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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. II.—No. 7.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1894.

PRICE 5 CENTS.

## Register of the Week.

The *Pall Mall Gazette's* canard of the resignation of Mr. Gladstone, was only a momentary sensation. The denial by Sir Algernon West, following so soon after, gave the report no time to gain any footing. Sir Algernon was Mr. Gladstone's companion at Biarritz, and was authorized by the latter to say. "The statement that Mr. Gladstone has definitely decided, or decided at all, to resign, is untrue. It is true, however, that for many months past his age and the condition of his sight and hearing have, in his judgment made relief from public affairs desirable. Therefore his tenure of office has been at any moment liable to interruption from these cares, which are in their nature permanent. It remains exactly as it has been. He is ignorant of the course which events important to the nation may take even during the remainder of the present session of Parliament, and he has not said or done anything which could in any degree restrain his absolute freedom or that of his colleagues regarding the performance of the arduous duties now lying or likely to lie before them."

The comments of the different journals on the report and denial are not only interesting but amusing, and show very diversified feeling on the subject. The *Standard* (a Tory organ) says: "Its effect upon the fortunes of the ministry and its programme cannot fail to be most damaging and discouraging to his colleagues. They are left virtually without a head, their leader holding himself at liberty to retire at a moment's notice." The *Times* says: "There is no question, however, of Gladstone's withdrawing just now, a fact which any person of common sense might have reflected on when reading the transparently uninspired paragraph which has caused the perturbation. The moment is an absolutely wrong one. With all his faults Mr. Gladstone has never been wanting in political foresight."

A very interesting episode of Mr. Gladstone's stay at Biarritz was a visit paid him by a deputation from the Basque provinces of Spain, they presented him with an address of congratulation on his Home Rule policy for Ireland and also a twig of the famous oak of Guernica, set in gold. The Basques are endeavoring to recover their local privileges which were taken from them after the last Carlist War. The oak of Guernica brings to our minds the closing contest between King John and his barons. This oak is the symbol of liberty of the Basque provinces, as under its spreading branches the representatives of the kings of Spain took an oath to respect their privileges.

It is said that Mr. Gladstone during this visit to Biarritz employed his leisure moments in the study of the Basque language. What wonderful power of will, a man must have at the age of eighty-four to set to work and study a strange tongue, which is said to be very ancient and one of the most difficult in the world. The Basques say of themselves "they are a virtuous people, partly because the devil cannot suggest any evil to them in their tongue." Once, they say, "he tried for a year to learn it, but gave it up as a hopeless task, and has since then been able to hold communication only with such Basques as go down to the cities to learn Spanish."

The well known Catholic journal the *Moniteur de Rome*, is again published, and is full of renewed vigor. We learn from our exchanges the first numbers of the new issue, were seized for their comments on the political and financial situation of Italy.

The Holy Father's Encyclical on the Bible has created a great sensation among the scholars of Europe. It has been lauded by reviews in Germany and England. Several Catholic faculties of France and Belgium have congratulated the Holy Father and expressed their acceptance of the doctrines in that valuable Encyclical, "which" as a Roman correspondent says, "puts an end to the keen and impassioned discussions upon certain interpretations of the Sacred Scriptures which divided the learned in the Catholic World."

A rather wonderful discovery has been made at Salemi, in the Western part of Sicily. A gold coin was found in some depth of the earth, the finder thinking he was coming on some buried gold mine, excavated further. Instead of finding more coins, the foundations of a church were discovered, which was built in the fourth century. It contained two pavements of mosaic, one of which has Greek inscriptions set into it, and the other Latin. A great many articles of value were brought to light, some of which have been taken to the museum at Palermo, and others carried away by the people of the neighboring villages.

On Saturday the 8th ult., the remains of Dr. Wolff, the editor of the *Catholic Standard* were laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery of Norristown, Pa. After the solemn Requiem Mass was sung, an able and feeling discourse was preached by his intimate friend and editorial associate, Rev. Dr. Loughlin, Chancellor of the archdiocese of Philadelphia, whose text was, "The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a merchant seeking good pearls; who when he had found one pearl of great price, went his way and sold all that

he had and bought it." Matt. xiii., 45-46.

Mr. Blake in his speech in the Boston Music Hall for the benefit of Home Rule, referring to the effect of Mr. Parnell's labours, said: "The suffrage has been widened as Mr. Parnell predicted. The masses of the population in Britain have obtained a much greater share of electoral power. Those masses have been to a great degree enlightened upon the Irish question. But more, much more than Mr. Parnell hoped he accomplished. He made an alliance not only with the Radicals but with the Liberals, and a combined organization, far more powerful than he indicated, was achieved when he came to terms of honorable settlement with Mr. Gladstone. The cause has advanced far faster than it could otherwise have moved, and we must observe in the future the conditions of our successes in the past. The alliance between the British and Irish democracies has shown itself in the House of Commons, where even during the discussions on this very Home Rule Bill, when we were constrained, as a protest against some well-meant but ill-judged concessions, to vote in opposition to some amendments of the Government, the Irish Nationalists found themselves backed by the flower of the English Radical party in numbers even greater than their own. With the British democracy we never had, and at any rate we have not now, any quarrel. Its mind being informed, its heart being moved, its conscience being touched, it has conceded the justice of our claims and is determined to sustain them. And we, on the other hand, looking to the claims of natural equity, to the claims of friendship, to the character and the beneficial results to ourselves of the reforms proposed in the interest of the British democracy, must heartily second the efforts to pass them into law. Thus shall we instead of weakening and breaking, strengthen and cement the alliance upon which we rely, and strengthen the forces by whose aid we are to win."

The death of Mr. George W. Childs, the world-renowned philanthropist is keenly felt in Philadelphia. The *Standard* pays the following just tribute to his memory: "Mr. Childs was known and honored both in the old world and the new, and in his own country was recognized as its premier citizen. Nor was it altogether the largeness of his benefactions, but rather was it the largeness of his motives and the considerate discrimination of his philanthropy, that commended him so warmly to the affection and gratitude of the public, and place his name so high on the scroll of the world's philanthropists." What

a noble character to leave behind! If all men who accumulate fortunes would breathe a little of the benevolence and charity of Mr. Childs there would not be so much distress and abject poverty in our midst.

The Rev. A. P. Doyle, a Paulist Father of New York City, and editor of the *Catholic World*, has written a tract on temperance, for the Temperance Publication Bureau, which is one of the strongest and most beautiful articles written on that subject. He says: "The immense stream of drunkenness bears down on its wave to destruction and death a vast crowd of 75,000 drunkards every year. This stream is likened to the great Niagara River. Above the Falls it is a placid stream and the pleasure seeking rowers confidently push out on its quiet waters. The ripple at the bow and the festive song while away the delightful hours as they merrily float down the river. So the stream of drunkenness—the social glass is attractive, the good-fellowship, the festive song, the companionship in the saloon; all these lull men into security as down the stream they go, till from moderate drinking, they get into the swifter currents of intoxication. Some realize their danger and pull ashore—get behind the barrier the temperance people have built along the bank. They take the pledge or get into a temperance society; in its companionship they find safety. But others, heedless of peril, are getting out into the rapids, and only when they are being plunged down with irresistible force to the cataract do they become sensible of their danger, and then it is too late."

There is every prospect of an immediate and severe agitation against the House of Lords. The fact that they have wrecked the three great measures of the session by rejecting the Home Rule Bill, by mangling the Employers' Liability Bill and also that of the Parish Councils, is telling with tremendous force against them. Prof. Bryce who is regarded as one of the most conservative amongst the members of Gladstone's Government in a speech lately, said: "If the Lords choose to force a conflict, the conflict must be faced and an effort made to clear away the bar, on which so many vessels freighted with useful legislation have been wrecked."

The Wilson Bill is not faring very well in the United States Senate. A series of amendments threaten to whittle it down, so that it will be a tariff reform only in name.

Rev. Dr. Douglas the well-known Methodist preacher and Equal Rights' Leader died at Montreal on the 10th instant.

## MEMORIES OF THE FAIR.

By IDIUS.

Among Great Britain's paintings in oil is that by Riviere, entitled "Requiescat." A dead knight in armor is stretched upon his bier. Beside him in mournful patience waits his faithful dog. In criticizing the picture as to whether it is or is not true to life, the dog is of course the study. The upturned, grief-elongated features, the wistful magnetism in those eyes would call back to life the beloved master, or that failing, would merit an immortality with him.

I choose this painting one as the properly typical one of England, for in that country chivalry and knight-errantry was crowned as nowhere else in Christendom; since England gave to the world the Knights Templars, the noblest motherland that ever under Heaven was sacrificed to the beck and call and lastly to the avarice of seculars.

Organized to protect pilgrims on route to and from the Holy Land, they were all noblemen's sons, who brought their possessions to the cause, made the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, and in return were promised "their salt and labor and toil enow." Tennyson's Sir Galahad lived veritably in each and every one of them. Ah, indeed!

"The knights are dust,  
Their good swords, so rust  
And their souls are with the saints we trust."

Turning from the quiescent knight I murmured not "Requiescat" but "Requiescant."

"The Empty Saddle," by Waller, has been so widely copied as scarcely to require description. A mounted cavalier returning from the war, leads a riderless horse beneath a balcony upon which the ladies of the family are on the lookout. One of them, the lady-love or wife, swoons as she recognizes whose horse bears the empty saddle.

"Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland," by Gow, is treated in a masterly manner. The Queen of Scots has fled from Langside, has reached the shore and is about to embark for England. Boats are in readiness. The Queen is on horseback, and at her horse's head stands a page. Attending her is one of the faithful survivors of the battle, also mounted. He bends to kiss her hand; and this is the last of Scotland and courtly devotion—a farewell repeated and confirmed by Sir Andrew Melvil nineteen years later when Mary Stuart was on her way to the scaffold. Apart from historical associations there is a twofold perfection in the painting which invites both near and distant inspection. At short range that beautiful face with its expression of sad anxiety is seen delicately outlined and tinted, the costumes with minute accessories, even the horses' trappings are faultless in detail. Viewing it from greater distances we behold a meeting of the transportation agencies peculiar to the period, and those of the land about to be exchanged for those of the sea. Boatmen beckon, for their voices are drowned by the surf. The wearied horses' manes and tails are tossed by the stiff breeze that will soon fill the departing sails.

"St. Paul's," by Lucas, represents a visit to the Cathedral by Charles II., James Duke of York, and Secretary Pepys. Sir Christopher Wren, its great architect, has shown them through the pile. The King lost in admiration turns to Wren and exclaims, "Si monumentum requiris, circumspecte!" Truly, "He thought not of an earthly home who thus could build."

"Monmouth Pleading for His Life Before James II.," by Pettie, is heart-rending. The King's face glowers in hateful scorn at his handsome nephew groveling before him and wetting his feet with his tears. In

vain! Back come the lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel,"

"For she had known adversity,  
Though born in such a high degree  
In pride, power and beauty, a bloom  
That wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb."

Such was the lot outlined by James' frown upon Anne, the widowed duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth.

"In the Reign of Terror," by Macgregor, portrays what must have been a common occurrence during the French Revolution. In a luxurious home guarding her sleeping babe is a young mother whose blanched face wears a look of startled agony. "The Mistletoe Bough," also by Macgregor, is in three scenes. This subject, by whomsoever rendered, is always interesting and pathetic.

"C'Est L'Empereur" by Glaxebrook is Napoleon I., and a sentry asleep on duty. The Emperor having quietly appropriated the arms of the sleeping man, has taken his place, and with lowering brows bides his awakening. Who could sleep under that gaze! A nightmare seizes the sentry; he wildly passes his hand over his eyes, and as he does so "C'Est L'Empereur!" breaks from the lips of the horror-stricken victim.

"Prisoners of War, 1805," by Yeames, shows us two mere lads, children in fact, and British 'Middies' or something of that sort. They have just been landed, and one carries his arm in a sling. They do not court compassion, but a French priest and French woman and children press near them in kindly sympathy.

"Incident in the Charge of the Light Brigade" by Charlton, pictures a riderless horse continuing the charge and in proper rank "When they rode back—but not etc." "The Royal Jubilee Procession Passing Through Trafalgar Square" by the same artist, and lent by Her Majesty the Queen, is an immense canvas. From the Queen to the last of the attendant princes, every face is a true likeness. As I contemplated it I found myself wishing that the painting and I were a hundred years older. There is a newness about it that disparages its true merits. From one gorgeous uniform to another the eye quickly passes, but already lingers on the glittering white uniform of the late Emperor Frederick, and also upon that of the late Prince Albert Victor. But the central figure, her Venerable Majesty, becomes the engrossing study. To quote Collier—she deserves the honor in this only—"her crown has become a lonely splendor" and to her woman's heart that 'Jubilee' the saddest mockery of all, the testimony that she has survived the many dear friends who now should be near. Never perchance during the lapse of a quarter of a century could the late Prince Consort, that wise and good man, have been more keenly missed and regretted. For her lonely Majesty's sake we take one look more—this time a very kindly one—at the loved ones still left her, those 'crumbs of comfort' and very gorgeous 'crumbs' indeed, naturally trying to make the most of themselves.

"The Roll Call" painted in 1874 by Elizabeth Thompson, Lady Butler, and lent by Her Majesty, is of high artistic excellence. It is a pre-arranged and studied grouping of British Grenadiers, and has nothing in connection with historical incident.

"The Mighty Fallen" by Wyllie, is a great ship dismantled, and tumbling and tossing, the sport of the merciless elements.

"The Wooden Walls of Old England" by Baden Powell has preserved from oblivion the last of England's oaken bulwarks, the "Britannia" the "London" the "Queen" and the "Arctusa."

"Ripening Sunbeams" by Cole is a charming vista of sunny landscape. On the frame are engraved the lines.

"Half veiled in light of shimmering air  
The landscape stretches wondrously fair,  
No pallid beauty anywhere,  
Nature is in her prime;

In richest robes the hills and woods appear,  
The lakes and streamlets motionless and clear,  
Ruled by the fairest Queen of all the year  
Beautiful harvest time."

"Glad Spring" by Wetherbee, is a scene that stirs the heart with sudden gladness. A merry little maiden—we can almost hear her song—is guiding through a meadow a company of skipping lambs.

"Bubbles" by Millais, is a pretty, baby-faced little boy, with golden hair, jacket and frills, whose deep-blue eyes are upturned in innocent admiration of a wonderful bubble, his own pipe-manufacture.

"The Victory of Faith" by Haro depicts two young girls, one European, the other African or Ethiopian. They are "Early Christians," and sleeping the sleep of weary captives, in close proximity to the caged lions, that hungrily watch their victims in ravenous anticipation of the morrow's sacrifice. Yet the fearless captives sleep; faith has already robbed death of its bitterness.

"The Western Highlands" by Davis, is a echo of wild grandeur, that is even enhanced by a number of cattle, majestic with heavily fringed brows, immense curving and flaring horns, and large eyes that glow and gleam like coals of fire.

"Caledonia Stern and Wild" by Graham, is another such picture, and includes the magnificent flaring horns.

"Darby and Joan" by Sadler, gives the devoted pair—the lovers to the last—to high life, and to the more picturesque costumes of the 18th century.

"Ninth of November" by Logsdail, is a vivid reproduction of the Lord Mayor's grand and magnificent procession.

"Pygmalion" by Margetson, represents Pygmalion covering his eyes in a paroxysm of grief; the gods have now smitten him with blindness, or have restored his sight only that he may behold Galatea returned to the cold marble whence she sprang.

In "The Redemption of Tannhauser" by Dicksee, Tannhauser kneels broken-hearted beside the bier of his saintly lady love. His pilgrim's staff his sackcloth and ashes, his strong resolves of amendment have not effectually reclaimed him. Only now is the genius of voluptuousness—a marvel of the brush—taking flight in the presence of the sacred clay which is the Redemption of Tannhauser.

"A Hopeless Dawn" by Bramley, shows us the interior of a seafaring man's humble home. The candle is dying out, the untasted supper is still on the table, an old woman tries to comfort the despairing wife, while through the window we see by the grey light of dawn a still troubled sea.

"The Harvest Moon," by Mason, is a poem on canvas. The full and mellow radiance beaming upon the bounteous land pictures the peace and plenty that poets dream of.

"Oliver Twist, He Walks to London," by Sant, portrays Oliver as "the quiet, mild, dejected creature that harsh treatment had made him." Here he is with his sad, starved, pale face and handkerchief bundle, and on his way to the Mecca of the English lower classes.

"Colonel Newcome in Charterhouse; Grace After Meat," by Smallfield, is a sympathetic likeness of Thackeray's noblest conception. Very humbly, after a life of unremittent and uncounted charities to his fellow-man, the simple old soldier thanks the kind Father of all for His manifold and the shelter of the charterhouse.

"Little to Earn, and Many to Keep," by Hook, depicts a fisherman's homecoming after his toils. His little children have run out to meet him; one little creature has taken possession of an immense sea-boot. After all, the weary man looks happier than he might if it were "much to earn, and none to keep."

"Paolo and Francesca," by Watts, is testimony that the artist has risen to Dante's conception of the devoted pair.

"The two together coming  
Which seems so light before the wind."

The brush has caught the undulating grace of "the wind (that) swayed them towards us;" and through "the element obscure," the purple and black atmosphere which imparts to them the hue of a death agony, we behold those beautiful faces wearing an expression of congealed suffering and endurance. The contemplation of this painting like Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii," thrills one with a consciousness of impending judgment.

"Moonlight on Hoxsey More," by Laidley, seems a haven of rest and enjoyment for someone or something; so we fancy it the heaven of the water wraith.

"Times Revenge," a water color by Du Maurier, is an expression of true English humor out and dried. A marginal explanation is here relevant, "Sir Doughty Fitz Bayard has much pleasure in presenting his second love, whom he will marry next week, to his first love, who jilted him twenty-five years ago for a wealthier suitor." His first love, fat and fifty, is burdened with silks, satins, jewels and the fat of the land generally; behold her hobbles her dotting old husband. Sir Doughty, just in his prime, handsome and triumphant, leads forward his second love, the graceful, willowy, blushing rosebud of sixteen.

Rest,

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

The Oleander.

Notwithstanding the oleander is numbered among poisonous plants—and it is really believed that it was the flowers of the oleander and not the rhododendron that caused such trouble in the army of Xerxes—no trouble has ever been found from them in America notwithstanding in the Southern States they are so extensively grown. Some of the English papers are endeavoring to create a sentiment against them; but all we can find to warrant this is something that happened in 1809, when, it is said, some Spanish soldiers used the wood for skewers in roasting meat, and a few children, many years ago, died through eating the flowers. Possibly it may be that in America children got so many things better to eat than oleanders that this may be the reason, therefore, for the general immunity of American people and children from any injury resulting from the cultivation of this beautiful plant.—*Mechan's Monthly*.

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.



## THE SUN.

Written for the Catholic Register.

The constitution of the sun is one of the problems of astronomy as yet unsolved in its entirety, notwithstanding the great work of a long roll of illustrious observers. The vast amount of information obtained by means of photographic and spectroscopic observations have yet to be thoroughly analyzed, theory upon theory to be carefully considered and compared with known facts; and we may some day have a theory free from all objections as to the sun's present condition, the maintenance of its heat and the probable duration of its existence as a life-giving world, for we cannot suppose it to be an exception to the regular order of birth, growth and decay.

It has been generally accepted that the sun is in a condition of tremendous activity; cyclones sweeping over its surface with velocities far transcending anything we know upon this globe, causing great cavities in the atmosphere, into which our earth might easily be dropped; great outbursts of a volcanic character, sending masses of glowing gas to enormous heights above the surface; while all round the sun's limb are great prominences of flame, to be seen with proper apparatus at any time when the sun is unclouded, and bearing good witness to the truth of the theory that the sun is intensely active.

An immense number of observations were made by the late Father Perry, F.R.S., who was specially devoted to the study of solar physics, but whose untimely death in harness in the cause of science will necessitate the thorough analysis of his researches by another hand.

We learn that the memorial to Father Perry, in the form of a 15 inch telescope, has recently been completed and erected at Stonyhurst. It is pleasing to note that astronomers all over the world contributed to this memorial.

Among Father Perry's observations we find records of great prominences, presumably shot out from the sun, to a height of 132,000 miles. P. Secchi, also one of the greatest authorities and most assiduous of observers in solar work, has left a mass of testimony in relation to these great apparent outbursts on the sun.

Notwithstanding, however, the very great probability that the eruptive action of the sun sends great masses of glowing gas to immense distances above the surface, a theory has been recently advanced ascribing the observed appearances to another cause entirely. At the Congress of Astronomy, Chicago, 1893, a paper was read by A. Brestler, jr., Royal Society of Amsterdam, the object of which was to prove that, instead of being in a state of great activity, the sun is really relatively tranquil. The arguments advanced were most interesting, if only to show what totally different constructions may be put upon data furnished by observation, and the extreme care with which astronomers consider these data before demanding for a theory the dignity of a law.

The author quoted Secchi, who, in describing one of the great pyrotechnic displays on the sun, says he was impressed with the idea that the prominences were simply changing their appearance, not shot out again and again from the depths of the solar atmosphere. The changing forms of our own clouds are instanced as an example of resemblances to eruptive jets. Then the spectroscope shows that the metallic vapours are in the depths of the solar envelope, while the lighter gases prevail in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

The sun's atmosphere, then, according to this theory is stratified and tranquil, and the sudden changes are due solely to chemical action, not to violent eruptions. The interest attach-

ed to the discussion of these theories is all the greater, that they point to a connection of some kind between the great solar engine and our humble magnetic needle. The variations of the magnetic are bound up with the phenomena of the sun in some mysterious manner, and every step in advance in the knowledge of the sun's constitution and "habits" helps us in our never-ceasing efforts to fathom the mysteries of electricity and magnetism.

There have also been numerous attempts at tracing a connection between solar phenomena and the rainfall in different localities. The failure to establish such connection shows how deceiving coincidences may be; for predictions in regard to weather have frequently been made with successful results, but just as frequently have been quite astray. If the connection were real the exceptions could scarcely, if ever occur. The theory more recently discussed (it was considered at the Meteorological Congress at Chicago) is that the rotation of the sun upon its own axis affects the weather, but the difficulty of establishing the time of rotation is alone very great. The sun, being not a solid body, all parts of it do not rotate in the same time; different parts of the mass move independently, though with an approach to uniformity, in about 26 days. This renders the problem still more difficult, and indeed it seems as if the several factors in the weather problem were not to be too easily laid hold of.

Again, at the present time there are observers all over the northern part of this hemisphere engaged in making systematic observations of the Aurora, and it has been stated that between this beautiful phenomenon and solar phenomena there is a distinct connection. But this has been astrenuously denied, and a purely terrestrial origin claimed for it. Yet the most brilliant Aurora have been seen at times when coincidently there were great changes taking place on the surface of the sun, and magnetic storms observed in every corner of the globe wherever a magnetic needle was found.

Little wonder, then, that astronomers seek to learn all they can of the sun. They know that without it we could not exist; but whence its power, is as yet in the realm of theory.

## General Von Moltke and Catholicism.

In a book just issued by Theodore Reinhardt, it is recorded that General Von Moltke once said: "The fact of the matter is, we ought all to return to the fold of the Catholic Church, whose great superiority consists in the fact that it has a head, a supreme, undisputed authority, with a mission to decide for the whole world, and to stifle in its germs every doubt and every movement of rebellion. It is in the Catholic Church alone that one finds the certainty that only dogma can give."

It is stated that the Catholics of New England form 21 per cent, of the population.

UNTOLD MISERY—WHAT A WELL-KNOWN COMMERCIAL TRAVELER SUFFERED AND HOW HE WAS CURED.—GENTLEMEN,—About five years ago I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, and for three years suffered untold misery, from this terrible complaint. I was at that time travelling for Messrs. Walter Woods & Co., Hamilton, and was treated by some of the best physicians in the country, but all to no purpose. I continued to grow worse, one day I was induced to try a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY and to my great surprise and joy, I soon began to improve. I continued using this medicine and when the third bottle was finished, I found I was entirely cured; and as a year has elapsed since then, I feel confident that the cure is complete and permanent. To all afflicted with this distressing complaint I heartily recommend Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY believing that the persistent use of it will cure any case of Dyspepsia.

Signed, T. S. McINTYRE

## The Jesuit.

The Jesuit of fiction is a man of cunning, subtle mind, keen and penetrating, over on the alert to entrap the unwary, ready to take advantage of his fellow-men and subject them to his wily influence and unholy sway. Wholly unscrupulous he stops at nothing that may serve his purpose or promote his schemes for self aggrandizement and sordid gain. Essentially selfish, his aims are necessarily low and mercenary, and all his energies are devoted to the accomplishment of personal ends. With him the end justifies the means, and all means are laudable in his sight which can be used to advance his interests. He seeks only to attain an object regardless of means and methods. He is the creature of circumstances, always watching for the least favorable turn in religion or politics, in order that he may seize the opportunity to carry out his sinister designs. Religion, with him, is only of secondary importance, to be used as a mask to hide his villainy and conceal the infamy of his plans. He courts the favor of the rich and powerful that he may work their discomfiture and ruin. He wins the confidence of the people whom he cajoles into believing that he is their friend and the friend of liberty and popular government, whilst he is their secret and armed enemy and forges the chains to bind and enslave them. In a word, the Jesuit of fiction is a most ignoble character, with whom is associated all that is mean and selfish, vile and degrading, without a single redeeming trait or quality to commend him to the respect and esteem of men. Such is an imperfect outline of his character as described by certain writers whose vile purpose it serves to thus misrepresent and slander the Jesuit.

The Jesuit of fact, as he really exists, is known to be quite a different person. He is a man of meek and humble bearing, who adapts himself to the ways of all, whether great or small, learned or ignorant, his sole aim being to save souls. He is indifferent to the world and its affairs, save in so far as they have reference to and be employed in conducting men to God. As heaven is the end and aim of his acts he avails himself of all human agencies and instrumentalities that aid him in his efforts and facilitate the fruition of his labors. Human knowledge and science he considers useful means, but subordinate to divine truth and super-natural agencies in the attainment of results. Though he does not hesitate to employ the former when they can serve his purpose of inspiring respect and reverence for the latter, yet he mainly relies for success upon humble prayer and the intervention of the divine power, without which all his labors count for nothing. To him science and learning are simply means to an end, intended when rightly employed to conduct the soul to God and lift up the mind and heart to the contemplation of His ennobling qualities and attributes, enlightening the one and purifying the other. Whilst esteeming all things in their order and measure, he sets special value upon nothing except in its bearing upon eternity. It is from this standpoint that he views the world and all that is in it. Wherefore he is ever ready to sacrifice himself for his fellow-beings, counting as of little consequence time, labor, fatigue—nay, life itself—if he only succeeds in winning souls to God.

These are among the distinctive marks of the Jesuit of fact, as he is known from contact and intercourse in his daily ministrations of charity the world over. By these he is recognized as a true disciple and imitator of his divine Master, whose blessed life he reproduces in the zeal and love displayed for souls and the sympathy evinced for suffering in its manifold forms. The Jesuit of fact is therefore a man of high purposes and noble aims, one who has

a lofty conception of duty and tries to realize in his life the maxims which he inculcates to others, whose inspiring principle is found in the grand motto of the warrior saint and founder of the Society of Jesus, Ignatius Loyola: "All for the greatest honor and glory of God."—J. M., in *Church News*.

## Poverty and Early Marriages.

Some curious facts have been brought to light in connection with vital and social statistics. One is that the poorer people are the earlier they marry. The contracting parties perhaps reason, if they reason at all, that they cannot be any worse off than they already are, and that marriage will at least be a change. It is another curious fact that in the poorest classes, where marriages occur at the earliest age there are the most unmarried men. Perhaps the hardship of life in the slums is so great that the women and girls die in greater proportion than the men. One reason for the early marriages is the crowding together of the sexes in the swarming quarters of the poor. The most children are also born among the slum population. They die, however, almost as fast as they are born, so that this class of the population does not increase so rapidly as the well to do class. Higher in the social scale men and women reason more on the subject of marriages. They know that unless they are in possession of a certain income they cannot live in the class in which they have been brought up. They are ambitious to do this, or even to climb higher; therefore marriage is delayed until they have such income. In the case of women, who have not opportunity to earn money as men have, this income may never come at all; therefore in the comparatively well-to-do classes unmarried women are largely in excess. In the upper ranks, too, the birth rate is much lower than among the slum people, but the children that are born do not die at anywhere near so rapid a rate, so that the population of the better classes increases.

## The Truthful Man.

The truthful man makes us think of God. Such a character has the very first element of religion—namely truth. A man of his word might profess that he had no religion; and yet we should doubt him then for the first and only time; for we cannot explain his fidelity except that he is linked in with the Holy One, "with whom it is impossible to lie." When you have spoken, we go away and sleep or eat content; for it will be done. When you have spoken, your wife dismisses her care; for you will come on the hour unless the earth swallows you. When you have spoken, your children cease to question; for father has promised. No matter how high the waves, how dark the storm somehow, when you have spoken, the tempest has ceased, for certainty dawns. God bless you, rare man, whose word is enough! It is no wonder that you are slow to speak, since speech with you means all things. And is it not remarkable that, waiting for you to speak, we know no impatience such as consumes us waiting on other men? We know that your word is worth waiting for. We have a sense of honor, dealing with you, and dare not present an unworthy case. We patiently wait for your word, knowing that you are right and the right will appear to you. Do we not know that spring will follow winter, if we wait?

Would to Heaven this feeble land of truth might stimulate some youth, in fair morning, to aspire to such things.

## Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

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

## LUDWIG ON IRISH MUSIC.

An Interview with the Favorite Baritone  
—Enthusiasm for the Old Songs.

A writer in the London *Star* gives the following account of an interview on Irish music with Mr. William Ludwig, the favorite baritone, whose voice has charmed two hemispheres.

"Here's to the rare old Gaelic song, sung by men of the Gaelic sinew." It was a line from one of Ireland's minor poets that flashed into my mind," an interviewer says, "as I grasped the hand of the well known baritone, who has done so much to popularize the music of his country."

"There has been a good deal of interest aroused in the Irish music of late, has there not, Mr. Ludwig?" I asked.

"Undoubtedly," was the reply, "although the same may be said of national music in more than one country. For instance, in Russia there has been a distinct movement in the way of reviving the old national songs, and in other countries composers are striving to make their works racy of the soil. Dvorak, about whom we have heard so much, has composed music which is distinctly Bohemian in character, and I am inclined to think, though I have no information on the point, that the marked individuality of Mascagni is due to a similar cause. Then, again, the study of folk lore, which is now so keenly taken up everywhere, has brought folk songs into prominence and importance."

"May we assume that there is a distinctively Irish music?"

"There would be no difficulty in proving that. Its characteristics are very marked, and its antiquity is no less certain. The scale as used in old Irish music is the same as that used by the ancient Hebrews, and in other ways it seems to show an eastern origin, or at least a connection with the East in early days. I am told there is a curious similarity between the imagery in many old oriental lullabies and that of Irish lullabies which have come down to us.

"Was there any golden age of Irish music, or can any dates be fixed for its origin and growth?"

"I am afraid not. You see none of it was written down, practically, until the end of the last century. Under the old Breton laws the bards were a very powerful, not to say formidable body, and as far as our great-grandfathers' days every gentleman kept his harper or piper. From time to time singers and musicians met and compared notes, and so a great amount of music was passed about and handed down, but always orally. Bunting, at the end of the eighteenth century, held a sort of congress of all the itinerant and bardic musicians he could gather, and collected from them many of the best known melodies. After him, Petrie deserves praise as the next great collector of Irish airs. He travelled extensively through the land and took down the songs he heard from the lips of the peasantry. Moore's collection of melodies is, of course, well known and very valuable, though, I think, in some cases the airs he wrote his words to have been so conventionalized as to have lost much of their character. Others have followed in the same field, notably Dr. Joyce in our own day."

"But no attempt has been made to identify the exact age of these airs?"

"I am afraid not. Most of the airs are known by particular names, but the names are those of songs that have been written to the airs, and remembered in place of still older songs. That is the case with the Jacobite songs, for instance. An air may be traced back to a particular date—as 'Colleen Oge Asthore,' which is found in the 'Virginal Book' of Queen Elizabeth; but throws no light on how long it existed before. An air like the 'Return from Fingall,' which

tradition asserts was played by the troops marching home from the battle of Clontarf, must be very old indeed."

"I see that Dr. Douglas Hyde, who is doing so much for the recovery of old Irish literature, speaks with regret of many Gaelic songs which have been lost. I suppose that would apply to music as well as words?"

"No; I think not. The Gaelic words would go, owing to the suppression of the native tongue, and the emigration of Gaelic-speaking people; but the airs would remain and be wedded to English words, many, no doubt, being paraphrases of the older Irish songs."

"From what district of Ireland do the songs chiefly come?"

"Well, that is hard to say, because you find the same songs with but little variations in widely separated districts; even songs about local heroes or events give no guarantee that the airs arose in the localities mentioned. Perhaps, on the whole, Munster is the richest in songs. Those from Connaught are fewer, but they are more martial, and stirring character than the rest."

"Do you suppose there remain many songs which have not yet been written down?"

"There must be some—a good many, perhaps, owing to the traditional channels by which all have come to us. In fact, I have quite a number myself which have been given to me by people who have been interested in my concerts. I heard only to-day of an old Munster family who possesses a banshee (the spirit, you know, which comes to sing her caoine around the house when the death of its head takes place; this family possesses the peculiar air which its banshee is said to sing; no words have ever been set to it, and it has never been written down. Irish music, owing to its traditional nature, has many stories attached to it. There is the fairy music which Joyce mentions, the only evidence of the 'good people's' powers that we possess. The story goes that one night some 'boy' was going home very late when he came across some fairies making merry in one of their forts. Their song grew monotonous to him, as it merely consisted of the words (in Gaelic), 'Monday and Tuesday, Monday and Tuesday,' the musical phrase being, moreover, unfinished. The 'boy,' unable to stand it any longer, sang out 'Agus thee kaideen' (and Wednesday) completing the phrase. The 'good people' were delighted, and, after getting him to teach them his addition to their song, sent him home loaded with presents."

"May every composer be as well treated! But that reminds me to ask how your efforts have been appreciated?"

"Please don't put me down as a 'man with a mission.' It is true that I found Irish music and folk songs forgotten and despised, and that I hoped to do something to restore them, but I never set myself to singing songs 'with a moral.' My profession is that of a singer, and one likes to sing things that are a pleasure to oneself. I always loved our old Irish songs, and my experience and that of my friends is that to render them properly requires as much skill and ability as any other music. When I gave my first concert of Irish music, over twelve years ago, my musical friends tried to dissuade me, saying I should ruin myself, and many Irish friends shook their heads over it. But I have found, wherever I have gone, the old Irish music, well rendered, provokes the utmost enthusiasm."

Woman's work is never done. That's the reason she oughtn't to complain. Now a man has to do his work or lose his situation.

Avarice, which too often attends wealth, is a greater evil than any that is found in poverty.—*Fielding*.

## Obituary.

A peculiarly sad event which has cast a gloom over a large circle of friends occurred on Saturday last, by the death at St. Michael's Hospital of Typhoid fever, of F. P. Henry, Barrister at Law and ex-representative of the Separate Schools on the Collegiate Institute Board.

He was a well-known figure in Toronto. Possessing talents above the common he was looked upon as one destined to make his mark in the legal arena, and was fast climbing the ladder leading to the summit of his profession. Cheerful and jovial he was a universal favorite with all classes. Ever ready to take up the cudgels in defence of his friends, Frank, as his acquaintances familiarly called him, was never known to say or do aught that could wound the susceptibilities of any. He was deeply attached to his family and the principle support of his widowed mother.

He was born in the Township of Otonabee, County of Peterborough, in 1862, being 32 years of age at the time of his death. He was educated at the Peterborough Collegiate Institute, taught school for two years, matriculated for Law in 1883, and was called to the Bar in 1889, whereupon he entered into a partnership with his old school-mate, fellow teacher, and student companion J. M. Quinn, under the name of Quinn & Henry, in which he continued to the time of his death.

In politics he was an enthusiastic Conservative, and a leader of the Young Men's Conservative Association, where his voice was often heard. Like a number of other Catholics he cut loose from the party in Ontario matters at the time of its attempt to ride the "Protestant Horse" and to discriminate against members of his faith, and consistently opposed the leaders of that movement since that period.

He leaves a widowed mother, one brother, and two sisters, one of whom being well-known as a leading member of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association and an ex-president of that body. This is the third son that has succumbed to typhoid fever within three years.

The bereaved family, and deceased lifelong friend and partner Mr. Quinn (who himself has just left a bed of severe illness) have the sympathies of all and trust that strength be given them to bear their affliction.

His remains were taken to Peterborough for interment on Monday being followed to the station by a large number of friends.

## Rosa d'Erina.

Rosa d'Erina, plump and rosy and almost as young looking as when she last visited us, sang before a large and fashionable audience in Orient hall, Wolland, on Thursday evening Feb. 1. Mme d'Erina is a gifted and highly educated woman, and it is a treat to hear her. Prof. Vantom is a success as a humorist, has a taking manner, and a sweet tenor voice. His humorous selections were very laughable, and made him a great favorite—especially with the ladies. As a whole the concert was successful and enjoyable. Mme. Rosa d'Erina's playing upon the organ and piano was unusually grand, and was received with enthusiastic applause. The whole program was elevating, instructive, entertaining, and was greatly enjoyed by the audience. After paying all expenses, the two concerts (Wolland and Port Colborne) netted the R. C. Church about \$100.—*Welland Tribune*.

The large and enthusiastic audience that assembled in Matthews' Hall, Port Colborne, on Friday evening Feb. 2, to greet Mme. Rosa d'Erina, after many years of absence, proved that time had not effected from their memories the sweet notes of by-gone days. The rapturous applause that followed every selection was the best evidence that the artist's voice has only improved as years have rolled by. We do not wish to be critic, but if Madame Rosa d'Erina will only permit, we might say that Home, Sweet Home, with the accompanying imitation of The Storm at Sea, was her *chef d'oeuvre* of the evening. Prof. G. R. Vantom proved a valuable assistant. He has a charming tenor voice which he uses to the very best advantage, every selection being performed with ease and grace that many years of study can give. To say that Mme. Rosa d'Erina and Prof. Vantom are to be congratulated upon the success of their programme is but a very mild expression, as the repeated encores demonstrated. We beg to congratulate the congregation of St. Patrick's church on the success of their annual concert. A pleasing feature was the drawing for a solid gold watch. Mr. W. R. Jordan and Dr. McRae were the committee, and Miss Emma Rosch was the fortunate winner of the watch, which was afterwards presented to her by Mme. Rosa d'Erina. Miss Mary Twohey was the winner of a beautiful fancy quilt, made by Mrs. Philip Ryan, the proceeds from which will be applied in payment of a stained glass window which Mrs. Ryan presented to the R. C. Church. *Welland Telegraph*.

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than love.

Sometimes the man steals money; other times, and more frequently, money steals the man.

## Mother Juliana.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one of the devoted Sisters of St. Joseph of this city after a painful illness of some months. Mother Juliana passed to her reward on Monday night, after long suffering. In August last she was appointed Superior of the Convent at St. Catharines, but was obliged to return to Toronto. The dread disease of cancer attacked her, from which there was no escape. With a patience and fortitude which had marked her character in health and with the resignation of a true religious she bore her tedious, trying suffering. Oward, ever onward stole the insidious disease until it so took hold that for the last thirty days of her life she could not eat—the only nourishment she could take was a little water or tea. When death came, it was a happy release and the closing of a life which in its noontide was edifying by her sweet and amiable disposition, and in the evening of its close more charming still by the magnanimity and bravery with which she bore her suffering.

Sister Juliana was born in the township of Adjala, being the daughter of Mr. F. Morrow, and at the time of her death was in the 52nd year of her age. In 1863 she entered the Convent where throughout her many years she gained the love of all who knew her. For three years she was Superior at Port Arthur. When the Sisters were given charge of the Isolation Hospital Mother Juliana was appointed Superior. May her soul rest in peace.

## Oakville.

The lecture and musical vespers held in St. Andrews church on Sunday the 4th inst., was, as we anticipated, a rare treat. The Very Rev. Monsignor McEvay gave an interesting description of the many places through which he travelled in Palatino, and kept the large congregation in wrapt attention to his vivid description of persons and places, his lecture was interspersed with eloquent and at intervals amusing passages, and every one went away pleased and favorably impressed by the words of the learned lecturer. We hope to hear Monsignor McEvay again.

The singing also was of an exceptional order. St. Andrews choir, aided by a few singers from other parts, rendered the psalms in a pleasing manner. In the chorus singing, the powerful alto voice of Miss Maloney, of St. Catharines, was heard to effect. The first solo of the evening, an Ave Maria, was sung by Miss Susie Herson, of Toronto, whose beautiful soprano voice filled the church with sweetest harmony. S. S. Egan, of St. Michael's choir, Toronto, sang the Holy City. This piece was very appropriate after the lecture on Jerusalem and the Holy Land. Mr. Egan possesses a rich baritone voice and rendered his solo creditably. The third soloist was Mr. George Forbes, who also sings baritone. His two solos, an O Salutaris and an Ave Maria, displayed a voice of richness and culture. He is, by the way, a pupil of Signor D'Auria, of Toronto, and casts high credit on that master vocal teacher.

The congregation was very large, all seats in the body of the church and in the gallery being filled, and still a number were obliged to stand. The collection reached nearly forty dollars.—*Oakville Star*.

## Home Rule Fund.

The following are the amounts collected at the Churches on the 4th inst. The names will be published in next week's issue:

St. Michael's Cathedral	\$136 35
St. Mary's Church	111 38
St. Basil's Church	102 00
St. Patrick's Church	150 00
Our Lady of Lourdes	83 75
St. Joseph's, Leasideville	60 00

## For Over Fifty Years.

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

## Advice to Invalids.

Almoxia Wine is the best wine for invalids ever before offered to the public, and is highly recommended by all the medical profession all over the world, is the only wine known to contain natural Salts of Iron produced by nature. On account of the ferruginous soil in which the vines are cultivated. Gianelli & Co., 16 King street west Toronto, sole agents for Canada. Sold by all druggists.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds, and all affections of the throat and lungs.



**A HANDSOME FORTUNE.**

30th st. e. s. of Madison av., No. 18 D;  
Charles J. Clinch and another, executors,  
Ac., to John McKee \$50,000  
30th st., same project; same to same. .... 1

Prosperous enough are these two announcements of every day business transactions, as printed in the N. Y. Herald recently. But behind them are hidden a touching narrative of a rich man's remembrance of the companions with whom he played in the days of his poverty stricken boyhood, and a story showing how, by a touch of Fortune's mighty wand, a struggling clerk was gently assisted up the ladder of wealth until to day he can sign his check for nearly half a million dollars.

The house which was sold is one of a row of handsome brown stone dwellings on the north side of Thirty-ninth street, between Madison and Park avenues. For years it was occupied by the Misses Morrow, elderly spinners, who had played with A. T. Stewart when he had no idea that one day he would be the leading merchant of New York.

When, a few days after Stewart's death, on April 10, 1876, his will was read the following clauses were found:

"And whereas I desire to testify my sincere regard for Sarah Morrow and Rebecca Morrow, now residing at No. 30 East Thirty-ninth street, in the city of New York, the friends of my early years, and at whose father's house I enjoyed in my youth a hospitality and welcome which I cannot forget or repay.

It is therefore my will, and I do direct that my executors shall set apart from my estate a sum sufficient to produce an annuity of \$12,000 in quarter yearly instalments; such sum of money so set apart I give to my executors in trust, to hold, manage, invest and re-invest during the lives of said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow, and until both shall die, and from the income and proceeds thereof to pay over to said Sarah and Rebecca such annuity of \$12,000 in equal shares during their joint lives, and upon the death of either, then to pay the whole of such annuity to the survivor during her life. Such payments to be made in quarterly instalments in advance, and commencing on the day my said will shall be admitted to probate.

Further, I do give to the said Sarah and Rebecca Morrow and to the survivor of them the use during life of the said house and premises now occupied by them, No. 30 East Thirty-ninth street, in the city of New York, together with the furniture, etc., contained therein, free from all taxes, assessments, etc."

Sarah, the elder of the women, was born in 1802, the year in which Stewart first saw the light. Their families were neighbors and the young folks were always together. In fact, before Stewart decided to try his fortune in this country he had become betrothed to "Abby" Morrow, a cousin of Sarah and Rebecca. He did not marry her, however. They came to this country some years afterward, and when Mr. Stewart was at the height of his success as a merchant they found employment in his establishment. They were held more in the light of friends by him, however, than as employes. So when Mr. Stewart learned in 1868 that William E. Dodge wanted to sell the house in East Thirty-ninth street, in which some of his children had been born, he purchased it for \$15,000. He immediately leased it to the sisters for life, at the enormous rental of \$1 a year, he binding himself to attend to all repairs, pay the taxes, and, in fact, assuming all the financial responsibility of the household.

Although they were both past the sixty-nile post on the journey of life, the sisters went to the big dry goods store every day. There they had a nominal supervision over the dress-making department, and as there were no fashionable modistes in the city in

those days and the wealthy women all had their dresses made in Stewart's, the sisters became well known in the world of fashion of those days.

With them in the house were two women servants, and the sisters were often very lonely. One night a burglary occurred in the neighborhood and the next day the Misses Morrow did not appear at their posts in the dry goods store. They had become badly frightened and were nervous and hysterical.

The "old man," as Stewart was termed by his employes, visited them at once. They had always expressed a decided disinclination to men servants, and therefore the merchant was considerably astonished when, entering the house, Sarah said she would never sleep peacefully unless she was assured of some protection.

"Please pick out a good, honest, reliable, unmarried clerk in your store and send him up here to live with us."

There was the finger of fate pointing at some poor young man. When Stewart sat at his desk next morning he was not thinking of business. Whom should he pick out of his three thousand employes to be the protector of the old women was the question which was troubling, and he finally chose a salesman in the white goods department—John McKee, the man to whom the house was transferred.

It wasn't a pleasant task for young John, he told me yesterday. The old ladies were somewhat whimsical, they required much humoring and he was forced to be in the house at eight o'clock every night. He slept in the house for the first time just twenty years ago this month.

He had been there six years when Rebecca, the younger sister, died, leaving all the property to her sister. Sarah survived her for five years, when she, too, died. How young McKee had performed his trust was learned when Sarah's will was read. She had made him her residuary legatee, leaving to him a fortune of nearly \$300,000. The sisters had been frugal, had hoarded their money for John's benefit.

"I felt I was rich then," he said to me yesterday, "and as I had lived in the house eleven years and had become attached to it I thought I could afford to buy it. So I went to Mrs. Stewart and she had Henry Hilton draw up a warranty deed of the house, for which I was to pay her \$15,000, just the price at which Mr. Stewart had bought it.

"Before the time for payment had arrived Mrs. Stewart died and her relatives had begun to contest her will. Mr. Hilton was served with a *lis pendens* and could not sell or dispose of Mrs. Stewart's property. I continued to live in the house, and when, about a year ago, the contest of the will was settled I set about completing the purchase.

"But I found some difficulties in my path, but finally we compromised and Mr. Hilton agreed to give me a warranty deed for \$50,000. It was an immense undertaking to get the signatures of the executors, for they are scattered all over the world—some in Paris, others in London, Boston, Chicago and elsewhere. Ex-Judge Russell attended to that, however, and the deed, with all the signatures, arrived here a week ago.

"I met Mr. Hilton in his office yesterday, and we called on Mr. Russell. Then the deed was recorded and the house, together with the furniture and the pictures, was transferred to me."

To show how careful the old ladies were about the furniture, Mr. McKee removed the covering from a handsome sofa, which had every appearance of being new. "That," he said, "was in the house when Mr. Stewart bought it twenty-six years ago."

Mr. McKee has never married, but he says he has several relatives who will care for his riches when he is gone.

The jewels and gems bequeathed equal in value the money left him.

**Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co.**

**SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.**

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company was held at the Head Office, Toronto, on Thursday, 8th Inst. Among those present were: Messrs George Gooderham, President; William Bell, President of the Bank, and S. F. McKinnon of S. F. McKinnon & Co., Toronto, Vice President; Ald. J. D. Rolland, Montreal; Mr. McClure of Woodstock; Barrister Akers, Toronto; W. H. Storey, Acton; Samuel May, Robert Crean Frederick Nicholls, T. G. Blackstock, H. Lowndes, John Flett, C. D. Warren and A. A. Allen, Toronto; A. E. Bradbury, Ottawa; W. A. Horklus, Peterboro. Mr. George Gooderham was elected chairman and the Managing Director, John F. Ellis, acted as Secretary. The following report was submitted:

The Directors have much pleasure in presenting this, their Seventh Annual Report of the transactions of the Company for the year ending December 31st, 1892.

The amount of new business issued during the year amounts to \$2,400,210, an increase of \$107,900, or nearly 25 per cent, over 1891, and bringing the total amount of insurance in force at 1st January, 1893, of close upon \$9,000,000, (\$8,937,834). This volume of business is far in excess of that secured by the most successful companies at the same time. The Manufacturers' Life has now attained, and is a voucher for popularity and success which should not be overlooked.

The cash income has now reached the handsome sum of \$287,340, being an increase of \$45,522 over 1891; the assets show an increase of \$137,071 and now amount to \$673,733.69.

The death loss for the year has been not only below the average of previous years, but, in consideration of the number of lives exposed and amount of insurance at risk, the continued low death rate of this Company is phenomenal, and is a subject for much interesting discussion amongst our competitors. We have had 25 deaths under 26 policies for a net amount of \$42,300.

In five years the average premiums per \$1000 have increased nearly 50 per cent, showing that our investment policies are, in spite of the keenest competition, growing rapidly in public estimation, while the high character of the continuous volume of new business received daily from all quarters of the Dominion fully attest the zeal and energy of our field force, who are directing every possible effort to secure only the best class of insureds.

Policyholders and Shareholders will also be pleased to know that the profits allocated upon policies of this Company, issued on the five year Distribution Plan, are equal to the profits paid by any other Canadian Company upon policies of the same age and kind whose profits are divided on the same basis.

The books of the Company have been audited monthly and the assets carefully examined by the Auditors and the audit Committee of the Board.

GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.

**Summary of the Financial Statement and Balance Sheet for the Financial year ending Dec. 31, 1892.**

Cash Income	\$ 287,340 00
Expenditure (including death claims, and all payments to policyholders)	156,746 79
Assets	673,733 69
Reserve Fund	492,529 00
Surplus for policyholders	161,593 65

Mr. George Gooderham, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

GENTLEMEN,—I have much pleasure in moving the adoption of the seventh annual report of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company. The company has now been in operation about six years and five months, and I think I am well within the mark in saying that no Canadian life insurance company has been able, within the like time, to present a statement so gratifying and encouraging to policy holders as that you have just heard read. But not only is the position which the company has achieved in the first six years of its existence eminently satisfactory, whether you test it by volume of business in force, premium income, income from investments, death rate or surplus for policyholders, but I have to congratulate you upon the progress the company has made during the year just closed, because that progress indicates that we have weathered the financial storms which every new life insurance company has to encounter during the first years of its being, and that we are now free from anxiety as to the future of the company.

Notwithstanding that the past year has been marked with depression in almost every trade, the amount of new business written by the company amounted to nearly two millions and a half dollars, while in the year 1891 we only wrote about two millions. The gross income for 1892 is \$287,340, being an increase over the prior year of \$45,525. The assets, as you will observe, now amount to the handsome sum of \$673,733, an increase of \$137,071 over 1891. The surplus on Policyholders' Account is \$161,593, being an increase in the net surplus of over \$30,000 during the year.

You will observe at the same time that the interest on investments amounted to \$25,000,

so that we have been able to add all the interest from our investments and \$5,000 from our premium income to our surplus. From this it will appear that we have been able to pay our cost of business, death claims and put up the Government reserve out of our premium income. It does not require much argument to show that if we can succeed, as we hope to do in future years, in adding the whole of our interest income to our surplus we shall soon accumulate a handsome surplus available for the payment of dividends to stockholders and policy holders, the latter of whom are entitled to 80 per cent, according to the charter of the Company.

In conclusion, the directors desire to express their appreciation of the manner in which the manager, secretary and officers generally to the company have discharged their duties during the past year.

On motion of the chairman, seconded by Mr. William Bell, the report as read was adopted: Mr. Bell observing that the chairman's speech having so fully covered the ground there was practically nothing left for him to say. He would, however, remark that considering the straitened state of the money market during the past year, an increase in insurance of almost half a million dollars, as the company was able to show, was surely an indication for its increasing prestige and popularity. He was also glad to say that what increase there had been in the expenditure of the company had not been out of proportion to the volume of new business secured.

Mr. Bell further remarked that with reference to the appointment of Mr. Sterling, who has been connected with the company since its inception as cashier, and who has been promoted to the position of the company's secretary and treasurer, acknowledgment of his services and merits, which in the opinion of the board is well merited, and meets with unanimous approval.

A vote of thanks to the medical directors of the company was moved by Mr. May, seconded by Mr. Fred Nicholls, and suitably replied to by Dr. Strathy, while a similar compliment was paid to the agents of the company, moved by Ald. J. D. Rolland and seconded by Mr. T. D. Warren.

Ald. J. D. Rolland, in moving this vote of thanks to the employes of the company, I may take occasion to say in connection with the company's work in the Province of Quebec that the showing for the year has been most satisfactory.

I am pleased to note that this year's business is half a million in excess of that for 1891. This remarkable progress is largely the work of the agents and the competent staff by which the manager is surrounded. As last year was phenomenally bad for finance and insurance, our success is all the more gratifying, and I hope the future may be as bright. You know that it takes time to get a footing in the Province of Quebec, but when once established you are there for good. The gentlemen who compose this board are so well and favorably known in Montreal and the province generally that their names are a sufficient guarantee of the company's success in that quarter.

Messrs. Townsend and Stephens were appointed auditors for the ensuing year, and the following gentlemen were elected directors: George Gooderham, William Bell, S. F. McKinnon, E. J. Lennox, T. G. Blackstock, R. R. McLellan, A. F. Gault, R. L. Patterson, A. G. McBean, F. Nicholls, Robert Archer, O. D. Mann, J. F. Ellis, W. H. Storey, James Mills, Robert Cronin, A. E. Gooderham, C. D. Warren, Hon. Theodore Davio, Hon. J. A. O'Connell, Samuel May, Henry Lowndes and Ald. J. D. Rolland.

At the close of the shareholder's meeting the directors of the company re-assembled, when Mr. George Gooderham was elected President and Messrs. William Bell and S. F. McKinnon Vice Presidents for the year.

Messrs. Robert Archer, A. F. Gault, Hon. J. A. O'Connell, A. G. McBean, R. R. McLellan, Ald. J. D. Rolland and W. Strachan were appointed a local board for the Province of Quebec.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

"How did you manage it?" Some of the neighbors complained of the noise his exercise made, and I told him about it. Now he thinks it's fun to practice."

"Bobby is attending to his piano lessons very faithfully of late," said that youth's uncle. "Yes," replied his mother, "I don't have any trouble with him about that now."

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E. W. GILLETTS, Toronto

## HIS GRACE AT BARRIE.

Solemn Blessing and Dedication of the New Catholic School.

On Sunday, 4th inst. St. Mary's new schools at Barrie were solemnly blessed and dedicated by His Grace, Archbishop Walsh.

At 10 a. m., and after early Mass, a procession was formed from the church to the new schools. First came the cross-bearer and acolytes, followed in succession by the pupils, numbering over two hundred, the teachers and trustees, and finally the Archbishop, accompanied by Very Rev. Vicar-General McCann, and Very Rev. Dean Egan. During the procession the children sang in excellent style the hymns prescribed by the Ritual for such ceremonies.

After the High Mass, which was sung by Vicar-General McCann, the following address was presented by the trustees to the Archbishop:

To His Grace, the Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE—We, the Board of Trustees of St. Mary's School, beg leave most respectfully to bid you welcome, and to hail you as the distinguished Advocate of Catholic Education.

That we have the beautiful structure just blessed by Your Grace, and placed under the patronage of our Holy Mother the Church, is largely due to your encouraging words, and to the facilities your lenas afforded us, when you granted to us at a nominal rent the picturesque site on which it stands.

We are also indebted to Your Grace's wise judgment for selecting from among your priests, one who takes such a deep interest in and devotes so much time to the school as our esteemed pastor, the Very Rev. Dean Egan does.

We are happy to inform Your Grace, that even in matters pertaining to secular education, our schools rank second to none in this Province, though in them the inculcation of piety and reverence is considered of more importance than training in athletic sports, profane literature or pagan mythology. For this success, credit is due to our highly qualified and devoted teachers. The imparting of a thorough secular, combined with a religious education, has been an object of special solicitude and success with the good sisters of St. Joseph. This is a recognized fact here which their residence of thirty-six years has taught us. The refined deportment so apparent in the female pupils of our schools, is not the result of mere aesthetic culture which rather tends to effeminacy, and can never stand between human selfishness and the gratification of passion. It is based rather on the dictates of conscience, which has its sanction in the recognition of a Divine Law Giver, to whom every rational being is responsible for his acts. Ethical culture may veneer the surface but it cannot penetrate the depths of the human heart; it may teach the proper and becoming, but it cannot implant virtue in the soul. And yet this is the educational system of which the enemies of religion, for such they are, however they may disguise themselves, would deprive us. This is a principle which being part of our lives, should become also a part of the education of our youth. But the Church whose representative you are here to day, is ever jealous of any attempt on the part of secularism to stand between her and the child she has marked with the sign of salvation through baptismal rites. Hence the sacrifice we are willing to make to procure for our youth an education wherein secular knowledge will lean upon and be guided by supernatural faith, and hence Your Grace's presence here to-day to enlighten, to encourage and to bless us.

Daniel Quinlan, chairman; A. W. Beardley, secretary; Emile Sevingy, treasurer. Alexander McCarthy, Peter Kearns, John Oliver, F. N. Warrin, L. J. Erly, Edward Blain, M. J. O'Mlin, Wm. Gullfoyle, Wm. Lawlor, Chas. McGuire.

His Grace, taking up as he went along the different points of the address, delivered a magnificent and most interesting discourse on Christian Education, at the same time complimenting the pastor, the trustees, and the architect, Mr. Kennedy, on the success they had achieved.

The building has four lofty and spacious rooms, is of red brick and is decidedly one of the handsomest schools in the province.

At Vespers, commencing at 7 o'clock in the evening, Vicar-General McCann delivered an eloquent and interesting discourse on the life of St. Paul. The choir was at its best and well sustained its high reputation.

His Grace the Archbishop met all the priests of the Deanery at conference on Monday and, as usual, made the conference instructive, edifying and pleasant. After the conference the Archbishop and clergymen were entertained at dinner by Dean Egan.—Barrie Gazette.

## Guelph.

The pupils of Loretto Academy enjoyed a treat on the afternoon of Friday, 1st inst., the occasion being their annual sleighride. The weather was perfect, and the crisp snow sparkling in the sunlight, the jingling sleigh-bells, the rosy laughing happy loads of school girls, from the little tot enjoying her first outing of this kind to the "children of

a larger" growth, whose bright faces be-tokened a no less keen enjoyment, formed a very pleasing combination, and one which caused the mind of the onlooker to revert almost unconsciously to those lines of the poet "Turn back, turn back, O time," etc. The excursion was accompanied by four of the Ladies of Loretto, and Preston was the point visited.

## St. Alphonsus Club

"I profess not talking; only this, let each man do his best."—HAYAR IV.

A large and critical audience attended the sixth open meeting of the St. Alphonsus Club on Tuesday evening, the 6th instant, and the usual form of entertainment was varied a little, as, instead of the customary lecture, the time so taken up was given to a debate by members of the Club, the subject being: "Resolved, that the time is now opportune for Canada to assert her independence." The fair sex formed a large proportion of the audience and no doubt by their presence stimulated the debaters to put forth their very best efforts. The programme opened with a comic song by Mr. Whitten, who sang "The Maiden and the Lamb" with such effect that he was recalled again and again. Mr. Kirk, who is possessed of a very fine tenor voice, contributed "The Holy City" in a very capable manner, earning a deserved encore. The chairman announced that Messrs. James E. Day and J. G. O'Donoghue would support the affirmative, and Messrs. J. A. Smith and W. T. Lee, the negative. In a few words he introduced the first speaker.

Mr. Day pointed out the very strong position which Canada occupied geographically; he drew attention to the great resources at her command—her minerals, fisheries, climate, etc., etc., and in the short time at his disposal sketched a glowing picture of the happy future before Canada, and in a fervent peroration urged his hearers to be true to their country, and if they were, then Canada could hold her own against the world.

Mr. Lee, the leader of the negative, followed, and asked was it likely that England, after all the blood she had shed for Canada, after all the difficulties she had undergone for Canada's sake, would sit idly by and see Canada slip through her fingers, particularly since the construction of the C.P.R., which, from a military standpoint, was of immense importance to England? What chance could the five millions in Canada have against the sixty-five millions on the other side of the line? He ridiculed the idea that Canada was in a position just now to assert her independence, and quoted figures to prove his contention. He concluded by saying that although he believed and hoped that independence was the ultimate destiny of Canada, yet it was apparent that for the present nothing would be more inopportune than the action proposed in the resolution.

Mr. O'Donoghue drew Mr. Lee's attention to the fact that when the leader of the negative stated that England would never stand idly by and see Canada become independent without making a determined effort to hold her, he had evidently forgotten, or else had never been aware, that the statement had been made on the floor of the House of Commons in England by a member of the Government, that when Canada wanted her independence she could have it. And then, as to the danger of the United States desiring to swallow Canada with her puny five millions, it was ridiculous to be drawing bogies before the eyes of the audience. Nothing was more unlikely. The United States would not annex Hawaii, although that country had been clamoring for annexation. Mr. O'Donoghue compared the position of Canada to day with the position of the United States when the latter country declared for independence, and pointed out the immensely superior position which Canada occupied both as to population and resources. Greswell, in his history of Canada, said that the Dominion of Canada was a perfectly developed colony; and if that be so, then theonus was upon the negative to prove that any good would accrue to Canada by continuing her present dependent state.

Mr. Smith joined issue with the affirmative upon this question. Mr. Edward Blake, in his Durham manifesto, had said that independence was the ideal destiny of Canada, but that it would never be reached. He, the speaker, believed that the affirmative speakers wanted the people of Canada to be living in a fool's paradise. He pointed to the low political morality of the people, and said that the representatives of the people were never of a higher political morality than those whom they represented. He failed to see what Canada could gain by becoming independent. The country in itself was all right, but its occupants needed improvement. Canada had practically been independent for twenty five years, and where was the pressing necessity for asserting her independence now? He derided the effort of Mr. O'Donoghue to place the onus upon the negative to prove what good could be derived by waiting. He said the onus was upon the affirmative to prove the resolution.

Mr. McBrady summed up the arguments, and said that such acumen had been displayed by both sides, such convincing arguments had been used, that he found himself totally unable to give a decision either way, and

must, therefore, declare the debate a draw. (Applause).

Miss Flower contributed a vocal solo, "The Storm King," and response to an encore, "To-Morrow we do," her charming presence no less than her excellent vocalization contributing not a little to the success which she scored. Mr. Piggott convulsed the audience by his imitable rendering of the latest popular song "Ju-Jah."

The next opening meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, February 20th, when Mr. Mulvey, B.A., will deal with "The American Constitution." A fine programme is being arranged.

Rehearsals of the chorus for the Minstrel show are held every Thursday evening. Some pretty and catchy songs have been obtained. Done.

## Ottawa's Subscription.

Following is a list of the Ottawa subscriptions to the Irish parliamentary fund to be presented through the Hon. Edward Blake, M.P.:

William Mackey, \$300; F. B. Hayes, \$200; Father Whelan, Hon. John Costigan, P. A. Egleason, George Goodwin, \$100 each. P. Baskerville, \$50; Chevalier John Heney, \$50; Geo. P. Brophy \$30; Hon. R. W. Scott, Thomas McCabe, J. F. Haurahan, Charles Logue, \$25 each; His Grace the Archbishop, University of Ottawa, Rev. Jas. MacCormac, P. P. Brudenell, R. J. Devlin, T. P. Gorman, W. J. Kennedy, A. K. Devine, ex-Ald. John Casey, Irishman of Bear Brook (per J. D. Grace), Rev. Canon McCarthy, Frank McDougal, John Gorman, D. Gaherty, Carrillon, Home Ruler (per Treasurer), \$10 each.

Rev. J. T. Foley, Dr. Valade, Charles Mohr (Mohr's Corners), A. F. McIntyre, Q. C., Alderman Morris, John Harvey, Arnprior, Wm. Harvey, Arnprior, E. A. Connell, F. R. Latchford, P. D. Ross, J. L. McDougall, R. A. Starrs, Ralph Slaty, Dr. Freeland, Dr. Parnell, J. B. Riley, U. S. consul general Dr. MacCabe, William Kearns, E. P. Stanton, J. P. Brophy, Frank O'Reilly, Mrs. Thomas Martin, W. D. O'Brien, C. J. Higgins, P. Hennigan, ex Ald. Devlin, George O'Keefe, J. C. O'Keefe, John Tierney, Arnprior, a friend (per C. J. H.), Roger Ryan, George Collins, J. L. Dowlin, William Gowan, Ald. A. Maclean, Peter Dunno, W. H. Barry, J. C. Eoright, M. C. MacCormac, James Dalton, Ald. Roger, T. Nolan, Wm. Kehoe, Charles Murphy, J. A. J. McKenna, Father Cole, Wm. Ahearn, Ald. John Gleason, John Ferguson, P. Buckley, John McStravick, Terence Smith, R. Gorman, J. Loughran, M.P.P., Mattawa, Dr. James, \$5 each.

P. Mungovan, Maurice Bennett Dennis Courtney, C. A. Gough, James Plunkett, John Donovan, Miss Hanlon, Richard Tobin, M. Clancy, Patrick Brankin, William Wall, J. M. O'Leary, P. T. Kirwan, D. Macnamara, Hugh Quinn, A. Boucher, M. Kavanagh, A. Power, Q.C., Col. D. A. Macdonald, D. O'Connor, Q.C., George Bailey, Edward Murphy, W. P. Batterton, J. H. Colton, M. McGrath, John Kennedy, J. C. Young, M. Gallagher, J. T. Johns, \$2 each.

Murdoch McRae, D. F. McCarthy, T. McGrail, T. M. Oliver, W. J. Lynch, J. F. Rowan, Benjamin Sulte, Ald. Champagne, C. O. Doucet, G. O'Gorman, J. P. Howard, A. J. O'Reilly, W. Foran, J. Curley, J. Barrett, T. M. Maguire, A. Benoit, J. M. McCaul, Tom Smith, J. A. McCann, M. Monahan, P. Clarke, Charles Smith, James Doyle, W. J. Keenahan, \$1 each; A Friend, M. Galvin, 60 cents each.

## C. M. B. A.

Following is a list of Officers elected to Branch 10, C.M.B.A., St. Catharines, Ont., for the year 1894:

Chancellor, Thos. Durnin; President, M. J. McCarron; 1st Vice President, E. Hartnett; 2d Vice-President, R. H. Cuddon; Rec. Secretary, M. Sullivan; Asst. Secretary, J. E. McCarthy; Fin. Secretary, J. M. Butler; Treasurer, W. J. Flynn; Marshal, R. Kearney; Guard, Wm. Nesbit; Trustees, E. F. Begg, Thos. Durnin, J. J. O'Brien, Robt. Patterson and C. Birmingham; Representative to Grand Council, J. M. Butler; Alternative, to Grand Council, Wm. J. Flynn.

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the following, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Ont., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complaints. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be given in all cases requiring a Cathartic.

Those who trample on the helpless are liable to cringe to the powerful.

Never excuse a wrong action by saying that some one else does the same thing.

The smallest party is big enough for friends; the biggest party is too small for enemies.

The Committee of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution have passed a grant of £1.0 to the parents of young Buncher, of Dunmore, who lost his life in too recent life-boat accident.

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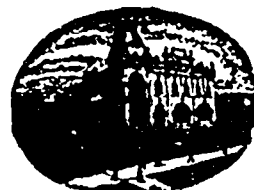
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TELEPHONE 679.

A "Thought Flower."

By FATHER A. J. RYAN.

Silently—shadonly some lives go,  
But the sound of their voices is all unheard,  
Or, if heard at all, 'tis as faint as the flow  
Of beautiful waves which no storm hath stirred.  
Deep lives these,  
As the pearl-strewn seas.  
Slightly and noiselessly some feet tread  
Lone ways on earth, without leaving a mark;  
They move 'mid the living, they pass to the dead,  
As still as the gleam of a star thro' the dark.  
Sweet lives these  
In their strange repose.  
Calmly and slowly some hearts beat,  
And none may know that they beat at all;  
They muffle their music whenever they meet  
A few in a hut or a crowd in a hall.  
Great hearts these  
God only knows!  
Soundlessly—shadonly—such move on,  
Dim as the dream of a child asleep;  
And no one knoweth 'till they are gone,  
How lofty their souls, their hearts how deep;  
Bright souls these—  
God only sees.  
Lonely and hiddenly in the world—  
'Tho' in the world 'tis their lot to stay—  
The tremulous wings of their hearts are furled  
Until they fly from the world away,  
And find our rest  
On "Our Father's" breast,  
Where earth's unknown shall be known the best,  
And hidden hearts shall be brightest blest.

Chats on Books.

In the department of fiction, there are two books which at present are exciting much discussion, and these have a religious basis. It is remarkable that the religious interest has, in spite of all that has been said about modern materialism, floated many books of late. It makes little difference whether the religious element is true or not. So far as the novel goes—and it is the most popular form of literary expression—the spiritual, the supernatural, and the preternatural divide the public taste with the sensual and frivolous.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "Mr. Isaacs" owed its vogue to the theosophical element in it, and "Robert Elamere," after Mr. Gladstone's "boom" had started it, was kept alive by the religious, or, rather, irreligious quality. If Mr. J. O. Heywood's "Lady Mortin" were more human and less controversial and Dr. Barry's "New Antigone" had been "boomed" in the beginning, the present opportunity for exploiting the Catholic view might have been taken advantage of. So far, no Catholic novel has appeared dealing with the religious questions of the time—consequently, the two books most talked about by the more serious readers are General Wallace's "Prince of India" and Marie Corelli's "Barabba."

General Wallace's two volumes appeared late in the summer. A two-volume number is always at a disadvantage with us, though the English will seldom have any other form. And perhaps for the reason that Americans hesitate before attacking a two-volume novel, people seemed long about making up their minds as to "The Prince of India." General Wallace is his own worst rival. And he still remains a man of one book. In the energy and action, the serious sympathy and reverential flavor of "Ben Hur," one for got his slipshod style. In the "Prince of India," where General Wallace appears to write as a scholar, his un-literary methods are apparent.

Eugene Sue and Branger and half a dozen others used the infamous Wandering Jew with various intentions. Even Sue, in his vulgar and tawdry tirade against the Jesuits, never made him more inconsistent than has General Wallace in "The Prince of India." And this because the author of "Ben Hur" had a theory to work out, and all the action of the novel is subordinated to the theory. And this theory is that underneath all forms of religion there is an essence which makes them all worthy of the credence of people of good will. The conclusion seems to be that if the Mohammedan and the Greek and the Catholic agree to discard all that distinguish them, they may

acquire, as a basis for union, a simple theism. In a word, that the world may become united in religion by believing in God and tolerating all other forms of belief.

General Wallace's Wandering Jew shows singular inconsistency. He insulted the Lord of Heaven and earth in the way of sorrows. For this he is condemned to endless earthly journeying. He has felt the power of Christ, and yet he continues, appealing at the same time to God the Father, the fight against Christianity. Those critics who have accused General Wallace of a conscious bias against the Catholic Church are mistaken. And the plea for Buddhism put into the mouth of the prince is not the author's personal plea. It is a good sign that even so popular an author as Wallace can assume, without apology, that the rosary and reverence for the Mother of God are not in themselves bad. If General Wallace's studies in theology were as serious and as thorough as his reading in other lines, and he had the art of compression, "The Prince of India" would rank beside his own "Ben Hur" and Wiseman's "Fabiola."

The other book with the religious theme is Marie Corelli's "Barabba." Marie Corelli is supposed to be the favorite novelist of Queen Victoria. She is a daughter of George MacDonald, whose "goody goody" novels were much in demand some time ago. These two circumstances and the undeniable fact that religious novels are in demand—there is even talk of a series of religious plays—have given "Barabba" a vogue which it does not deserve. It is irreverent, flippant, superficial, ignorant. Marie Corelli, to quote the London Graphic, may be compared to an advertiser who would post his bills at the foot of Calvary! MAURICE FRANCOIS EGAN.

Angels of the Battle Field

At the outbreak of the civil war in America, Archbishop Hughes of New York tendered to the United States authorities the services of one hundred Sisters of Charity for the military hospitals. This generous offer was politely refused, and the whole company of young ladies from Boston, Philadelphia and other centres of culture and fashion, assumed the red cross and donned the serge habit of the Order of Patriotic Nurses.

But the battle of Bull Run crowded the ambulances, and town halls and private residences were made to serve as hospitals.

The cultured ladies soon tired of the work, or neglected the poor, common soldier to bestow all attention on the duds officer.

However it happened, certain it is that Lincoln telegraphed Archbishop Hughes to send on two hundred Sisters of Charity.

After the fight at Antietam, old Abe wrote personally and thanked the archbishop, and beg that his grace would send not only two hundred, but two thousand, if it were possible to find so many angels on the earth.

Prince Edward, son to Prince Alexander Schoenturg, and a Major in the Austrian Hussars, has sought admission to the Benedictine Monastery at Prague as a novice. This gallant young nobleman, who is but in his thirtieth year, is not the first by any means who has unbuckled the sword to put on the humble cowl. His father is Vice-President of the Upper House of the Vienna Reichsrath.

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

Address and Presentation.

Sunday, 28th January being our worthy and esteemed pastor, Father Connolly's last Sunday at Downeyville in his ministerial capacity as parish priest, a large congregation was present at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

In his farewell discourse Father Connolly briefly reviewed the work of his fourteen years ministry in the parish. He congratulated the congregation on their material progress, as proof of which he referred to the splendid edifice which their hearty cooperation and generosity had enabled him to erect, and which would stand for generations to come as a monumental evidence of their zeal and piety, and of the respect in which all true Catholics hold their clergy.

He then thanked the people very cordially for the obedience, respect, and kindness accorded him while amongst them; exhorted them to persevere unto the end in the practice of their holy religion; assured them that though separated in person they would be together in spirit and hoped that at the last day they would again be united in a better world. His broken words of farewell and the suppressed murmur of the congregation gave silent but unmistakable evidence of the kind feeling and true harmony existing between priest and people.

On the following Wednesday evening a large number of the parishioners waited on Father Connolly at the Presbytery and presented him with a Silver Water Service and Marble Clock, accompanied by the following address:

Downeyville, Ont., 31st Jan., 1894.

Rev. M. E. Connolly, Parish Priest of Emily.

DEARLY BELOVED PASTOR—It is with heartfelt sorrow and deep regret that we, the members of the congregation of the Parish of Emily, have assembled here this evening to extend to you our farewell wishes and bid you good-bye.

Before doing so, we deem the occasion a fitting one to give expression to our appreciation of the zeal and ability with which you have ministered both to our spiritual and temporal welfare. Since your appointment to our parish fourteen years ago, a magnificent presbytery has been erected and paid for, a choir has been organized, many necessities for the proper and becoming discharge of your sacred office provided and steps taken for the complete overhauling and thorough repair of our church. These evidences, dear Father, of your untiring energy and steady zeal together with your ever ready sympathy, your patience, and affability to all, have won for you a place in our hearts which time cannot efface nor distance sever.

Permit us then, dear pastor, to bear testimony to the harmony which has ever existed between us, and to express to you our sincere gratitude for the loving care with which you have ministered to our wants, in token of which we desire you to accept this water service and clock, which we present to you on behalf of the congregation that we represent.

In conclusion, dearly beloved pastor, we assure you that while our parting with you is one of profound sorrow to us, we rejoice that our venerable Lord Bishop has appointed you to a parish in every way superior to our own. That it may please Almighty God to guard and guide you in this life, to number you among the chosen ones hereafter and to spare you many long and happy years to our brethren of Campbellford is the fervent prayer and farewell wish of the Congregation of the Parish of Emily. Signed,  
DENIS SCULLY, CORNELIUS F. FLYNN,  
WILLIAM LEHANE, JAMES O'BRIEN,  
WILLIAM MURRAY, CHARLES LUCAS,  
JOSEPH LUCAS, HENRY MATHEWS,

In reply Father Connolly thanked them most sincerely for their handsome present and the many kind things it had pleased them to say of him. He assured them that their beautiful clock would constantly remind him of the happy hours spent in their midst. It was a source of much gratification to him to carry away such substantial evidence of their love and esteem. He trusted a like love and obedience would be accorded his successor, and that God's blessing would be upon them always.

After a few appropriate remarks by several of the gentlemen present, the assembly bade Father Connolly a kind farewell and returned to their homes.

League of the Cross,

St. Paul's Sodality of the above League hold its regular business meeting on last Sunday. Mr. R. J. Wallbridge 1st Vice-President in the chair. The total abstinence pledge was administered to two young men by the Rev. Father Hand who addressed a few words of advice and encouragement to the members. An excellent programme of music singing and reading followed and was much enjoyed. Next Sunday afternoon the Rev. Father Reddin will deliver an address at 3.30. All the men of the parish are invited.

To remember—to forget! Alas, this is what makes us young and old.  
He who can suppress a moment's anger may suppress a day of sorrow.

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1894.

### Calendar for the Week.

Feb. 15—S. Martina, Virgin and Martyr.  
16—Ember Day, the Lance and Nails.  
17—Ember Day, S. Hyginus, Pope  
and Martyr.  
18—Second Sunday of Lent.  
19—S. Titus, Bishop and Confessor.  
20—S. Cyril of Alexandria, Bishop,  
Confessor and Doctor.  
21—The Seven Founders.

### The Mail's Test Case.

A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Of this we were forcibly reminded at seeing the *Mail* calling attention to the action of the *Canada Recue* against the Archbishop of Montreal, and which it is pleased to consider a "test case" and a "remarkable trial." The article in question appeared in the issue of Ash-Wednesday, and was a kind of leader for Lent. Certainly it was very reasonable. Besides being as weak in argument as the fare of a fast day, it showed signs of compunction and salutary fear, and was decidedly a work of penance imposed upon its readers. Penance it must be; for they surely can find no pleasure in any of the diatribes against the hierarchy which appear so regularly in our contemporary's columns.

"F years," says the *Mail*. "the Archbishops and Bishops of Quebec have claimed and have exercised the right to denounce such publications as they have thought to be unsuitable for Roman Catholic readers." What is remarkable in such a claim? The very name of bishop signifies a right of this kind. The jurisdiction they have received imposes the very grave obligation of feeding, and not poisoning, those entrusted to their care; and of guarding the flock against wolves as well as against those who would not enter by the door. Is the exercise of this claim peculiar to the prelates of any country? The *Mail* knows that if it publishes treason, a power, not ecclesiastical, would very soon suppress it. We need not go beyond our own city to find an example of the suppression of a paper by the civil power. Oh, that was because it published immoral stories—that is all right. Such is the stereotyped reply. It just depends upon whose ox is gored. For a paper in a Catholic community like Quebec to brand all priests and warn the laity by vile suggestions and suspicions, is a most scandalous line to pursue. Yet this is what the *Canada Recue* did. Was the Archbishop of Montreal to be silent under such accusation? As chief pastor his Grace was bound in all honor to repel the base insinuation, and protect the laity from attacks which were as dangerous as they were covert and cruel.

There is another view of the case. A bishop is guardian and judge of the

sacraments, and as such is bound to decide to whom these sacraments are to be administered. By this divinely appointed power, liberty is not imprisoned, but license is prevented. To put it in the words of an eloquent Archbishop: this discipline gives the Catholic laity liberty without licence and authority without despotism. Our Protestant critics are always self-contradictory. When our prelates strive to maintain discipline, they are accused of tyranny; and when they do not, they are accused of laxity. If, therefore, the Archbishop of Montreal forbids his people, "under the penalty of refusal of the sacrament, to print, to place, or keep on deposit, to sell, distribute, read, receive or keep in their possession these two dangerous and unhealthy sheets, to co-operate, or to encourage them in any manner whatever, his Grace is only doing his duty—withholding the sacraments from the unworthy, and defending the innocent from contamination. The *Courier du Canada* was right in claiming the case to be the case of the laity, for "what is assailed in this scandalous suit, what is aimed at, and what should triumph, and will triumph no matter what happens, is the spiritual authority, the inviolability of the conscience and Catholic liberty." Whose else would it be but that of the laity? If, at critical periods, the clergy are attacked—being accused either of tyranny in the exercise of their duty or immorality in their private life—then the honor of the laity is at stake. And as long as the newspapers leave these matters alone—which by no means fall within their province—they will not have anything to complain of. But as they have no authority, either divine or human, to sit in judgment upon Archbishops and Bishops, it is not the papers that are aggrieved, but the prelates, when slander and calumny are given to the public with a sneer and an insinuation which leaves more unsaid than is expressed.

To what extent is the case in print a test? If the Courts support the newspaper are we to look for an action "The *Mail* vs. The Archbishop of Kingston?" Or are we to expect that Archbishops and Bishops will sit quiet while the *Mail* in Toronto and the *Canada Recue* in Montreal condemn our clergy, ridicule our religion and calumniate both. Not at all. Archbishops and Bishops will have to do then as they did before—warn their people, and forbid them to drink of poisoned waters. And if they have to suffer prison and persecution for it, they will do so—nor will it be the first time that they have gone to gaol for the fulfilment of their duty. If the press will but attend to its own work, and cease pandering to a morbid desire for what is dangerous, and to that prejudice and bigotry which are slowly dying away, it will find no better friends or stronger champions than the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church.

### The President of the P.P.A.

The *Huntsville Forester* gives the following brief but instructive chapter in the life of Mr. Madill. "Rev. J. C. Madill, at one time stage driver between Huntsville and Burk's Falls, has been elected Grand Master of the P.P.A. Grand Lodge. The position is just about Jim's size."

### Transubstantiation.

The *Evangelical Churchman*, in its number of January the 11th tries hard to evade the arguments with which we have hitherto supported Catholic teaching on Transubstantiation. As for this production, we shall accept it, with all due courtesy, as a frank acknowledgment of its impotency to reply to the Scriptural and Patristical texts introduced in favor of the "Real Presence."

The old story of escaping by the back doors and dark staircases of side issues, with which we are usually regaled in similar questions, is well exemplified in our contemporary's issue. A quotation from Cajetan recalls Augsburg, which, in course of time, resuscitates the ghost of Luther and his appreciation of the great Cardinal. Then follow the old spectres of Fisher and De Such to swell this train of "airy nothingness," and the procession winds up with Bellarmine's sanguinary methods of treating heretics—which last has been evidently suggested to vindicate the P.P.A. and palliate its methods.

Why all this? What has Luther's presence at Augsburg or Cajetan's knowledge of Hebrew to do with Transubstantiation? Shall we consider Bellarmine's effete methods as an opposing argument to his unanswered proofs of Catholic doctrine? These are no answers; nor shall we acknowledge them as aught but a Shylock reply of: "Well, we're not bound to please you with an answer," so here are some side issues. The arguments deduced from the Sacred text and ratified by the constant practice of early Christianity, as manifested in the writings of the Fathers, still remain unchallenged, and no belted evangelical knight has as yet removed the gauntlet with which the armoury of Christian antiquity has furnished our Catholic belief.

The words of the Institution (Math. 26; Mark 14; Luke 22; and I. Cor. 11), whether they be taken from the early Greek or Latin versions, or from our English translations, orthodox or heterodox, can have no other sense and bears no other interpretation than the literal one which we ascribe to them. When St. Paul asserts that "he who eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Body of the Lord;" by what misshapen device of a sick imagination can such words be distorted into: "Not discerning the symbol of the Lord's Body." St. Paul has never intimated in any one of his epistles the desire that future "reformers" should interpret his words metaphorically. What he said he meant to be taken literally as signifying a real body and not a symbolical phantom. St. Luke, his disciple, if possible, is still clearer. His language not only testifies to the doctrine of the "Real Presence," but renders the admission of a contrary belief groundless and absurd. When he then repeats: "This is My Body, which is given for you, and this is My Blood, which shall be shed for you," by what rule of Biblical Hermeneutics are Protestants warranted in changing the words into: "This is bread, the

figure of My Body, and this wine is the figure of My Blood?"

Was it a loaf of bread that was offered on the cross? Was it a mere figurative body, as the Manicheans pretended, that was crucified by the Jews and pierced by the lance of Longinus? Or rather was it not the real body that was fashioned in the Virgin's womb, that lay on the straw of Bethlehem's stable, that wept tears of sorrow over the tomb of Lazarus and spoke words of consolation over Mary's repentance, that was subjected to the spits and smites of the Jews, and to the biting, lead-tipped thongs of the Roman soldiery? In a word was it not the living, moving, palpitating mass of warm flesh and blood—the body of a Man-God, that was crucified for the sins of the people?

It is this same body, which was crucified, that now, according to the doctrine of St. Paul, is really and substantially present under the Eucharistic species.

### Text-books in Education.

One of the thorns in the side of the Minister of Education is the question of text-books. It is not peculiar to one minister rather than to another, but is the result of the system. It grows with the system. But the means of supplying text-books, of writing and publishing them, increases much faster than the number of schools and scholars. When, therefore, those engaged in the book trade find the market getting dull they look elsewhere. And nothing is more natural than that they should turn to what would make a very considerable increase in their revenue. They do so with all the selfishness of money, without much regard to principle or much consideration for others. Force these Catholics to take our books—what right have they to separate text-books? Is it not enough that they should have Separate Schools? The schools are built with our money, and the teachers paid in the same way—but the books would be so much more for the little coterie of writers, publishers and agents. This is the origin, but what would be the result? Just about the same as if the *Mail* were the only newspaper allowed amongst a Catholic people. When in arithmetical problems bigotry asserts itself—when even the pure atmosphere of mathematics becomes tainted, we can look with alarm upon the general subjects such as history, and extracts for reading.

Separate Schools must ever be realistic—not merely separate in name, but in reality. Their function is twofold—to carry the torch of religion in the various walks of education, and to render efficient the training of the young in all subjects. To effect these, no more important means is needed than good text-books—Catholic and thorough. We can have them and should have them; but let us see that they are Catholic, despite all public clamoring, come from whatever quarter it may.

The Parish Councils bill passed its third reading in the House of Lords on Tuesday. The bill was greatly mutilated by the amendments made to it in the Upper House.

### Why am I a Churchman?

The *Winnipeg Tribune*, in the Christmas number, had in large, attractive type a manifesto, issued by the Rev. Canon O'Meara, M.A., in which many reasons are given why the Rev. Canon and everybody else should belong to the Church of England. Mr. O'Meara seems to have a little vein of the Catholic blood of, probably, his father still coursing through his reverential system. The greater portion of his *Apologia Vitæ* could as well apply to the sincere and practical member of the One True Church.

The Canon says: "I am a churchman because the Church of England is Scriptural." Is not the one true church Scriptural? Has not the one true church given to the world the holy Bible, and guaranteed its authenticity and divine inspiration? Has not the one true Catholic Church saved the Scriptures from annihilation, and handed them down to us in all their integrity? Every thing said and done in the Catholic Church is taken from Scripture or authorized Biblical authority. If it be Scripture Mr. O'Meara requires, he, or his respected Catholic ancestor, might just as well, if not more logically, have remained in the Ark, and not have slipped out into the deluge of Protestantism to be tossed about and wrecked by every wind of doctrine.

The Rev. Canon further on says he is a Church of England man, because he believes it to be an Apostolic Church. Is not the one true Church Apostolic? Have we not St. Peter, the head and chief of the Apostles, still governing us in the person of his successor in direct line as he has always governed it, and shall for ever, in the name and by the authority of Him—who said to him: "Peter, lovest thou Me?" "Lord, thou knowest that I love Thee." Then said Jesus, "Feed my lambs, feed my sheep. I give thee charge over the whole flock. I give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven. Thy faith shall never fail; and all days shall I be with thee till the consummation of time, till the end of the world."

If Peter still lives in his successor, the Church he rules over must surely be Apostolic. Then why did the Canon, or his venerable ancestor, get out of the Ark—why leave the fold where alone wholesome pasture, may be found? Are we not told there should be but one fold and one shepherd?

The venerable Canon says: "It seems to me unquestionable that the British Church, which had its bishops and missionary work long before the Roman mission under Augustine began—it seems, I say, unquestionable that the British Church had a continuous line of organization, reaching back to Asia Minor, and so resting upon apostolic foundation." Is the Canon quite sure of all this? Religious belief should rest upon truth and on certainties. There is not Faith where there is hesitancy or doubt. The historian would be laughed at who would say gravely: "It seems to me unquestionable that a battle once was fought at Waterloo, or that Canada at one time belonged to the French."

Why go all the way to Asia Minor?

Could not Christianity have reached the coasts of Great Britain with the Roman Emperor's army, that was in great part composed of early zealous Christians. During three hundred years of Roman occupation Roman armies were encamped in the very heart of Britain. Is it unreasonable to suppose that many of those, either sick or wounded, or mustered out of the service, remained in England, and were intermarried with ladies of British or French origin?

It is very certain, and an undeniable fact of history, that the first British Christian King, Lucius, sent letters to Pope Elutherius, requesting his Holiness to send missionaries to Britain, who would rouse the Faith and correct the morals of his people. Pope Elutherius did not live in Asia Minor. It is also a matter of history that, in the Council of Arles, held under Pope Sylvester in the time of Constantine the Great, three Catholic Bishops of British origin and residence were present by invitation of his Holiness, and paid due submission to his authority as Head of the Church and Vicar of Christ.

The kings and princes of Saxon origin were no less attached to the Roman See, and submissive to Papal authority, than the Kings and Bishops of the ancient British Church. We are informed by reliable English historians that Kings Ina, Coadwalla, Offa, Sirio, Earlduf and Ethelwulf, besides Canute the Dane, and Queens Frythogith and Ethelburga, crossed over the Alps to pay homage to the Holy Father. The Venerable Bede says that Kings Egbert and Oswy "sent presents to the Apostolic Pope, and many presents of gold and silver."

If Canon O'Meara's new church has broken away from loving obedience to St. Peter's successor, there is proof positive that it is no longer an Apostolic church, having neither Apostolic continuity, nor Apostolic succession, nor Apostolic jurisdiction. Its only possibility of being an Apostolic church would consist in the possibility of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth being commissioned by the Apostles, or being fit persons to associate with the Apostles. Neither is Canon O'Meara very happy in his proofs of the Church of England being Catholic. He says she is Catholic in her presentation, in due order, of the entirety of Christian truth. Why, then, did she do what Orangemen have been accusing the Minister of Education of doing, viz.: of mutilating the Word of God? She changed many words of holy Scripture, and interpolated passages to suit the whims of English monarchs, besides tearing out the Book of Tobias, because it said "prayer with fasting is better than to lay up treasures of gold," and leaving out the Book of Macchabees, because it teaches that it is "a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead."

She is not Catholic as to time, for she first had existence with a cruel despotic and libidinous King. Nor as to place, because she exists nowhere except in one or two churches in England; nor as to doctrine, because she does not teach the necessity of self-denial, or of doing penance, or of partaking of the Bread of Life as insti-

tuted at the Last Supper, or of Matrimony, Holy Orders and Extremo Unction being regarded as Sacraments of the New Law, established by Christ for the conferring of grace and the salvation of souls.

The venerable Canon very wisely omits to claim the crowning mark of the True Church—"Sanctity"—as belonging to the Church of England. Her founders, Henry and Elizabeth, were far from being Saints. Her doctrines of self-indulgence, self-government, self-sufficiency, are so diametrically opposed to the Christian teachings of self-sacrifice, humility, faith, love and obedience so characteristic of sanctity that it would be utterly impossible for the Canon to put forward the most meagre pretension to that note or mark so clearly intimated by St. Paul saying that "Christ sanctified His Church, that He might present to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, but that she should be holy and without blemish."

### Dr. Wolff.

The Catholic press of the United States has lost one of its most noble members by the death on the 30th ult. of Dr. Wolff, the venerable editor of the *Philadelphia Standard*. There are few, if any, journals upon this continent which approach so nearly the character of a typical Catholic weekly as that which Dr. Wolff conducted with learning and taste from 1872. Charitable in the defence of truth, loyal to authority, uncontentious, studious and cultured Dr. Wolff brought to his work the elements of success, and has left behind him a monument which bespeaks his virtues, his learning and his zeal. As was said by the priest who delivered his funeral oration: "He was a leader among leaders, most admired and prized by those most capable of judging. His writings were characterized by a scrupulous adherence to truth, a gentlemanly regard for the feelings of others, a careful abstaining from subjects apt to stir up a crimonicus controversies, an enthusiastic devotion to the sacred cause of religion."

George Dering Wolff, LL.D., was born at Martinsburg, W. Virginia, August 25, 1822, and was the son of a clergyman, who for some time was professor of theology in the German Reformed Seminary at Mercersburg, Penn. The young man after graduating at Marshall College where he was educated, studied law and was admitted to the Bar. He soon gave up his profession and entered the ministry, becoming a clergyman of the German Reformed Church. His first charge was in Ohio which he changed for one at Norristown, Penn., which he also resigned for the Principalship of Norristown High School. During these years he was an active spirit in the Mercersburg movement—akin to the Tractarian movement in England. He followed the steps of many an other kindred spirit by becoming a Catholic in 1871. The following year he took charge of the *Catholic Standard*. He was also associate editor of, and frequent contributor to, the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.

In September last he was suddenly stricken down; but he rallied and apparently recovered. It was a delusive hope. Although he was able to be about his work until a week before his death, his health was gone never to return. On Jan. 28th a serious change set in, and he sank until death came to his relief a few days afterwards. Conscious to the last, receiving the holy rites of the Church his end like his life, was peaceful and serene. In him the Church has lost a devoted and useful son. May his soul rest in peace!

### Archbishop Walsh.

The banquet given by Mr. H. Ryan to the Hon. Edward Blake on the 6th inst., was most brilliant and enjoyable in every respect. In no respect was it more distinguished than by the eloquent and timely remarks from his Grace the Archbishop in responding to the toast of his health. His Grace thanked Mr. Ryan and expressed his pleasure at being present to show his admiration for, and give encouragement to, Mr. Blake, the guest of the evening. He, the Archbishop, was Irish in birth, in sentiment and in ties which never could be broken; but he was also Canadian for forty of the best years of his life were spent in this young country. During that time he had always labored not only for the spiritual welfare of those to whom he was directly called but also for the social advantage of all classes. He had striven during all these years to impress upon all classes mutual respect. While we worship, each one at his own altar according to the dictates of his conscience, let us meet together for the one purpose of building up our common country. It is the country of our adoption, if not of our birth,—and it enjoys the greatest freedom in the world. Let us strive and strive together to build it up into a great nation. "This," said his Grace, "I have in my own sphere labored to do with the one conviction that it is to be done by mutual respect and common endeavor. 'glory to God in the highest and peace to men of good will' has been my motto which to the best of my ability I have carried into practice."

These are timely words—and more than timely. They not only express the life of the revered prelate who uttered them; they are not only his advice to his people, they contain the only sentiment of salvation for this young, struggling Dominion. Well, therefore, is it that they should pass beyond the four hospitable walls within which they were uttered, and sink into the heart of every patriot who in a more humble sphere may labor for the end which generations of his people will bear evidence has been the conscientious and effective life work of his Grace, Archbishop Walsh.

### Mr. Pope's Pamphlet.

"Anglican Claims in the Light of History" in reply to a lecture on "Roman Methods of Controversy," by the Rev. W. J. Muckleston, M. A., is the title of a paper read before the Catholic Truth Society of Ottawa in May last by Mr. Joseph Pope. It is a brief, but able treatise, written in a spirit of charity, and bearing the impress of candour and truth. It discusses Apostolic succession in the Anglican communion, the relations of the early British Church to the Roman See, and the claims of the present English establishment to continuity with the ancient Church of England. These are questions which, in late years, have given rise to much controversy and long and patient historical research. To those lacking time for the perusal of longer works, Mr. Pope's unpretentious essay will prove most interesting and instructive. Drawing all his evidence from Protestant sources, he leads his readers irresistably on to the conclusions that Anglican Orders are of somewhat worse than doubtful validity; that from the earliest times down to the Reformation England was, in spiritual matters, subject to the Roman Pontiff; and that the claims to continuity with the Ancient Church are wholly visionary and destitute of historical basis. This is enough to say on the work here. It is issued in pamphlet form by the Catholic Truth Society, can be had at a nominal cost, and should be read by all Catholics, also by all Protestants who are anxious or willing to learn the truth on questions, to them, of vital importance.

Weekly Retrospect.

Charity and pity are twin sisters, they go hand in hand dispensing their good gifts among the poor and suffering. In this progressive latter end of the 19th century, when all are striving for his or her social position, we must not forget to cultivate them, and devote a little of our time to good works. Visiting the sick may not always be pleasant to one's refined tastes especially, when they are in poor and uncomfortable quarters. We do not mean the visiting of friends, who are indisposed living in the fashionable part of Jarvis street or Rosedale, but those who have never had any luxuries in life, and whose lives have been spent in pain and toil, striving to keep the wolf away, and now broken down, they are helpless invalids, doomed to spend the rest of their lives in hopeless suffering. We hardly know what good we can do, till we try. Let us bring cheerful sunny faces into these sick rooms, a few gentle smooths of the pillow may do much to show the poor sufferers, there is still a little waft of the air of Paradise in this world. "Heroic Charity in Worldly Garb," in *Donohoe's Magazine* for February tells of the good work a lady in the city of Lyons has been doing for the past fifty years. At the early age of twenty three she was left a widow and childless. She almost sank under her heavy affliction, but she was fortunately possessed with deep religious feelings and a great deal of energy. After the first outbreak of grief, she roused herself and looked round to see if there was anything worth living for in the world, at last, "she chose the poor, the helpless, and the afflicted. From that day she lived only for them, seeking them out wherever they most needed her help." One of her first experiences, and that which outlined her future career was nursing a poor woman afflicted with a loathsome disease, she at once attended to the cleansing of the person and the surroundings of this poor creature. It was said "day after day she returned to this nauseating task, bringing with her strengthening food and soothing liniments, and dressing with a mother's care the sores which covered the poor sufferer from head to foot. When the end was near, the priest, who came to administer the last sacraments, found it almost impossible to bear the stench. By way of encouraging him, the heroic woman sat on the bed and supported the dying woman in her arms."

This led Madame Garnier, for such was her name to enquire into the sad condition of persons thus afflicted, and bereft of all comforts. So many cases considered incurable, the hospitals would not take them in; the refuges for them were overcrowded, and few cared to even approach them unless absolutely necessary. This touched this brave woman, who determined to bring her patients to her house and nurse them with her own hands, and endeavor to get women of courage like herself to assist her in this charitable work.

She succeeded in her undertaking. "One after another generous soul whom sorrow had touched and opened to pity, gathered round her and boldly took their part in the blessed work, some choosing to dwell with her, but most continuing to live amid their habitual surroundings. And from this, the charitable work of this lady grew to such large proportions, that it became necessary to build a regular hospital for the increasing number of patients. From Lyons it spread to other cities and in 1874 it was inaugurated in Paris, here five "noble hearted" ladies commenced the work, before the elapse of the year, 240 others had joined them. "The work has developed rapidly yet silently, little known even in the great city of which it is the ornament.

There is nothing to distinguish these good ladies from others living in the world. They only devote a certain

part of the week to their social duties, the rest is given to poor suffering humanity. This is the work of the "Ladies of Calvary," as this association is called. They not only bring comfort and sunshine to the sick-bed, but many a poor doubting soul is brought back to its faith, and taught to bear its pain with the patience taught by the Divine Sufferer of Calvary.

There are so many young girls growing up among us, who are no doubt very clever at fancy work and do a great deal of that sort of thing, until every drawing room, one enters now a days seems overcrowded, you go stumbling over beautiful ottomans and footstools in the dim uncertain light which "my daughter worked when at school." Is it not time the daughters were taught to do a little of the work, the example of which has been set by Madame Garnier? We are not a bit more tenderly reared here in Toronto, than those good ladies in far away France. True there are some who have the spirit and the will, and who do what they can in alleviating the sufferings of the poor and sick, but these are so few, and every year the numbers are growing less. There is a visiting society in Toronto for the hospitals, but by degrees many have dropped out and now the work is left to comparatively few. This Society does good not only in cheering the patients, but many would have died without receiving the last Sacraments of Holy Church, if it had not been for these good ladies. We hope the Catholic ladies of Toronto, especially our young ladies may yet be inspired with a little of the spirit of the "Ladies of Calvary," and show a little more of that true charity and mercy which inspired the early Christians, surely Society is not so selfish, that it demands all their time. Nothing would please our good Archbishop more than to see the young people of his flock take a greater interest in all these good works, and this one of visiting the sick and making their sufferings more easily borne is one of the greatest.

**Cardinal Cullen and the Goat.**

Cardinal Cullen used to tell of the following conversation, which took place between him and a country boy:

The Cardinal—"Were you at Mass to-day, my boy?"

The Boy—"No, your riverence, I wasn't."

The Cardinal—"Why not?"

The Boy—"Because I was howlding the goat."

The Cardinal—"Were you at Mass last Sunday?"

The Boy—"No, I wasn't your riverence."

The Cardinal—"Tell me, do you ever go to Mass at all?"

The Boy—"No, I don't. Don't I tell you I do be howlding the goat."

The Cardinal—"But couldn't you sometimes get some one else to hold the goat for you?"

The Boy—"No, your riverence, I couldn't. You don't know that goat. The devil couldn't howld that goat; you couldn't howld that goat yourself."

**Wit and Humor.**

"Zawley was at the club last night."

"Was he? Did he talk?" "Yes," "What about?" "About half the night."


Starter—"I met a man this morning who said I looked like you." Smartly—"Tell me who he is, and I'll go and knock him down." Starter—"I did that myself."

Young Widow—"Oh, yes, he told me he could not love me when I was old." The Other—"How could you have married him after that?" Y. W.—"Oh, I was eighteen and he was seventy-five, you see."

In a boarding-house—Smith—"Where is the knife with this pie?" Landlady (loftily) "We never furnish a knife with pie here."

Smith—(unashamed)—"Well, gimme the axe, then."

Ethel—"How did he make all his money?" Charlie—"Smoking! He was the greatest smoker in America." Ethel—"Nonsense, Charlie; you can't make money by smoking." Charlie—"He did. He smoked hams."




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**ALE**  
AND  
**STOUT**

EIGHT MEDALS,  
TEN DIPLOMAS.

The most wholesome of beverages.  
Always the same, sound and palatable.  
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EUGENE O'KEEFE, Esq., Vice President.  
JOHN FOY, Esq. WM. T. KIELY, Esq. EDWARD STOCK, Esq.  
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JAMES MASON, Manager.



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XXXX Porter, Gold Label, in Bottle.  
Pilsener Lager, equal to the imported.

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1858. ONLY IMPORTERS OF 1893.  
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Capital \$50,000.  
Never before on the market. We guarantee to save from 15 to 40 per cent. of your coal bill. The greatest discovery of the age. No change in grades or stoves. Nothing deleterious to iron. Preserves grates and stoves. Makes them last longer. No clinkers. No gas. No smoke. Purely chemical.

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Reserve Fund, - - - - - 100,000

FOUR PER CENT. Interest allowed on deposits from day put in to day withdrawn. Special interest arrangements made for amounts placed for one year or more.  
Money to lend on Mortgages, Bonds and Marketable Stocks.

ROBERT JAFFRAY, President. A. E. ANES, Manager.



SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Limerick.

On the evening of January 12th, about half past seven o'clock, a storm of unusual severity, accompanied by a heavy down pour of rain, passed over Limerick. From the lower portion of the Shannon reports were to the effect that the storm was the worst experienced for many years. In the inland districts the storm was of unusual fierceness; and in the neighborhood of Adare many of the roads were rendered impassable by fallen trees. In one instance an old man, driving a donkey and cart, had a miraculous escape. He had only just got off the cart, to walk, when a huge elm fell and smashed his conveyance to pieces.

Longford.

The Strokestown Board of Guardians have resolved by a majority of five to amalgamate with the adjacent unions. Major Fair stated that the saving to Longford Union will be £200 a year.

Mayo.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed Bernard Daly, Esq., of Ballinrobe, to the Commission of the Peace for the County Mayo.

The agricultural tenants of the O'Danel estate, at Nowport, have decided to ask that they be offered an opportunity to purchase their several holdings.

Doctor Brabazon has settled in Castlebar, where he intends to practice. His father, the late Mr. Timothy Brabazon, was one of the leading merchants of Castlebar.

Meath.

On the evening of January 16th, the remains of the late widely known and highly-esteemed Rev. C. Shaw, C.C., Longwood, were removed from the Mater Misericordiae Hospital, Dublin, and conveyed by road to Longwood, county Meath, where he had so long and faithfully ministered. The remains were accompanied by the Rev. C. Murray, the Seminary, Navan; Rev. C. Casey, P.P.; and Rev. T. Cassidy, C.C. Several of the Meath priests went to the city to pay the last tribute of respect to their departed brother priest. At Enfield, where the cortege arrived at 2 o'clock p.m., an immense crowd of sorrowing parishioners had collected; and the grief of the immense gathering, when the remains arrived, was a striking proof of the high esteem in which the deceased was held.

Monaghan.

At a meeting of the Board of Governors of Monahan Lunatic Asylum, on January 14th, on the motion of Rev. John Davidson, M.A., seconded by Mr. William J. Hamilton, J.P., it was unanimously resolved: "That this Board, at its first meeting after the death of the Most Reverend Dr. Donnelly, Catholic Bishop of Clogher, records its deep sense of his great personal worth, and of the very valuable services which he rendered to this asylum of which he was one of the oldest and most respected governors. By the regularity of his attendance at the meetings of the Board, his wide experience, great practical wisdom, and extensive business capacity, he proved himself a most valuable member. The Board feels that by his lamented death, not merely this asylum, but the other public institutions with which he was connected, have sustained a most serious loss, and the Governors have, therefore, to express their deep regret that they will no longer have the benefit of his valuable counsel and help. They direct that a copy of this resolution be sent to the Rev. Dr. Birmingham, Vicar Capitular, Carrickmacross."

Queen's County.

The Cistercian Community of Mount Melloray has sustained a great loss in the death of Father Cahill. The fame of the deceased priest's sanctity and ascetic life has spread to every land where the name of Melloray is known. His penitents came from every quarter of the Irish world, and reverence for him was cherished by all who knew him. Father Paul was a native of the parish of Arles, Queen's County, and was a near relative of the famous Very Rev. D. W. Cahill, D.D., the great preacher and lecturer. Father Paul had been ordained a priest of the diocese of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, and was for some time curate of the parish of Maryborough. He relinquished his missionary labors for the ascetic life of the Cistercian rule early in his career; and was noted even in that austere order for the strictness with which he obeyed the rule of the great founder. Though of an advanced age he followed the Cistercian practice without abatement or dispensation to the last. The intelligence of his death will be received with sorrow in many lands, for his spiritual children are scattered through all the world of Irish exile.

Roscommon.

With feelings of more than ordinary regret we announce the death of Miss Jane Silk, which occurred on December 22d, at the residence of her aunt, Miss Anne Sweeney, of Castleroa. Deceased, who was remarkable for her kind and gentle disposition, had been for a number of years female teacher of Trean National School, near Castleroa. She belonged, on her paternal and maternal sides, to some of the oldest and most respected families in the parish of Kilkcevan.

Sligo.

On the evening of January 3d, near Tubbercurry, John Davy, a man about 60 years of age, from the neighborhood of Doocastle, County Mayo, while returning homewards from the fair of Charlestown, had his leg badly mangled by falling between the spokes of the wheel of a cart on which he was riding. Davy was considerably under the influence of liquor at the time of the accident, as was also the owner and driver of the cart. Davy was taken to the Tubbercurry Union hospital, where his leg was amputated next day, but he died soon after from shock and prostration.

Tipperary.

It has been decided to hold a National demonstration, in aid of the evicted tenants, in Clonmel, on Sunday, Feb. 11th. John Dillon and Michael Davitt will address the meeting, together with the four county members and some other members of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

Tyrone.

On January 13th, the dead body of a man named Pat. O'Neill, aged 60 years, was found at Coalisland, near Stewartstown, lying in a ditch with his face immersed in a few inches of water.

Waterford.

The death of Miss Bridget Walsh, sister to the respected Poorlaw Guardian of Carrickbeg, is generally regretted. Miss Walsh died from a severe attack of erysipelas.

On January 9th, Mr. E. N. Power, County Coroner, held an inquest in the Board-room of the Waterford County Prison concerning the death of a prisoner named Michael Mulcahy, who died that morning in the hospital. The deceased was the man who recently, while an inmate of the Waterford Union Workhouse, attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. This circumstance was in no way associated with Mulcahy's death, which was due to obstruction of the bowels, as returned in the verdict of the coroner's jury.

At Dunmore, on January 16th, an inquest was held on the body of a woman named McGrath, who was found buried in the backyard of the house in which she had lived with her husband. The evidence showed that the woman's death was caused by cancer, from which she had been suffering for years. The husband, who was arrested, was a man of very eccentric habits, and the peculiar interment of his dead wife was found to be a freak of his. The jury found a verdict "that Catherine McGrath was found buried in her husband's yard, and we find that said deceased died from cancer, and not from any violence." McGrath was subsequently brought before Mr. D. G. Bodkin, R.M., and discharged. It was stated that McGrath feared he would be robbed if he admitted any one to his house, and that it was for that reason he had buried his wife in the garden at the rear of the house.

Wexford.

There has been wholesale changes, recently, among the "R.I.C." in Wexford. Constable McCarthy, Enniscorthy, late of Clonroche, has been transferred to Wexford; Sergeant P. Doherty, Ballyconore Hut, to Blackwater; Acting-sergeant Coolahan, Wexford, to Ballyconore Hut; Sergt. Ellison, Croghan, to Wexford; Acting-sergeant Sullivan, Ballyfad, P. Post, to Croghan; Acting-sergeant O'Leary, Wexford, to Ballyfad; Acting-sergeant Kennedy, Blackwater, to Gorey.

One of the most extraordinary cases which has been made the subject of a coroner's inquest occurred recently in Wexford. A man named John Power, a native of the neighbourhood of Campile, but who had for some years past been working in Clonroche, became ill with erysipelas and for some days lay in bed suffering from the malady, which finally affected his brain. When the sick man arrived to convey him to the Enniscorthy Workhouse hospital, on January 10th, it was found that the patient had left his bed in an outhouse during the night and had gone—no one knew where—his illness having driven him into semi-madness. He brought no clothes with him save his trousers and shirt, but had a white cloth tied around his head as a bandage. Late that evening he was seen in the neighborhood of Palace Railway Station, but no attempt was made to capture him, and he lay out in the fields all night. Next day he passed through Old Ross, and was seen in the neighborhood of Ballinacoola, his demeanor indicating that there was something wrong. He slept out that night also, and appeared next morning in the neighborhood of Mr. Gifford Carr's place at Arncastown, where he was detained by a man named John Bennett until the police arrived. The unfortunate man was brought into New Ross, in a dying state, owing to the privations he had endured. The Very Rev. Dr. Cavanagh, P.P., arrived soon after at the barracks, and seeing that the man was dying anointed him and prepared him for death. Just as Dr. Cavanagh had finished his ministrations the poor fellow died.

There is no claim made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed by scores of testimonials. This fact plainly proves that the blood is the source of most disorders and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of blood-purifiers. Try it this month.

Diocese of Peterborough.

On Thursday morning the 1st ult. after finishing a grand Requiem Mass for the repose of the souls of those who departed since his stay in the parish, Rev. Father Sweeney was waited on by the congregations of Burnley and Harwood and, with the following address, which was accompanied by a beautiful gold watch:

To Rev. Father Sweeney, P.P.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER—It is with much sorrow that we have received the unexpected announcement of your removal from Burnley and Harwood, as the departure of a beloved pastor from his flock, who has spent eight years of the best part of his life in their service, must cause a sincere feeling of sadness and regret among them. We all know how zealous and earnest you have been in looking after our spiritual and temporal welfare. We are aware of the hardships which you had to endure, and the good works that you have done among us show that you have abilities well suited to your holy calling.

We must give credit to your zeal and energy for the erection of the fine presbytery in this parish, which you are about to leave and other improvements here at Harwood. We feel most grateful to you for the interest you have always taken in the instruction of the children and the eloquent manner in which you have expounded the principles of our holy religion. Although you are going to leave us your kind and good principles will never be forgotten. And whilst we regret your departure, we are pleased to know that you are going to a good parish where we hope you will have less hardships and more prosperity. We all wish you the greatest success and happiness, and hope that the people of your new parish will appreciate your goodness of heart and earnest work in their behalf. May God aid you in your new field of labor and may you have grace, health and strength to perform your duties.

Signed on behalf of the congregations of Burnley and Harwood.

Hugh Masterson, Thomas Boyle, Dennis Corkery, Thomas Fanning, John Fanning, John Corkery, James Grosjean, Michael Lee, Patrick Fanning, John Whaley, Patrick Burns, Alex. Dillon, John Downs, John Masterson, John Connis, James McCann, Patrick Donohue, Terence O'Neill, Terence Brady, Felix Carroll, John Wade, James Dillon, John Gerin (Fenella), and others.

Rev. Father Sweeney replied in a warm and eloquent manner, he thanked them for their valuable presence and still more valuable words. He referred feelingly to the few years spent among them, and he was glad to be able to say, that nowhere during his labors in the diocese did he have greater proof of the faith and piety, which the good people of Burnley and Harwood always evinced. He was pleased to have founded a home for his successor, the worthy Father Nolan. He paid a high tribute to the ladies and gentlemen of the parish for having co-operated with him so nobly and heroically in all his undertakings. He also referred to all the members of his congregations who departed this life since his advent among them and was happy to have celebrated his last mass in the parish for their happy repose. A large number of parishioners escorted Father Sweeney to the Hastings's station and gave three rousing cheers as the train moved out. Father Sweeney takes charge of Victoria Road Mission, where, no doubt, he will soon be appreciated.



Trade Mark  
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Conquer Disease

Catarrah Cure..... \$1.00  
Cure for Epilepsy and St. Vitus Dance... 1.00  
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Blood Tea, for constipation and purifying the blood..... 25  
None genuine without my name on each package.  
A. F. SAWHILL, Allegheny, Pa.  
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Liberal discount to Religious Communities.  
Prescriptions a SPECIALTY.  
Postal and Telephone orders receive immediate attention.  
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Ayer's Remedy for Catarrah is the Best, Fastest to Use and Cheapest.  
CATARRH  
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.  
60c. U. S. D. Warren, Pa.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLET, Toronto, Ont.

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

	Close	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	8.00	7.35 7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25	12.40pm 8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.20	10.05 8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55 8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35	12.30pm 9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00	12.15pm 8.50
G. W. R.		a.m. p.m.	a.m. p.m.
		noon	9.00 2.00
		2.00	7.30
	6.15	4.00	10.30 8.20
		10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00	9.00 5.45
		4.00	10.30 11pm
U.S. West'n States	6.15	12 n.	9.00 8.20
		10.30	

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for February: 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27.

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

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Magazines, Music, Hymnals and Law Books Re-Bound.

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All kinds of Account Books Ruled and Bound to any pattern.

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BEST LETTER BOOKS in the Market.

LAWSON & WILSON,  
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TENDERS.

INDIAN SUPPLIES.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Indian Supplies," will be received at this office up to noon of MONDAY, 19th March, 1894, for the delivery of Indian Supplies, during the fiscal year ending 30th June, 1894, at various points in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

Forms of tender, containing full particulars, may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Assistant Indian Commissioner at Regina, or to the Indian Office, Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

This advertisement is not to be inserted by any newspaper without the authority of the Queen's Printer, and no claim for payment by any newspaper not having had such authority will be admitted.

HAYTER REED,

Deputy of the Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs,  
Ottawa, January, 1894.

M. MORAN,

House and Sign Painter, Etc.,

Painters, Grainers, etc.  
Send for Circular sample etc. of first class and quick Graining done with my new Patent Graining Tools. M. MORAN, 115 Jarvis St., TORONTO, Ont.  
Agent for J. J. CALLOW.

## About Ben Adhem.

LEIGH HUNT.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Shaking its rich, and like a lily in bloom,  
An angel writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room he said,  
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,  
And with a look made of all sweet accord,  
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said About. "Nay, not so,"  
Replied the angel. About spoke more low,  
And cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,  
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

## Selected Receipts.

**GOOD SANDWICHES.**—Use only the best bread, fresh cut and not over a day old. Use only boiled chicken, cold, of course. Chop fine, then rub to a paste with a spoon. Add to each cupful a little salt and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Butter the bread and slice thin. Butter loaf each time before cutting off the slice. Spread with the chicken part, put two slices together and cut to fancy shapes if you like.

**CHICKEN FRICASSEE.**—Many families like a fricassee as an entree. Prepare as for frying. Cut the breast into four portions. Put all in a kettle with just enough hot water to cook. When about half done add half a cup of butter. Keep covered and stew slowly until tender. Add half a cup of sweet cream. Pour out in a hot tureen and serve in individual dishes, allowing two pieces of chicken and some of the gravy for each person.

**SCALLOPED TURKEY.**—Chop cold turkey, butter a dish, put a layer of bread crumbs in the bottom, then a layer of oysters; season with bits of butter, salt and pepper, then cover with a layer of turkey. Continue alternating in this way until the dish is full, having the last layer of crumbs. Pour over the whole a cream sauce made of one tablespoonful of butter, the same amount of flour and a cupful of cream or rich milk. Cover closely and bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

**CLAM CHOWDER.**—Take one-half peck of clams in their shells. Wash them clean and put them over the fire in a kettle with just enough water to keep them from burning. As they open remove them with a skimmer, standing them aside until cool enough to handle. Then remove from the shell and cut away the dark, leathery part, saving the soft part of the clam whole. Strain the clam liquor. Cut a two-inch cube of salt pork into thin slices and dry out. Fry one onion, sliced in the fat, and one pint of sliced potatoes and cover with boiling water. Simmer until the potatoes are soft, scald one pint of milk, add to it four ounces of hard tack cut in pieces, and let it stand until ready for use. When the potatoes are soft add the clam liquor, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of white pepper and the clams. Cook until it reaches boiling point, then add the milk and hard tack and serve.

Sister Veronica, aged nineteen, of the convent of Baldegg, near Lucerne, Switzerland has been brutally attacked by a tall, savage-looking scoundrel, who nigh strangled her and left a severe wound on the nape of her neck. She was discovered insensible with a cord tied round her throat. She has since recovered her senses, but is unable to identify her assailant. It is hoped she may ultimately recover, and it is believed that the miscreant who tried to murder her is insane.

Don't waste time, money, and health, trying every new medicine you may see advertised in the papers. If the cause of your trouble is in the blood, liver, stomach, or kidneys, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla at once, and be sure of a cure. Take no other.



Children

always

Enjoy It.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

## NOTICE

### To Creditors of Patrick Kearney, Wagon Maker, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario 1887, Chapter 110, that all creditors of and other persons having claims against the estate of Patrick Kearney, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, Wagon Maker, who died on or about the tenth day of September 1893, are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid to Foy and Kelly, Number 80 Church Street in the City of Toronto, Solicitors for the Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, on or before the 24th day of February 1894, a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them.

AND FURTHER TAKE NOTICE that immediately after the said 24th day of February 1894, the said Administratrix will distribute the assets of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as above required and the said Administratrix shall not be liable for the assets or any part thereof, to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been given as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

FOY & KELLY,  
80 Church street Toronto.  
Solicitors for the Administratrix.  
Dated at Toronto this 26th  
day of January, A. D. 1894.

## Weak Lungs.

Comparatively few persons have any intelligent knowledge of the weakness of the lungs, or how easily an inflammatory condition can be induced to jeopardize life. Thousands of men and women work hard all day in over-heated apartments, perspire freely, and then pass into an atmosphere many degrees below freezing point, thus changing in a moment the conditions under which the lungs have been laboring. Persons who do this run great risks, not merely to health, but to life, as they are almost certain to contract dangerous respiratory affections which will require the fullest virtues of Hall's Expectorant to counteract.



Test this statement a trial will convince you that K. D. C. brings immediate relief to the dyspeptic, and if followed according to directions, a complete cure.

Free sample mailed to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N.S., Canada, or 127 State St., Boston, Mass.

The legislature will soon have to elect a member of the Board of Regents of the University to fill the place left vacant by the death of Bishop McNierney of Albany. Fortunately there is in that part of the state a Catholic prelate qualified alike by learning, ability and character to fill the office with advantage to the public and distinction to himself. We refer, of course, to the Right Rev. J. B. McQuaid, Bishop of Rochester. No one who is fortunate enough to know Bishop McQuaid, can doubt that he is eminently the right man for the place.—*New York Sun.*

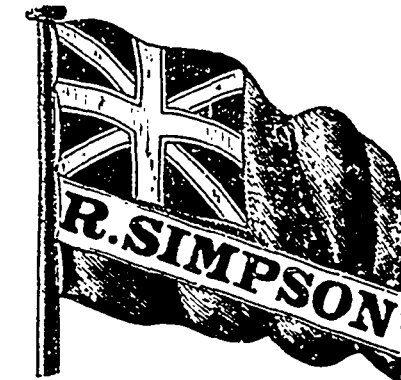


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is level and her judgment good when she puts her faith in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. There is no beauty without good health. Nobody expects to become really beautiful from the use of complexion beautifiers. Bright eyes, clear skin and rosy cheeks, follow moderate exercise, fresh air, good food, and—the judicious use of the "Prescription."

All women require a tonic and nerve at some period of their lives. Whether suffering from nervousness, dizziness, faintness, displacement, catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. Guaranteed to benefit, or the money is returned.



If you're suffering from Catarrh, the proprietors of Doctor Sage's Catarrh Remedy ask you to try their medicine. Then, if you can't be cured, they'll pay you \$500 in cash.



### South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts. WOMEN'S WRAPS.

It is intended that this shall be a field day for cape buyers. Capes and coats, some of the handsomest made this season, which we must clear out now. We make the price more than a temptation.

Sateen-lined Circulars, \$5, worth \$10; \$7.50, worth \$15.  
Fur-lined Circulars, \$3.50, worth \$17.50; \$12.50, worth \$25.  
Ladies' Closters, \$5, worth \$9 to \$20.  
Special line Tweed Ulsters at \$2.45.  
Choice of new, stylish Capes, \$4.50; worth \$7.50 to \$10.  
Capes, choice \$7, worth \$12 and \$13.50.  
Capes, \$9, worth \$14.40 to \$20.  
Ladies' House Jerseys, black at \$1.  
Ladies' Cardigans, sleeveless, \$5; with sleeves, \$1.25.  
Wrappers, Flannellette, at \$1.75, worth \$2.50 to \$3.50.  
Waterproofs, \$2.50, worth \$4; \$3.50, worth \$5.50; \$4, worth \$6.  
Heptonette, \$3.50, worth \$5.50, \$5, worth \$7.50.  
Special line, 15 different patterns, at \$4, worth \$8.50 and \$10.  
Heavy Serge Overcoats, lined, with cape, \$3, worth \$4.50.  
Cheviot Grey Serge, \$3.50, worth \$5.50.  
Boys' Halifax Two piece Suits at \$1.75.  
Tweed Suits, \$2, \$2.25, \$3 upwards.  
Three-piece Suits, Halifax tweed, \$3.  
Tees, \$3.25, \$3.75, \$4.50, \$5.25.  
Boys' Odd Pants, 25, 35, 45, 65, 80c, upwards.

If Simpson's Teas were not really good, we would not be selling them in such quantities. Everyone would seem to be drinking these teas. A choice blend of Indian-Ceylon teas at 35c, usually sold for 50c, ought to have your acquaintance.

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## CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Sultan has conferred the decoration of the (Lefeleal on Sister d'Ivrea, an Italian nun, who distinguished herself by heroism during a fire at a hospital in Pera. The decoration was presented to the Sister by the Italian Ambassador to the Ottoman Government.

Rev. M. A. Harrigan, prior of the Dominican convent, Louisville, has received, by will, from the deceased Mr. Scally, a worthy bachelor, the sum of \$60,000 to be used for church purposes for the benefit of the church of St. Louis Bertrand. This handsome bequest will do much towards extinguishing a heavy debt upon the church incurred for schools and needful improvements.

## A Very Important Invention.

Messrs. Heintzman & Co., the well-known manufacturers of high-class pianos, have recently succeeded in making what is called a transposing piano, which transposes music into any key by a simple lever movement in a second. By means of this invention one can now accomplish what has long been desired by practical men, viz., an adjustability of pitch, especially since the adoption of French pitch. By its use the performer, while playing the same key, is enabled to render the music in all the different keys with regard to pitch; at the same time the change may be produced by the slightest effort, the keyboard being operated by a lever within reach of the performer, and the change of pitch being produced in a second's time. Music played as written may be rendered in any of the various keys desired. All music can be played in the scale or key, of C and its relative A minor, and rendered in all the various keys or scales as written. The invention is a happy one in every way. It simplifies the playing of music, and is perfectly adapted to all the different systems of music. This piano is so exactly constructed that it does not get out of tune, nor does it affect the action in the slightest degree. The fact is, the mechanism is of so simple a character that its liability to get out of order is practically nil. We can imagine that vocalists will gladly welcome this ingenious invention, for it enables them to practise any music, though not written for their particular compass, by this means opening up a wide field of delightful study. It is sometimes dangerous to venture into the realm of prophecy, but there would seem to be little doubt but that this new transposing piano will be the instrument of the future, and Messrs. Heintzman & Co. are to be congratulated in perfecting an instrument which has been the study of so many for half a century. The suggestion is hardly needed: that leading professionals, and, indeed, all interested in the study and development of musical affairs, should make a point to call at the handsome warehouses of Heintzman & Co., King street West, and examine the principle of this new transposing piano.

## The Manufacturers' Life Ins. Co.

It is alike gratifying to the shareholders and policy holders of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co., to observe the progress which the Company has made during the past year—the gain in new business, increase in premium income and allocation of profits. Last year we had the occasion to compliment the management on the prosperity of the Company. By the Seventh Annual Report before us we find that the past year has been even more successful than previous years. The amount of new business issued during 1892 amounts to \$2,490,210 an increase of \$407,960, bringing the total business in force to nearly \$9,000,000. The cash income has increased \$45,522 being now \$287,340; whilst the assets show a gain of \$137,671, and now amount to \$673,738, which, with \$493,680 uncalculated capital stock, show a mean asset of \$1,167,418.59. No other Company, at the age the Manufacturers' has attained, has shown equal results—results which speak volumes for the strong hold the Company has gained in the favor of the insuring public.

Whilst this great increase has been effected, no corresponding increase in expenses has resulted—an evidence of the business-like management of Managing Director Ellis and President Gooderham. During the year over \$30,000 has been added to the surplus or profit account, which now amounts to \$164,593.65, in which the policy holders share to the extent of 90 per cent. Taken altogether, the results are such as to warrant the assumption that ere long the Manufacturers' Life will be amongst the leading insurance companies of Canada. The interests of the Company in this city and vicinity are looked after by our colleague, Mr. Ph. De Gruchy, who is well and favorably known throughout Ontario, and who never loses an opportunity of forcing his Company in front.

**A Beautiful Slight.**

It happened not long since in the sweet sanctuary of a little Catholic church, at that hour in the Sunday service the most sacred of all to the devout, when the holy communion is being given.

On the altar, the lillied altar, white candles spread their mild, benignant radiance, and the air of the church was solemn with the mysterious breath of incense, and the deep-breathed vibrations of the organ still shook the silent air in heavy flakes.

At the invitation of the priest there came up to the communion rail a great crowd of people, who knelt there for that sustenance which the church can only give.

Among these was an old, old lady, the head of a noble and a distinguished family, the bearer of a spotless name, but now grown so gray and become so decrepit that she seemed more frail than any wintry leaf on a winter tree.

All the congregation, says the New Orleans *Picayune*, watched in a loving sympathy as the dear old lady hobbling on the poor crutches that time puts on our bodies, came up the long, dim aisle and knelt at the altar. She was 80, if she was a day, and to see her in church at all was a wonder. The communicant next to her, so it happened, was an equally old; old, old colored mammy, who was also looking forward to that brightening day when her long disquiet should be merged in rest; and there they knelt, side by side, the aristocratic old gentlewoman, with the royal blood of France in her swollen veins, and touching shoulders with her the old mammy who had served her through sickness and in health, through good report and through evil report, and who had never failed her, nay, had been there, faithful, even when "the madame's" own had deserted her. Presently the madame turned to leave the chancel, and with her sweet, wrinkled hands, shrived of all the taint of poor humanity, crossed on her breast, she stumbled feebly over the way. But by her side there was that faithful old "tanto Marie," and her long, skinny, black arms reached about the frail shoulders of her old mistress. Together they had seen the Mays and snows of a long life, smelled its rosemary and its rue, and laughed under its bridal blossoms, and now, in the night time together they had tasted the cup of life and came away together from the sacrament of the last supper. It was truly beautiful to see that old black woman supporting that old white woman so tenderly, and as they came to the door of her pew the old woman turned, too old to think of audiences, too true to regard effect, and there, before priest and all, embraced affectionately her serving woman.

**Cardinal Manning's Sister Dead.**

The death is announced of Mrs. Austen, sole surviving sister of Cardinal Manning, whose senior she was. Indeed, she never was able, to the end of his life, to regard him as other than a younger brother, whose improvement she had at heart. When Manning left Oxford and entered the Colonial office, his sister, whose husband, Colonel Austen, was Member for Kent, and who had a large acquaintance among politicians, was as zealous in his interest as the sisters of Lord Beaconsfield's heroes are made to be. There was a Lady Stanhope, of those days, who had a relative in the Foreign Office and who spoke patronizingly of young Manning to his sister: "He writes such a good hand." "Yes," rejoined Mrs. Austen, "and knows a little arithmetic."

When the Colonial Office clerk had been transformed into a Cardinal, she took an elder sister's privileges to write him pious little homilies and was solicitous for his amusements, trying to persuade him, when he was eighty, to come and look in the shop windows of Regent street. Many of Cardinal

Manning's relatives followed him into the Catholic Church, but Mrs. Austen remained a member of the Church of England.

**Lord Donington.**

Much attention has been attracted by the request accompanying the various gifts of coal which Lord Donington has been distributing among the poor of London and Leicestershire during the recent intensely cold weather and consequent distress. Each gift of coal was accompanied by a card bearing the inscription: "From the Rt. Hon. Lord Donington. Of charity pray for the soul of Elith Maud, countess of Loudoun, Baroness Hastings, etc."

Lord Donington was formerly a staunch Protestant, and when a few years ago, his eldest son—the Earl of Loudoun—married a Catholic lady, a daughter of Lord Howard of Glossop. He was so incensed that he broke off all relations with him and announced his decision of leaving away from him his extensive collieries in Leicestershire, as well as the vast Olifton estate. The strained relations were brought to a close over two years ago, when Lord Donington himself followed the example of his son and abandoned Protestantism in order to become a convert to the church of Rome.

The Very Rev. Don Rua, successor of Don Bosco, announces that twenty new Salesian houses or churches were established in Europe alone during the past year.

The number of Protestants in France is put down at 65,000 in a population of 35,000,000. This number is less than it has been at any previous time during the past two centuries.

Cardinal Ledochowski, Perfect of the Propaganda, has addressed a letter to Father Soullier, the new Superior-General of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, congratulating the religious order founded by Mgr. de Mazenod on its noble work. His Eminence retraces its missionary labours in Africa and America, especially in the immense region of Canada, where not only the Gospel is spread generally but youth is trained in human and divine studies in the University of Ottawa. For fifty years also the pious fathers have endeavoured, not without great success, to achieve the conversion of the Cinquages.

**THE MARKETS.**

TORONTO, February 14, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 00
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 81	0 00
Wheat, spring, per bush ..	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 59
Barley, per bush.....	0 44	0 45
Oats, per bush.....	0 37	0 38
Peas, per bush.....	0 60	0 62
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	6 00	6 25
Chickens, per pair.....	0 40	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 08	0 10
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, new laid, per doz.....	0 20	0 22
Farsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 01
Cabbage, new, per doz.....	0 30	0 40
Celery, per doz.....	0 35	0 40
Turnips, per bag.....	0 30	0 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 55	0 60
Beets, per bag.....	0 60	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	2 00	3 25
Hay, timothy.....	5 01	9 50
Straw, sheaf.....	7 00	8 01
Straw, loose.....	6 00	6 50

**LIVE STOCK MARKETS.**

TORONTO, Feb. 13.—Business at the Western cattle yards rather dull, to day. There was a total of 37 loads on sale, and prices weakened. The best cattle went at from 3½ to 3¾c per pound. Poor sold at 2½c. The general run of the trade for anything like good cattle was effected at about 3 to 3½c per pound.

There were about 300 lambs with a few sheep on sale. Sheep are in no demand at from \$3.50 to \$4.25 each. Lambs were steady at from 3½ to 4c per pound for choice.

There was a better enquiry for calves. A lot of 25 sold for \$6 25 each.

Little doing in milkers. Prices unchanged.

The hog market was over supplied, and prices gave way from 10 to 12½c per cwt on the best, and a shade more on inferior grades. The best price paid was \$5.15 per cwt.



**A Bright Lad,**

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

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

T. D. M., Norcutt, Kans.

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## THE GLADIATORS:

## A Tale of Rome and Judea.

BY G. J. WHITE MELVILLE.

## EROS.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Licinius holds the British maiden to his breast, and they discourse of their own happiness and revel in the sunny hour, and plan schemes for the future—schemes in which each is to the other all in all, and dream not that when to-day is past for them there will be no to-morrow. The woman, indeed, heaves a gentle sigh at intervals, as though in the midst of her happiness some foreboding warned her of the brooding tempest; but the man is hopeful buoyant, and impetuous, playful in his tenderness, and joyous in his own triumphant love.

They parted that evening more reluctantly than usual. They lingered round the oak, they found excuse after excuse for another loving word, another fond caress. When at last they went their several ways, how often Licinius turned to look after the receding form that carried with it all his hope and all his happiness! Little did he think how, and when, and where, he would see Guenebra again.

Ten years went heavily by. The commander of a legion was the chief of an army now. Licinius had served Rome in Gaul, in Spain, in Syria. Men said he bore a charmed life; and, indeed, while his counsels showed the forethought, the caution, and the patience of a skillful officer, his personal conduct was remarkable for a reckless disregard of danger, which would have been esteemed foolhardy in the meanest soldier. It was observed, too, that a deep and abiding melancholy had taken possession of the once light-hearted patrician. He only seemed to brighten up into his former self under the pressure of imminent danger, in the confusion of a repulse, or the excitement of a charge. At other times he was silent, depressed, pre-occupied; never morose, for his kindly heart was open to the griefs of others, and the legionaries knew that their daring general was the friend of all who were in sorrow or distress. But the men talked him over, too, by their watch-fires; they marvelled, those honest old campaigners, how one who was so ready in the field could be so sparing in the wine-cup; how the leader who could stoop to fill his helmet from the running stream under a storm of javelins, and drink comely with a jest and a smile, should be so backward in the revel, should show such a disinclination to those material pleasures which they esteemed the keenest joys of life.

One old centurian, who had followed his fortunes from the Thames to the Euphrates, from the confines of Pannonia to the Pillars of Hercules, averred that he had never seen his chief discomfited but once, and that was on the day when he had been accorded a triumph for his services in the streets of Rome. The veteran used to swear he never could forget the dejected look upon those brows, encircled with the laurel garland, nor the weary listlessness of that figure, to which all eyes were directed in its gilded chariot; the object of admiration to the whole city, and for that day, scarcely second even to Cæsar himself. It was a goodly triumph, no doubt; the spoils were rich, the car was lofty, the people shouted, and the victims fell. But what was glory without Guenebra? and the hero's eye could not rest in peace on one of all those gazing thousands, for lack of the loving face framed in its rich brown hair.

On the very night Licinius and Guenebra parted, a long-meditated rising had broken out among the islanders—conquered, but not subdued. Nothing but the cool courage of its young commander, and the immovable discipline of the legionaries, saved the

Roman camp. Ere morning, Guenebra had been forced away by her tribe many miles from the scene of action; the Britons, too, retired into their strongholds, those natural fastnesses impregnable by regular troops. The whole country was once more in a state of open warfare. Prompt and decisive measures were taken; Publius Ostorius, the Roman general, in execution of a manœuvre by which he preserved his line of operation, despatched Licinius and his legion to a different part of the island, and with all his exertions and all his influence, the young officer could never obtain tidings of Guenebra again. It was after this event that the change came over Licinius which was so commented on by the soldiers under his command.

Ten years of brilliant and successful services had elapsed when he returned to Britain. Nero had but lately succeeded to the purple, nor had he then degenerated into the monster of iniquity which he afterwards became. Until sapped by his ungovernable passions, the Emperor's administrative abilities were of no mean order; and he selected Licinius for the important post assigned to him, as being a consummate soldier, and experienced in the country with which he had to deal. The latter accepted the appointment with alacrity; through all change of time and fortune, he had never forgotten his British love. Under the burning skies of Syria, by the frozen shores of the Danube, at home or abroad, in peace or war, Guenebra's face was ever present to him, fond and trustful as when last they parted under the old oak-tree. He longed but to see it once more. And so he did. Thus:—

A partial insurrection had been quelled beyond the Trent. The Roman vanguard had surprised the Britons, and forced them to fly in great confusion, leaving their baggage, their valuables, in some cases even their arms, behind. When Licinius came up with the main body of his forces, he found, indeed, no prisoners taken, for everything animate had fled, but a goodly amount of spoil, over which Roman discipline had placed a strong guard. One of his tribunes approached him with a list of the captured articles; and when his general had perused it, the officer hesitated as though there was still some further report to make. At last he spoke out:

"There is a hut left standing within the lines of the enemy. I would not order it to be destroyed till I had provided for the burial of a dead body that lies beneath its shelter."

Licinius was counting the arms taken. "A dead body!" said he carelessly; "is it an officer of rank?"

"'Tis a woman's corpse," answered the tribune; "a fair and stately woman, apparently the wife of some prince or chieftain at the least."

For Guenebra's sake, every woman much more every British woman, was an object of respect and interest to Licinius.

"Lead on," said he. "I will give directions when I have seen it;" and the general followed his officer to the place already indicated.

It was but a rude hut made of a few planks and branches hastily thrown together. It seemed to have been erected at a moment's notice, probably to shelter an inmate in the last stages of dissolution. Through a wide rent in the roof the summer sun streamed in brilliantly, throwing a sheet of light on the dead face below.

The prostrate form was swathed in its white robe, the bridal garment of the destroyer. A band of white encircled the head and chin, and the brown hair was parted modestly on the smooth forehead calm and womanly as of old. It was Guenebra's face that lay there so strangely still. Guenebra's face, how like and yet how changed! As he stooped over it, and looked on the closed eyes beneath their aching brows, the fair and noble features

chilled by the hand of death—the sweet lips wreathed even now with a chastened loving smile—he could not but mark that there were lines of thought upon the forehead, streaks of silver in the hair, the result it might be of regrets, and memories, and sorrows, and care for *him*.

Then the warm tears gushed up into the soldier's eyes, the pressure on his heart and brain seemed to be relieved. As when the spear is drawn out of a wound and the red stream spouts freely forth, the previous agony was succeeded by a dull hopeless resignation, that in comparison seemed almost akin to peace.

He pressed his lips hard upon the cold dead forehead, and turned away—a man for whom from henceforth there was neither good to covet, nor evil to be feared.

And thus it was that here, on earth, Licinius looked once more upon his love.

Fresh victories crowned his arms in Britain—a fresh triumph awaited his return to Rome; but still as of old with Licinius, the glory seemed to count for nothing, the service seemed to be all-in-all. Only, now, the restless, eager look had left his face. He was always calm and unmoved, even in the uncertainty of conflict or the triumph of success. Still kindly in his actions, his outward demeanour was very stern and cold. He kept aloof from the intrigues, as from the pleasures of the court; but was ever ready to serve Rome with his sword, and on many occasions by his coolness and conduct redeemed the errors and incapacity of his colleagues or predecessors. Fortune smiled upon the man who was insensible to her frowns. Honours poured in on the soldier who seemed so careless of their attainment; and Caius Lucius Licinius was perhaps the object of more respect and less envy than any other person of his rank in Rome.

It fell out that shortly before the death of Nero, the general, in traversing the slave-market on the way from the Forum, felt his sleeve plucked by a notorious dealer in human wares, named Gargilianus, who begged him earnestly to come and examine a fresh importation of captives lately arrived from Britain. To mention their country was at once to excite the interest of Licinius, who readily acceded to the request, and spoke a few kind words in their native language to the unhappy barbarians as he passed through their ranks. His attention was, however, especially arrested by the appearance of one of the conquered, a fine young man of great strength and stature, who seemed to feel painfully the indignity of his position, and placed as he was on a huge stone block, whereon his own towering height rendered him a conspicuous object in the throng. He had been severely wounded, too, in several places, as was apparent from the scars scarce yet healed over. Indeed, had it not been so, he would never probably have been here.

There was something in his face, and the expression of his dark blue eyes, that roused a painful thrill in the Roman general's breast. He felt a strange and undefinable attraction towards the captive, for which he could not account, and, pausing in his walk, scanned him with a wistful searching gaze, which was not lost on the practised perceptions of the dealer.

"He should have been shown in private," whispered Gargilianus, with an important and mysterious air. "Indeed, my man was just taking him away, when I saw you coming, my honoured patron, and I called to him to stop. Ay! you may examine him all over—tall, young, and healthy. Sound, wind and limb, and stronger than any gladiator in the amphitheatre. They're men of iron, these barbarians, that's the truth, and he has only just come over. There! look for yourself,

noble general; you will see the chalk-marks on his feet."

"But he is badly wounded," observed Licinius, beginning to scan him, as the other instinctively felt, with the eye of a purchaser.

"That is nothing!" exclaimed Gargilianus. "Mero scratches, skin deep, and healed over now. You will not be able to run your nail against them in a week. Eycoros. I grant you, today, otherwise I would ask two thousand sesterces at least for him. These islanders are cheap at any price."

"I will give you a thousand," said Licinius, quietly.

"Impossible!" burst out the dealer, with a quiver of his finger, that expressed a most emphatic negative. "I should lose money by him, generous patron! What! A man must live. Cæsar would give more for him to die in the circus. Look at his muscles! He would stand up for a good five minutes against the tiger!" This last consideration was probably not without its influence. After a little more haggling, the British captive became the property of Licinius at the cost of fifteen hundred sesterces; and Eca found the most indulgent and kindest-hearted master in Rome.

We must return to that master, pacing thoughtfully up and down the colonnade, in the cool and pleasant evening air.

It is, perhaps, one of the most consoling and merciful dispensations of Providence that the human mind is so constituted as to dwell on past pleasures, rather than past pain. The sorrow that is done with, returns indeed at intervals vividly and bitterly enough; but every fresh recurrence is less cruel than the last, and we can look back to our sufferings at length with a calm and chastened humility which is the first step towards resignation and eventual peace. But the memory of a great happiness seems so interwoven with the imperishable part of our being, that it loses none of its reality by the lapse of time, none of its brightness from the effect of distance. Anger, sorrow, hatred, contentions, fleet away like a dream; but the smile that gladdened us long ago, has passed into the very sunlight of noon-day; the whisper that softened our sternest moods, steals with the breeze of evening to our heart, gently and tenderly as of yore, and we know, we feel, that while crime, and misery, and remorse, are the temporary affliction of humanity, pardon, and hope, and love are its inheritance for evermore.

Licinius, pacing his long shadowy colonnade, dwells not on the anxieties, and the separation, and the sorrow of years; on the loss of his dearest treasure and its possession by another; not even on the calm dead face bound with its linen band. No; he is back in Britain once more with his living love, in the green glade where the bending ferns are whispering under the old oak-tree.

A step in the hall rouses him from his meditations, and a kind grave smile steals over the general's face at the approach of his favourite slave.

The Roman patrician looks what he is—a war-worn veteran, bronzed and hardened by the influence of many campaigns in many climates. He is not yet past the prime of his bodily vigour, and there is a severe beauty about his noble features, and beard and hair already touched with grey, that possesses considerable attraction still. Valeria, no mean judge, asserts that he is, and always will be, a handsome man, but that he does not know it. She respects him much, likes him a good deal, and he is the only person on earth for whose good opinion she has the slightest value. In truth, though she would not confess it even to herself, she is a little afraid of her good-hearted, brave and thoughtful kinsman.

A man who has reached mature age without forming family ties is always

to a certain extent in a false position. No amount of public interest will stop up the little chinks and corners, so to speak, which are intended by Nature to contain the petty cares and pleasures and vexations of domestic life. Without the constant association—the daily friction—of wife and children, a cynical disposition becomes selfish and morose; a kind one, melancholy and forlorn.

Licinius feels a blank in his existence, which nothing he has yet found serves to fill; and he often wonders in himself why the barbarian slave should be almost the only creature in Rome for whom he entertains a feeling of interest and regard.

As he takes his place on the couch by the supper-table, Esca gives him to drink; and the patrician cannot help thinking the while, how he would like to have such a son, tall and handsome, with so warlike an air; a son whom he could instruct in all the intricacies of his glorious profession, whose mind he could educate, whose genius he could foster, and whose happiness he could watch over and insure.

They converse freely enough during the general's temperate meal—an egg, a morsel of kid, a few grapes, and a flask of common Sabine wine. Esca tells his master the encounter of the previous evening, and the friendship he had made in consequence, after nightfall. Licinius laughs at his account of the skirmish, and the eunuch's discomfort.

"Nevertheless," says he, "I trust he did not recognise you: It can have been none other than Spado, whom you treated so unceremoniously; and Spado is just now a prime favorite with Cæsar. I might find it difficult to protect you if he knew where to find you, for charms and philtres are deadliest weapons in such hands as his, than sword and spear in yours and mine. Did he take note of your person, think you, Esca, ere he went down?"

"I can hardly believe it," answered Esca. "The evening was dark, and the confusion great. Moreover, I fled with the poor girl they had surrounded, the very instant I could snatch her out of the throng."

"And you saw these Jews in their home, you say?" pursued Licinius gravely. "I have heard much of that people, and, indeed, served against them in Syria. Are they not morose, cruel, bloodthirsty? Slayers of men, devourers of children? Have they not fearful orgies in which they feast upon human flesh? And one day in the week that they devote to solitude and silence, and schemes of hatred against all mankind? Are you sure that your entertainers belonged to this detestable nation?"

"Christians and Jews," replied Esca, who had caught the sound of the former title in the course of his conversation with Calcha.

"Are they not the same?" returned Licinius, and to this question the barbarian was unable to furnish a reply.

CHAPTER X.

A TRIBUNE OF THE LEGIONS.

Under the porch of one of the most luxurious houses in Rome, two men jostled in the dubious light of early morning. Exclamations of impatience were succeeded by a mutual recognition, and a hearty laugh, as Damasippus and Oarses, freedmen and staunch clients of Julius Placidus, recognised each other's eagerness to pay court to their joint patron. They had risen from their beds while it was yet dark, and hurried hither in order to be the first to salute the Tribune at his morning levee. Yet they found the great hall filling already with a bustling crowd of friends, retainers, clients, and dependants. Damasippus was a short, square, beetle-browed man, with a villanous leer; Oarses, a pale, sedate, and somewhat precise personage. But with this marked difference of exterior, an expression of unscrupulous and thorough-paced knavery was common

to both. Said Damasippus to Oarses, with a shrug of affected disgust:

"It may be hours yet ere he will see us! Look at this wretched crowd of parasites and flatterers! They will follow the patron to his bath! They will besiege him in his very bed! Oh, my friend! Rome is no longer the place for an honest man."

To which Oarses replied, in subdued and humble tones:

"The flies gather round the honey, though it is only for what they can get. But the sincerest gratitude and affection draw you and me, my dear companion, to the side of the illustrious Tribune."

"You speak truth," returned Damasippus. "It is sad to see how few clients are uninfluenced by mean and sordid thoughts. An honest man is becoming as rare at Rome as at Athens. It was not so in the days of the republic—in the golden age—in the good old times!"

"Oh for the good old times!" exclaimed Oarses, still in the same low and unmoved voice.

"Oh for the good old times!" echoed Damasippus; and the two knaves, with their arms on each other's shoulders, fell to pacing the extremity of the hall, and exchanging spiteful remarks on the concourse with which it was filled.

The Tribune's house was the most perfect of its kind in the whole city. Standing apart and surrounded by a wall and garden of its own, it combined the luxurious splendour of a palace with the comfort and seclusion of a private residence. Everything of ornament that was most costly and gorgeous, had been procured by Placidus to decorate his mansion. Everything of art that was most conspicuous and effective hung on his walls, stood in picturesque groups about his apartments, or lay scattered in rich profusion on his floor. The hangings that veiled his own sleeping-room from the public eye, were embroidered crimson silk, woven in the looms of Asia, and probably taken by the strong hand of the successful soldier as spoils of war. The very pavement of the hall was of the richest mosaic, traced in fanciful patterns and inlaid with gold.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register.

LONDON, Eng., Jan. 20, 1894.

The entry of journalists into the Press Gallery in the House of Lords yesterday afternoon was tantamount to a demonstration of the unemployed. They assembled in full force, but practically they had little work to do. The deserted appearance of the Chamber itself was in striking contrast to the crowded state of the gallery up aloft, where newspaper men chronicle the doings of the noble lords. All interest in their solemn deliberations ceased the moment it became known that on the dual question of Parish Councils and Employer's Liability they had come to the safe resolution of making a graceful surrender, and thus ensuring their survival to fight another day.

Doubtless the plain intimation they received from Sir Wm. Harcourt in his late speech at Derby of the fixed determination of the Government to stand no nonsense from a body of men who represent merely their noble selves had not a little to do with putting them in that happy frame of mind. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the name of the Liberal Party, read the Opposition a lesson which they will not soon forget. I think I may be excused if I quote from his speech somewhat at length. Speaking on the burning question of Home Rule he is reported to have said: "In the early part of the session the Liberal Party spent all its energy, and gave all its time, in giving effect to the great policy of the conciliation of Ireland. In the autumn session the Irish members made great sacrifices—few people knew how great—to support British reform; both parties had acted loyally and successfully in the promotion of a common object. He had always maintained—that the Liberal policy in Ireland was inseparable from the Liberal policy in Great Britain, and that British reforms were the great lever for the accomplishment of justice to Ireland. How much and how deeply that was felt by their opponents was manifest from the spirit in which they disparaged and denounced the votes of the Irish members. They thought it enough to say: 'Oh, yes; you carried the measure; it was by the help of the Irish votes.' Well, why not? (cheers.) These were the men who called themselves Unionists! What we should like to know, was the foundation and the root principle of the Union? It was based upon the solemn pledge that when their own Parliament was abolished, the Irish representatives should enter the Parliament of the United Kingdom on equal terms with equal rights (sic), and with equal authority. (Cheers.) But these modern, these new-fangled Unionists, impeached and violated the principles of the Union every day; they had asserted, over and over again, that it was essential to the supremacy of Parliament that the Irish members remain at Westminster. Be it so; but when they remained at Westminster, what were they to do? If they voted on the Irish question, their votes were not to be counted; but if they voted on a British question, it was a matter about which they had nothing to do, for they were not English. What became of the united Parliament of the united Empire? (Laughter.) He was able to say that their majority in Parliament were as great or greater than ever; no Government, after eighteen months of office, had ever lost so few seats in the House of Commons. (Cheers.) What was the policy to which they pledged themselves at the last election? They said they would take Home Rule first; they had taken it first. In spite of desperate resistance, they had passed it through the House of Commons, they had shown it was a safe and practical policy. Sir Henry James

had the assurance to say they had dropped Home Rule; he took leave to tell him there was no foundation for that statement on his part. (Cheers.) It was the direct reverse of the truth. They stood by Home Rule as firmly as ever, but this also he would tell him—they would take measures to carry it out." (Cheers.)

Turning, then, to the House of Lords he said: "But what was the use of representatives of the people passing measures of reform through the House of Commons, wasting a whole session's labour, and in the end to be summarily rejected or fearfully mutilated by the hereditary Chamber? It was a great question, and one which would occupy more of their attention in future. Some shallow-pated people thought it was all over when measures had been rejected by the Upper House; but it was only just beginning. That was the way all great reforms begun, and more had ever been willingly accepted by the House of Lords. When their ancestors had resisted kings, and abated the horde of monarchs, it was conceivable that they should be so careless of their heritage as to submit their liberty to the miserable minority of individuals who rest their claims upon privilege and upon accident."

The Right Hon. gentleman reached his climax when he read at great length from a pamphlet of Mr. Chamberlain, written in his "Radical days," wherein he said that the people of England were too jealous of the independence of their ancestors to be dictated to by the House of Lords, and that if the latter refused to bend to the will of the electorate, there was no other alternative but their abolition. It is needless to say that this speech, voicing as it does the policy of Liberalism, while producing almost a panic in the Unionist ranks, has been hailed with mutual joy by both Liberals and Home Rulers.

Another thorn in the Unionist bed of roses has been the cablegram announcing Mr. Blake's appeal for funds in the columns of the *Globe*. As evidence of this it is necessary to quote merely a few lines which appear in one of their leading organs: "The Irish Nationalists are again making their annual appeal for funds. Mr. Edward Blake has addressed a begging letter to the Irish Canadians, and it sets forth the modest requirements of his party. The Nationalist members will be made comfortable—for a year—if they can secure a few trifling sums amounting in the aggregate to about fifty thousand pounds. This is required to carry on the Home Rule campaign and to keep the Nationalist members supplied with money. If the Lords had not thrown out the Home Rule Bill the Irish members would probably have found some other excuse for pleading for a 'small contribution' from the Irish in America and the Colonies. As it is they choose to play this card, and likewise the near approach of a general election. To threaten another appeal to the country with the prospects of a defeat may induce the Irish servant girls in Canada to hurry up with their subscriptions, and so enable the Irish members to live in luxury for some time to come."

It is with such concentrated asinity as this that Unionist journals in this country daily beguile their readers; hence is it any wonder that the people who take their politics from such a source are so long in getting at a real and just idea of the rights of the sister isle?

A heavy fog, with a great deal of fine drizzling rain, has been our lot for the last few days. The worst of this very fine rain, which scarcely stirs the puddles in the road, is that people are never quite sure whether or not they ought to use their umbrellas. If the weapon has been neatly and professionally folded up—not one amateur in a hundred can fold an umbrella scientifically—there is a

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natural hesitation on the part of the owner as to whether he ought to undo it.

Discovery of Columbus' Map.

The remarkable discovery of a copy of a map by Columbus, drawn on a letter written from Jamaica in July, 1503, is recorded by *Nature*. This, although only a rough pen-and-ink sketch shows exactly the opinion of Columbus himself as to the part of the world he had reached, which he believed to be the east coast of Asia. The original map, drawn by Columbus and his brother Bartholomew, was presented to a priest named Hieronymo, who gave it together with a description, to Alexander Strozzi, a noted collector of early voyages. He is supposed to have copied the original map roughly on the margin of the letter from Columbus, which he had bound in a volume with other documents, and this volume is now in the National Library at Florence where the existence and significance of the map were discovered by Dr. R. von L. Iser, professor of geography at Innsbruck, acting on behalf of the Austrian Institute for Historical Research.



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PARIS CITY, Utah, June, 1889.

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NOTICE

To the Creditors of Mary Roach, Widow, Deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given pursuant to the revised statutes of Ontario 1887, Chap. 110, that all creditors of and other persons having claims against the Estate of Mary Roach late of the City of Toronto, county of York, Widow, who died on or about the 7th day of November, 1893 are hereby required to deliver or send by post prepaid to Quinn & Henry, 35 Adelaide St. East in the City of Toronto, solicitors for the executor of the estate on or before the 3rd. day of March, 1894 a statement in writing of their names and addresses and full particulars of their claims and of the securities (if any) held by them.

And further, take notice that immediately after the said First day of March 1894 the said executor will distribute the estate of the said deceased among the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which notice shall have been given as has been required. And the said executor shall not be reliable for the assets or any part thereof to any person or persons of whose claim or claims notice shall not have been given as aforesaid at the time of such distribution.

QUINN & HENRY,

35 Adelaide St. East, Toronto,

Solicitors for the Executor.

Dated at Toronto this

8th day of February, 1894.

NOTICE.

FRIDAY, the 23rd day of February next, will be the last day for presenting petitions for Private Bills.

FRIDAY, the 2nd day of March next, will be the last day for introducing Private Bills.

THURSDAY, the 15th day of March next, will be the last day for receiving Reports of Committees on Private Bills.

CHARLES CLARKE,

Clerk Legislative Assembly.

Toronto, 16 Jan., 1894.