briefly the lace industry of Ireland, the history of which is, in its earliest portions, filled with pathos. In conclusion her Excellency said: "I ask you to take an interest in this little corner of the World's Fair, and look upon it as meaning something much more than a mere show—an effort to uplift a people who are fully able and willing to respond to anything done in their behalf. The experience of our Association throughout has been that our workers show the most extraordinary and indefatigable industry in carrying on the work if they can have it given to them, and that these poor people are really clamoring for work."

For some years past the Church in Portugal has been a subject of anxiety to all true Catholics as well for its divisions as for its suspicious submission to the utterances of the Holy See. The document, therefore, which the clergy of the Archdiocese of Braga publish, expressing the most profound respect and filial love for the Holy Father, will be hailed with joy by the universal Church. They state clearly that:

"Both private individuals and states are subject to the infallible teaching of the Vicar of Christ by a divine precept, because

the Gospel entrusted to the apostles, and the infallible teaching of the Pope is the supreme and unerring rule of conscience, both for the individual and for the laws which govern the various members of the human race gathered together into one nationality. The Pope can, therefore, in the full exercise of his ministry, point out to nations the path they are to follow in order to correspond with the designs of Providence, and to peoples the manner in which they must conduct themselves in the civil order that they may promote the Kingdom of Christ in all social institutions.

"This power has been ever exercised by the Roman Pontiff to the great advantage of civilization and the prosperity of the State, especially in difficult moments of distress and danger, when nations have begged them to come to their aid as the only hope of safety, asking them for that light and help which the Gospel alone can afford in moments of trouble.

"Leo XIII.—the great Pontiff who happily governs the Church of God, the man destined by God to re-establish in modern States the reign of Jesus Christ, which a false science and a false policy have endeavoured to expel from the schools, from the laws, from the workshop, and from every sphere of activity. Has he not chosen to recommend to Catholics and to all men of good-will a reasonable obedience to the public authority, no matter under what form it exists, union and concord among the children of the Church, in order that, being united and unsuspected by constant authority, they may be able to conquer the common enemy in a more efficacious manner, vindicate with more advantage the liberty and independence of the Church, and bring about the suppression of those laws which endeavour to enthrall her

"Hence, with all the obedience of our priestly spirit, with the affection of children towards a common father, and with all the faith and loyalty of our nation, we adhere to the teaching of all the Encyclicals of the present renowned Pontiff, and especially those entitled *Immortale Dei*, upon the Christian constitution of States, and *Humanum Novum*, upon the condition of the working classes, and that addressed upon the 16th of February, 1892, to the Catholics of France. If this latter Encyclical was addressed to France in particular, the doctrine it contains, its subject matter and essence, are for us also the Catholics of Portugal, and hence we embrace it with all our hearts, and accept it as the rule of our religious and political conduct as being the only one capable of establishing and strengthening the much desired union and concord among the faithful of the Portuguese nation. We wish, therefore, united upon legal ground and devoted to the teachings of the Holy Father, to work for the defence of the rights of God and His Church, and for the well-being and prosperity of our beloved country.

"The question of form of Government must not be confounded with that of anti-Christian and anti-ecclesiastical laws, laws which are as a necessary consequence anti-patriotic, which a Government, forgetting both its mission and its duty, may enact. If we recognize with unqualified loyalty the form of Government established in Portugal some fifty years ago, we at the same time detest the errors, the unjust acts, and the anti-Christian laws of this same Government, which must by a necessary and unavoidable consequence bring ruin upon our country, and we determine to use all the lawful means in our power in order that these errors may be corrected, the acts of injustice repaired, and the laws against the Church repealed.

"This is our belief, our conviction, our resolve: Before all our supreme chief, the Roman Pontiff, Visible Head of the Church, whose invisible head is Jesus Christ, then our prelate, the representative of the Vicar of Christ, to whom we have promised obedience; then the political institutions which govern us, the law and secular authority derived from God, according to St. Paul, provided that the secular authority is not opposed to the law of God as the Apostles have taught us by their words and deeds."

The Catholic Congress at Chicago was succeeded by the Parliament of Religions, as strange a gathering as ever assembled together. Catholic Priest and Jewish Rabbi were there, the Cardinal Ruler of Christ's Church,

mingled with the native garb of the followers of Brahma and of Buddha; Greek Trinitarian and Western Unitarian, representatives of every faith and sect met to hear what each had to say. It has been variously estimated. The *Arc Maria*—whose opinion we esteem very highly—does not think much of it, and regrets that: "The one true religion should have been represented in it. The absence of a representative of the Church at such a babel would serve to emphasize its superiority and uniqueness, and at the same time give error its own most striking characteristic of disunity." It must certainly have been a motley throng, and without doubt the Cardinal and the other Catholic prelates who spoke must not have felt quite at home as they scattered the seed of the truth amongst the thorns and upon the stony ground. The one result which the President, Archbishop Feehan of Chicago, hoped for, from the fact that they had one thing common to all, viz., a common humanity, was that they would gain for each other "a sincere respect and reverence and a cordial and fraternal feeling of friendship." Upon this platform of charity, of humanity and of mutual benevolence, Cardinal Gibbons stood robed in his scarlet and explained in clear, yet eloquent terms, the brotherhood of Christ, who in His vast love, shed His blood for all and redeemed all. "Therefore," said his Eminence, "let us thank God for the blessings He has bestowed upon us. And, brethren, never do we perform an act so pleasing to God as when we extend the right hand of fellowship or of practical love to the suffering. Never do we approach nearer to our Master than when we cause the sunlight of heaven to beam upon the broken soul of our suffering brother. Never do we prove ourselves more worthy to be called the children of God our Father, than when we cause flowers of joy and gladness to work in our hearts; and as St. Paul said, religion pure and undefiled before God and the Father is to visit the orphan and the fatherless in their tribulation, and to keep oneself unspotted from this world."

The next Catholic speaker was Archbishop Redwood of New Zealand, who saw in the deliberations of the Congress the near prospect that men would not be persecuted for their belief. In the name of the young country he represented, which had made such progress in his day, and in the name of the Church in that country, he returned to the Congress feelings of thankfulness for the greetings that had been given him.

On Tuesday morning the presentation of the Catholic faith was inaugurated. The Parliament having been

divided into departments, each department consisting of the members of each denomination, all controversy was thereby avoided. The Catholic Department was presided over by Bishop Keane, Rector of Washington University, who delivered the opening address. Several papers were then read: The Catholic Idea of Dogma, by the Very Rev. W. Byrne of Boston; Worship and Grace, by Rev. Dr. O'Gorman of Washington University; Holiness and Perfection, by Rev. T. E. Sherman of St. Louis University; Man's Relation to God, by Bishop Keane, and others.

The day's proceedings were brought to a close by a mass meeting in the evening. The central point of interest was the Cardinal's paper on "The needs of humanity supplied by the Catholic Church." It began by briefly sketching the condition of the world at the coming of Christ. He considered that what the Catholic Church has done for humanity by her wonderful organized benevolence establishes a stronger claim than her unity of faith and her high moral code.

First—The Catholic Church has purified society in its very fountain, which is the marriage bond. The wives and mothers ought to remember that if they are not the slaves of men and the toy of their caprice, but the partners of their husbands and queens of their homes, it is due to the ancient Church, and particularly the Roman Pontiffs, who inflexibly uphold the sacredness of the nuptial tie against the arbitrary power of kings, the lust of nobles, and the lax and pernicious legislation of civil governments.

Secondly—The Catholic religion has proclaimed the sanctity of life by the protection of infants and the condemnation of Malthusian doctrines and methods. Her orphan asylums, her retreats for the aged, the fallen and the poor were dilated upon in fitting language and becoming pride. Her hospitals for the sick and her homes of charity adorn every land where her apostles have preached her doctrine. She has loosened the shackles from the slave and been the unwavering friend of honest toil. "To-day various Christian bodies outside the Catholic Church are zealous promoters of most of these works of benevolence; but our separated brethren should have the candor to acknowledge that we had first possession of the field, and that the other Christian communities, in their noble efforts for the moral and social regeneration, have, in no small measure, been stimulated by the example and emulation of the ancient Church."

What Protestants think of this Parliament may be gathered from the following reference to the Catholic Church by the Rev. Mr. Boville, pastor of the Baptist Church, James street, Hamilton, who attended the Congress: "I confess that I was surprised and deeply impressed with the part taken in this Congress by the representatives of the Roman Catholic Church. I had, perhaps, been too apt to look upon that Church as a sort of parochial system with the spirit of Vaticanism. But I came away from the Congress with a better opinion of the Roman Catholic Church than I had when I went there."

## DISCOVERY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Paper by George Parsons Lathrop. Read at the Catholic Congress.

The following is the full text of the paper written by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop and read on September 4:

To trace the consequences to religion, brought about by the discovery of America, would indeed be a long and laborious task. Those consequences, as I understand the term, were immediate influences on the human mind and on human action. Under this head must be ranged the prodigious stir caused in Europe by the finding of another continent; the quickening of thought, the wider views it produced; and the fresh openings it made for worldly ambition or energy, as well as for piety, charity and zeal.

The greed or enterprise of monarchs and merchants, of explorers, soldiers, adventurers, formed a part of the consequences that worked their effect at least on the outward history of religion. But what is more important is that the voyage of Columbus, prompted by an overruling desire to serve the cause of Christ—and aided in the same spirit by the benignant will of Isabella the Catholic—opened the channel for a new, a deep and steady outpour of that apostolic zeal always inherent in the Church.

Nature abhors a vacuum; and so does religion, which always rushes in to fill the void of heathen ignorance or agnostic misbelief. The Church in the Old World, therefore, was thrilled and aroused by a desire to occupy and illuminate the whole of America with Christian life and knowledge. This was a consequence of farthest reach; and afterwards it branched out in many other directions. The work and the triumph of Columbus gave a powerful stimulus to further voyages and to commerce with distant places, in all quarters of the globe. We may say that the great Admiral's flag, as it fluttered over the Atlantic solitudes, became a signal which, in the next two centuries, was answered by hundreds of pennants hovering in remote seas and marking the billowy paths pursued by countless missionaries.

It is impossible, in a short paper like this, to discuss the first part of the subject with anything like fullness; and the question of results is that which will need most attention.

Consequences are the rush of the torrent of deeds, as it cleaves its way. Results may be likened to the fixed course of the stream, after it has found its bed; together with the new beauties it has unfolded, the ruin it may have caused at certain points, or the benefit which it confers and the sparkling gold it sometimes brings to light. Consequence is motion, following from a first motion; a current of actions or events. Result is the fact which is established by the flowing of that current. Briefly, results are the summing up of consequences. Hence it is chiefly with results that we have now to deal.

But, first, let no one rest content or indifferent with imagining that this subject is "un-practical." I know it is often said of congresses, schools or lecturers that, if they do not incessantly treat the hard, gritty, grubby facts which confront us all individually, in our business or professional careers and daily problems, they are not "practical." I fully believe in the value and necessity of the immediate, every day, direct view of things, and of instruction adapted to it. But that is simply the limited "practical." There is an unlimited practical, which is far more comprehensive and just as necessary. And nothing can be more unlimited and comprehensive in its practicality than the history and science of results.

In the vast field at which we are glancing the first effect to be observed is the reflex action of the discovery of

America upon Europe, and then we have to note the gradual shaping of results in America itself.

Spain's foothold in the Western hemisphere added immensely to her power among the nations; a fact which had much to do with later complications, political and religious. The jealousy which other European countries felt toward the Peninsular empire, on account of this increased importance and control, arrayed some of them against it and also intensified the fervor with which they espoused the heresies of the "Reformation," since these were unrelentingly combated by Philip II. of Spain. Motley, who has celebrated the Rise of the Dutch Republic and the story of the United Netherlands as a grand campaign of Protestantism in conflict with Catholicity, says: "The object of the war between the Netherlands and Spain was not, therefore, primarily a rebellion against established authority, for the maintenance of civil rights. To preserve these rights was secondary. The first cause was religion. The Provinces had been fighting for years against the Inquisition. Had they not taken arms the Inquisition would have been established in the Netherlands, and very probably in England, and England might have become in its turn a Province of the Spanish Empire."

This, to Motley, is a thought quite unbearable, and it is upon his repugnance to it that he bases his whole treatment of the Netherlands matter. It seems to me that, in so doing, he reads and writes history backward, from the present into the past, instead of forward and straight forward from the past to the present. He injects into it the coloring of his own idea or prejudice as to what might have happened, and turns his narrative into a partisan justification. Thus he becomes one-sided and takes the tone of an advocate, instead of tracing events and results impartially. But the passage just quoted from him shows well enough how a hundred years after the American discovery—Europeans mixed a good deal of religion with their warfare and put a good deal of war into their religion. That mingling of the two will explain why some of the consequences of the discovery were not immediately or wholly favorable to religion pure and simple. Motley, also, tells us of the counsel given by one Roger Williams, a Welshman not the Welsh Roger Williams of Rhode Island, so conspicuous in the seventeenth century, but an earlier though equally pugnacious Roger, who served England and the States-General as a soldier of fortune in 1584, and thereafter. He advised a combined attack by sea on the colonies of Spain. Such an attack the English and Dutch afterwards made successfully. Here we have the first momentous example of the manner in which the New World affected the civil and religious situation of the Old, and was in turn involved and affected by it.

At the same time single-minded faith, apart from worldly considerations had turned many hearts in Europe toward America and kindled the eyes of holy men with the light of a vision. For the first time the sun seemed to rise in the West. The land of the Occident was now the Morning Land of Christian hopes. The period of crusades in the Orient to rescue the sepulchre of Christ had gone by; but the new, more peaceful crusade of the sixteenth century, had for its object the rescue of souls in America from the sepulchral darkness of heathenism. A great breeze of apostolic zeal streamed in that direction. Nevertheless the earliest consequences and even some of the later results appeared, or at least might be fancied, discouraging to the cause of religion or inadequate to its high standard.

The first gold taken by Columbus to Europe was made into a chalice, which

is now preserved in the Cathedral of Seville; and it could well have been hoped that all the other first fruits of the New World would equally be dedicated to the service of God. But the first settlements planted on Hispaniola became—notwithstanding the aspirations of their founder, and the religious devotion connected with them—a scene of strife, moral disorder, injustice and cruelty. Columbus, himself in one way the chief sufferer from these evils, also inflicted a great evil upon the original inhabitants by sending home cargoes of them to be sold as slaves. And yet from this enslavement of the natives, destructive though it afterward was to them, arose Isabella's noble indignation at the traffic, and the first protest against human slavery in America, uttered by Father Anthony de Montesinos in 1511.

The San Domingan cities of Columbus crumbled; his colonies faded away, and have been overgrown by something little better than the wild weed of civilization. Still, the country he first occupied has never again become un-Christianized. And, on the other hand, as an example of the complete triumph of gentle religion, we have the mission of Las Casas, afterward Bishop of Chiapa in Mexico, who throughout his life successfully defended the Indians through slavery and oppression. Near Guatemala there was a province, Tuzulutlan, which the Spanish had invaded three times, suffering each time a bloody repulse. They called it "The Land of War," and did not dare to approach it again. Las Casas offered to subdue it; but on condition that only spiritual weapons should be used, and that no Spanish colonist or soldier should be allowed to enter the territory for five years. This being agreed to, he penetrated with other Dominican Fathers among the hostile dwellers there. In a few years they tranquilized and made Christians of the natives; and, in consequence of this, what had been so long "The Land of War" received from Charles V. the name which it bears to-day—that is, *Vera Paz*, or "Land of Peace." Soon afterward Las Casas received the brief of Pope Paul III., which pronounced excommunication against all who should enslave or rob the Indians.

In the next century we find the great Franciscan, St. Francis de Solano, the apostle of Peru, overcoming alone and unarmed a furious multitude of savage warriors who were about to attack his native neophytes; and, eventually, spreading the Gospel among those dusky swarms. When he died a hundred tribes, throughout a tract of two thousand miles, burned lamps day and night in his honor, and besought him as their advocate in heaven. Although Urban VIII. forbade public devotions to Francis Solano until the claims of the saint should be further examined, the Indians—although faithful and docile in everything else—refused, for the space of twenty years, to cease from their open veneration. Then, realizing at last that they were doing their beloved apostle no honor by opposing the command of the Vicar of Christ, they brought in and surrendered all their lamps, and waited nineteen years longer for the decree of Beatification.

Thus, as Las Casas had taught the Indians of Tuzulutlan the lesson of peace and had impressed its name upon their very country, so the natives of Peru learned, through St. Francis Solano, the lesson of true Obedience.

Marvellous were the achievements of these and other missionaries, and wonderful was the fabric of spiritual culture which they reared among the peoples of Southern and Central America and Mexico. Many suffered martyrdom, and all would gladly and gratefully have accepted it, had it come to them. The thought of violent death in such a cause had no power to

alarm or deter them; but the violence and cruelty of some among their nominal followers, Spanish adventurers and soldiers of the baser sort, toward the natives, must have been hard to meet and endure. This was a consequence detrimental, indeed, to religion; and reference to it has often been made by men of later generations, to show that because the name of religion was sullied by these unworthy hang-ons, therefore religion itself must be false or unworthy. But do we not find records of similar cruelties in New England, toward both the red and the white man, and in the injustice perpetrated upon North American Indians in this great country of ours, not by arbitrary and lawless invaders or soldier governors, but by the lawful authorities of a constitutional government, which makes a special claim of loving justice and of maintaining the freedom and equality of all men? The truth is that every age and every race has exhibited the same conjunction of the sordid and sublime. Evil seems to delight in settling down as the next-door neighbor of good.

But, by the very contrast which the misdeeds of some of the Spanish invaders offer, the pure, unselfish course and the holy labors of monks and missionaries glow with a lustre all the more clear and brilliant. They counteracted even this drawback, and overcame every other obstacle, by a power more than human. Instead of allowing the native races to be swept away by fire and sword, they saved them body and soul, and drew them gently into the fold of the One Shepherd. And there these races remain to-day. Some small proportion of them are still unconverted; but a modern French naturalist, Alcide d'Orbigny, who personally visited thirty-nine nations of pure American race in South America and gathered accurate statistics concerning them, found that among all these nations or tribes there were only 94,000 pagans, while in the same district the native Christians numbered 1,600,000.

In his comprehensive and valuable book on Christian missions, T. W. M. Marshall says: "When nature divided the great American continent into two parts, she seems to have prepared by anticipation a separate theatre for the events of which each was to be the scene, and for the actors who were destined to perform in either a part so widely dissimilar. The one was to be the exclusive domain of the Church, the other the battlefield of all the sects."

We who do not measure progress by material things only, or by mere smartness and superficial popular education, can rejoice heartily in the noble Christianizing of Southern America—which Mr. Marshall calls the Church's domain—and the thorough education, ingrained with religion, which the Church established there. In the later days of some of those Spanish-American countries, churches, convents and colleges have been robbed or crippled by selfish, ambitious and sometimes wholly irreligious men, who have masqueraded as republican leaders. But the damage appears to be on the surface only. The people are still Catholic. It is easier to rob churches than to steal souls.

These disasters came late in Southern America. Turning to North America, "the battlefield of all the sects," we see that things there have gone just the other way; disaster which for a while seemed overwhelming came first, and now a prosperity of the Church has resulted, which even one hundred years ago would have been regarded as impossible of realization.

In the region which is now the United States, as Gilmery Shea well remarks, the church did not wait for the formation of colonies. "Her priests," he said, "were among the explorers of the coast, were the

pioneers of the vast interior; with Catholic settlers came the minister of God, and Mass was said to hallow the land and draw down the blessing of heaven, before the first step was taken to rear a human habitation. The altar was older than the hearth."

To this terse and striking statement we may fitly add the reminder that these first comers sought to give the new country a kind of consecration in the very names that they bestowed. Santo Domingo means "Holy Sunday." Another great island in the Spanish Main was called Trinidad, or "Trinity." Ponce de Leon in 1618 sighted the coast on Easter Sunday, which is known in Spanish as Pascua de Florida; and hence the present name of Florida commemorates the sacred season of Easter. Wherever Catholics went, throughout North America, this delicate yet pervasive aroma of beautiful religious names and associations went with them and diffused itself like the perfume of incense which lingers in the air and the memory. The spot where Mass was first said at St. Augustine was marked for a long time on Spanish maps as *Nombre de Dios*: that is, "Name of God." San Francisco in California keeps before us, by its name at least, the recollection of St. Francis of Assisi. In the middle West there is a peak still known as the "Mountain of the Holy Cross," from the cruciform mark of snow in the deep ravines of its rocky height. Many of the old religious names of places have been changed and effaced. But Santa Fe—signifying "Holy Faith"—yet survives in New Mexico. Maryland was named for that pious Queen of England, Henrietta Maria, whose second name of Maria—or Mary—was chosen for the Catholic colony because it was the name of the Blessed Virgin.

These may seem remote considerations. But there is a great significance in names and the way in which they are applied. Certainly it is interesting to observe that our country—which many persons are pleased to call, without authorization, a "Protestant country"—is so clearly marked in every direction with holy Catholic names as well as with heroic Catholic traditions. The fact that these names have remained is emblematic of that other and deeper fact that the faith itself has remained and increased, although at one time it seemed probable that nothing would be left of Catholicity, except its names.

Within a period of two hundred and fifty years from the first Catholic foundations in North America nearly everything established by them had, to all appearance, been blasted. The settlements in Florida were devastated and burned by the Anglicans of South Carolina, and the territory itself was finally given up by Spain to England. Later on, Maryland—which, as a purely Catholic colony, offered peaceful life, liberty and freedom of worship to people of every sect—had been treacherously undermined by Protestant immigrants, who overpowered the Catholics and condemned them to proscription. The great Catholic missionary organization in Canada had been destroyed. The Puritans had set up and were maintaining immovably their absolute intolerance and oppression in New England. Everywhere, east of the Mississippi, Catholics were weighted down by an arbitrary power, which deprived them of civil rights and could at any moment seize their property and drive them into exile. Even in the West and Southwest, where Catholics were still free under Catholic governments, the suppression of the Jesuits had stripped many districts of their priests and had left the faithful exposed to the danger of isolation and religious decay.

This was the state of things in 1763, a dozen years before the American Revolution. Then came the Revolu-

tionary War; and suppressed Catholic Maryland was promptly liberated and Catholic citizens were restored to their rights, because the other colonists knew and admitted that—when the pinch came—those citizens were absolutely loyal to the country, notwithstanding the wrongs it had inflicted upon them, and were essential to the success of its cause.

From the time when Catholic emancipation was declared on our shores, and ratified by the Constitution of the United States, which guaranteed to every one the religious freedom that Lord Baltimore inaugurated on this continent—from that time the Catholic and Apostolic Church has flourished amazingly within our North American borders. It was a good thing that all the sects found outlet here, and were enabled to carry on their battle to the fullest extent. It was a good thing that the Puritans should enter freely and have their way, and fancy that they possessed the whole land. Spain, France and England—these three powers vied with each other in colonizing and trying to possess the New World, and especially this northern part of it. France and Spain were Catholic, and they rendered us the service of tingeing the country deeply with their faith. England became anti-Catholic and did her best to expunge the faith from this realm, which came under her rule. Yet, as history has resulted, the Church at last found her surest footing in this country under the anti-Catholic dominion of England, which had tried so hard to suppress her, and the Church has since attained here, in a single century of freedom, a growth never paralleled in modern history.

This, then, is one of the most important results in religion of the discovery of America.

It was largely brought about, humanly speaking, as the Vicomte de Meaux tells us, in his recent book on "The Catholic Church and Liberty in the United States," by "the advent of the Celts of Ireland and the Teutons of Germany to the first rank of Catholic peoples" in the United States; which he declares "is the most astonishing phenomena that the New World, at the end of this century, can offer to the contemplation of the Old World." In former times Frenchmen and Spaniards, both Catholic, strove against each other in North America; sometimes to the detriment of religious progress. Even the English James, Duke of York, also a Catholic, tried to oppose the French in Canada—for political and state reasons—by setting up in the provinces of New York an Iroquois village under charge of Jesuit priests, as a hostile offset to the French Indian villages supervised by Jesuits in Canada. To-day certain rivalries between German and Celtic Catholics in the United States are not altogether unknown. Yet here we have this French Catholic of our time, the Vicomte de Meaux, honestly sinking all prejudices of the past or the present, and surrendering himself completely to admiration of the way in which—by unforeseen means—the Irish and the Germans, oppressed at home, have become the central and immediate forces of Catholic advancement in America. Ought we not all to learn some pertinent and peaceful lessons from these struggles of the past, and this calm, impartial tribute of a modern Frenchman?

True liberty is what the Church most inculcates, and what it most needs. It has found it at last in this country, where at first its prospect of doing so seemed most unlikely. It is by such paradoxes that the divine power works regardless of the self-interest, or even the most unselfish foresight and planning of men. The complete separation of Church from State, which exists here, has been an immense advantage to religion, and will continue to be so by assuring it of

entire independence in the pursuit of its spiritual aims.

But see—the development of this independence was opposed by nearly all the human forces which were in action during the period when it was maturing. The Puritans themselves, though rebels against Church authority, formed the closest kind of union between their own particular religious organization and their own form of civil government. When it became necessary to admit Catholics as political equals and fellow-citizens the Puritans, who were in terror of the "Romanish" influences that might be exerted upon the State, were obliged to abandon their own system of controlling the State by religious authorities, and to join in forbidding all connection of Church with State, so that they might be sure of shutting out the "Romanists" from such control. And this separation of Church and State proved to be precisely the most beneficial thing that could have happened for the progress of Catholic Christianity.

If Catholics had been able to establish, when they first set out to do so, a series of flourishing colonies along the seaboard of North America and to maintain them unopposed, they would have built a rampart which the Pilgrims and later legions of Protestants would hardly have ventured to pass. As it was, the attempts of Sir Humphrey Gilbert and Weymouth to plant Catholic colonies in New England failed, and wherever Catholic settlements were made along their coasts, from Florida to the St. Lawrence, they were overturned, cut down or rendered powerless. So it came to pass that other elements pressed in, which, under different circumstances, would scarcely have ventured to do so. They throve, and came to believe that this portion of the continent was theirs. Their successors streamed in, and believed the same. Circumstances led them—while they were opening the gates to every element of warring religious belief—to establish complete civil liberty and freedom of conscience, thereby opening the gates, also, to the one religion which does not mean endless division and war, but means peace. And everywhere they have gone, through all the great expanse of territory, they have come upon the old monuments and tokens of this religion which preceded them—in Florida, in Maryland, in New York, up and down the Mississippi, in Canada, in New England itself, and in far off California, where the restless tide of pioneer invasion ceased on the shores of the Pacific, at the feet of the old Catholic missions along the coast.

The whole country is surrounded by early outposts of the ancient faith. Their garrisons may have seemed dead, but they were only sleeping. The saints and missionaries of the past have apparently come to life once more in all those little strongholds which enring the land and seemed to be ruins, but suddenly prove to be in full vigor of existence again. And in the train of these reviving memories and associations an immense army of Irish, German, Italian, French and Polish Catholics have come upon the field.

Let them learn from the past, and avoid all strife, jealousy or rivalry among races or families which may retard religious and national progress.

When we perceive and comprehend how the apparent failure of early Catholic institutions in North America was the essential factor in bringing multitudes of non-Catholics hither where they have developed within a cordon of Catholic historic institutions, and have become mingled with a great body of living Catholics—and when we realize how it has taken four hundred years for this country to realize that the hero, Columbus, whom the entire nation unitedly celebrates in 1893, was the colossal Catholic pioneer—

then we shall begin to have some conception of the immense scale on which God works, and the patience with which He works.

When we realize, also, that the present condition of the true faith in this country—with its millions of communicants, its thousands of church buildings and charitable institutions—has grown up against the opposition of those who attempted to mould the national life in a totally different direction, we can appreciate what St. Francis de Sales meant when he said: "God makes people co-operate with Him when they are least aware of it." GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

#### The Worst Slums in the World.

A few days after my arrival, writes an "Observant Englishman" in the *Review of Reviews*, I was fortunate enough to meet a group of earnest social reformers, who were discussing the condition of the lower strata of Chicago life. One of them, a friend of mine connected with a university settlement in East London, and well acquainted with the darkest district in the metropolis, startled me by saying that he had found worse slums in Chicago than he had ever seen in London.

"Our rookeries," he said, "are bad enough, but they are at least built of brick or stone. Here, however, the low tenements are mostly of wood, and when the wood decays or breaks away the consequences are more deplorable than anything we have in London.

This was the testimony of a visitor. It was confirmed by the testimony of resident sociological experts. One of these was a lady, at present engaged by the national government in investigating and reporting on the life and homes of the poor in Chicago. The awful state of things she described greatly surprised me, and I suggested that it was due to the presence of the large foreign element.

"On the contrary," she replied, "the very worst places in the city are inhabited by native Americans." And she showed me the official chart of one of the lowest streets, on which the tenements were marked white when occupied by native Americans, black when occupied by foreigners. The rooms to the front which possess the worst character were white.

These carefully ascertained facts knock the bottom out of the complacent assurance I have since so often heard expressed, that foreigners were responsible for the darkest shades of Chicago life.

"Is this state of things allowed by law to exist?" I asked.

"Certainly not," replied the lady; "it exists in flat contravention of every municipal ordinance."

"Can nothing be done to enforce the law?"

"The very men whose duty it is to enforce the law are the nominees of the classes interested in violating it.

"Can you not rouse the churches to combine and put a stop to this municipal corruption?"

"The churches!"—the lady spoke with infinite scorn—"the proprietors of the worst class of property in Chicago are leading men in the churches. I have more hope of arousing the poor Polish Jews to a sense of their civic duty and opportunity than the churches. The Poles, poor as they are, and ignorant, do want to lead a decent life."

#### A Simple Way to Help Poor Catholic Missions.

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

A kind-hearted man finds life full of joys, for he makes joys of things which else were not joys; and a simple-hearted man can be very joyous on a little joy; and to the pure-hearted man all things are joys. Fisher Faber.

## INSTALLATION OF A STATUE.

At half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of Sept. 17th, Young street in the vicinity of St. Ann's school was crowded with men, women and children. The school-house and residence of the Christian Brothers, Montreal, were gaily decorated with the Canadian ensign and the green flags of Ireland. All was life and health. The vast concourse was brought together by the installation of a beautiful statue of the venerable De la Salle, founder of the Order of the Christian Brothers, which, having been blessed, was to be placed on the top of the new building lately erected in connection with St. Ann's school.

Proceedings were commenced at four o'clock, Brother Arnold presiding. After the blessing Father Brancart, parish priest of St. Ann's church, delivered an excellent address, calling forth great applause. The Rev. Father Oatulle also spoke briefly, stating that as their old friend, Solicitor General Curran, was with them as usual he would request him to address the meeting.

The Solicitor General was greeted with great applause. His eulogy of De la Salle was very eloquent. He said they were standing in the greatest centre of commercial and manufacturing activity in the Dominion of Canada. Hundreds of tall chimneys sent forth their dense smoke day by day. The hum of the mill, the foundry and the factory were ever heard and one would be led to suppose that materialism should prevail in their midst. That was not so. Their minds were elevated and their hearts beat in union with the services of the church in the neighborhood. They cherished the good souls of St. Alphonse de Ligouri, who ministered to their spiritual wants. They felt the deep debt of gratitude they owed to the daughters of the venerable Marguerite Bourgeois, who taught and educated their daughters, and they venerated the Little Sisters of the Poor, who glided noiselessly in their midst, doing their works of charity to the hungry, the sick and the afflicted. (Applause.) Those sentiments explained why they were gathered in such large numbers to honor the memory of De la Salle, whose followers, under the guidance of Brother Arnold (prolonged applause), were doing so much good amongst them. De la Salle in his early years in Rheims could have no conception in the beginning of the seventeenth century of the prodigious proportions his work would assume. With twelve disciples he had opened his schools; to-day the brotherhood numbered fifteen thousand (Applause.) His vision did not extend beyond his immediate diocese, his followers were to-day in France, Spain, Germany and every country of old Europe, including the British Isles. They had establishments in Asia and Africa and in every part of North and South America. (Applause.) It was right that the children of St. Patrick should venerate his memory. The first boarding school which he had opened was for the children of the Irish exiles who had taken refuge in France after the ignominious flight of James the Second. Amongst his first novices and afterwards his most active co operators were Dillon and McMahon. (Applause.) The Irish race had not proved ungrateful. Seventeen of the National schools of Ireland were now under the management of the Christian Brothers, and at Waterford a Protestant Government had confided to them the training schools for public teachers, thus showing the esteem in which their order was held. In Canada he need not speak of their work. It was patent to all from the noble edifice, St. Louis College on Sherbrooke street, to the humblest of their schools. Tens of thousands of Canadian children were seated on their benches every day. (Applause.) In the neighboring re-

public they taught not only the elementary schools, but, being untrammelled, they had built up such prominent institutions as Manhattan College, New York, Rockhill College, Baltimore; St. Louis College, Missouri, all exercising university powers and conferring degrees. He hoped the day was not far distant when any ban that might exist here would be removed, and that they would be permitted to establish an English high school for the fifty thousand English speaking Catholics of Montreal. Our friends of different religious persuasions could maintain five and six collegiate institutes to prepare young men for commerce and industry and matriculation at their universities, and, surely, it was time that they had at least one such school for their immense population. (Applause.) In a brilliant peroration the Solicitor General reviewed the effects of the policy of De la Salle, here on the banks of the St. Lawrence, thousands of miles from the foundation house of the order, and in referring to Brother Arnold and other distinguished members of the teaching body, was cheered to the echo.—*Montreal Gazette.*

## Philanthropy, Old and New.

In England during the Middle Ages, it is said that a poor man could not travel six miles in any direction without finding a monastery or other religious house where he would receive shelter and a dose of bread. He was treated not as a criminal or a beast, but as a man, poor, and for that reason not to be despised, much less ill-treated, but commiserated and kindly dealt with.

This state of things is condemned new-a-days by our advanced social economists, on the ground that it tended to encourage idleness and increase pauperism. Such is their theory, and it has come to be very generally accepted as correct. Yet facts, when we come to look at them, do not confirm it. On the contrary they disprove it. Before the suppression of the monasteries and the so-called Reformation, pauperism did not exist in England to the extent that it did after those events, and has done ever since. Previous to the Reformation it was not a special burden upon society or a tax upon its material resources. Since then it has become so, and is constantly increasing. Laws are enacted to prevent its growth; and the ingenuity of statesmen, legislators and magistrates is exhausted in devising measures to get rid of it, if possible, and if not, at least to keep it within manageable limits; yet despite all they can do it is rapidly increasing.

And this furnishes another proof that "the foolishness" of Christianity is better than the "wisdom" of the world, Christian charity reigning in the hearts of both rich and poor made their relation one of cordial sympathy and esteem. The poor did not envy the rich. The rich did not despise the poor. The poor in whose hearts Christianity dwelt knew that wilful idleness was a sin, and were not unwilling to work. If destitution befell them their wants were supplied, and supplied freely and ungrudgingly. Vagrants there were, but by no means in such numbers as now; and they consisted of those, comparatively few, who had thrown away regard for religion and become callous to religious feelings. Thus while there was ample Christian provision for the destitute, there was nothing in the system to foster idleness and laziness.

But when the "glorious Reformation" was made by Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, all this was changed. The monasteries were suppressed; their lands and revenues confiscated—a portion of the plunder reaching the royal treasury of the covetous sovereigns, but the greater part remaining in the hands of the officials employed in executing the sacrilegious robbery. All provision for supplying the wants of

the poor was destroyed, and no new provision made. The roads and fields swarmed with beggars, and beggary was made a crime. Vagrancy was punished by law. Whipping at the cat's tail, imprisonment, and after repeated convictions, hanging were the penalties. Yet terror of the law could not destroy the pest or prevent its growth. It continued to increase. The reason is easily discovered. With the suppression of public Catholic religious services, the banishment and killing off of Catholic priests, the poor had no longer teachers and instructors. The sense of religious obligation died out of their hearts. They became practically heathens. If they worked it was not from principle or any regard for duty, but because they had to work. Hence, pauperism (not simply poverty, but professional pauperism, habitual, wilful idleness), increased in spite of all the laws that could be brought to bear against it.

A poor law system was enacted, minute, severe and systematic in all its details. Workhouses, no better, in many respects worse, than prisons, were erected. But all this has proved vain. Still, pauperism in England increases, and despite all the severity of the poor laws, it continues to increase, until, like a cancerous disease, it threatens to destroy the whole body politic. The remedy for it is a plain one. It is to Christianize the poor. But in this remedy our modern social economists and philanthropists have no faith. They are at their wits' end about the matter; are inventing new theories and remodeling old ones, to arrest the evil. Yet it grows, in spite of all their devices. Still they turn their backs contemptuously upon the only real, true remedy.

Nor are we without such instances in the United States. Although we trust that our "poor houses" in this country are better conducted than those of England, yet it is well known that there is suffering and sometimes cruelty enough in them to move the hearts of all who care for God's poor. They are, as a rule, the last places any one who has any respect for himself, no matter how complete his destitution or deplorable his situation, is willing to go, and the last places any one who has any respect for others is willing to send them to. It seems to be taken for granted, in this professedly Christian land, that the poor have no feelings worthy of respect, no claims to respectful treatment.

This language may seem unnecessarily severe. It is not. Let any one acquaint himself with the nature of the provision made in our cities and towns for those who are too poor to pay for a night's decent lodging, and he will very quickly come to the conclusion that we have not spoken too strongly. If a man, or a woman, or a child, is so unfortunate as to have to accept the public provision made for those who cannot pay for shelter at night, he or she is often put into a den, where men, women and children are often crowded promiscuously together, with a bare floor, amidst filth and noisomeness, with no arrangements for cleanliness, much less for comfort. The poor in this country, as well as in England, are too often treated worse, far worse than criminals.

Why is this? Simply because in the United States, as in Europe, the attempt is made to substitute human benevolence for Christian charity. It is all in vain. Secular benevolent institutions may be devised with all the wisdom and good feelings the world can exercise. All the safeguards against abuses in administration that can be thought of may be thrown around them. But it all will not do. The machinery may be there. There may be a body, but as long as the soul of *Christian Charity*, which lives in communion with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, does not animate it, the love which man should bear to man, as

having a common Father and a common Saviour, will be absent, and the poor will be neglected.—*Catholic Standard.*

## Manual of the Precious Blood.

I have just read, from beginning to end, the "Book of the Elect," or the Manual of the Precious Blood. Every page respires love of Jesus Crucified and bears the impress of ardent, sunbeams and solid piety; each page is the expression of lively and enlightened faith: exact as to the redeeming and expiating power of the Precious Blood, and verifies to the full, the axiom: "The rule of praying is the rule of believing."

These pages constantly offer a two-fold allment, to the mind they present the most moving and the most salutary truths of faith; to the heart they suggest sentiments of the most active charity—a charity expressed in efforts, in aspirations, in supplications for the glory of God and the salvation of one's neighbor, those two grand objects of the devotion to the Precious Blood.

A Christian soul may derive food from this book; first, during the various hours of the day; then, every day of the week; afterwards, each month and during the whole course of the year, the substance is arranged to this effect, and, as a whole, it furnishes an excellent and complete choice.

This book is in reality a Manual of the Precious Blood; that devotion is its inspiring and unique thought; each part springs from and remains connected with it. Consequently the magnificent dogma of the redemption and the reconciliation of the world through the Saviour's Blood is displayed in its full light, under its various, most important and most practical aspects.

This Manual is, in effect, devotion to the Most Precious Blood put in motion and maintained in full activity. In it, this devotion is taught and practiced in the most solid manner; in it, it is founded on the Passion and the Eucharist; in it, it is drawn from Calvary and the Altar, its two great and ever-flowing sources.

In it, the Virgin Mother is justly shown as the first model of this devotion. St. Joseph was not ignorant of it, and the angels of heaven in company with holy souls are associated to it.

All those grand thoughts illumine the book; it seems destined to take rank among the best books in use for the faithful of Canada and the United States.

I wish it full success and the widest circulation, persuaded that all who use it will benefit greatly by it. J. A. P. August 21st, 1893.

The "Manuals" were published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood of St. Hyacinthe, and are approved of by the distinguished Archbishops and Bishops of Canada. They can be had at the Monasteries of the Precious Blood, 113 St. Joseph street, Toronto, and 167 St. Patrick street, Ottawa, Ont. They will be sent by mail, on receipt of price, as follows; 50c., 75c., \$1.25.

## League of the Cross.

A very largely attended meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the League of the Cross was held on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Geo. Duffy in the chair.

The total abstinence pledge was administered to six new members by the Rev. Father Hand, who spoke words of encouragement and advice as to the best manner of remaining true to the noble promises they had just made. The Library Committee reported that the reading-room would be opened in a few days.

The Rev. Dr. Tracy delivered a short address, relating how the late Cardinal Manning was first induced to take the temperance pledge by the remarks of a London dock-laborer, who thought he would be better able to advise others by his own example in becoming a total abstainer. The world knows what an amount of good the Cardinal did in the cause of total abstinence, and for the very same reason he (Dr. Tracy) now becomes a member of the League, so as to be in a better position to induce others to follow.

Addresses were delivered by Mr. Lee, Secretary Cahill, and President Duffy. A choice programme was taken part in by Messrs. Wallbridge, Sullivan, Duprat, Trudelle and others. The music of Messrs. Duprat and Trudelle was particularly fine.

The Secretary received one hundred copies of "Temperance Truths" from New York, which were distributed to those present.

The League has almost perfected arrangements for the grand musical and dramatic entertainment in aid of St. Vincent de Paul Society, to be held on Halloween. Full particulars of this will be given later.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It softens and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

**THE MAYOR OF FRAICHE VALLEE.**

How He was Worsted.

By GEORGE ROLAND.

About twenty years back, in a little village stowed cosy away in a shady vale of Southern France, and admiring itself complacently in a fresh stream that could boast the loveliest rows of willows and the sweetest carp in all gay Provence, there lived an old relic of bygone days. General Raymond was yet hale and hearty and comparatively young. He had served under Napoleon, and he must have caught up more than his share of the spirit of his leader, for woe betide the man who should have been presumptuous enough to contradict him openly. His neighbors generally kept aloof from him; he was so eccentric, and, withal, so despotic. The Revolution and the Empire had swept over France leaving it saturated with doctrines the most opposite. The amalgamation of ideas produced in the minds of the common people by powers so entirely different, advocating doctrines so very opposite, is one of the curious phenomena presented to the readers of French history. General Raymond was behind his time, too; he was of that class who absorb one idea or set of ideas to the absolute exclusion of all others. Uppermost in the General's mind was a horror of religion in general and of horrors in particular. He had lashed a thousand times into the very jaws of death on the battlefields of France and Germany, but now, if in strolling along the vine-bordered roads of Fraiche Vallee, he happened to descry the good Cure in the distance, he would instantly turn and go several miles out of his way rather than meet him.

In time, however, he was appointed Mayor of Fraiche Vallee. This was but natural; his talents and education fitted him better than any other man in the Commune for the office. The mayor in the country districts of France is a *personnage*, the *echarpe* having, like the mantle of charity, the privilege of covering a multitude of sins. The new Mayor of Fraiche Vallee, whose influence, already great, was widened by his new dignity, found many abuses to reform. The greatest of all, of course, was the Cure. He immediately began a petty persecution against the good priest. The latter bore everything with the greatest patience, never uttering a word of protest, but conforming smilingly to what was exacted of him. This way of acting exasperated the old soldier beyond expression for he expected the Cure to show fight. He had no chance to storm; the place surrendered at discretion. His wife endeavored in vain to soften him, and often told him everything would go ill at Fraiche Vallee if the spiritual and the civil authorities were to be continually at variance. He declared that she deserved to be locked up in jail for taking such liberties as suggesting to him to go to Mass on Sundays, and that if she were not so dear to him, she would be lodged there. As a matter of fact, however, he began to feel sheepish at seeing his measures against the Cure treated as doings of very little importance.

June came, bringing with it the feast of Corpus Christi. The custom existed in Fraiche Vallee of having a procession through the village streets, and it was one to which the people clung lovingly. Strongly as the Mayor was opposed to Religion, he could not stop this abuse, for the Concordat was against him. On the day previous to Corpus Christi of that year a terrible storm had swept over the village; the rain fell in such torrents as to convert the streets of the neat little hamlet into rivers of mud. The Cure was deeply concerned at this. There was but one way of remedying the evil, and that was to weep away the deep, thick mire on the way of the procession. He made an appeal that was heard; the

whole population turned out with extraordinary good will, and, on the eve of the feast so dear to the people, the broad streets looked neat. Nevertheless a cloud hung over the minds of the peasants, who were as much interested in the procession as was M. le Cure himself. The village street had been swept; but the piece of road before the General's house lay untouched, so fearful were they of the crank's whip. How would the pretty maidens in their dainty shoes, and the village dames in their flowing robes, pass over such a quagmire! The thought was enough to dampen the enthusiasm of the fair daughters of Fraiche Vallee. This dirty patch would, in all cases, be most unseemly on the way of the procession. It must be swept.

"Nenni! M. le Cure!" exclaimed a peasant, astonished at the boldness of the priest. "I know the man. I for one would not like to be in the boots of the fellow who would take upon himself to sweep away that mud with out the old bear's authorization."

M. le Cure did not press the point further. "I will adopt another plan," he said half to himself; "I do not wish to expose you to the effects of his ill humor."

An hour later the priest called on M. le Maire.

"M. le Cure," said the General in a gruff voice, "I suppose that your business is with my wife's purse, and, as I would only be in the way, I shall retire."

"No, General," answered the Cure in a quiet tone which only exasperated the peevy old soldier still more; "I bless your wife for her charity to the poor, but it is with you I would speak." "Oh! is it? Well I will listen to you, provided you do not keep me too long."

"To-morrow is the feast of Corpus Christi," said the priest. "As it has always been the custom, we will have a procession of the Blessed Sacrament. It will pass in front of your house. I would beg of you to have the road along your property cleaned, or, if you prefer it, to allow your neighbours to clean it."

"M. le Cure, what you call the feast of Corpus Christi is not spoken of in the decree of September 29th, 1791, treating of rural customs; I will not have the road in front of my house cleaned, and I will allow nobody to clean it."

"But, my dear, that is bad will," timidly remarked his wife, who had appeared on the scene. "What M. le Cure asks is quite reasonable, and if you but order it the road will be clean very soon."

"My dear, I wish you would not meddle in my affairs! I forbid the road in front of my house to be swept, because it pleases me to do so, and who ever will break my orders will make acquaintance with my whip. Is that clear?"

"Then, General, you will neither have your servants sweep in front of your house, nor allow your neighbours to do so?"

"No, sir."

"Good evening," said the Cure, bowing himself out.

"Pierre, Francois, Nicolas! advance to the front!" roared the General. And three sturdy servants advanced with military precision. "You know that I can whip any one of you yet?"

"Yes, General." They knelt to it.

"If any one of you be bold enough to sweep the road in front of my house, from whatever quarter the order may come, I promise him such a treat as he will remember. Do you understand?"

"Yes, General."

"Now, right about face, march!" and back they went to their occupations, wondering who would get the whipping; for what the Cure wanted done was generally done, and they knew well the General.

That evening, in the mayor's house, it was whispered that monsieur was inaccessible, and an instinctive sense of

danger kept everybody out of his way. He retired earlier than usual. The General's sleep, however, was by no means that of the just. He awoke frequently. That Cure had entirely unstrung his nerves. He was beginning to doze off at a late hour when a strange sound caught his ear.

"That's a queer noise," he said, half asleep. After a few moments he heard it again. "Mortieu!" he cried, "what is that?" He listened again for a minute. This time there could be no doubt as to the origin of the noise.

"Par tous les diables!" he roared, jumping out of bed. "Somebody's sweeping! Mille bombes! whose's my whip! It must be one of those infernal servants of mine! M. le Cure has recourse to tactics, but we will dislodge the enemy in double quick time. What a grand rout all along the line!"

While thus muttering to himself, he pulled on his clothes furiously and stole down stairs. He made his way to the front gate unperceived by the sweepor.

"Comment! million de cartouches!" he cried, rushing out on the latter, "you're the man who breaks my orders!" and he lifted his whip, but dropped it suddenly.

"What!" he exclaimed, "you, M. le Cure, sweeping in front of my house at this hour of the night!"

"Yes, General. You threatened seriously the one who would sweep this place. Don't be afraid; ply your whip on my shoulders; I will be glad to get a taste of it for the glory of God."

"Ah! oui da!" exclaimed the General. "That's the way it goes! Eh bien! Let us try other tactics! Pierre, Francois, Nicolas!" he cried, rushing into the yard, "wake up, you good-for-nothing fellows! Bring me here a broom! The first one you can get!"

The three servants appeared half dressed and bewildered.

"And the broom!" cried the General.

"The broom?" murmured Pierre.

"Yes, blockhead, the broom? I've been asking you for one for the last twenty minutes!"

Pierre got a broom; the General snatched it from his hands and began to sweep with extraordinary energy. The good priest was astounded at this turn of affairs, and greatly touched at the action of the General.

**Loretto Academy.**

We clip the following from the Buffalo Evening Times of September 18th.

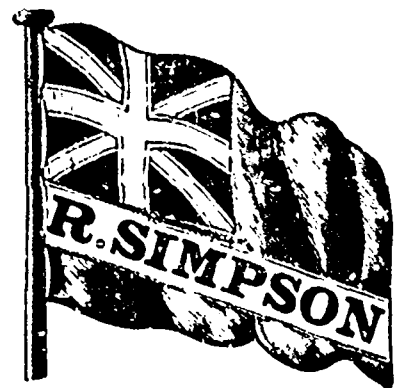
Those who visit the Niagara Falls will notice an extensive group of buildings, in the later style of renaissance, on the heights of the Canadian side. The imposing grandeur of the structures as well as the romantic and beautiful situation of the buildings will invite nearer inspection, and well are those rewarded who take the trouble to cross the smaller Suspension Bridge at the Falls and pay a visit to the institutions, where the kind Rev. Ladies will take pleasure in showing the visitors the beautiful and well situated buildings, the superb grounds with its flower beds and lawns. A view from the observatory will show you the Falls, the rapids, the bridges and the islands of the vicinity, and on a clear day you can see the city of Buffalo with its immense elevators, its grand churches and its lively harbor.

Loretto Academy was built a good many years ago, and under the direction of the ladies of Loretto has added every year new laurels to their widespread and well-deserved reputation in giving their lady pupils a Christian and virtuous education, with refinement of manners to fit them for society. At the same time they will enjoy the same physical care which they would receive at their own homes. Difference of religion forms no obstacle to admittance to this beautiful and healthy institute.

**CHERRYHILL.**

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## A PLEA FOR ECONOMY.

There is no evil so great that does not bear within its bosom a certain admixture of good no adversity so bitter that does not possess its uses, for even the storm cloud that bursts with fury above our heads, sends refreshing showers to the thirsty fields. And so the financial embarrassment that confronts the country at the present moment may be made the occasion of good to many, and teach them a lesson they both need and should remember. That lesson is the lesson of economy, a lesson that the nation must learn sooner or later, and the sooner the better. The fact that economy is an unknown factor in many American households is too well known, too patent, indeed, to be questioned. Every intelligent foreigner who comes to our shores has commented on the prodigal wastefulness that characterizes the management, or should we say the mismanagement of our homes. The table is the principal outlet of this waste, and what is sometimes removed from an ordinary American table, to be consigned to the refuse can, would, if properly handled, suffice for another family's meal. Nothing taxes the housekeeper's purse more heavily than the butcher's bill and it is in this very matter of prime rib and outfit, that the culpable prodigality we speak of is most strikingly exhibited. As a rule the meat that has once served the purposes of a meal is handed over to the service of the kitchen and no further enquiries are made concerning it. Now it is as well understood as it is natural, that servants are neither intelligent enough, nor interested enough, to take any part in saving, that, on the contrary, their proneness is to waste and that, consequently, the remnants of a joint, which might be made into a ragout are flung into the garbage barrel without a thought. These are called the leavings and are for that reason deemed unfit for further use. This fact shows the extent to which our ideas are dominated by language, and how our nature is subdued to the shape in which it works. For when we call the fragments that remain after a meal, refuse, *debris*, or leavings, and that we attach to those terms the idea of departed usefulness, it is but natural that we should regard the garbage barrel as their fitting destination. It was not in this light that such fragments were looked upon by our Divine Lord, who after he had fed the multitude with the miraculous loaves and fishes, ordered his disciples to collect, not the leavings or the *debris*, but the fragments as he called them, in order that they might not go to waste. And what thoughtful and saving housekeeper is there who is not aware that the life giving succulence of meat is left so long as a shred or fibre remains attached to the bone, and that even the bone itself is the seat of such savory juices as impart a distinctive flavor to an appetizing cup of *bouillon*? No! proper economy can never be practiced till housekeepers learn the lesson of physiology that the fibres of meat are nutritious in whatever shape we find them, and no amount of cooking can rob them of their nutrient qualities. Moreover the economical housekeeper possesses this advantage over her less saving and industrious sister that she has, as it were, a larger culinary repertory to draw upon, a more abundant *menu* at her disposal, for whereas the latter oscillates within the narrow limits of a broil, a roast, or a boil, the former can serve up an almost endless variety of dishes which her cunning hand has constructed out of the remains of former meals. And not only are economy and variety thus assured, but jaded palates receive a fresh fillip, and domestic contentment is made to shine from every face.

The art of cookery, though generally supposed to be enlisted in the service

of the wealthy, is in reality the offspring and hand maiden of economy, and in the great armies of Europe cooks are paid in proportion to their capacity to make the least go the farthest. In the days of the Crimean war the English soldiers obtained an experience from their acquaintance with French camp life, which has stood them in good stead ever since. It was then customary to deal out to each British soldier a piece of the meat which he usually cooked over the camp fire and devoured half raw with a handful of salt and a portion of bread. On the other hand the French soldier, who received but a tithe of the meat which his insular brother in arms got, scoured the fields about him for an onion or a carrot and from these scanty resources and a little water made a far more wholesome and satisfying meal. And this is what constituted in those days the difference between the gross, beef-eating trooper of Britain, and the agile and hardy *chasseur* of France.

And it is a remarkable fact that the continental European is still a head and shoulders above the inhabitant of the British Isles in respect to the practice and appreciation of household economy. Here in New York we have ample proofs of it. A German housekeeper in New York, for the most part, never wastes, and gets out of her market purchases all that they can yield. The Italian errs, perhaps, on the side of parsimony, while the Frenchman, true to his artistic instincts, derives both pleasure and profit from his frugal meal. Celtic improvidence betrays itself among us as it does in the motherland, and it is the Celt who too often justifies the arraignment that we are a wasteful people.

And as in eating so in many other things may a similar, reasonable, and commendable economy be practiced. As an instance we might speak of dress. Now it is certain that persons of moderate means spend a disproportionate share of their income in personal adornment, and so far another avenue to economy. Sensible women are never led into rivaling in this matter those more favored by fortune than themselves. They show good taste, good sense and a laudable independence in dressing according to their station in life, nor does, so-called, society hold a lash over their shoulders. They are above it. But, sad to say, sensible women of this type, are few and far between. The majority fret and fume and worry because they cannot outdress somebody else, and in their effort to do so, they spend what might else be saved, and they make themselves ridiculous to boot, for others know that they have purchased their gauds by pinching themselves, and they seem to forget that dress, after all, is with them a mere disguise wherewith to hide poverty. Refined taste in dress goes far in the estimation of the judicious, and appeals to them more strongly than cosiness of material. Shakespeare's golden rule should herein govern both men and women:—"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy." For women are not alone culpable in this direction, since men are even still more, the slaves of that subtle and mysterious influence called fashion. If a hat should not exhibit the proper curve at crown or brim, or if it should fail to be of a certain color or material, no matter how little service it may have seen, it has to be discarded, and often the far down depths of a considerably depleted pocket must be reached ere the wearer can fish out ducats for a new one. Fashion is a tyrant, whose decrees the man of family, or the man of limited income, should spurn.

We often forget, too, in our daily expenditures, that wise and homely maxim of Franklin, "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." Too many, indeed, act on the very opposite principle, and imagine that so long as they have a

five dollar bill in their purse they can never feel the loss of a quarter, and that, consequently, there can be no harm in spending it, even unnecessarily. This short-sighted method of financiering is a decided reflection on the judgment of those who employ it, and opens the very widest of all gates to financial ruin. We repeat the time has come when the household must become the theatre of retrenchment, and housekeepers must help the heads of houses to stem the tide of the hard times which appear to be so near at hand. Moderation in all things is the lesson which the hour teaches and if we learn that lesson fully we shall sound the death knell of human wisdom.—*N. Y. Catholic Review.*

## Drink in Rural England.

There is a sort of temptation which some people seem to think exists only in cities—the temptation of drunkenness. Such people are the victims of an extraordinary delusion. In nine villages out of ten that is the only sort of amusement which the majority of the inhabitants have. Their one notion of enjoyment is to get drunk. It is not their fault—it is the only description of entertainment which offers. There must be many villages in which every inhabitant, at some period or other of his life, was a habitual drunkard—that is, he got drunk whenever he got the chance. Of what city in the world could you say that?

I was once in a village on the Welsh coast. The Welsh, I have been informed, are a sober people, and so some of them may be. A certain wicked traveler chanced to come that way. According to his own account, he had "struck oil" in the western States of America—and possibly, he had "struck" some peculiar notions, too. For a whole week he "stood Sam," at the local hostelry, to everybody who choose to come and drink.

For a whole week every soul in the place, to all intents and purposes, was drunk—all the men, many of the women, and some of the children. The occasion passed, and they rose to it. They had never before enjoyed themselves so much in their lives—that being their idea of enjoyment. No doubt, to this hour, many of those amusement seekers look back to that week as being the most amusing week they ever spent.

I know, or, rather, I used to know, a village in Devonshire, in which every able bodied man used to subscribe regularly to a common fund. It was an ancient custom, and, possibly, still survives. To what purpose do you suppose that fund was applied? To making every subscriber—that is, every able-bodied man in the place—drunk, dead drunk, I fancy, but certainly drunk, on cider on certain appointed high days and holidays. Talk of the temptation which a great city offers to a country-man to fall into drinking habits! What singular notions some people seem to have!—*All the Year Round.*

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

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**The Happy Household.**

By Eugen Field.

It's when the birds go piping at the daylight slowly breaks,  
That, clamoring for his dinner, our precious baby wakes:  
Then it's sleep no more for baby, and it's sleep no more for me,  
For, when he wants his dinner, why, it's dinner it must be!  
And of that lactical fluid he partakes with great alio,  
While gran'ma laughs,  
And gran'pa laughs,  
And wife, she laughs,  
And I—well, I laugh, too!

You'd think to see us carrying on about that little lad,  
That, like as not, that baby was the first we'd ever had;  
But, aakes alive, he isn't, yet we people make a fuss  
As if the only baby in the world had come to us!  
And, morning, noon and night-time, whatever he may do,  
Gran'ma, she laughs,  
Gran'pa, he laughs,  
Wife, she laughs,  
And I, of course, laugh, too!

But once—a likely spell—when that poor little chick  
From teething, or from some such bit of infancy, fell sick,  
You wouldn't know us people as the same that went about  
A-feelin' good all over, just to hear him crow and shout,  
And, though the doctor probed our fears and said he'd pull him through,  
Old gran'ma cried,  
And gran'pa cried,  
And wife, she cried,  
And I—yes, I cried, too!

It makes us all feel good to have a baby on the place,  
With his sweetest, smiling and his dimples, dumpling face:  
The pattering of his pinky feet makes music everywhere,  
And when he shakes those fists of his, good by to every care!

No matter what our trouble is, when he begins to coo,  
Old gran'ma laughs,  
And gran'pa laughs,  
Wife, she laughs,  
And I—you bet, I laugh, too!

**The Priesthood.**

No one but a Priest can know the weight of the burden which this holy office devolves upon those who are called to it. None but Priests can fully know the physical labors, hardships and dangers, the care, the anxieties, the painful and sometimes horrible situations its calls of duty not unfrequently require them unhesitatingly to encounter. The non-Catholic world has not the slightest idea of this. Even Catholic laymen have but a vague and very imperfect conception of all that the life of a Priest involves. And even where their knowledge is most intimate and exact it necessarily falls far short of the reality.

We hear of Priests going on a "sick-call," and we think simply of its involving a walk or a ride for a greater or less distance. We do not know that that sick-call is perhaps the fifth or tenth or twentieth repetition of other sick-calls which involved an equal or perhaps much greater amount of bodily exposure and fatigue—not to speak of the strain upon the mind. The sick-call may be in the night preceding a day of obligation on which one or two Masses may have to be celebrated by the Priest who attends upon the call. That sick call may have been preceded by a fast day, and attending to it may render rest and sleep impossible during the greater part or perhaps the whole of the night. Yet the next day, weak with fasting of the previous day, exhausted by the labors and vigils of the preceding night, this Priest will offer up once or twice, as duty may require, the holy sacrifice, neither water nor food passing his lips until his holy functions shall have been fulfilled. Of all this, along with other responsibilities of the Priesthood, and of what this involves of weariness to body and to mind, of care and of anxiety the non-Catholic world—as we have already said—knows nothing, and even Catholics outside of the holy order of the Priesthood can necessarily know but little. We

can see the work, but we cannot realize what that work involves.

Occasionally, however, something occurs which reveals this to some extent, and enables us better to comprehend not only the nature itself of the work, but also the absolute necessity of the Priesthood, being by divine appointment a *Supernatural Order*, and sustained by *Supernatural Grace*.

Perhaps a pestilential disease breaks out, as the cholera, yellow fever, or small-pox, as has been the case in the United States a number of times; sometimes, for example, in St. Louis, Memphis or New Orleans; or in Charleston, Norfolk, Baltimore, or Philadelphia. There are many, we are sure, who will remember the small-pox epidemic in Philadelphia during the winter of 1871-72.

The small pox prevailed to a greater extent than usual, not only in the United States but also in Ireland and other European countries. But there were, we think, at least in the United States, few localities, where it assumed a more loathsome form or was more fatal in its results, than in and around Philadelphia.

It was attended with the usual moral and social consequences of pestilences; dissolving the ties of friendship and often those also of relationship.

It is not necessary for us to enter into details on this point. If the person who was attacked was not immediately hurried off to the pest-house, the dwelling in which he lay, and all its inmates, became as lepers in the eyes of the community—objects to be carefully shunned. There were, however, one class of persons, who, instead of shunning, sought the couches by those who were fatally smitten by the foul pestilence. They were Catholic priests. How often their services were required we know not. They are not accustomed to proclaim their deeds of heroic charity. But it can be inferred from the fact that in a single parish—and that the very least subject to this plague—certainly one of the least—there were one hundred and one small pox patients visited. In more infected districts the number was doubtless five-fold, possibly even ten-fold, greater.

We can picture to ourselves, but not to our readers—for our pen would fail us if we attempted it—the scenes our faithful, devoted clergy passed through; bending over the couches of the dying, inhaling their foul breath and the pestilential emanations from their putrid bodies, compelled sometimes, in hearing their confessions, to place their ear almost upon the lips of the plague-stricken patients; in giving them Extreme Unction and the Viaticum, to touch them when their bodies sometimes were literally dissolving into corruption. This was the work which scores of the devoted priests of the Diocese of Philadelphia were quietly and faithfully performing week by week, and, in a number of instances, day by day.

And such work, now here and now there, Catholic priests and religious are constantly engaged in all over the world, wherever war, or pestilence, or famine are reaping their harvest of misery and destruction. — *Catholic Standard*.

The eminent Jesuit Father, John Joseph Franco, who has long and closely studied the spiritist movement in Italy, has published a manual on this serious subject. As in other countries, the spiritist movement is rapidly extending in Italy to the grave detriment of faith and morals, and to a greater extent than is generally believed.

Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged by those who have used it as being the best medicine sold for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favourite with ladies and children.

**He is not Scared.**

The following extracts taken from a letter written to the Spencerville, Ohio *Journal* by a non-Catholic, Mr. A. B. Brees, an old-school Baptist are both timely and reasonable. The sound sense of his arguments must appeal to every unprejudicial mind.

There is nothing more strange than that reasoning and well-informed men should lend their aid to the disturbance of the public mind and to either willfully misrepresent, or, by silent consent, favor the malicious falsehoods repeated over and over again to promote a widespread prejudice against the Roman Catholics. . . .

It is possible that a religious people, at this day, who claim only about 10,000,000 communicants in the United States, including women and children confirmed, could dream of rising in a religious massacre of more than that number of Protestants who have all the power of civil authority and the arms of the government to sustain them!

The population of the United States exceeds 62,000,000 people.—If, therefore, Catholics are 10,000,000, men, women and children, this leaves them to oppose 50,000,000 of equal power per individual at least.

While dwelling upon this subject would it not be well for every Protestant citizen to consider two very important things?

1st. If those reports are not true, we are doing our own Catholic neighbors a great wrong by silently accepting such reports and allowing them to bias our minds to their prejudice and our own sense of safety.

2nd. If they were true it would be wise in us to inquire into the causes that led them to entertain thoughts of violence toward us, and seek to promote a return to amicable and honorable relations again.

As to the first of these thoughts, I repeat I have no fears; but as to the second I have good and undeniable evidence that the Catholics have the most to fear. Please suppress your surprise and patiently read, and I will show you positive evidence.

1st. Protestants have a dominant power in all the government departments of our country.

2nd. Protestants are striving by every means, private and public, individually and organically, to deprive Catholics of the free and full benefits of government patronage and protection.

3rd. Protestants are endeavoring to procure legislation to force Catholics to send their children to common schools supplied with Protestant Bibles, or to furnish them schools at their own expense, which, by their choosing the latter, deprives them of the benefits of public monies, and thus enable Protestants to educate their children at Catholic expense.

4th—Protestants are engaged in promoting a spirit of strife and denominational advantage over Catholics by circulating sensational rumors that have no ground in fact or in proof, but designed to promote ill-feeling, strife, and, if possible, to eventually cause them to adopt retaliatory measures that will give Protestants a coloring of excuse to vent their feeling of spite against them.

Surely, Solomon said very truly, "There is a generation that curseth their father and doth not bless their mother."—Prov. xxx-ii.

Protestants have received all their creeds, rituals, orders and successions, either directly or indirectly, from the Catholics, and are, therefore, dependent upon them for their existence and nursing, and there should be better feeling between them.

Full religious toleration is the only base of religious and civil liberty.

A. B. BRES.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1893.

### Calendar for the Week.

- Sept. 28—St. Wenceslaus, Martyr.  
29—Dedication of St. Michael the Archangel.  
30—St. Jerome, Confessor and Doctor.  
Oct 1—Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Feast of the Most Holy Rosary.  
2—Feast of the Angels Guardians.  
3—Ferial.  
4—St. Francis of Assisi.

### Canadian Catholic Schools.

A correspondent of the New York *Catholic News*, in giving a report of Canada's School Exhibit at the World's Fair, pays a high and well merited compliment both to the legislation which recognizes parochial schools and also to the efficiency of those schools. Both the law which gives these institutes existence and nourishment, and the work they do so win the admiration of the correspondent that he regards them as an object lesson for every American. In many matters, but especially in religion and education, England sets an example to many a Catholic country. When religious were driven out of France and Germany they found a home and resting place near the ruined abbays and shrines which erst had belonged to their fathers in the faith. And wherever English law prevails in its typical form religion and education go hand in hand. It is only in the cases in which modern infidelity and puritanism prevail that parochial schools have no footing. We are not surprised that the *News* correspondent regards the legislation of Quebec on the schools "as the broadest piece of legislation ever admitted into any code of public instruction" when he contrasts it with that of his own country.

The next comparison he makes is between the Catholic Schools of Ontario and the others. The Public Schools, numbering 5,876, require twenty and one half pages in the catalogue for their exhibit, while the Catholic Separate Schools, which number 28, occupied eight and one quarter pages for the detailed specification of the exhibit they make. The ratio between the number of schools is as twenty to one; but the ratio of space taken up is only as two and a half to one. Leaving out 60 photographs of buildings the Public Schools of Ontario, 5,876 in number, present only 375 exhibits; the Separate Schools send 234 aggregate exhibits. To the Toronto schools the following compliment is paid: "The De la Salle Institute of Toronto simply distanced all competitors in the entire display made by Ontario. The work sent from that institution is superior to any other work in the exhibit of its province. All of the Public Schools in the city of Hamilton have not set up as much material as this one institution displays! As to quality, enough is said when I find at its head the name of a Christian Brother—Rev. Brother Odo Baldwin. Upon Montreal, he writes as follows, noting beforehand that this city con-

tains about three Catholics to one Protestant:

Under the control of the Roman Catholic Commissioners of Montreal there are 35 schools. These schools are supported by the school tax gathered from the Roman Catholics. Over and above this there are in the city of Montreal independent Roman Catholic institutions as follows: 1 University, 3 Seminaries, 1 Normal School, 3 Colleges, 7 Academies, 2 Model Schools, 1 School of Art and Manufacture, 3 Grammar schools, 6 Asylum schools, 1 Reform School, 1 Industrial Orphanage, 1 Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and 2 Kindergartens. This total, 37 educational establishments are supported by Catholics over and above the school tax. Here, then is a population of 216,350 souls. Of this number 162,084 are Roman Catholics and 53,666 are Protestants. The Roman Catholics have 72 establishments of learning from kindergartens up to a University. The Protestants have not more than 20 schools. Thus the Roman Catholics, with three times the population and the same amount of money, support four times the number of schools. This will give a comprehensive idea of the comparative educational facilities in the Catholic Province of Quebec.

The display made by the Protestant schools of Quebec is insignificant. Quebec received 1,700 feet of floor space, of which the Protestant schools should occupy 575 square feet, but in reality they occupy only 125 square feet. But her Catholic schools have shown their own work and the beauty of their country with a patriotism which is their noblest testimony, and which ought to silence our bigoted adversaries. "Volumes and volumes of glorious work are heaped up on the counters. The walls are hung with the deft products of pen and pencil, of stub and brush, of the crochet hook and tatting needle. The floral glories of Canada's glens and heights were gathered in great herbaria by Catholic children, and are at the World's Fair bespeaking the glories of the land that bud them. Her rivers and islands, her cities and towns, have been moulded in plaster by Catholic hands, and bespeak the scenic beauties and water wealth of Catholic Canada to the eyes of Nations that have met on a common ground at the World's Fair." Now that is the impression produced upon a stranger's mind by work done in Catholic Quebec, where Professor Bryce of Winnipeg would have us believe bishops are acting without rath or pity.

The most notable feature of the Canadian Educational Exhibit is the magnificent pen work done by the pupils of the Christian Brothers. In their Commercial Academy of Quebec and their Boarding School at Mount St. Louis, Montreal, the writing is raised to the dignity of fine art.

St. Viateur's College, Joliette, is specially mentioned for its creditable and comprehensive display of their curriculum of bound volumes of class work. The congregation of Notre Dame and the Sisters of St. Anne have also an excellent show of work.

He concludes his interesting letter by reading Canadians and Americans a lesson:

In view of all that I have said what sane man will believe that a people treated with so much justice will relinquish their liberties to come under a government that would make them pay to support non-sectarian schools to which they prefer not to send their children. Why cannot the school question be settled in this country as it is in Canada? Why not the money which the Catholics now pay to support State Schools be turned over to a Board of Roman Catholic Commissioners for the management of their school affairs? It is done in Canada—in the Catholic Province of Quebec as well as in the Province of Ontario. It is the simplest solution of the so-called school question. Catholics have no desire to destroy State Schools. They are proud of their country which does so much to advance the intellectual status of her people. Why cannot that be conceded to us in this country of religious liberty which is granted beneath a government that has an established religion? Statesmen, in the name of justice and honor, consider these little facts.

### The Christian Sacrifice.

In the pages of the *Contemporary Review* a religious controversy has been for some time carried on between leading representatives of the Low and High Church factions of Anglicanism. Canon Knox Little is the chosen defender of High Church and Ritualistic tendencies, while the avowed champion of Low Church tenets, of the "Real Principles of the Reformation," of pure and undefiled Protestantism, is the Rev. Archdeacon Farrar. That both are led into grave doctrinal errors is apparent from the reading of the controversial articles in question; but the too utter aggressiveness of the Archdeacon to Ritualism betrays a marked hostility to true Christian, Catholic teaching, and this we condemn. Wishing to carry the doctrinal war of Low Churchism into the neighboring camp of our Ritualistic brethren he has overstepped convenient limits, and has trodden, perhaps unconsciously, yet most disrespectfully, on Catholic soil—and this we emphatically resent. Some of these so-called "Principles of the Reformation" expounded by Luther, Calvin, Kemnitz, which are endorsed by the imagination and assimilated by the modern digestion of Archdeacon Farrar, are: "That there is really no true sacrifice in the Christian religion; and if at all there be, it is only the secondary, metaphorical sacrifice of Praise and Thanksgiving."

As sacrifice has its correlative office of priesthood, or *sacerdotium*, the Archdeacon logically (this time) concludes: "that he himself is not a priest, nor anyone else; and for that matter there is no priesthood proper in the New Law, and if there be, it is only as its sacrifice, one, in a metaphorical sense, in which all Christians, laymen everywhere as much as presbyters, are so-called." As is natural, we shall expect from the Rev. Archdeacon strong proofs for such smashing advances. To prove that there is no real, sensible sacrifice in Christianity he informs us "that though the Greek word for sacrifice (*θυσια*) occurs twenty-nine times in the New Testament, it is never once applied to the Lord's Supper—the Eucharistic Mass of the Catholic Church." To confirm that argument he quotes Hooker, distorts Justin and Cyril of Alexandria; and, to crown the climax, gives Cyprian, commented by Bishop Lightfoot. What stunning authority for even the ordinary intelligence! What knock-down arguments for Christian or Catholic readers!

He tries to reconcile his judgment with the negation of a priesthood in this way. He says: "Priest in the sense of sacrificing priest (*hieruus*) is a title never once given to the Christian clergy in the New Testament, although it was the word which lay closest at hand. Why? Because the kingdom of Christ has no sacerdotal system. He therefore denies the sacrificial attributes of the Holy Mass of Catholics, and with pertinacious hardihood contradicts the doctrine of a Catholic priesthood, or any other priesthood for that matter. The school-boy arguments advanced for the support of such tenets, did they not proceed from an educated person, would be beneath

notice, but appearing in the polished garb of classic literature, and in the pages of a respectable review, they assume a certain extrinsic authority which neither common sense nor biblical criteria, nor we ourselves are willing to recognize.

As sacrifice is the outcome of man's religious nature, the verity of the sacrificial claims of any religion must be determined by researches into the nature and history of mankind conjointly with a critical study of both Old and New Testaments, should the question be broached as to the existence of sacrifice in Christianity. If we consider for a little these criteria, the futility and helplessness of the Archdeacon's arguments will be thoroughly demonstrated. That, from the earliest ages of the world's history, man has offered sacrifice and erected altars to the Deity is an undeniable fact. Based as they are on the primal traditions of the human race, and on the innermost fibres of man's heart, sacrifices (by which we mean sensible oblations to God's infinite excellence), a priesthood and an altar have been part of the national constitution of every land. Man has always recognized his utter dependence on a Supreme Being, whom he has offended; the light of reason reveals to him that all the perfections of his mind and body, even his very being, have been gifts from a bountiful God. Enlightened by the natural law and the early Adamite traditions, however obscured by succeeding generations, man understands his need of expiation for the common sin of Nature and the particular crimes of the individual. Babel confounded the language, but those traditions of sacrificial worship remained unchanged. Is it then any wonder that, recognizing his debt of gratitude towards his Creator and wishing to make atonement for his crimes against the goodness of God, he should endeavor to give expression to that religious feeling by the oblation of external and sensible things?

Not being able, says Eusebius, to offer to God his own life, which would be the most precious gift in his power, man takes the life of an animal and offers it to God instead, thus fulfilling the twofold religious duty of gratitude and expiation. "Amongst all religions," says the impious but learned Voltaire, "we find sacrifices. Man always recognized the need of expiation." And the pagan Ovid repeats: "This heart, oh God, to thee for mine I offer; these entrails for mine I give; this life for mine accept"—thus giving, in a few words, the *raison d'être* of sacrifice.

What was true of humanity in general was essentially so of the Jews. Nothing is more common, more frequently repeated in the Old Law than the word "sacrifice." The nation itself, because Theocratic, was principally supported by its tabernacles, its rites and sacrifices. The book of Leviticus is altogether devoted to the laws which should regulate the priesthood and sacrifices of the Jews; and the assumption of sacerdotal duties by any but the children of Aaron, or the slightest derogation to the established laws of sacrifice, were punished most severely, and in many cases by instant death. Let us, therefore, affirm that

the principal act, the natural and historic attribute of every religion, is sacrifice. Whether we regard the *mincha* of the Jews, the *thuisia* of the Greeks, or the *sacrificia* of the Romans, of one thing we may rest assured, viz. that sacrifices have been found amongst all nations, and the sacrificial altar has been built by the dictates of man's religious nature.

Now, the true and essential perfection of any religion, and its superiority over others, must be established from its sacrifice, so that, to use a geometrical expression, one religion is to another in the ratio of its sacrifice. This will not appear strange the moment we lay down the fundamental law, that sacrifice is the natural and principal act of religion. Now, Christianity is, we contend, *a priori*, the most perfect form of all known religions. Its precepts and dogmas tend more towards the elevating of the moral and intellectual nature of man than any other creed; but the test by which, as a religion, its perfection must be established in itself, and relatively to other creeds, is its sacrifice. Yet strange men with strange views, such as those embodied in the "Principles of the Reformation," would fain have us believe that Christianity has no sacrifice. If it has no sacrifice, where is its standard of perfection? How can it be distinguished from "no worship of Odin, Astarth or Moloch? You answer, by its precepts. We reply that then the difference will be only accidental if sacrifice be not included, otherwise the conclusion will be that Christianity is only a newer form of Paganism or Judaism.

Christianity has, then, a sacrifice essentially distinct from its Pagan and Jewish predecessors, and different in mode and manner of offering from the sacrifice on the Cross, which was the universal sacrifice of all nations, and not appertaining to any religion in particular. Christ died for all—for the Buddhist as well as the follower of Mahomet; for the denizen of the impure groves of Astarth as well as the worshipper of the fiery Moloch; for the pagan as well as the Christian, the Protestant as well as the Catholic. You can no more attribute to yourself the sacrifice of Calvary than the veriest Pagan that ever existed. Did Christ ever say that the sacrifice of His Blood was only for the handful of men who are called Christians, and not also for the innumerable multitudes who are Pagan? Surely not!

It is not, then, the peculiar and specific sacrifice of the Christian; and (because it was not offered up directly for the Christian people in particular, neither in the name of the Christian Church); yet dare we affirm that this most perfect of all religions is without its sacrifice? Our Pagan ancestors sacrificed; it was then the law of nature. Has the law of nature changed? We live in an age of Christian faith; but does the grace of Christian faith change nature, or rather, is it not a superstructure of nature? If, we repeat, it were natural for the Pagan to sacrifice then in his own way, it must now be just as natural, and more so, to sacrifice a Victim worthy of Christianity. Our Divine Lord, our

grace, nor the New Covenant, has changed nature, nor the upheavals of the human heart to God through sacrifice. Christianity abolished Judaism, but obeyed the law of nature and confirmed its precepts anew. Nature was before her in the field of human perfection, and "the first in time, the mightier in right." What was the right and duty of humanity before the coming of Jesus Christ, if not the right to worship God by sacrifice? Then we say Christianity must have a sacrifice, and that distinct from every other sacrifice and peculiar to Christianity alone, worthy of a sacerdotal people and of a Divine Founder. Would the Archdeacon face this testimony of human nature and still persist in upholding "a metaphorical priesthood" and a like sacrifice? We have shown that Christianity, as a religion, should have a sacrifice, viz. an external and sensible oblation offered to God. The Archdeacon, by misapplied Scriptural and Patristic texts and ill-understood Biblical criteria, maintains that the New Testament never once appropriates to itself either altar or sacrifice. We can clearly demonstrate from the New Testament alone and the application of the most elementary Biblical Hermeneutics is that Christianity has a real priesthood and a real sacrifice, which is the Eucharistic Mass of the Catholic Church.

#### The Ottawa Separate Schools.

The Ottawa correspondent of the *Mail* gave last week an extensive account of difficulties which have recurred lately in the Ottawa Separate Schools. The difficulty seems to be that the schools are divided according to parishes, and these latter according to language. There are therefore English-speaking and French schools, governed by two different committees on the Board of Trustees corresponding to the two languages. A *modus vivendi* entered into in 1836 provided that the maintenance and management of each set of schools should be assigned to the respective committees. But pupils could not always be kept in their own schools. French parents were frequently anxious for their children to learn English, and therefore sent them to the English-speaking schools. This prevented a proper grading in such schools and retarded their work generally. The English-speaking committee therefore determined to exclude the French children from their schools. This has given rise to trouble; but as Father Whelan, the zealous pastor of St. Patrick's, remarks in a letter to the newspapers: "There is no occasion for any trouble and will be none if the school board respect and obey the law which requires that English be taught in all the schools under their control." It is not to our purpose to follow up a controversy which is to a great extent local and in which no great principle is at stake. Moderation is the only practical plan upon which two communities speaking different languages can live together—moderation on the part of Inspectors, Trustees, Parents, on the part of all concerned. One other point is worthy of notice, the comment of the *Mail's* editorial. It says: "But once it is granted that the average Separate School education is dis-

tinctly inferior to the average Public School education—and who will deny it?—there begins at once a contrast in the parent's mind as to whether it is right for him to sacrifice his child's future to the traditions of his church."

This reminds us of an extract from Carlyle. "Old Richelieu—when Archbishop Beaumont, driven by public opinion, is at last for entering the sick-room—will twitch him by the rochet, into a recess; and there with his old dissipated mastiff-face, and the oldest vehemence, be seen pleading (and even as we judge by Beaumont's change of color, prevailing) 'that the King be not killed by a proposition in Divinity.'" How careful the world is that no propositions in Divinity should interfere with the lust of kings or the temporal advantages of more humble people.

#### The Anglican Convention.

There assembled lately at Toronto from all British North America fourteen bishops, forty-one clerical and the same number of lay delegates belonging to the English Church. The purpose which had called them together was a closer unification of the body as at present existing, than which no more laudable aim could prompt the apostolic zeal of the bishops or the lower clergy. Nor would the proceedings of such an assembly meet with comment from us were it not for the anomaly which it presents, and which contrasts greatly with the working of secular bodies and the organization of our own well constituted Church. Take the Baltimore Council, which was a national one. It is summoned by the authority of the Supreme Head of the Church, and its deliberations, before having weight, are approved by him. Each prelate, Archbishop and Bishop, knows his place and power in its debates: the Primate presides over its meetings without consent or dissent from the brethren present; its form is already determined, and its acts are practical. In the case of the Anglicans we have the *Canadian Churchman* assuring us that the Episcopal order is "the fountain of authority, the energizing and regulating part of the machinery, who sit by themselves—fourteen most 'grave and reverend seniors' upon lofty thrones, or rather upon one homogeneous grade of authority." Yet these lords spiritual had no sooner withdrawn to an upper chamber by themselves than they are invited down to meet the clerical and lay delegates until the Synod should be duly constituted, and it was determined whether or not there should be two houses; for no constitution could be effected in absence of the bishops. Accordingly the upper house dissolved and stepped down, even though they held the reins of authority. Instead of drawing up a programme and sending a message to the lower orders, declaring their wishes upon church affairs, they accept the invitation of their subordinates and give up their powers. How they could alienate the governing functions, which even the *Churchman* considers to belong to the episcopate, we do not understand. This is one anomaly. The other is in the body as a whole. A debate was started the next day upon the position of the assemblage,

when Dr. Langtry stated that there were two different opinions as to the position in which they stood. They had come together to constitute and organize a general Synod. There was no upper house, no lower house, no organization, and no individual had rights except such as the Synod, when constituted, should confer upon him. Still we have a number of gentlemen, each of whom has no power, meeting together and constituting themselves into what they are pleased to call a general Synod, and giving to individual members power, or the shadow of power.

How do the clerical and lay delegates claim any association with the episcopate in whom rests the authority? How does any ecclesiastical assembly constitute itself? Its organization and functions are first determined by a higher power. We have here the anomalous case of subordinates organizing themselves; and into whatever form they organize themselves, deliberative, executive or judicial, they had no power to start with, and the joint body has none. They may have a consultative voice: nothing more. What power has the Bishop of Rupert's Land over Dr. Langtry? Supposing the former to have a seat on the bench of judges, the power he has to be there is derived from himself. The Bishop of Toronto could not give him power. If a supreme court of appeal is to be established its power is to come from the source which placed the appellants, not from an assembly which consists of individuals who are delegates themselves, and therefore, according to the first principles of law, cannot sub-delegate.

From beginning to end the assembly presents the anomaly which the English Church always presented to thoughtful minds—that of not knowing its own position. A Church in existence for three hundred years belonging to an active, colonizing nation, and yet not organized so that fourteen of its bishops and eighty delegates meeting together do not know what power they have, and who, having prepared one programme at a Winnipeg conference, retire from it and carry out the opposite at a Toronto convention, does not strike an outsider as being the Church established by an all-divine Wisdom.

#### A Reminder.

The *Canadian Churchman* in its issue of the 19th of September congratulates itself that there are not many features in the Catholic system to admire, but there is one which they think the English Church people should imitate, it is of being able to make most of an occasion. Two examples are given, the dedication of England to the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter by Cardinal Vaughan, and the Eucharistic Congress. But we can assure our contemporary that there are various other points in which the Anglicans, especially of the *Churchman's* form, imitate us which seem to have escaped their notice. The dress of clergymen is becoming more and more Roman. There was a time when not a single cross could be found upon any of their churches; now however while they do not care to brave the prejudice of ignorant people, and come out boldly, they show that they are not altogether ashamed of it. The surpliced choir, the altar and many other things, not to speak of confession, the Real Presence, prayers for the dead, have all been forgotten when seeking points of resemblance between Rome and Canterbury. Oh, no, they do not imitate us!

## Irish Arabs.

Rev. Patrick O'Brien, writing from Cairo, Egypt, to the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland, O., tells the following in describing the celebration of "Mahmal" in that place.

"When I reached the place assigned to the carriages an 'Arab' policeman on horseback ordered the driver to take a certain position, which I noticed was a good one. The carriage enclosure was crowded. The officer then doffed his hat and said: "Father please excuse me for stopping your carriage here; but this is the best place to view the procession."

I looked at him amazed, for when I heard him speaking Arabic to the driver I took him for a Mohammedan. In order to find out his nationality, I said to him:

"I see you speak English."

"O, yes, Father, I was born in county Longford, Ireland, and I belong to the old Church, even if I am in a Mohammedan country." He then said, "You don't see such spectacles as this in America, do you?"

I was surprised at his remark, and asked him how he knew I was an American.

"I know you were an American from your face, manner and language, and I knew you were a priest from your dress."

I never knew before that I had an American face. I believed that I had the Yankee cheek, but I thought that my face bore the map of the county Wexford, Ireland. I had to come to Egypt to find out what I looked like.

The "Irish-Arab" then said: "Do you see that general riding along the road surrounded by his staff?" I told him I did.

"That's the commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army. Himself and the chief of staff are county Wicklow men. The chief of police is also Irish."

Well, well, what a surprise. Another illustration of the fact that Irishmen are found on top everywhere except in Ireland. The position of many of our race in America is another proof of this. O that this Wicklow man could find a field at home to employ his military genius. Ireland is far better able to support a government and an army than Egypt, and I might also add, Portugal, Greece, and several more small European States. Greece is only about two thirds the size of Ireland, with a surface of bare volcanic rocks, and yet she shook off the galling Turkish yoke. England helped her to do this, but if Ireland attempted to shake off England's galling yoke she would slaughter the Irish like cattle.

## The Heart of the Church.

Many persons seem to think that the great religious life of Rome is suspended in a considerable degree during the summer months, and that all Rome is given up to the characteristic *vacatione* of the country. They are mistaken, and underrate the intensity of the supernatural life of the Eternal City, where the heart of the Church always beats with such healthy regularity. Take, for instance, in brief review, the first week of August only. On the 1st, feast of St. Pietro in Vincoli, thousands were to be seen visiting and kissing with deep veneration the heavy chains which bound the Prince of the Apostles at Jerusalem and Rome. On the 2nd those churches endowed with the *Portiuncula* Indulgence were visited by great numbers of faithful. Independent of the Pauline Chapel and the Franciscan churches, there are ten of these at Rome, including the English Church of St. Silvestro in-Capite. On the 3d was the Feast of the Discovery of the Body of St. Stephen, which reposes in the Church of St. Lawrence beyond the city walls.

On the 4th of August feast of St. Dominic, there were celebrations at the Minerva, where one of the saint's

fingers is preserved as a relic, and at Santa Sabina, where he established the devotion of the Rosary, and where the marble table on which he slept, the orange tree which he planted, and the cell he occupied, are visited by scores of pious pilgrims every year, as well as the chapter Hall at St. Sixtus where St. Dominic restored two dead persons to life. On the 6th the interesting patronal Feast of St. Maria Maggiore, in poetical commemoration of one of the most touching interests in the history of the Church at Rome, was celebrated with Pontifical ceremonial. The celebrations were attended by crowds, and the music, as usual in this church, was most excellent on Saturday. On August 7th we have the Feast of St. Gaetano, founder of the Order of Theatines. On August 10th we had the Feast of St. Lawrence; August 15th, the Assumption; August 20th, St. Bernard; and without interruption a wave of ever-surgant commemorations in honor of the saints and martyrs of the Church goes on in Rome.

## The Care of Shoes.

Particular attention should be paid in every home to the care of shoes, says the *Domestic Monthly*. Where there are children there is generally an accumulation of shoes, partly worn and wholly worn, and these are all thrown in the bottom of the closet together and must be sorted when wanted. When taken out they are sometimes moldy because they are thrown in when damp and dirty. Many of these are of no earthly use to the possessors, but are hoarded up with the idea that some day they will be needed; yet rarely is this true, as they are put away in such a rough condition that when taken out they are generally unfit for use. Shoes that are worn regularly, if cared for, will last much longer than if neglected. A French kid shoe, if kicked around on the closet floor or under the bed, will not last as long or look as well as one inferior in quality if properly cared for.

When shoes are taken off they should be wiped with a soft cloth, and, after airing a little while, oiled or polished and put in a box by themselves, or a shoebag, and when wanted for use can be taken out ready for wear. It is not advisable to use much of the dressings so fashionable for ladies' and children's shoes, as most of them crack the leather and ruin it. I have seen expensive shoes the toes all cracked open in less than a month by the use of the dressing. Therefore, unless you can find one that has been well tested, it is better to use a little sweet oil, colored with black ink, and rubbed well in. For some years past I have used a polish that has considerable glycerine in it, and find that it preserves the shoes wonderfully, always keeping them new looking.

If a lift begins to wear off the heel I have it attended to at once, and never take off the shoes without wiping all the dust from the crevices and putting them carefully away. The result is that I have worn one pair of boots every day for one year, and another year for a house shoe. Never wear a shoe unbuttoned if you care to have it shapely. Never put wet shoes close to the fire to dry, as it hardens them and makes them difficult to put on. When taken off the foot wet, smooth into as good shape as possible, and rub them as dry as you can with an old soft cloth, then put them in a medium warm place to dry. If your shoes get muddy, wash them off with cold water and rub dry with a soft cloth. This can be done quickly, so that the leather may not get wet through, then pulled into shape and left standing until quite dry. After this use a little good polish and the shoes will be as fresh as if quite new.

Mr. Thomas Scanlan, Mayor of Sligo, has been appointed to the Commission of the Peace for the county.

## Queer, but Effective.

The most extraordinary of all British lighthouses is to be found on Arnish Rock, Stornoway Bay, a rock which is separated from the island of Lewis by a channel over five hundred feet wide. On this rock a conical beacon is erected, and on its summit a lantern is fixed, from which, night after night, shines a light which is seen by the fishermen far and wide.

Yet there is no burning lamp in the lantern, and no attendant ever goes to it, for the simple reason that there is no lamp to attend to, no wick to trim, and no oil-well to replenish.

The way in which this peculiar lighthouse is illuminated is this: On the island of Lewis, five hundred feet or so away, is a lighthouse, and from a window in the tower a stream of light is projected on to a mirror in the lantern on the summit of Arnish Rock. These rays are reflected on to an arrangement of prisms, and, by the action of the latter, are converged to a focus outside the lantern, whence they diverge in the necessary direction.

The consequence is that to all intents and purposes a lighthouse exists which has neither lamp nor lighthouse-keeper, and yet which gives as serviceable a light—taking into account the requirements of the locality—as if an elaborate and costly lighthouse, with lamp, service-room, bed-room, living-room, store room, oil-room, and water-tanks were erected on the summit of the rock.



## A Reverend has Refreshing Sleep After Hard Study.

ELWOOD, IND., March 6, 1891.  
I used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervous and restless nights after hard study; it gave me refreshing sleep and great relief. I also ordered it for another person who suffered from nervousness and it did him much good.

REV. B. BIEGEL.

EARLING, Ia., May 14 '89.  
I was troubled with nervous headache for a long time, especially on Sundays after service. Two bottles had the desired effect. Have full confidence that it is all its name implies, a "Nerve Tonic."

REV. FATHER J. B. HUMBERT,  
ST. MARY'S, Ky., Oct. 7, '90.

I hereby testify that Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured a girl of my congregation of St. Vitus Dance, and a married lady of sleeplessness.

REV. FATHER POL. FERMONTE.

**FREE** A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free.  
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## A FRIEND

Speaks through the Boothbay (Me.) Register, of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all who are in need of a laxative to try Ayer's Pills. They will do good."

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**The After Life.**

By *Celia Burt Wall.*

When these tired eyes shall close  
Forever in their last long, dreamless sleep,  
As fades the light when lengthening shadows creep  
A thwart the blue to merge in twilight deep—  
Thus flies the day; night comes and brings repose.

How holy is the calm  
Of death! no light, no sound, no touch can wake,  
As soon the ever-surgling waves that break  
And foam against the rock, impressions make  
Sleep falls on weary eyes like soothing balm.

Then could the burning tears  
Bring back the flush to cheek and brow, I'd say,  
Grieve not for me, your love could never out-  
weigh

This perfect peace; your joys last but a day,  
While mine beyond shall last through all the years.

O time that is to be!  
When we burst this frail chrysalis and die  
To fairer fields, where flowers bloom not to die,  
Where Happiness, Love, and all for which we sigh  
From doubt and longing ever to be free.

**Selected Receipts.**

**TOMATO SOUP.**—One quart of stewed tomatoes, strained through a colander, one pint of milk, a half teaspoon of carbonate of soda, a little salt and pepper, a pinch of cayenne is often preferred, a little rice boiled in water, and passed through a sieve is the best for thickening, and a lump of butter the size of an egg. Boil a few minutes.

**TOMATO SAUCE.**—One pound of onions, three pounds of tomatoes, two ounces of salt, three ounces of sugar, half a teaspoon of ground ginger, ditto of allspice, ditto of cloves, and one pint of vinegar, boil all well together for an hour and a half, strain and bottle when cold.

**GREEN TOMATO SAUCE.**—Cut half peck of green tomatoes and six large onions; let these remain in salt and water over night, then pour off the brine and put them in a preserving kettle, cover with vinegar, and add four table-spoonfuls of sugar, four of the best mustard, two teaspoons ground cloves, one of cinnamon, one of curry powder, half a teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Let this simmer for an hour then put in jars or bottles.

**The Household.**

This is the season when all thrifty housekeepers are busily employed and an odour pervades the kitchen, which would make us imagine we had been transplanted to the Spice Islands. The tomatoe has become so necessary to the store closet we thought a few paragraphs devoted to its use would not be amiss to our readers at this season. It makes one of the most delicious vegetable soups, and is so very economical, that with its assistance a dinner could be made quite *recherche*. And then there are the different sauces and catsups made from this useful vegetable.

Will first give a most inexpensive way of keeping them for the winter. Every good housewife thoughtful, her store closet well filled for the long winter before her, it relieves her of great anxiety and expense as well, and naturally all the jars are filled with different varieties of fruit, and she has none to spare for her stewed tomatoes. If she will save all empty bottles; with well fitting corks, she will find them even better than the gem jars.

The tomatoes must be peeled, and after boiling a few minutes, put in the bottles, by the aid of a funnel and skewer to push the thick part in, this is not a difficult task, but may be a little trying to one's patience, but women are alleged to have so much of the latter that they really never mind any trouble. The bottle must be filled to the top, then put in the cork tightly, and cover down to the neck with a cement of the following ingredients and proportions: Four oz. resin, two oz. beeswax, melted together, in any old tin, and as each bottle is corked, dip it in the cement. This makes them perfectly air-tight, and could be kept for years, and re-

main quite as fresh as when first cooked. A bushel of tomatoes put away in this manner is a regular boon to the puzzled cook, who is sometimes in a dilemma about having a change of vegetables, in the long dreary winter. There is always so much juice in canned tomatoes, so it is a very good plan to keep a little out. We are indebted to *Wives and Daughters*, for the following manner of utilizing this: Strain the juice through a colander, return to the fire and boil for sometime, when at boiling heat put in pint bottles and seal, before taking off the fire, add a little salt and cayenne pepper. This is a very useful coloring for soups and clam chowder.

**Catholic News.**

A dastardly Apapist attack was made upon the Catholic Sister's residence in Huntington, Ind., on Sept. 6. Stones were hurled against the doors, which were broken, but fortunately none of the Sisters were hurt. Six men were engaged in the attack, but it is not known whom they were.

The arrests of Catholic clergymen in Russian Poland continue. The priests are accused of the crime of having baptized the children of the Orthodox Church. General Gourka has "suppressed" the Catholic diocese in Klodno, in Volnia, and transformed the Cathedral into a Russian Orthodox Church.

One of the most curious memorials of ancient Normandy, the domain where the Merovingian dynasty had its last vestige of power, the Abbey of Saint-Wandrille, is shortly to be put up to auction. It dates from the eleventh century, and is one of the most venerable edifices in the diocese of Rouen.

The Pope has instituted a feast day in honor of the Holy Family, with Mass and office proper. The feast is to be observed on the third Sunday after Epiphany, with the rite of major-double. It will not be of obligation for the whole Church—only in such dioceses where the Bishops institute it. It has already been established in the diocese of Rome by order of the Cardinal Vicar.

Archbishop Ireland recently addressed the public at the Grand Opera House, Dubuque, Iowa, on "The Fitness of the Catholic Church for Modern Times." Mgr. Nugent, of Liverpool, followed him with an appeal for temperance. The Grand Army post, to which Bishop Ireland subsequently gave a reception, the Protestant ministers of the city and two hundred Catholics, priests and laymen, occupied the stage, while the auditorium was packed and the throng overflowed out to the sidewalk.

The Liverpool *Catholic Times* announces that the Hon. Roger Gordon Molyneux, youngest son of the late Earl of Sefton, was received into the Catholic Church by Mgr. d'Abbadie d'Arrest at St. Jean de Luz, on the 28th day of July. In his grave illness he has received an especial blessing from the Holy Father. Mrs. Prole, the wife of the Vicar of Alborough, was received into the Catholic Church on the Feast of the Assumption at St. Mary's Church, Hull, by the Rev. Father Hassan, S.J.; and Mr. Ernest Seymour Jones of 77 Ladbroke road, Notting Hill, London, W., formerly of Christ's College, Cambridge, his wife, Mrs. Sarah Jane Clifford Jones, and their child, Arthur Seymour Jones, have also been received into the Catholic Church.

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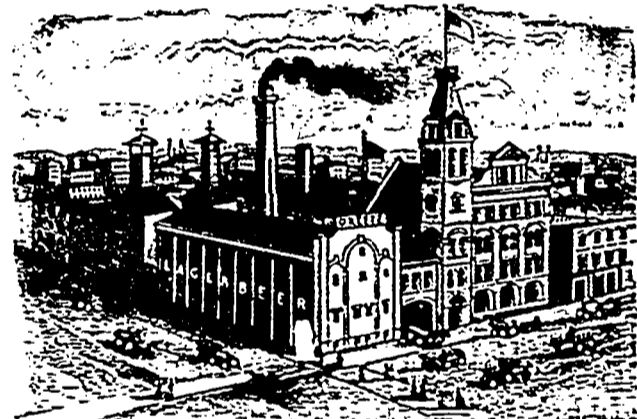
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## SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

## Antrim.

Mr. John McLaughlan, of Glenview House, Glenheak, Ballycaatle, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Antrim.

Mr. S. Johnston has been appointed 2nd class Outdoor Officer of Excise, at Belfast. Mr. W. J. Armstrong, Beatinan, the Tyne district, has been changed to Londonderry. Mr. J. M. McHenry, 1st class officer, Belfast, has been changed to Dundalk.

On the morning of September 5th the dead body of a young man was found floating in the river at the Queen's Quay, Belfast. It was identified as that of Bernard Mellroy, who had resided at Carrick Hill, was employed as a ragpicker, and was about 63 years of age. Deceased had only one arm. An inquest was held, and after hearing evidence, the jury found a verdict "that the deceased was found drowned."

## Armagh.

The death is announced of Mr. George Tyrrell, Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the county Armagh, which occurred on Sept. 3d, at his summer residence, Arnos Vale, near Rostrevor, after a very brief illness. The deceased gentleman, who held the above position for upwards of twenty years, was very popular with all the legal gentlemen in the various towns of the county Armagh.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, Archbishop of Armagh, has made the following clerical changes—Rev. Felix McNecca has been changed from C.C. of Ballymacnab, to C.C. of Carlingford, in place of the Rev. F. P. Murrah, who is changed to be C.C. of Ardee; and the vacant curacy of Ballymacnab is to be filled by the Rev. Henry Callan, who has been changed from Kenilworth, London.

## Clare.

The London *Daily Chronicle* says that for the vacant Protestant Bishopric of Killaloe the names are mentioned of Professor F. R. Wynne, Canon of Christ Church and Chaplain to Lord Plunket, Protestant Archbishop of Dublin; Canon J. F. Peacocke, D. D.; and Rev. T. S. Barry, D. D., as the most likely candidates. The election will take place early in November.

With sincere regret we have to announce the death of the Rev. James O'Neill, P. P., of Inagh, which occurred, suddenly, in Killkee, on Sept. 5th. The reverend gentleman had only arrived on his holidays in Killkee that evening, apparently well, and attended a literary entertainment at Moore's Hotel. He retired to bed soon after, and about six o'clock next morning was found dead. The cause of his death is supposed to be apoplexy. He was about 55 years of age, and had been ailing for some time, although looking healthy. He was beloved by his parishioners, and also in Kilrush, where he had been a curate for a number of years. His remains (after Office and Requiem Mass) were removed to Inagh, for interment at Kilnamora, on the 7th instant.

## Cork.

Mr. Stokes, M. A., Professor of Mental Science at Cork Queen's College, has been appointed to the chair of Political Economy, rendered vacant by the death of Dr. Horner Mills. Professor Stokes will now teach both subjects, but the salary attached to the chair of Political Economy will be reduced by one-half.

On Sept. 5th Thomas Hartnett, a porter in the Provincial Bank, Mallow, who had been missing for some days, was found drowned in a tank near the Mallow Railway station. It is supposed that on the previous Sunday night, after returning from an excursion, deceased mistook his way and fell into the water.

Mr. W. G. Wood, Auctioneer, Skibbereen, recently sold the interest in a small farm at Killovenogue, containing about 30 acres, with commonage attached, held by the tenant, Mr. Michael Driscoll, at the yearly rent of £18. The attendance was large, and after some spirited bidding, Mr. Samuel Kingdon, of Drimoleague, was declared the purchaser, at the sum of £307, with auction fees.

The following are the official returns of the emigration from Queenstown to the United States of America for the week ending Sunday, Sept. 3d, 1893:—Thursday—Majestic (White Star), New York, 241; British Prince (American), Philadelphia, 60; Friday—Catalonia (Cunard), Boston, 117; Sunday—Lucania (Cunard), New York, 140; Arizona (Gouin), New York, 135. Total, 693. For the corresponding week of 1892, 527. Increase, 166.

## Down.

The question of the appointment to the vacant Medical Superintendentship of the Downpatrick Asylum continues to excite considerable interest. Notwithstanding the fact that seventeen out of twenty-two of those officers belong to the Ascendancy party, and that of the remaining five only one is a Nationalist, the Orange majority on the Downpatrick Board are up in agitation in order to secure the vacancy for a Protestant and a Unionist.

## Dublin.

Monsieur Rafalovitch, father-in-law of Mr. Wm. O'Brien, M.P., died at his residence in Paris, on September 4, after a long illness. The funeral took place on Septem-

ber 6th. Mr. O'Brien crossed over from London on the previous day in order to be present at the interment.

The death is announced of Inspector Molloy, of the C Division, D.M.P., which took place on September 5, at his residence, 63 North Strand, Dublin. The deceased, who was a native of Monaghan, joined the Dublin Police in 1865, at the age of 22. He was well known in the city, and was most popular among the members of the force and the citizens. He had been ailing for the last few months, but was only confined to bed for a few weeks.

Mr. James Daly, brother of John Daly, the Irish political prisoner, who is at present confined in Portland, has been at the House of Commons, London, during the recent session, and was present at all the debates. Mr. W. Abraham and John Dillon applied to the Home Secretary, and obtained permission for him to visit his brother. Mr. Daly has been for thirty-five years a resident of Numea, in New Caledonia (Australia), and is well known to the Irishmen of Sydney as a sterling Nationalist and a constant and generous subscriber to the Nationalist funds.

## Galway.

The herring fishing in the Arran Islands has progressed favorably this season. Already this season there have been large hauls, and the prospect is encouraging, as, unfortunately, was not the case last year. Father O'Donoghue, of Arran, recently had 20,000 herrings of splendid quality, for which such a large price as 4s. per hundred was obtained.

Another batch of tenants has been evicted recently from the homesteads on the Killimor division of Lord Clanricarde's estate, near Portumna. The operations were carried out under the auspices of the agent, E. Shaw Tener, who was "protected" by a police force consisting of District-Inspector John Coleman and ten men. The tenants dispossessed are—Widow Tierney, Pat Hurley and James Maguire. In each case the holdings have been in the families of the tenants for many generations. The evicted people showed great forbearance, and there was no disturbance.

## Kerry.

At the last weekly meeting of the I stewel Board of Guardians a letter was received from the Local Government Board refusing to sanction the re-election of Miss Foley to the position of Matron of the Union.

The receipts on the Tralee and Dingle Railway, for the week ending Sept. 2d, amounted to £86 1s. 3d. For the corresponding week of '92 the receipts were £94 5s. 1d., showing a decrease of £8 3s. 10d. for the same week in this year.

There is a marked improvement in the condition of the injured man Moriarty, who was accidentally shot in the leg, on the 10th of August, in the Gap of Dunloe. Dr. Brogan has succeeded in extracting several grains of shot from the leg, and since then there has been a marked improvement in Moriarty's condition. He is pronounced out of danger, and on the road to recovery.

## Kildare.

On Saturday, Sept. 2d, the remains of the late Mr. M. F. Farrell were removed from his residence, Naas, for interment in the new cemetery. The esteem in which the deceased was held was amply testified by the number of wreaths which covered the coffin, and the very large concourse of friends who were present at the funeral. The last rites were performed by the Rev. T. Moran, P. P. The chief mourners were Messrs. Henry Farrell, James Farrell, W. J. O'Farrell, J. P.; John Farrell, Dublin; W. S. Nicholson, Birkenhead; Edward Farrell and Patrick Farrell.

The solemn opening of the new chapel which had just been completed at St. Sebastian's Convent, at Kilkullen, took place on Sept. 5th. A large number of the Sisters' relatives, as well as the parents and friends of the boarders, who had just returned after the Summer holidays, assembled to witness the ceremonies, which were of a very impressive character. Solomna High Mass commenced at 11 o'clock, Very Rev. Michael Watta-Russell, C.P., Rector of Mount Argus, being celebrant; Rev. E. Kearns, C.C., deacon; and Rev. J. Magee, sub-deacon; Very Rev. M. P. Langan, P. P., Kilkullen, master of ceremonies. At the close of the High Mass Very Rev. Alphonsus O'Neill, C.P., preached a very eloquent and impressive sermon. Benediction was then given by the Rev. M. P. Langan, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon.

## Kilkenny.

On Sunday, September 17th, the imposing ceremony of solemnly consecrating the new bell of the church of Urlingford took place. The ceremony of the blessing commenced at eleven o'clock; and immediately after, High Mass was celebrated. Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg preached on the occasion.

His eminence Cardinal Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, reached Kilkenny on Thursday, Sept. 7th. So far as the general public was concerned, his arrival was altogether unexpected, otherwise there would have been a suitable demonstration, worthy of so illustrious a Prince of the Church. The Cardinal was the guest of the Bishop of Ossory, whose predecessor in the episcopal charge of the old See he had been.

## Limerick.

An old man named Michael Sheehan, a well-known bird fancier, resident in Nelson street, Limerick, died suddenly from heart affection, on September 5th.

A farmer named John Walsh, of Castle-mahon, near Newcastle West, recently received a kick from a horse, fracturing his skull and breaking one of his eyes. He is progressing favorably under the care of Dr. J. Ambrose.

The fifty mile bicycle champion contest was decided in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, on September 2d, and resulted in the success of P. J. Kent, of Limerick, who also broke the record for the distance of 2 minutes and 41 seconds, his time being 2 hours, 41 minutes, and 52 seconds.

Miss Isabel Kelly, of Fedamore House, has passed the examination of the London College of Music, and obtained a diploma both for violin and piano. Miss Kelly passed all the senior classes in Oxford last year, and obtained a certificate, with the distinction of Associate of Arts.

The body of a woman, identified as that of Mary Anne Kennedy, residing in Hall's lane, off Edward street, Limerick, was found in the river, near the Shannon Rowing Club slip, on the morning of September 7th. It is unknown how the unfortunate woman got into the river, but circumstances lead to the conclusion that she had committed suicide, as she had displayed symptoms of insanity, and had previously attempted to take her own life.

On Sunday evening, September 3d, Mr. James Haran, manager of the National Bank, Limerick, died suddenly at his residence in the Bank-house, George street. Mr. Haran, on that afternoon, had walked to St. Patrick's Well and back, and shortly after his return he complained of being unwell, in consequence of which the doctor was sent for; but all that medical skill could do failed to prolong his life, and about half-past eight o'clock he breathed his last.

On the evening of September 4th, Mr. Charles Vokes Corneille, draper and haberdasher, 47 Thomas street, Limerick, committed suicide under melancholy circumstances. He was suffering from an attack of erysipelas which caused his mind to wander; and during the absence of the persons belonging to the household from his bed-room he cut his throat, dying within a few minutes. The jury of inquest in the case returned a verdict of suicide, under temporary insanity. The tragic act created a great sensation, and the deepest sympathy is expressed for the relatives of the deceased, whose family is one of the oldest and most respected in Limerick.

## Louth.

Rev. Dominic Manghan, C.S.S.R., whose arrival in Drogheda, on a farewell visit to his friends, we briefly announced, left on Sept. 5th, on his way to Australia, where he has already spent considerable years of missionary life. The Rev. gentleman sailed from London on the 9th instant.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Thomas Woods, for many years superintendent of the parcels office at Drogheda Railway Station. His interment took place in Moorchurch, on Sept. 6th, and was largely attended by members of the railway staff, as well as of the general public, as a mark of respect to his memory.

On Sept. 5th, a large sturgeon, measuring seven feet six inches, was sold in Dublin market by Mr. Moran, fish-salesman. It had been captured in Dundalk Bay by a fisherman named Hamilton. The purchaser was Mr. McCabe, fish-dealer and poulterer, 4 and 5 Exchequer street, and there was keen competition for the prize.

## Mayo.

Constable Wilson J. Shorten, R. I. C., Castlebar, has retired on pension after more than thirty years' service.

We announce with pleasure the success of Masters John and Michael Verdon, of Clongowes Wood College, who passed with much distinction in the junior grade of the Intermediate Examination. The former young gentleman was successful last year in carrying off an exhibition of £20, and his exceptionally good answering on this occasion obtains a place for him among the students who will, probably, retain their exhibitions. The Masters Verdon are nephews of Crown Solicitor Malachy J. Kelly.

The published results of the Intermediate Examinations, held on June last, show that a number of the pupils of the Christian Brothers, at Westport, passed very successfully. Among the names of those who have so worthily upheld the reputation of the school, we notice the following:—In the senior grade, Mr. Martin Clarke. In the junior grade, Thomas M. Moran, Joseph Salmon, Michael Conway, W. P. Fitzpatrick, and M. T. Flanagan. In the preparatory grade, Patrick Conway, Patrick J. Davey, John Gill, Patrick Kelly.

## Meath.

Sergeant Andrew Brady, R.I.C., has been transferred from the Depot to Navan. Head Constable McGeoghegan, has retired from the force on pension, and is to be replaced in that station by Head Constable Thos. O'Brien, Waterford.

## Queen's County.

The Rev. John Merrin, S. M., who died last month in Algiers, Louisiana, U.S., was

a native of Queen's County. The deceased priest joined the Society of Mary and was ordained in 1874. He spent ten years in the arduous work of education in the Catholic School, Lower Leeson street, Dublin. His health failing, Father Merrin was sent to recruit in the south of France, and afterwards to Louisiana. The members of the Mariist Order, his old pupils in the Leeson street School, as well as his numerous friends both lay and clerical, deeply regret the loss of Father Merrin.

## Sligo.

Francis P. Healy, Esq., of New Haven, Conn., is now on a visit to his native County of Sligo, after an absence of over thirty years.

## Tipperary.

On Sunday, Sept. 3d, a great public meeting was held in Nenagh to express the popular feeling of exultation at the third reading of the Home Rule Bill, and to return thanks to Mr. Gladstone, the English Liberals, and the Irish members for the great National achievement. Among those present were—Very Rev. Dr. White, P.P., V.G.; Rev. J. Glynn, C.C.; Dr. Quigley, Dr. C. Powell McMahon, T.C.; John McMahon, T.C.; John F. Tumpane, T.C.; Edward Flannery, T.C.; John McCormack, T.C.; Thomas O'Brien, D.V.C.; James O'Meara, M. Quirke, M. Haugh, James Cahill, Timothy Ryan, Wm. Bayly, J. Kennedy, Matthew Ryan, John Cuddihy, David O'Mahony, D. Howard, J. Fitzgerald and others. On the motion of Mr. Tumpane, seconded by Mr. McMahon, the Very Rev. Dr. White was appointed to preside and addressed the meeting in a strong speech. Resolutions approving of the action of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and pledging the unflinching support of North Tipperary to the Home Rule movement, were unanimously passed.

## Waterford.

An act of true heroism, performed by a blind boy named Stewart, was revealed at an inquest at Waterford, on September 5th. Stewart was bathing with other boys, when a lad named Myers was carried away by the current and shouted for help. Guided by the cries, Stewart swam to his assistance, and with a great effort brought him ashore. The cry was then raised that another boy named Higgins was drowning, and Stewart again entered the water, but was unable to save the boy. The Coroner's jury praised Stewart's bravery, and recommended him to the consideration of the Royal Humane Society.

## Wexford.

Mount George, Ferns, which, on Sept. 6th, was auctioned by Mr. G. W. Warren, Gorey, was purchased by Mr. Jas. Douceux, Enniscorthy, for £510.

On Sept. 6th Mr. John Hinton, auctioneer, offered for sale the tenant's interest in the licensed house situate in South Main street, Wexford, held by Mrs. Maria Cardiff for 44 years, unexpired, at the rent of £20 a year. Biddings commenced at £55, and briskly ran up to £115 by Mr. B. J. O'Flaherty, solicitor, which was followed by Mr. M. J. O'Connor with £120; and there being no higher offer he was declared the purchaser, in trust, at that sum.

On Sept. 4th, an old native of Sutton's Parish, Mrs. Gaffney, widow of the late Mr. Gaffney, of Cheekpoint, county Waterford, died. Visitors to that pretty little place on the banks of the Suir were well acquainted with the deceased, who kept a first-class house, the people of her native county of Wexford being especially welcomed by her. For some time past she had been ill, and having been prepared for death, she passed away on the date mentioned. The deceased was a native of the Ballykilly district and a sister of Mr. Patrick Hunt, T.C., Now Ross. On Sept. 6th the funeral took place. The body and the chief mourners were conveyed across the harbor in boats, to Great Island, where a large and representative cortege met the remains, which were placed in a hearse and conveyed to Whitechurch, where the deceased was laid to rest with her family.

## Wicklow.

On Sept. 2d Mr. M. H. Jones, Coroner for East Wicklow, attended at Newtown Voray, Bray, and held an inquest on the body of Mrs. Roland, who had died from the effects of a fall from a car on the previous day. The deceased, who was a most respectable and industrious woman, had taken ill in the Catholic Church, and met with the accident while being brought home. The jury found that death had resulted from heart failure, accelerated by the shock of the fall.

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It is almost impossible to kill a man by honest hard work, but you can worry him to death in a very short time. It is the nervous, not the muscular system, that gives out. Some people sing at their work and live long; others fret at their work and soon wear out. One song is better than many tears.

**How Our Saviour Dressed.**

We are now in a position to form a substantially exact idea of our Saviour's dress. In it, needless to say, there would be nothing of ostentation nor of unnecessary rabbinic regulation. He wore the simple turban, a kerchief or scarf wound in a twist about the head. On his feet were sandals bound with thongs about the ankle. His kittuna, as he taught publicly and even appeared preaching in the synagogue (Luke, iv. 16), must have extended to the feet, and been close-fitting, "with no loose or hollow parts anywhere in it." Whether Jesus wore a mo'il or not, we may doubt; but in any case, because of this latter garment's likeness to the kethoneth, the difference in his appearance would not have been great. His tallith was ample, and, as the kethoneth, made from fine linen. Of the same material was the girdle, maybe, as usual at that time embroidered—and who can say but by his mother's hands? The color of these clothes was white, the priestly color and the one denoting respectability, as purple did rank and wealth.

Who may not see, in his mind's eye, that white-clad figure, either outlined against the sky in the quick glow of twilight, standing on the Nazareth hillside, the arms outstretched in prayer, or by the seashore as he speaks (the tallith hanging lengthwise from the left shoulder, partly over the back and partly over the breast, fastened by the two corners at the neck under the right cheek—the arms being free), and accentuates by gesture his "comfortable words," the parables? Or again, as with the cloak gathered close in one hand, he wields the stinging lash with the other, and whips buyers and sellers and money-changers out of His Father's House!

Of these we have said nothing. There was a time when it was thought we had an almost perfect pen-picture of the Master. "In this time," the account ran, "there appeared a man who lives till now, a man endowed with great powers. Men call him a great prophet; his own disciples term him the Son of God. His name is Jesus Christ. He restores the dead to life, and cures the sick of all manners of diseases. This man is of noble and well-proportioned stature, with a face full of kindness and yet firmness, so that the beholders both love and fear him. His hair is the color of wine, and golden at the root; straight and without lustre, but from the level of the ears curling and glossy, and divided down the centre after the fashion of Nazarenes. His forehead is even and smooth, his face without blemish, and enhanced by a tempered bloom. His countenance ingenuous and kind. Nose and mouth are in no way faulty. His beard is full, of the same color as his hair, and forked in form; his eyes blue and extremely brilliant. In reproof and rebuke he is formidable; in exhortation and teaching, gentle and amiable of tongue. None have seen him laugh; but many, on the contrary, to weep. His person is tall, his hands beautiful and straight. In speaking he is deliberate and grave, and little given to loquacity. In beauty surpassing most men"—*Rev. Joseph V. Tracy, in The Catholic World for July. ("The Exterior of Jesus Christ.")*

The Holy Father is at present writing an Encyclical on the Rosary. It is expected to be published this month.

The Catholic Order of Foresters now musters 25,000 members in good standing. During last year 6,700 were initiated into the order, and ninety-two new courts were organized.

**SKETCHES.**—This is unhappily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

**League of the Sacred Heart.**

The general intention for the members of the League of the Sacred Heart for October is the Church in Belgium and Holland. The former has a special claim on our prayers. Fostering nurse of missionaries she has given many a noble apostle to the East and the West. From its central position Belgium has been the battlefield of Europe. It is also a hive of industry, and for this reason is subject to the intrigues of Socialism and Masonry, whose leaders have striven to foment amongst the simple Flemish people a spirit of discontent and hatred against God's religion.

Very similar influences are at work in Holland, which, being a Protestant country, leaves the faithful open to severer trials. Prejudice, infidel teaching, a hostile press and mixed marriages make the progress of religion slow and discouraging.



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**Notice to Creditors**

of the REV. JOSEPH FRANCIS McBRIDE Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the Revised statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, Sec. 36, that all persons having claims against the estate of the said Joseph Francis McBride, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, Priest who died on or about the 20th day of August, 1893, are requested to send by post, prepaid or to deliver to WALTER A. GEDDES, 18 YORK CHAMBERS, TORONTO STREET, TORONTO, Solicitor for the Executrix M. McAuloy, on or before the first day of October, A. D. 1893, their names, addresses and descriptions, a full statement with particulars of their claims and accounts and the nature of the security (if any) held by them; and that after the said date said Executrix will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice has then been given to her.

Dated August 31st, A. D. 1893.

WALTER A. GEDDES,  
Solicitor for Executrix

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**Good Servants.**

"Sir," says Ruskin, "there is only one way to have good servants—that is, to be worthy of being well served. All nature and all humanity will serve a good master and rebel against an ignoble one. And there is no surer test of the quality of a nation than the quality of its servants, for they are their master's shadows and distort their faults in a flattened mimicry. A wise nation will have philosophers in its servants' hall, a knavish nation will have knaves there, and a kindly nation will have friends there. Only let it be remembered that 'kindness' means, as with your child, so with your servant, not indulgence, but care."

The Holy Father's interest in and commendation of good Catholic journalism were again recently manifested by his conferring the cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great on Mr. Leonz Niderberger, of Munchen-Gladbach, editor of two Catholic papers in Germany.

We have good grounds for believing (says the Dundee Advertiser) that a movement is in progress for the establishment at St. Andrew's of a Roman Catholic college which may have a connection with the University of that ancient city, the oldest of the seats of learning in Scotland.

**THE MARKETS.**

TORONTO, September 27, 1893.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 65	\$0 60
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 63	0 64
Wheat, spring, per bush....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 60	0 60
Barley, per bush.....	0 38	0 41
Oats, per bush.....	0 34	0 35
Peas, per bush.....	0 55	0 56
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	8 00	8 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 50	0 55
Geese, per lb.....	0 08	0 09
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 13	0 14
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 18	0 19
Butter, per lb.....	0 24	0 26
Eggs, new laid, per dozen....	0 15	0 16
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 09
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 00
Celery, per basket.....	1 00	1 25
Radishes, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Lettuce, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Onions, per bag.....	1 20	1 25
Turnips, per doz.....	0 20	0 00
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 65
Peas, per bag.....	1 00	0 00
Beets, per doz.....	0 15	0 20
Carrots, per doz.....	0 15	0 00
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00	2 00
Hay, timothy.....	8 00	9 00
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	0 00

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**

TORONTO, Sept. 26.—The market here continues dull. About 60 loads came in, and prices ranged from 3½ to 4½c per pound. Among the sales were: A lot of 38, averaging 1,240 lbs., sold at \$4.12½ per cwt.; a lot of 42, averaging 1,225 lbs., sold at \$4 per cwt.; a lot of 43 averaging 1,250 lbs., sold at \$4.56 per cwt.; a lot of 18, averaging 1,300 lbs., sold at \$47 each; a load, averaging 1,225 lbs., sold at \$4.25 per cwt.; a couple of loads, averaging 1,200 lbs., sold at 4½c per pound; a load of 21, averaging 1,260 lbs., sold at 4½c per pound; a load, averaging 1,050 lbs., sold at \$3.80 per cwt.; and 21, averaging 1,250 lbs., sold at \$52 each.

There was a fair enquiry for the better grade of butchers' cattle, but there was little of it here. One load of 23, averaging 940 lbs., sold at \$3.12½ per cwt.; a load of 20, averaging 1,025 lbs., sold at \$3.50 per cwt.; a load, averaging 1,050 lbs., sold at \$36 each, and \$5 over; a lot of 20, averaging 1,000 lbs., sold at \$3.50 per cwt.; a load, averaging 1,060 lbs., sold at 3½c per pound; and a load, averaging 970 lbs., sold at 3c per pound. Lower grade sold at 2½c.

Over 800 lambs and sheep came in and those left over from Friday brought the number on sale to more than twelve hundred. Except for breeding purposes there was little demand for sheep, but ewes sold fairly well, and were a little more steady in prices. Lambs were in fair demand, but easy at from \$2.50 to \$3.50 each.

Calves were plentiful, but unchanged, as we had few good calves here, and they found a ready sale, but the rough stuff dragged. A bunch of 19, averaging 142 lbs., sold at \$6 a head.

Less than a dozen milkers were offered; there was little enquiry, and values are unaltered at from \$30 to \$50 each.

About eight hundred hogs were, and for the best prices were a trifle better, as in two or three cases \$6.35 was paid; there were two loads purchased for Montreal at those figures. In other grades prices were firm. All offerings were sold, and all grades are wanted.

## The Old Mam'selle's Secret.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

"Frau Hellwig calls him 'the chosen of the Lord,' the tireless champion of religion," said Felicitas, hesitatingly, after a pause. "He must be a stern bigot, one of those gloomy zealots who, living themselves with the most iron consistency, according to God's decrees, for that very reason are inexorable to the faults and weaknesses of their fellow-men." A strange, low laugh reached Felicitas's ear. The old mam'selle heard one of those peculiar faces of which we never ask, "Are they beautiful or ugly?" The winning expression of feminine gentleness and kindness, and a deeply thoughtful mind, here mediated between the rigid laws of beauty and the irregular forms of nature—where the outline deviated from the rule of beauty, expression repaired the defect; but for this very reason this sort of countenance suddenly becomes unfamiliar as soon as its usual harmony is disturbed. At this moment Aunt Cordula looked actually uncanny, her laugh low and subdued, was full of scorn; her face, usually so calm and sweet, was almost Medusa-like in its inexpressible bitterness and unutterable contempt. The remark, in connection with the strange manner of the old mam'selle, threw a faint light upon her mysterious past, but not even one gleam was visible amid the dark web, and she now made every effort to efface the impression her momentary self-forgetfulness might have produced upon the young girl.

Several large portfolios lay open upon the round table in the middle of the room. Felicitas was perfectly familiar with the scattered sheets and papers. Illustrious names—Handel, Gluck, Haydn, and Mozart, appeared on the coarse yellow paper, often in almost illegible hieroglyphics, written with faded ink. It was Aunt Cordula's manuscript collection of famous composers. When Felicitas entered, the old lady had been turning over the papers, which after having lain undisturbed for years behind the glass doors of the cabinet, exhaled a penetrating odor of mold. Now she quietly resumed her work, replacing them in portfolios with the utmost care. The table was gradually cleared, and a thick book of manuscript, which had been at the bottom of the pile, appeared. On the title-page was written: "Music of the operetta, 'Wisdom of the Magistracy in Establishing Breweries,' by Johann Sebastian Bach."

The old mam'selle laid her finger significantly upon the composer's name. "You have never seen this, have you, Fay?" she asked, with a mournful smile. "It has been lying for many years in the upper drawer of my secret cabinet. This morning all sorts of thoughts flitted through my old brain—all reminding me that it was time for me to prepare for my last journey, and among these preparations I must put this book in the red portfolio. It is probably the only copy in existence—and will be worth its weight in gold some day, my dear Fay. The libretto, written specially for our little town of X—, mainly in the dialect of this place, was discovered nearly two decades ago, and created some stir in the musical world because the music belonging to it was supposed to have been written by Bach. This music, for which the search is still going on—the melodies, which have slept on this paper for more than a century, are a sort of Nibelungen treasure to musicians, especially as they are the only opera airs Bach ever composed. In 1705, the pupils of the public school here, and some of the citizens, brought out the operetta in the old town-hall.

She turned to the title-page, on the back was written, in a delicate hand—  
"Score written by the hand of Johann Sebastian Bach, and received

from him as a memento in the year 1707. Gotthelf v. Hirschsprung.

"He sung in the operetta," said the old mam'selle, in a somewhat tremulous voice, pointing to the last name.

"And how did the book come into your hands, aunt?"

"By inheritance," fell curtly, almost harshly, from Aunt Cordula's lips, as she put the MS. into the red portfolio.

At such moments it was quite impossible to prolong a conversation the old mam'selle desired to break off. The fragile little figure expressed such resolute reserve, in gesture and bearing, that only the most utmost want of tact and the most shameless curiosity could persevere. Felicitas cast a longing look at the disappearing MS.; the melodies, which no living being except Aunt Cordula possessed, excited the keenest interest, but she did not venture to ask for a glimpse of them, as she had just avoided mentioning the bracelet in her account of what had happened—never would she have intentionally touched for the second time any chord that vibrated painfully in her old friend's memory.

The old mam'selle opened the piano, and Felicitas went out upon the balcony. The sun was just setting. The view of the distant landscape opposite was veiled by what seemed like a mist of whirling, golden dust, that dazzled the eyes and made the lines of earth and sky blend into a shapeless mass. Like grain cast far and wide by the sower's hand, long shafts of crimson and golden light streamed from the sinking sun, tingeing the tops of the forests, clothing the mountains and the blossoming trees in the valley. Certain portions of the scene stood forth in remarkably clear, distinct outlines, like a new thought in the human mind. The little village, whose last cottages boldly climbed the mountain slope, were no longer touched by the light, but the top of the high church-tower sparkled brightly, the open doors of the houses showed the red fire-light on the hearths, where the potatoes for the simple evening meal were cooking. The sweet repose of the evening brooded over the whole region, and up here the flowers poured forth an intoxicating fragrance; not a breath of air was stirring to bear it away or to lift the leaves and branches still drooping from the heat of the sun. Often a clumsy beetle fell clattering on the balcony, or a pair of swallows, intent on fulfilling their parental duties, whirred by; there was no other sound to disturb the solemn stillness. The notes of Beethoven's funeral march floated out into the balcony with a weird melody, but after a few bars Felicitas raised her drooping head and glanced anxiously into the room—there was no more music. A whisper, faint and spectral, fell upon the young girl's ear with the might of an incomprehensible warning. The hands gliding over the keys were weary, mortally weary, and the notes that echoed beneath their touch were the fluttering pinions of a soul that longed to escape from this world forever.

CHAPTER XV.

The baptism by fire and flood was attended by serious consequences to both participants. The child was violently attacked during the night with catarrhic fever, and Felicitas woke the next morning with a severe headache. Nevertheless, she attended to the household duties intrusted to her charge with her usual care; her wounded arm gave her little trouble—the healing ointment had done its work during the night.

The professor came home in the afternoon. He had just successfully performed an operation on the eyes of one of his patients which no physician had yet ventured to undertake. His gait and bearing showed the same quiet, cool indifference, which nothing could apparently disturb, the color in his face was not a shade deeper than usual, but any one who was familiar with the

expression of his eyes could not have failed to notice the unwonted luster that blazed beneath his bushy brows. So those cold, steel-gray eyes, which seemed made only to search and probe the souls of others, could at certain moments glow with warmth and pleasure.

He stopped at the door of the courtyard and asked Frederica, who was just coming into the house with a pail of water, how she felt after her illness.

"Oh, I'm perfectly well again, Herr Professor," she replied, putting down the bucket, "but the girl over there"—she pointed across the courtyard to a window on the ground floor—"Caroline must have got some hurt yesterday. I could hardly sleep a bit last night, she talked so fast in her dreams all night long, and to-day she is going about with a face like scarlet, and—"

"You ought to have told me of this before, Frederica," interrupted the professor, sternly.

"I did tell my mistress, but she said it would soon pass away. She has never had a doctor since she came here, and she is all right—ill weeds grow apace. It's no use to try to treat her kindly," she added, apologetically, noticing the cloud gathering on his face; "from the time she was a little child she was always an obstinate thing, holding herself aloof as though she were a princess—she, Lord preserve us, a player's daughter! Often when I've cooked or baked something especially nice for your mother, I have set aside some of it for her—dear me, we all have kind feelings! But do you suppose she would touch it? No, indeed. I always had to put it away again. You see, Herr Professor, she has behaved just so ever since she was a child. She has never eaten half enough since our master died; it's a wonder that she ever grew up so tall. And it's nothing but sheer obstinacy and sinful pride—she doesn't want to accept anything. I heard her with my own ears tell Heinrich that, when she had once left this horrible house, she would work her fingers to the bone, and send every penny she earned to Frau Hellwig until every mouthful she had eaten under this roof was paid for."

The old cook had not noticed how, while she was pouring out her heart, her listener's face had become more and more deeply flushed. She had scarcely finished speaking ere, without a word, he strode across the courtyard to the window she had pointed out. It was a large bow-window cased in stone, belonging to the room where Felicitas and Frederica slept, and now stood open, revealing the bare, whitewashed walls and scanty furniture. It was the same small, desolate chamber in which the little girl only four years old had endured her first agony of loneliness. There she was now—the obstinate, forsaken girl, who would not eat the bread of charity, who would work her fingers to the bone to rid herself of every obligation—there was pride which she had preserved with masculine determination in the midst of the deepest humiliations, an energetic will, all living in the young creature, nestling in an attitude of child-like grace, apparently asleep. Her head was supported by her arm, which rested on the window-sill, the satin-like smoothness of her complexion and the glittering radiance of her hair forming a strong contrast to the moldering gray stone. Innocence and grief were expressed in the pure profile, with its softly closed lips and the sorrowful droop at the corners of the mouth—the dark lashes still lay heavily on the pale cheeks, concealing the eyes which so often flashed defiant wrath.

The professor noiselessly approached, stood watching her a moment, and then bent over her.

"Felicitas!" fell from his lips in tones full of gentleness and sympathy. She started up and gazed incredulously into the eyes bent upon her—her

name uttered by his lips had acted upon her like an electric shock. She drew up her tall figure, which had just taken an attitude suggestive of the careless ease of childhood, and, with every muscle tense, stood as if ready to repel some anticipated attack.

The professor entirely ignored his transformation.

"I learn from Frederica that you are ill," he said, in the friendly tone generally used by a physician.

"I feel quite well again," she answered, coldly. "Undisturbed rest restores me."

"H'm—yet your appearance—" he did not finish the sentence, but put out his hand to clasp her wrist. She retreated several paces into the room.

"Be sensible, Felicitas!" he said, still maintaining the same kindness of tone, but his brow darkened gloomily as the girl stood motionless, folding her arms almost convulsively across her waist. Spite of his thick beard, his angry compression of the lips was plainly visible.

"Well, then, I no longer speak as your physician, but as your guardian," he said, sternly, "and by that authority I command you to come here."

She did not look up, her lashes drooped even lower on her cheeks, now crimsoned by a burning blush, and her chest heaved as though she was undergoing some severe conflict, but she slowly advanced and, with averted face, silently held out her hand, which he clasped gently in his own. The slender little hand, hardened by toil, trembled so violently that an expression of deep pity crossed the professor's grave features.

"Foolish, obstinate child, you have compelled me again to treat you harshly," he said, with gentle earnestness. "And I hoped that we might part without another unkind word. Have you no look for me or for my mother save one of quenchless hate?"

"We can reap nothing that we have not sown!" she replied, in a half-stifled tone, trying to withdraw her hand from his hold, and gazing with as much horror at the fingers that grasped her wrist in a gentle, yet powerful clasp, as though they had been red hot iron.

He hurriedly dropped her hand. Gentleness and pity vanished from his face, he struck angrily with his cane at some innocent blades of grass growing in the chinks between the stones. Felicitas breathed more freely; this harsh, stern manner suited him; his tone of pity was horrible to her.

"Always the same reproach," he said, coldly, at last. "Your overweening pride may have been often wounded, but it was our duty to bring you up with moderate views. I can accept your hatred calmly, for I acted solely for your best good. As to my mother—well, her love may be hard to win, I will not dispute that, but she is incorruptibly just, and her fear of God would never have allowed her to let any real harm or injustice befall you. You are about to go out into the world and take care of yourself. A yielding disposition is especially needful in your position. How will it be possible for you to associate with others while you so obstinately cling to your false views of life? How can you ever win affection with those defiant eyes?" Felicitas raised her long lashes and looked at him with a calm, firm gaze.

"If any one can show me that my opinions are opposed to morality and reason, I will willingly resign them," she answered, in her low, expressive voice. "But I know that I do not stand alone in the belief that no person, whoever he may be, possesses the right to condemn another to intellectual death, I know that thousands feel, with me, how unjust and culpable it is to deny any human soul the gratification of its inmost yearnings, merely because it swells in the body of one of humble birth. I shall go out into the world with confidence, for I have faith

in mankind, and hope to find some human beings whom I certainly shall not treat with defiance. An unfortunate girl like myself, who is forced to live among heartless people, has no weapon except her pride, no support except the consciousness that she, too, is God's child, and a sharer of His spirit. I know that the distinctions of human society have no existence in His eyes—they are mere mortal inventions, and the more narrow and pitiful the soul, the more closely does it cling to them."

She turned slowly and vanished through the door leading to the servants' room, while he stood gazing after her. He drew his hat down over his forehead, and went back to the house. No one could guess what thoughts were passing through the drooping head, but the light that had sparkled in his eyes when he returned home had faded—a gloomy shadow brooded over the furrowed brow.

The young lawyer and Heinrich were standing together in the hall. The professor started, as though waking from a sleep, when their voices fell upon his ear.

"So you have patients in the house, professor?" said the lawyer, shaking hands with him. "The fire has had consequences, I hear. The child—"

"Has a severe attack of catarrhic fever," the professor dryly interrupted. He was evidently in no mood for further explanations.

"Oh, Herr Professor, that doesn't matter much!" said Heinrich. "The child is a poor, sickly little thing—but when a girl like Fay, who never has an ache all the year round, hangs her head, anybody might be anxious."

"Well, I certainly haven't seen much hanging of the head," said the professor, in an unusually sharp tone—only could see the corners of his mouth twitching ironically under his thick beard. "Her head is as erect as anybody's, depend upon that, Heinrich!"

He went up the stairs with his friend. At the top little Anna came toward them, barefoot, and in her night-dress. Scarlet spots were glowing on her poor, swollen face, and her eyes were red with weeping.

"Mamma is gone, and Rosa's gone, and Anna wants a drink of water!" she cried to the professor. Much alarmed, he took her in his arms and carried her back into the bedroom. No one was there. He angrily called the maid. A distant door opened, and Rosa came running out with flushed face, holding a flat-iron in her hand. In the room she had left, a huge pile of snow-white muslin was visible on the ironing board.

"Where have you been? How can you leave this child alone?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Herr Professor, I can't be in two places at once," replied the girl, almost crying with anger. "My mistress must always have a fresh white muslin dress every morning—there's no end to the washing and ironing—if you only knew the work such gowns make—"

She stopped, for the young lawyer burst into a loud laugh.

"Oho! there's the lady in simple white muslin," he cried, fairly holding his sides; the professor's gloomy, embarrassed face seemed to him extremely comical.

"My mistress thought," Rosa went on, "that Anna only had a feverish cold, and might be left alone for half an hour; her playthings were all on her little bed, in reach—"

"And where is my cousin?" the professor harshly interrupted.

"She has gone with Frau Hellwig to a meeting of the Missionary Society."

"Indeed!" He cut short any further explanation—he looked very angry. "Now go back and finish that trash!" he continued, pointing to the door from which she had come, then he called Frederica, but the old cook had

both hands in fresh dough, and sent Felicitas.

The young girl came up the stairs. The faint flush caused by her recent emotion still lingered on her cheek, but her eyes rested calmly upon the professor's wrathful face. She stood still in an attitude of quiet dignity, awaiting his commands. It evidently cost him a violent struggle to address her.

"Little Anna has no one to take care of her—will you stay until her mother returns?" he said, at last, and a watchful ear could not have failed to notice the effort it required to force his voice into a gentle tone.

"Very willingly," she answered, without the least embarrassment. "There is one obstacle. The lady does not like to have her little daughter with me. If you will assume the responsibility, I am ready."

"Of course I will." Felicitas instantly went into the sleeping-room and shut the door. The young lawyer looked after her with sparkling eyes.

"Heinrich, in his queer way calls her 'Fay,'" he said to the professor, as the two gentlemen went up to the second storey, "and oddly as the name sounds from his blunt lips, it suits her wonderfully. I must honestly confess that I don't understand how you and your mother had the courage to place this remarkable girl on the same par as your old cook and yonder pert lady's-maid."

"Oh, you think we ought to have dressed her in silk and velvet," cried the professor, more excited than his friend had ever seen him. "As the house of Hellwig was denied a daughter, the vacant place could not, in your opinion, have been better filled than by this Fay, or rather 'sphinx,' as I call her. You have always been an enthusiast. You are, however, entirely at liberty"—his voice trembled with emotion—"to make the juggler's daughter your wife. I will bestow my blessing on the nuptials, as her guardian." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Some Business Rules for Boys.

**BE NEAT.**—Keep your hands, face, and clothes clean, and your hair and fingernails short. Have your handkerchief handy.

**BE AGREEABLE.**—Be quiet; be just as near things as you can; keep out of everybody's way.

**BE USEFUL.**—Get into the way of thinking you are working for yourself. You are. If you do it well you are going to get on. It is your work. I don't slight it.

**WAITING.**—You have to wait a good deal between jobs; and that is the hardest work you have to do. This is the way to make it easier: Find a comfortable waiting-place where you are handy, in sight and hearing, and rest while you wait. Don't talk, or play, or whistle, or sing, or swing your feet, or scrape them on the floor, or make any sort of noise. But you can't keep still. Don't try to. Avoid getting tired by changing. Sit, stand, walk about, get something to do if you can, instead of walking. That is easier. Besides, if you do it well, you will get promoted. They who do things well are the ones to wait.

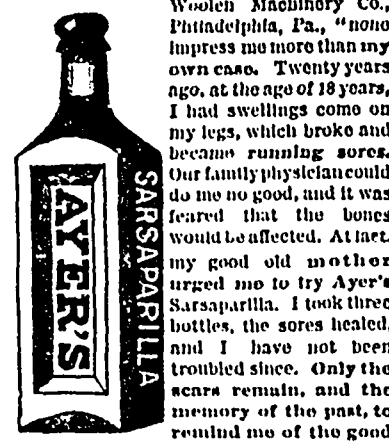
**BE READY.**—When waiting be ready to catch the first sign of your being wanted; have your wits about you; be quick to understand what is wanted, move on the instant, and act with spirit till the job is done.

**ON THE STAIRS.**—Don't stop, keep to the right. Don't slide on the rail; don't lean on it. You may put your hand on it going down for safety—nothing more. Never go down two steps at a time. Step lightly.

As a general rule, it is best not to correct costiveness by the use of saline or drastic medicines. When a purgative is needed, the most prompt, effective, and beneficial is Ayer's Pills. Their tendency is to restore, and not weaken, the normal action of the bowels.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes Henry Hudson, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."



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## Wedding at Orillia.

The dawn was breaking with its red streaks across the charming town of Orillia on Tuesday morning last as many people hurried to the Church of the Holy Angels to witness the wedding of Miss Mulcahy, daughter of Mr. Thos. Mulcahy, Esq., and Mr. W. R. Houston of the Dominion Bank, Toronto. Nothing could give greater evidence of the interest taken in the ceremony than the large numbers present on the auspicious occasion, although no invitations had been issued. Promptly at half-past six Miss Mulcahy, clad in a neat travelling suit, entered, led to the altar by her father. She was accompanied by Miss M. A. Teefy of Richmond Hill, and her young sister, Miss Mary Mulcahy; while the brother of the groom, Mr. Stewart Houston of Toronto, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Teefy, President of St. Michael's College, assisted by Rev. Father Mulcahy, Professor of the same Institution, and uncle of the bride. The Rev. Father Duffy, acting pastor, was also present in the sanctuary, as was also Father Kiernan of Brock, who was paying a visit to Orillia at the time. The ceremony was rendered more solemn and impressive by some selections from the choir. The organist, Miss Madden, who played a wedding march, Mrs. Macaulay, who sang an *Ave Maria*, and Miss Petley, who rendered the hymn, Sweet Sacrament, with effect, deserve special mention. Immediately after Mass the bridal party repaired to Mr. Mulcahy's handsome residence, where they partook of a wedding breakfast. This was brought to a hurried close by the newly married couple being obliged to leave in order that they might take the train for Toronto. Thence they intended to proceed to Chicago, where, amidst the attractions of the White City, they will spend their honeymoon. A large number of Orillia friends were at the Station to see them off, when they departed, showered with rice and the good wishes of all who knew them. In these good wishes THE CATHOLIC REGISTER has special reasons for joining; and we therefore most sincerely extend them to Mr. and Mrs. Houston, with the well founded hope that a happy future is before them—no happier than it would be if we had the making of it.

The esteem in which the bride was held by her many friends throughout the country was fully testified by the rich and numerous presents she received.

## Hamilton.

The corner stone of St. Joseph's Church, now in course of erection in the south-west portion of the city, was laid Sunday afternoon by his Lordship Bishop Dowling, assisted by Mgrs. Heenan and McEvoy, and in presence of many priests of the diocese and a very large assemblage of citizens—among whom were many of the various Protestant denominations.

In the stone was placed, besides the usual coins and documents, copies of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, London Record and city papers. His Lordship gave a short address explaining the significance of the ceremony, and a short history of the growth of the Catholic population of Hamilton.

St. Joseph's will be a substantial brick edifice faced with stone, with a seating capacity of over five hundred. The inside will be finished with stucco and paneled with oil-finished hardwood. The windows will be cathedral glass. The estimated cost of the building is ten thousand dollars. This church will fill a long-felt want as the distance to the cathedral prevented many from attending Mass regularly.

There is indeed cause for pride on the part of the Bishops, priests and people of Hamilton on the substantial progress made in this city. Within the city limits there are now: St. Mary's Cathedral, built in 1860; St. Patrick's Church, 1877; St. Lawrence's, 1890; and St. Joseph's, which will be completed before the close of the present year. J. B.

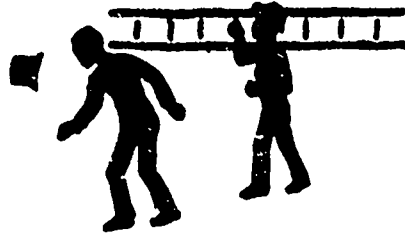
## Episcopal Appointments.

A despatch from Rome of the 26th instant says: His Holiness the Pope has appointed Rev. Edward Dunne of Chicago Diocese to the Bishopric of Dallas, Texas, and Rev. Paul Larocque has been appointed Bishop of Sherbrooke, Que., Canada.

Father Larocque was born in the Province of Quebec, and for the past six years has been in charge of St. Hyacintho parish. The vacancy in Sherbrooke was caused by the death of the Very Rev. Bishop Racine.

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 thereof of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

The Holy Book lies like a bundle of myrrh in the bosom of the Church, a power of sanctification like to which in kind or in degree there is no other, except the sacraments of the Precious Blood.—Father Faber.



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## HOME RULE!

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

## ENGLISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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

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

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

English mails close on Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10 p.m., and on Saturdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for September: 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30.

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

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