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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. III.—NO. 42.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## SISTER GERTRUDE'S DEATH.

On Tuesday last, Oct. 8th, solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated in the chapel of the convent attached to Mount Hope Orphan Asylum in London, Ont., for the repose of the soul of Sister Gertrude, religious of the Order of St. Joseph established in that city.

Sister Gertrude had just completed her sixteenth year of her religious profession, when death supervened in God's all-wise dispensation to release her from her earthly prison, and her self-imposed task of endless duties and self-sacrifice.

Mary Coughlin, her name in secular life, was the daughter of the late Cornelius Coughlin of Glanworth in the parish of St. Thomas. Having her primary education in the Catholic Separate School of her native village, entered the Collegiate Institute at St. Thomas, where, after the usual course of preparatory studies, she obtained a diploma for teaching and 1st class certificate.

With an experience of four years teaching in Lucas and other Catholic Separate schools, she entered the Order of the "Sisters of St. Joseph" at Mount Hope, London, and took her professional vows in 1876. Since then she has conducted classes in the 3rd and 4th form in the Catholic Separate Schools of London, Goderich, Ingersoll and St. Thomas. Unflinching zeal and earnestness in her school work, fond attachment to the children entrusted to her care, and deep devotional piety, were the characteristics of her religious life. The last two years of her useful and saintly career were spent in her native parish, where dread consumption ensured forced her to abandon her much loved pupils, and return to breathe her last amid the prayers and kind attentions of the Mother Superior, and the Sisters who with no sparing hand lavished their loving ministrations on her night and day until the supreme moment of her sad departure from all that life holds dear.

Her brother, Mr. J. O. Coughlin, and Mrs. Coughlin, who spent the summer in Europe and were visiting at the Shrine of Lourdes, made all haste across the ocean, as soon as they were made aware by cablegram of her approaching demise. Through unavoidable delays, however, they but reached London in time to assist at the funeral obsequies, and take one last look at the lifeless form of the Sister, who had anxiously prayed, a few days previous for their speedy safe arrival.

Rev. Father Noonan was celebrant of the High Mass with Rev. Fathers Tiernan and Valentine as deacon and subdeacon; Rev. Father McKeown of the Cathedral and Rev. Dr. Flannery, were also in the sanctuary. The latter with Father Valentine accompanied the remains to the Catholic cemetery and pronounced the last absolution. Among those present in the chapel, and at the funeral were, besides Mr. J. O. Coughlin, Messrs. Timothy Coughlin, Daniel Coughlin, brothers of the deceased, Daniel Regan, W. P. Regan, Mr. Timothy Coughlin, ex-M.P., and several others who had known Sister Gertrude from infancy and were edified by her exemplary and truly Christian life. May she rest in peace.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

**British.**—A spirited international discussion has been kicked up by Lord Sackville, who in 1888 was given his passports by President Cleveland at Washington through an election trick to capture the anti-British vote. Lord Sackville now denounces the whole business and stigmatizes Mr. Bayard, the present American ambassador at London, for his part in it.

**European.**—Danger of war is growing greater at Constantinople. The British fleet has been ordered to the entrance of the Dardanelles. The latest news is that the Turkish promises to Armenians have been broken and murders continue in various parts of the Turkish empire. It is reported that the influence of the Pope for the Armenians is being exerted at Paris and Vienna. The peace of Europe is now very seriously threatened.

**Canadian.**—Mr. Laurier has spoken on the trade and school questions at various towns through Eastern Ontario. He opposes the policy of remedial legislation adopted by the Government and calls for a commission of enquiry into the extent of the grievance under which the Catholics in Manitoba labor.

## St. Mary's School—Boys' Department.

Sen. Fr. III. Excellent.—R. Murray, H. Hart, G. O. Spillane, P. McLaughlin, J. McCaffrey, J. Leibans, T. Doyle, W. Lambert, J. Lee, E. Baer, J. Baffi.

Form IV. Excellent.—J. Henry, C. Zeegman, Good.—H. Cannon, E. Flana, E. Gallinger, J. McDonald, M. Hagarty, D. Murray, D. Gavin, J. Murphy, H. Kelly.

## NATIONAL CONVENTION

Proposed by the Archbishop of Toronto and Mr. Blake

## TO RESTORE UNITY

Among the Parliamentary Representatives of Ireland.

## AN IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE

Patriotic Utterances by the Archbishop

—Mr. Blake Sees no Reason Why Differences Should Exist Amongst the Irish Members—Personal Amities Must be Laid Aside—The Irish People Abroad Should be Represented by Delegates Without Formal Votes at the Proposed National Convention—Stirring Appeal to Irishmen at Home and Abroad.

Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., left Toronto on Wednesday, the 9th, for San Francisco on his way to Australia. On the eve of his departure the following very important open letters to the Irish people at home and abroad were exchanged between Mr. Blake and His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto:

St. Michael's Palace, Toronto, 8th October, 1895.

Hon. Edward Blake, Q.C., M.P., Humewood, Toronto.

MY DEAR MR. BLAKE—I regret exceedingly to learn that you are very much run down in health, and that, in consequence of nervous prostration, brought on by excessive work, you have felt obliged to decline the public reception with which the citizens of Toronto intended to greet your return and to give you a hearty welcome home. I regret that this reception had to be abandoned for this reason also, that the leading citizens of Toronto wished to give public endorsement to the course you have pursued in advocating the cause of Home Rule for Ireland, and because they wished to repel with righteous indignation the malignant attacks made upon you, not so much by political antagonists as by false brethren and treacherous co-labourers. The sacrifices you have made in the cause of Home Rule ought to have been more than sufficient to shield you from mean insinuations and vindictive calumnies, and should also have proved to the most suspicious and incredulous your absolute devotion to the Irish cause.

If I mention, in passing, the enormous sacrifices you have made, it is not on your account, but for the sake of good and true men at home, who might be led astray, in your regard, by false statements and misrepresentations. Home in Canada, where you were bred, born and reared, and where you are well known both as to your private and public life, you need no certificate of character from any individual or from any body of citizens, for you possess in an eminent degree the esteem, admiration and confidence of your countrymen. In saying this much I am sure that I voice the public opinion of Canada.

I think, too, sit we in this country have a right and a duty to raise our voice in protest against the destructive dissensions that rend the ranks of the Irish parliamentary representatives, that do so much to discredit their cause and ruin their effectiveness. Canada has contributed generously towards the Home Rule Parliamentary Fund. Not much more than a year ago we here in Toronto, in the midst of great financial depression, subscribed the handsome sum of something more than seven thousand dollars. In other cities and districts of the Dominion sum proportionately large were freely given for the purpose. In view of these large monetary contributions, in view of the material and moral aid which, by words and acts and even by resolutions unanimously passed in the Dominion Parliament, we have given towards the Irish cause, we Canadians have a right to deplore and depurate the fatal dissensions that have weakened and paralyzed the Irish parliamentary representation, and that have thwarted and baffled the Home Rule cause. This is not the place to discuss the cause of these dissensions; it must suffice here to raise our voice in protest against them, and

to declare that those responsible for them have brought shame and dishonor on their country and are guilty of high treason against the Irish race, at home and abroad.

For those fatal dissensions, it is our solemn conviction, that neither you nor those with whom you are working, are in any wise responsible. You have but been their victims. In order to try to keep peace and harmony in your ranks you have borne quietly with misrepresentations and calumnies until patience ceased to be a virtue, and your silence was construed by some into an admission of guilt. Will Irishmen never give heed to the warning of our national poet, which is also the teaching of our

"Erin thy silent tear never shall cease,  
Erin thy languid smile never shall increase  
Till like the Homestead's light  
And omens units unite  
And omens in Heaven's sight  
One arch of peace."

How is this necessary union to be effected? How are the Irish National forces to be focused into a great centre of strength and power? It seems to me that to the solution of this problem Irish patriotism and Irish statesmanship should now devote themselves. Surely Ireland must still have the power and vitality to shake off from her fatal dissensions that have of late preyed upon her and threatened the extinction of her national life; surely she must not allow herself, like a derelict ship at sea, to drift about aimlessly and hopelessly, a prey to the waves and storms of angry passions and internecine feuds.

This is not a time for despondency or despair, it is rather a time for courageous resolve and earnest action. The Home Rule cause has cost the Irish race too many sacrifices, it has been pushed too far towards realization to be now abandoned because of the difficulties that beset it. These difficulties are for the most part the direct result of personal jealousies, animosities and ambitions indulged in by certain of the Irish representatives, and doubtless they can be pushed out of the way by the united and determined action of the Irish people.

An Irishman interested in the destiny of my native land, I trust I may, without presumption, venture to make a suggestion, which, if acted on, would, in my opinion, be instrumental in securing that unity of counsel and of action amongst the Nationalists of Ireland necessary for the success of the cause they have at heart. My suggestion is this: Let a great National Convention be held in Dublin, composed of chosen representatives of the clergy and people of Ireland and of an advisory representation of the Irish race abroad. In that Convention let Ireland speak out her mind, let her voice be like a broken musical instrument emitting discordant notes and jarring sounds, but let it on the contrary, be clear, loud and emphatic, insisting on unity and condemning faction. Let her point out and uphold the Parliamentary representatives whose methods and conduct she approves, and let her mark out and condemn those whose intolerance of control, personal jealousies and animosities have done so much to break the unity and waste the strength of the National party. Dissensions and feuds have, in the past, been the ruin and curse of Ireland. Let her stamp them out and cast them from her as things more noxious than the serpents St. Patrick banished from her shores. In that Convention let the voice of Ireland's sons abroad be heard and their advice considered. They live under free institutions and are accustomed to the workings of deliberative assemblies and representative Governments, and hence the advice and experience of their chosen delegates, in the present condition of Irish affairs, would be of the utmost value and importance. Surely representative Irishmen in convention assembled, free from prejudices and passions, having at heart not the triumph of party or faction, but the welfare and honour of their race and the triumph of their country's cause, will be able to concert and adopt such measures as will enforce proper discipline and due subordination in the ranks of the nation's representatives, and, in this way, will be able to secure amongst them that unity of purpose and action so absolutely vital to their success.

A great national Convention, such as I venture to suggest, speaking with the authority of the nation and voicing its fixed and unalterable purpose to labour for and to win the right of self-government, would give new hope and heart and energy to Irishmen at home and abroad, and it would be able to restore our voice in protest against them, and

unity amongst the ranks of the Irish Nationalist representatives, to make of them once more a compact body and an irresistible power in the Imperial Parliament. When Ireland speaks to Englishmen through such a body her just demands cannot be long refused her.

Wishing you a safe and prosperous voyage to the sunny lands of the Southern Cross, and with sentiments of sincere esteem.

Believe me to be, my dear Mr. Blake,

Yours very faithfully,  
JOHN WALSH,  
Archbishop of Toronto.

Toronto, Oct. 6th, 1895  
His Grace, the Archbishop of Toronto,  
St. Michael's Palace, Toronto.

My DEAR ARCHBISHOP WALSH.—Accept my cordial thanks for your truly kind letter. It largely consoles me for my great disappointment in being obliged to forego the opportunity of meeting my friends and fellow-citizens. I write at the last moment, and under the greatest pressure, and can attempt only a very hurried and inadequate reply.

I am deeply conscious how much your kindness over-estimates any poor services or slight sacrifice of mine in the cause which is so dear to us both. I am glad to be able to say that whatever pain or anxiety I may have felt with reference to the attacks to which you allude, had regard only to their possible effect in Ireland and Britain: for I never doubted that my fellow-countrymen, who have known me for sixty years, would refuse credence to too much of that history?

Let me thank you still more earnestly for your language about the cause. Every hour's experience gained since I joined the Parliamentary Party has deepened my conviction that the solution of the Irish question in our time depends upon the observance—in letter and in spirit—of the fundamental principles on which the Parliamentary Party was organized—complete independence of every political party without, and thorough 'y, discipline and subordination within its ranks.

When the election was precipitated, we who were responsible felt it to be our prime duty to see that the forces of Ireland were sent back to Parliament in undiminished, or, if possible, increased strength. In this (under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, to some of which you allude), we succeeded. There is much for those forces to accomplish. A party is in power which denies the right and the capacity of Irishmen to direct their own affairs, and the safety to the Empire of Home Rule for Ireland; and which declares for the policy of perpetual legislation and administration of purely Irish affairs from Westminster. It seems to me our duty, not only to maintain and strengthen the position of Irish Home Rule, but also to insist that those in power shall attempt to discharge the responsibilities such a policy involves. Those responsibilities are enormous. The Irish Land Question, with its numerous ramifications, remains, even by the acknowledgment of the adversary, the foremost place in the legislative programme. But Irish rural government, Irish municipal franchises, Irish education, Irish fiscal and financial relations and other important questions, should also be pressed to the front. And there is thus open to the Irish Party, even in this overwhelming Tory and anti Home Rule Parliament, an active, useful and honorable career. We may in the next five years do much good for Ireland, and we may, in the doing of it, and while we are doing it, materially advance the prospects of that Home Rule which must over remain our first and main object. But to do any good at all, either in these other matters, or for the great cause of Home Rule itself, it is more than ever necessary that we should act together. We are too few to quarrel. Every sign of dissension is an encouragement to the adversary, a discouragement to our friends; and dissension means death. I see no public reason for such dissension. Could we but set aside personal feelings, animosities and interests; make the best of each other; and aim at cordial cooperation instead of seeking causes of discord and offence, I am convinced we should without difficulty find common ground on public policy. In truth, during these last three trying years, there have been on questions of public policy, but slight and relatively insignificant divergencies of view. And there were only five persons present. The second Mass in the town was celebrated in 1848 by Right Rev. Dr. Power, first bishop of Toronto. Between these two periods the Catholics

of Chatham were compelled to go miles away from ten to fifteen miles to visit Mass.

The congregation of St. Joseph's began to form about the year 1845, and the cornerstone of the first church was laid in 1847. The eloquent speaker contrasted the present state of the congregation with that of years gone by, and drew their attention to the magnificent temple they now have with a congregation including over 50 families representing over 2,200 souls. They have now also three Separate schools with over four hundred children attending them. He dwelt upon the importance of efficient schools and of a Christian education. In conclusion he exhorted the people to give thanks to God for the abundant graces received at His hands during the past half century, and urged them to continue by a practical Christian life to make themselves worthy of these graces in the future.

ADDRESS BY THE BISHOP.

At the conclusion of the Mass his Lordship, the Bishop, briefly addressed the assembled worshippers: "This," he said, "is your anniversary, but not only is it yours, but that of the whole diocese as well, all of whom rejoice with you. I am pleased that you rejoice, but more pleased that you rejoice as true Christians should, who know that true joy is found only in a heart that is at peace with God. His Lordship then referred to the work done here by those who conducted the mission, characterizing them as men who esteemed religion and the good of the Church above all else. "In your name, my good people," his Lordship continued, "I thank them for what they have done for you, and I also thank the Father who has so abundantly blessed you. Not only have you had the benefits of the Mission, but you saw on Sunday last the glad sight of the little ones coming forward for the first time to partake of the Holy Communion, and are now placed in a better position to live for Christ. Such happy occasions give us good cause for rejoicing and giving thanks to Almighty God. As a result of this Mission you can offer up to God your hearts purified, and I trust this state of satisfaction may continue for many years to come. You should not forget that the growth of this parish to the flourishing one it is, is due to the sacrifices made not only by those who have gone before, but also of those still here. God has richly blessed you. Give to Him generously. Let us remember that the reason the Catholic Church succeeds is that every true member seeks God's glory, and not his or her own pleasure, doing what they do, not for show, but for God's honor and glory. Let us always remember that it is our duty to make sacrifices for God's sake. Not my dear people," said his Lordship in conclusion, "I will take advantage of this occasion to further increase your love by conferring upon you the Antiphon: 'Behold the same as that which the Italy Father himself conveys—which will bring upon all who, in the proper spirit receive it, not only spiritual advantages, but will entitle them to special indulgences."

Rov. Father Pacificus, O.S.F., of Cincinnati, and a former of Chatham, delivered a most eloquent and interesting sermon, explanatory of the imposing ceremonies connected with the consecration.

CONFIRMATION.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Confirmation was given by His Lordship the Bishop of London, who administered the Sacrament, and in a fatherly discourse pointed out the import of the step they were taking, and urged the confirmed to remain ever true to the solemn vows they had made. His Lordship also received from all the boys a pledge to abstain from all use of intoxicating drink until they were twenty-one years of age.

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE.

On Wednesday Oct. 10th, the golden jubilee of St. Joseph's congregation took place. At the Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by his Lordship the Bishop of London, the church was thronged. The congregation embraced, in addition to the regular members, people of other denominations, who observed with admiration and profound attention the beautiful ceremony.

The concelebrant was assisted by the following priests: Assistant priest, Very Rev. Dean Wagner, Windsor; deacons of honor, Father Ryan, Amherstburg; Father Lorin, Tuscarawas River; deacon of Mass, Father Langlois, Tilbury; sub-deacon, Father Parent, St. Peter's, lock carrier; Deacon Wagner, Windsor, Rev. Father Lorin, Tuscarawas River; Rev. Father Devlin, Montreal; Rev. Father Audrioux, Pain Court, were the chancers.

Father Pacificus, O.S.F., of Cincinnati, delivered a most eloquent and interesting sermon, explanatory of the imposing ceremonies connected with the consecration.

CONFIRMATION.

At three o'clock in the afternoon Confirmation was given by His Lordship the Bishop of London, who assisted the soloists and a full orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Karl Leo Verdin: Miss Maggie Boland, Miss Berger, Detroit; Miss Mary Mulligan, Miss Rose Mulligan, Miss Hennessy, Miss O'Mara, London; Messrs. A. J. Schulte, tenor, Detroit, and Mr. J. F. Dalton, basso, London. In the evening Est's Musical Vespers were rendered.

"Ave Maria"....By Mr. J. F. Wameluk

Grand "Magnificat".....Mozart

For Choir

"Jesus Dei Vivit!" (H.).....Verdi

Miss BOLAND, Miss SCHULTE AN DALTON.

"O Salutaris" (Solo).....H. Millard

Miss MARY MULLIGAN.

Grand "Teutum Ergo" in F.....Rossi

FULL CHOIR.

RECITAL AT THE URSSLINE ACADEMY.

In the afternoon his Lordship and the visiting clergy were tendered a reception by the pupils of the Ursuline Academy, when a pleasing programme was inaugurated. The veterans of the parish met in the Separate School and with pleasant chat discussed a sumptuous repast spread by the ladies of the congregation. The choir also had a grand concert after Vespers and spent the evening very merrily.

Rev. Father William, O.S.F., the former pastor here, preached the sermon at Vespers.

LOGES OF THE CROSS.

The regular meeting of St. Peter's Loges of the Cross was held in their hall, Power street on Sunday afternoon. President Cahill presided, the hall was comfortably filled. After the regular business of the society had been transacted the program was opened with a short address by the following gentlemen taking part: Mr. Hayes, Mr. Harris, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Judge and Mr. Cahill. The meeting was brought to a close after a few remarks from Rev. Father Whelan, past president Duffy the president.

The Society intend holding a meeting

next Saturday in their hall on the 1st Sunday of November; an excellent programme has been prepared. Mr. D. J. O'Donnell

has promised to address the members and an Orchestra has been engaged for the occasion.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which has outlived

and superseded hundreds of similar preparations, is undoubtedly the most feasible

as well as economical hair-fressing in the market.

By its use, the poorest head of

hair soon becomes luxuriant and beautiful.

## THE MOTHER LAND

Latest News from Ireland, England and Scotland.

Death of a Famous Nun at Youghal. Evidence of Catholic Plot in Scotland English Freemasonry.

Austria.

The charge of assault preferred by Mrs. Murphy against Mr. DeCobain, ex-M.P., has ended in dismissal. Mr. DeCobain and his sister swore it was the woman who was violent and screamed "murder without cause."

Speaking at Belfast on the 11th the Most Rev. Dr. Heney made the following reference to the Christian Brothers: The Christian Brothers have, by their system of primary education, kept prominently before the minds of the Catholics of Ireland the true ideal of Catholic or Christian education, and this seems to me to be the sole reason why English Governments, which boast of the freedom of conscience throughout the British Empire, have persistently refused to recognize the Christian Brothers' Primary Schools as worthy of State aid.

It is my purpose to supplement this, inasmuch that the Brothers throughout the country undertook to prepare some of their pupils for the Intermediate examinations, for the Intermediate system seems to me to be foreign to their institute as originally approved by the Holy See. However even in this department of higher education the Christian Brothers in Ireland have proved themselves competent. As it was to my illustrious predecessor so it is to me, the subject of regret that the undivided attention of clergies of men so good and teachers so efficient are not, perhaps cannot be for the present, entirely centred on the primary education of the poorer classes. It is to be hoped that the present Government will carry out their pledge and do justice to a more deserving body of teachers by admitting the Christian Brothers to a fair share of the State grants for primary education.

Cork.

A correspondent of the Cork Herald announces the death at Youghal of Mrs. Mary Frances Regis Lynch, a member of the Presentation Community. Sister Regis was but 36 years of age, and a little over ten years a religious. She was of delicate health for years past, suffering from weak lungs and phthisis supervening, this disease ultimately caused her death. She was much beloved, which was owing to her dignity and gentleness of manner, particularly by those to whom she imparted instruction, and those who shared her friendship deeply deplore her death. She was sister to the Rev. Father Lynch, C.C., Charlottville, formerly curate at Queenstown, and to Mr. Lynch, J.P., Lisquillan. The Community have sustained a great loss on the death of Sister Regis. It is not generally known that the magnificent pieces of lace made recently at the convent, and which have still further enhanced the fame of Youghal lace, were designed by her. In addition to the gifts of being an excellent portrait and landscape painter, Sister Regis had rare talent for inventing and drawing to the very fine details designs, some of them most wonderfully intricate, of Youghal lace, and when over her deathbed, when her strength permitted her to work, she was busy drawing designs.

The latest addition to the series of almanacs published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission consists of another volume of Dr. John T. Gilbert's calendar of the Marquis of Ormonde's manuscripts. The documents contain letters from all the English Sovereigns from Queen Mary to Queen Anne, besides a mass of correspondence between Ormonde and his followers during the latter half of the seventeenth century. In one of the letters Charles II. calls the Lord Lieutenant to account for not having made complaint to a client quartered upon him.

Another orders the arrest of Viscount Mountjoy.

And may our children live to see

That their supplies of water still shall be.

On Stream of Conversions."

The work of convincing non-Catholics of the error of their ways in a religious sense is being pursued with considerable success in many parts of Scotland. In no parish perhaps, is the harvest of souls more plentiful than that of St. Francis', Glasgow, where a number of Protestants are under instruction. Indeed the significant phrase "stream of conversions" has lately been used in reference to this populous mission. This announcement will yield genuine pleasure to every pious Catholic in the land of the Scots.

Kerry.

Intelligence has been received in Killarney of the death of the Rev. Father McCarthy, parish priest, Fawcett-house, Scotland. The Rev. Father McCarthy was son of Mr. Denis McCarthy, Main street, Killarney.

Waterford.

Intelligence has reached Waterford of the death of Father Robert Power, P.P., Ballymaloe, Carrick-on-Suir, on the 20th ult. Father Robert was well and widely known. By all with whom he came in contact this warm hearted and good-natured priest was held in high esteem.

England.

Cheltenham.

It is rumoured that His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan will probably visit Rome again this winter in connection with the great question of the re-union of the Churches. This news is welcomed by his numerous friends with hope and pleasure, for it is recognized as one whose calm, unprejudiced view of difficult questions may be accepted and relied upon with faith in his judgment.

Father Berry's Home.

A further development of Father Berry's systematic plan of dealing with waifs was inaugurated on Tuesday evening when St. Bernard's Training Home, Everton-crescent, Liverpool—so called in memory of the late Right Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, Bishop of Liverpool, and blessed by the present Bishop Right Rev. Dr. Whiteside, on the occasion of the recent annual conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society—was formally opened by the Right Hon. W. H. Watts, Lord Mayor of Liverpool. The object of this new home which is situated to the rear of the novitiate of St. Philip's Home is to give a number of the lads a certain amount of industrial training to enable them to earn a living. It has been started by Father Berry with that courageous and trusting dependence upon Providence and divine inspiration which has characterized his rescue work from the beginning and the interest evinced by all classes and creeds therein has been manifested in a very practical manner.

The Holy See and Freemasonry.

The "Bristol Mercury," in a temperate and well-written article urges that the Holy See, in dealing with Freemasonry, should draw a distinction between British and foreign Masonry.

What the Grand Orient of France struck out of its fundamental principles that of belief in God, the Grand Lodge of England refused to recognize it. The Grand Orient still remains outside the pale of English Masonry. The present Pope, observes the writer, is credited with entertaining the most friendly feelings towards this country. He might easily give effect to them, without derogating from the position in matters of religious belief which was defined in Bristol by Cardinal Vaughan, if he would discriminate between Freemasonry as practised in English and as practised in Latin countries. A more tolerant attitude towards this country would make his position stronger and more logical than it is at present. The "Catholic Times" commenting upon the article writes: "We quite agree with our contemporary that England is distinguished from foreign Freemasonry, is likewise subservient of law and order, and does not partake in the remotest degree of a political character. But apart from its rites, which partake of a non-Catholic religion, there is an insuperable bar to its toleration which, we are sure, the editor of the "Mercury" will, on reflection, admit to be reasonable." The Catholic Church cannot sanction a secret oath-bound society. No man should be committed to principles and acts of which before he is bound he know little or nothing.

Scotland.

A Lesson for Toronto.

Edinburgh has just inaugurated her new supply of water from the Talla, one of the head waters of the Tweed. The event was immortalized in the following ode read at the inauguration ceremony:

Hail to this day, September Twenty Eight,

A day which some historian may relate,

Was one by which Edina's sons might

thrive. It was in Eighteen Hundred and Ninety.

For then a new supply was to be found.

Of pure water, brought from Gamleshop ground,

And from the Talla glens, as far from home,

'Mid pastures, green, where men delight to rove;

While, all around, the giant mountains stand,

The grand sentinels of enchanted land,

Upon their slopes no tender lily grows;

No primrose pale—no inek, red, blushing rose;

Nought but the heather and the blue harebell.

Do on these grassy banks delight to dwell.

We writers of belles-Tudes silver streams,

Musing and sobbing, as a child in dream;

Then dashing onward, in its wayward course,

Our boulders, powerless to resist its force;

Its waters seem intent to hurry on,

Until in deep they are lost.

We view the mist that on the hill-top rise,

And dimly with the earth and skies a dream;

That think of God, who does so much for man;

Whose life at best is but a mortal span.

A day to be remembered this has been; We shall not soon forget the lovely scene, As first, of all, the Ladd cut the sod, When we had asked the blessing of our

Upon the means which we were bound to take

To bring "sweet waters" in, for City's sake,

But this, our latest proof, when 't's made,

Contribute largely to increase our trade!

And may our children live to see

That their supplies of water still shall be.

## LONDON & CANADIAN

### LOAN & AGENCY CO., LIMITED.

### Twenty-Second Annual Meeting.

The Twenty-second Annual Meeting was held in the office of the Company, 10 Bay street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 9th day of October, 1895, at noon. Among the present were the following: Sir W. R. Howland, Sir C. S. Gzowski, Rev. Dr. Ward, Mr. Modeste, Rev. Dr. Ward, Mr. Dr. D. O'Donnell, Mr. Smith, C. G. C. Col. Steacy and Messrs. G. R. Cockburn, M. P.; Thomas Long, James Henderson, George Robinson, Thomas Paterson, Bowmanville; James Campbell, William Gordon, T. R. Wood, David Higgins, C. S. Gzowski, C. G. Balnes, J. A. McLean, F. C. Taylor, Lindsay J. M. Donnell, Henry Landry, J. G. Ridout, F. J. Stewart, Frank Arnould, Q. C.; R. W. Boyle and H. L. Howe.

On the motion of Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, seconded by Mr. M. O'Donnell, St. W. P. Howland was appointed chairman, and Mr. J. F. Kitch, secretary of the meeting.

The following report was adopted:

The Report of the Auditor without the Twenty-second Annual Report of the Company, together with accounts for the year ending 31st August, 1895.

Appropriations for loans were received during the year to the amount of \$1,700,232 on property estimated as worth \$1,700,232 and loans were approved and effected to the extent of \$266,252.09 on property valued by the company's own appraisers at \$316,570.

During the year Debentures and Certificates have been issued and renewed amounting to

\$201,470.88 and Debt Stock issued

\$102,930.02

With the amount of Debentures and Certificates paid off was

\$60,925.10

With the amount of Debentures and Certificates paid off was

\$8,047,763.00

Since last report

Balance at credit of Revenue Account, 31st August, 1895, \$2,015,620

Less Debenture Stock—Debtors and Auditors at the Annual Meeting

Net Interest, etc., received and accrued to 31st August, 1895

And Debenture Stock issued

2,300.00

With the amount of Debentures and Certificates paid off was

\$2,792.00

After settling off all accrued losses

there remains a balance of

\$1,424.22

August 31st—By Balance carried forward to next year

J. F. KIRK, M.V.B.S.

The scriveners reported the following duly elected Directors: Sir W. P. Howland, Sir C. S. Gzowski, Sir Donald A. Smith, Donald Mackay, D. L. W. Smith, Q. C., Sandford Fleming, E. C. MacL., G. R. R. Corbett, J. F. Kitch, James Henderson and Thomas Long.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly elected Board, Sir C. S. Gzowski was appointed President and Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn Vice President.

### Properties.

Capital Stock Subscriptions at \$100 each

Capital Stock paid up

Reserve Fund (paid up) in

Monetary Reserves, etc.

Land and Buildings

Debenture Stock

Debentures and Certificates

Interest paid on Debentures and Certificates

Sundry Creditors

Due to Company, Agents

Debtors No. 41, Paid up

13th Sept., 1895, 1,000.00

Other Acc'ts carried to next year

... 847,131.66

Revenue Account for the Year Ending 31st August, 1895.

Dr.

Cost of Management

Commission on Debentures

Interest and Losses effected

during the year and Accrued

on Accruals

Debenture and Certificate in

trust paid and accrued to 31st August, 1895

Interest accrued to 31st August, 1895

Debtors paid, 1st March, 1895

Debtors paid, 15th September 1895

Municipal Tax accrued

Balance at Credit of Revenue Account carried to next year

... 8,117.17

... 61,437.22

... 847,131.66

Or.

Balance at Credit of Revenue Account, 31st August, 1895, \$2,015,620

Less Debenture Stock—Debtors and Auditors at the Annual Meeting

Net Interest, etc., received and accrued to 31st August, 1895

And Debenture Stock issued

2,300.00

With the amount of Debentures and Certificates paid off was

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After settling off all accrued losses

there remains a balance of

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St. John, N. B.

J. F. KIRK, M.V.B.S.

The scriveners reported the following

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Sir C. S. Gzowski, Sir Donald A. Smith,

Donald Mackay, D. L. W. Smith, Q. C.,

Sandford Fleming, E. C. MacL., G. R. R.

Corbett, J. F. Kitch, James Henderson and

Thomas Long.

At a subsequent meeting of the newly

elected Board, Sir C. S. Gzowski was ap-

pointed President and Mr. G. R. R. Cock-

burn Vice President.

VISIT TO CORNWALL.

CORNWALL, Oct. 5.—Mr. Michael McEniry, a "boy" who hails from within

speaking distance of Garryowen, started

business in the vicinity of the G.M.R.

station here several years ago, and from

feeble beginnings has developed into a

property-owner-of-satisfactory-dimensions,

Mr. McEniry is a good citizen, as he

is a most patriotic Irishman, a man

whom whalers had the courage of speak-

ing as he sat upon questions affecting

his country.

He is a true son of Erin.

Mr. Frank Lally, the well-known

athlete and lacrosse player, has settled

down to the prosaic duties of boot and

shoe merchant.

For many years, in

the open field Mr. Lally followed fame

and fortune and

At this he developed such fleetness of

foot that he was urged by his friends

to run for the position of Mayor of his

native town. He entered the race, and

won, knocking the other competitor

out of time, distance and a great deal

of money. A valuable "side-line" to

Mr. Lally's extensive business is his

important trade in the manufacture and

sale of lacrosse sticks. Under

his own personal supervision, these

are manufactured by the Indians on

an island opposite Cornwall, and ex-

ported to all parts of the Dominion.

Mr. Edward O'Callaghan is a man

who, commencing at the lowest rung

of the ladder, has risen step by step until

now he is recognized as one of the

leading merchants of the "Factory

Town." He also was in the race for

the mayoralty, and won, signalizing

his term of office with a record

of 100%.

Mr. Edward O'Callaghan is the

son of an Irishman—the late Mr.

Patrick Gilday Mulhern, a native of

the County Mayo, and a near relative

to the late illustrious Archibishop Mc-

Hall of Tuam. Of the career of Mr.

Patrick Gilday Mulhern in Ireland I

know nothing, but the many years

during which he has resided at Corn-

wall he won as much distinction as his

son does in discharging the duties of chief

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## OUR IRISH LETTER.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE CATHOLIC REGISTER

DUBLIN, Oct. 2.—Once only had I the privilege of meeting Fr. Ring whose name is so well known in connection with the Irish pilgrimages to Rome and Lourdes. It was some five or six years ago at the annual luncheon given by the Brothers at Glenree Refectory to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin. There seem to be two branches of the Oblates of Mary, the priests who give missions, conduct confraternities and have a House of Retreat attached to their beautiful church, and monks, who do not take holy orders, but call themselves Christian Brothers and who are extraordinarily successful in the management of reformatory. Before they left it in hands Glenree Refectory was well nigh a ruined pile, it is one of the most successful institutions if its kind in the British Isles. It is situated in the heart of stern lonely mountains, hills that give one an impression of barrenness, no substitute are they of trees, and so few are the landmarks to break the monotony of their bare slopes. The drive there from Dublin via Rathfarnham and Whitechurch is perfectly delightful. Once you clear the suburbs, you find yourself in a charmingly rural country, the road lies straight over the Dublin mountains and as you steed amble lazily up the heights, if you have an eye for scene effect you keep constantly looking behind at the magnificent panorama of city and bay which unfolds itself at every bend of the road. The last two miles lie across a moor, a lonely desolate upland, where the car track looks strangely white and level between the tufts of purple heather.

The Brothers generally issued three or four hundred invitations for their annual festo. One half Dublino, the procession of cars across the mountain remained one of off to Punchestown in the good old times. In the brilliant of a July afternoon the way travelled square with its boulders of stone, gray stone relaxed in little austerity and the severe proune-like buildings assumed a slightly wild air. It is such a lonely nook and silence is so pre-eminently the keynote of these cold stone walls circled by the everlasting hills, that there is something grim about its mirth, and the fashionable crowd look as much out of place there as a dodo in a hermit's cell. However the severity is, only on the exterior. The rooms, whether in the convent or workshops, are bright and airy. The Brothers are noted for their refined tastes, they make each department as attractive as possible, and one comes away with the impression that despite its seclusion, and the rigid enforcement of discipline which the boys' antecedents render imperative, life there is very cheerful.

The Dublin City Fathers are famous for their capacity for condescending leniency—when they can't give them at somebody else's expense, and it must be admitted that the ladies are not at all willing in doing justice to their full share of good things. Never will I forget my experience at Glenroost. We arrived about 1 p.m., to find the whole place swarming with ladies in fashionable gowns and stout important gentlemen in black coats and "all hats." Sauntering through the yard my attention was arrested by a group of ladies in room on the first story. The windows were thrown open, and as I stood looking up, a constant crowd of fair dames elbowed one another around the refreshment buffet, devouring cakes, claret-cup, fruit, everything they could lay hands on, they ate as if they were fasting at least from the day before. Lunch was announced for 2 p.m. and as we had breakfasted before breakfast, we decided to wait for it. We found plenty to interest us in the workshop, while the boys taught us a variety of trades, and to walk through the gardens, so refreshing cool and green after the shadowless glare of the crowded platz was delightful. A magnificient deerener was laid in a long hall where the boys play in wet weather. Three rows of narrow tables were very prettily arranged in the body of the hall while on a dais at a special table Fr. Ring, O.M.I., the Rev. Manager of Glenroost, entertained the Lord Mayor and other prominent men. When the doors were opened the rush for seats carried you off your feet. Almost before they sat down the guests had taken in the whole mount, and made up their minds what dainties to attack first. Before me was a dish of fruit crowned with a cluster of purple grapes; while I was unfolding my napkin they vanished. A lady sitting next to me had a dim recollection of some one's attempting to eat grapes, but it was diverted by the clatter of knives and forks. The boys' band stationed outside the windows played selections of Irish music; an occasional chord made itself audible. I have sometimes seen people dine, but never before or since did I see such an onslaught on food. I am sure the Mansion House suppers are just such another scene. For sometime I was busy helping the ladies at our table to roast duck, while a clergymen sitting opposite carved a glazed tongue. An American lady described St. Frauncis de Sales as "a gentleman saint," and as I watched this distinguished looking priest serving his neighbours with such unsuming courtesy, it seemed to me that the term might be most appropriately applied to him. Although the blonde waves of hair which framed his broad forehead, a brow intensely intellectual, were tinged with silver, his face retained the freshness of youth and benignity was its most striking feature. He seemed so unselfishly regardless of his own comfort, and enjoyed his luncheon so much with the air of a man to whom it was an every day incident, that it flattered one's self respect to have him for a vis-a-vis. I did not know at the time that he was Fr. Ring O.M.I., but his personality so charmed me that when three-fourths of the guests cleared out of the hall directly grace was said, I lingered with two or three others at our table to hear the after-dinner speeches. There was such a calm dignity about him that I felt it would be gross rudeness to leave the table while he remained seated. The Rev. Manager, Father Ring, read the annual report of the

good work accomplished at the Refectory, the state of its funds, the increased following number of members now present, and responded to Father Ring with undivided attention to every word spoken, he applauded even the presence of the tempests speechiest most gracious, and drank every toast standing. For me after Father Ring's laud little speech, I found the city orators impudently vapid. I never would have sat them out if it were not that my self-restraint was more than repaid by being able to pay little attention to Father Ring, such as keeping his glass filled with soda water, lemonade, or any other aerated water available. He used a water glass, also even the most amiable of teetotallers could not have honoured all the toasts. What a picture of a flat dignify he made, his faultless black cloth and showy abit setting off the severe poise of a noble head, his sparkling glass up raised in one hand as he bowed slightly towards the day's fare drinking its contents.

Even after dinner cannot prose for ever, and when bye and bye we walked along the yard listening to the band, some one suggested that we should go and have a cup of tea. Curiosity to see if the guests could possibly eat any more brought me to the tea-room. We found it crowded with ladies of both orders, the religious like and bishops of all that had touched nothing since morning. The men seemed quite content with one square meal. How tired the Brothers must have been! How thankful, as they watched the last car drive away, that the mountains stand between them and Society! After such an experience they must heartily endorse St. Paul's conclusion that "It is better for a man not to marry."

The Irish Agricultural Organization Society held its opening congress in Dublin on September 23rd. The founder, Mr. Horatio Plunkett, presided, and amongst those who took an active part in the proceedings were the Earl of Mayo, Lord Mountcargle, Count Moore, Rev. T. A. Finlay, S.J., Sir James Talbot Power, Mr. John Parrott, M.P., Mr. Wm. Field, M.P., and a whole host of minor nobodies. The programme of the organization is immense. Some of the resolutions passed unanimously would be more boffiting a sconce in "Utopia Limited" than a conference of grave and reverend Seigneurs. It is a new thing in Ireland to see landlords and tenants sitting down together to discuss agricultural industries after the fashion of people who have a mutual interest at stake. Mr. Plunkett is to be congratulated on having selected so happy a rapprochement. The society is not the only practical reformer, reforms absolutely necessary to the progressive development of agriculture in this country, that is deplorable to see its usefulness marred by some post-rotundus fads. Mr. Plunkett has a pet aversion. It is the "unnecessary inclusion of unnecessary middle profits"—in other words the entire business and trading class who intervene between the farmer and the manufacturer w<sup>t</sup> supplies him with raw material on the one hand, and the individuals who consume his butter and eggs on the other. He calmly suggests to "eliminate" all shopkeepers, commission agents, pig buyers, bacon curers, in fact to make a clean sweep of the commercial population. He does not condescend to suggest where they are to go, or how they are to earn a living. He contorts himself, however, to get the open approval of our programme, which have done all in our power those whose business is disturbed to make the necessary arrangements to meet the altered circumstances." How considerate! It does not say much for the business acumen of the congress that it unanimously endorsed this sentiment. No one seems to have reflected that when the farmers had made a clean sweep of the shopkeepers and their attendant tradesmen, they would find their butter and eggs a drug on the market. Co-operative societies are an foul monopoly. They start with a great flourish of trumpets about a division of profits, and end by rapidly developing into great trading concerns securing a fine profit to shareholders, but leaving the workman exactly where they found him. If Mr. Plunkett could only rid himself of this petticoat craze, there would undoubtedly be a glorious future before his organization. It is a mass of very great ability and social influence, moreover he is thoroughly in earnest in his efforts to develop the natural resources of the country. He goes through more work than any other prominent Irishman of the present day. Unfortunately the big majority of our politicians are so engrossed in the study of rhetoric, that they soon to have no energy left to promote any practical project. In the opening sentence of his address to the congress Mr. Plunkett sounded the keynote of his policy: "If I were asked what is the most important lesson we Irishmen of to-day have to learn I should say it was to distinguish between what we ought to do for ourselves and what the State ought to do for us." If I were further asked how this lesson could best be learned, I should reply, "by means of agricultural organization. For if you exclude the great manufacturers, the northern province the welfare of Ireland may be said to depend on the welfare of the agricultural community."

In the course of his speech he entered fully into the work of the Society, giving very lucid exposition of how one could be easily accomplished if those who are the critics of the country would join him in promoting non-controversial measures. "In this meeting," he said, "we have the germs of the national body, which is, if our scheme works out, to take over the work of further organization from the Organization Society, and to enter upon the double task of bringing out the resources of self-help and formulating and making effectual the farmer's demand for State aid." The conference then proceeded to discuss the suggestion of a Board of Agriculture for Ireland, the transport of live stock, light railways, trade federation, the bacon industry, agricultural technical schools, creameries, agricultural finance &c. The speakers were all men of distinguished ability—who had proved themselves to their own satisfaction—that the I.A.O.S. "shall become a power in

the land which shall speed our great industrial progress and prosperity." A popular & widely resounding response was given by the promoters who could see their way to conform its program with common sense.

While the conferences include I many well known men it cannot be said to have represented the genuine agriculturalists of Ireland. It consisted mainly of delegates from co-operative societies, with a very large sprinkling of what one may term the camp-followers of public movements, gentleman who dearly love to see their names in the morning papers as amongst those present at a distinguished gathering, and who are always ready to promote any underhand plot which it starts under sufficiently illustrious patronage. We are over crowded with this class in Ireland, and when they get mixed up with an association they give a tone of unreality to its proceedings, which is apt to alienate the sympathy of those whom it proposes to benefit. The price of a for practical agriculturalists, at the opening congress, alone saved it from rating as a really ethical debate.

It is a touch to be desired that the National Party would co-operate with Mr. Plunkett's disinterested efforts to spread the light through the farming classes. If they will in with his suggestion to form a reeves committee to deal with non-controversial matters there can be no doubt that such a conference, representing all shades of politics, and bringing the tenant into touch with the landlord, would exercise a wholesome influence on public opinion. It is about time that we realized how very much the practical solution of the Irish question lies in the hands of Irishmen at home.

There are ninety-one societies co-operative societies, with a membership of 8,200, affiliated to the I.A.O.S. The actual business turnover of these societies last year amounted to £20,000, this year it is estimated to have increased to £350,000, but I cannot find that there were any profit and loss sheets before the meeting, so that one cannot even guess the net results. Count Moore mentioned that last year they disposed of £60,000 worth of butter for which they secured the very best price, and this was got for Irish produce. He does not explain if the best price that could be got was a mere marketing price. This is just the point where commercial philanthropy generally fails. Somehow philanthropy and commerce do not go well together in harness. The one may be constantly bolstered up by a subscription list, the other to be genuine must not only pay its own way, but show a surplus. It is all very well to talk about starting creameries, but if the up-to-date separator does not make as much money as our grandmothers' churn—one pays dear for being modern. I have yet to hear of the co-operative creamery that pays a big dividend.

Some years ago I knew a farm produce commission agent who had a splendid connection with the retail trade in Dublin. He got on so well that he set up a business to start a creamery company, and succeeded in getting some thousands of pounds subscribed. He was appointed managing director with some sort of an agreement that he was to get no salary until the shares paid 6 per cent. One February evening about four years ago I dropped into his office to find the whole place motanmorphosed. For once, had furnished offices for himself and several assistants for his stock, but the company had taken two houses and knocked them into one. The clerk sat downstairs, and he roamed supreme in an imposing boardroom above. He looked very comfortable in a beautifully cushioned chair, with a correct assortment of papers neatly arranged on his bureau. The walls were hung with large coloured prints of pastoral life, which he informed us were faithful pictures of their different dairies. They were certainly very enticing. Placid cows knee-deep in clover, under umbreous trees shading them from a cloudless sky, while in the background a fair milkmaid emerged from a Swiss chalet. He was very sanguine about their prospects in the coming summer. He was thoroughly in earnest, moreover his trade was partially established, still perhaps it was owing to the aforesaid lack of capital that called my experience of farm houses. I could not help myself of a feeling that the whole that we are an Irish edition of Dickens' "City of Dread." I saw him again last autumn, but alas, the scene was changed. I was passing through one of our mean streets, that unsavoury locality which lies between Westland road and Irishtown, when I saw him coming towards me. There was no mistaking the gaunt poverty of his figure. Although I had noted nothing of his altered fortunes, I read them at a glance. The poor man had literally staked his all in the success of that creamery. The company I believe it still struggling on, but is now travelling for another producer commission agent, who only started when he was at the top of the wheel. I would have liked to shake hands and tell him his misfortune, sympathized with him, but he passed on not seeing me, and I understood that he too remained our last meeting. I could mention a few more examples of how almost impossible it is to make creameries pay. I do not understand the question sufficiently to be able to account for this failure. To judge from results the Danish system, to be a commercial success in Ireland, must be thoroughly overhauled. The butter industry is one of the most important in this country, and it is passing strange how very little practical attention it receives from prominent men.

The I.A.O.S. carry the principle of stamping out "middle profits" very effectively into their business transactions. Last spring a gentleman was telling me he had worked one of their advertisements for an orange juice manufacturer. The terms were so punatorial that it would take an enterprising traveler all his time to earn his living, and moreover he should guarantee all debts. "Sacrifices must be made," said the chairman, and the commission agents have evidently been selected to head the list of holocausts.

The Catholic Board of Guardians are reported to have under consideration a proposal from Madame Tussaud for the

purchase of the cottage in which the "witch burning" took place. The idea of a crowd of worldy Googlies right over paying their shilling to gaze on this late example of Irish barbarism, does not flatter one's national pride. Surely the Cashel Guardians might have some other method of frightening the rates than to traffic in such horrors.

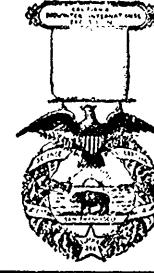
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On Friday, Sept. 27th, the remains of Lieutenant Wilfrid P. Bethell were laid to rest in Glasnevin Cemetery. The young officer whose promising career death terminated so early, was a nephew of the late Cardinal Manning. He came of an old, aristocratic Catholic family in Surrey; and was very popular with both officers and men of the Oxfordshire Regiment to which he was attached. When he took up command of a portion of his regiment at the Queen's House Fort, Dublin, Lieutenant Bethell, who appeared to be in perfect health, but he was seized with an attack of septic fever to which he succumbed in little more than a week. His funeral was most impressive. All the regiments at present stationed in Dublin were numerously represented. He was buried with full military honors. The whole garrison united to pay a last tribute of respect to this popular young officer. On arriving at the Cemetery the coffin was carried from the gun carriage to the graveside, by the sergeants of the Oxford regiment, the second lieutenants acting as pall bearers. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bethell were chief mourners. Deep and sincere sympathy is felt for them in their sad bereavement. The following clergymen attended the funeral: Very Rev. Canon O'Hanlon, Chaplain to the forces; Rev. Canon Conlan, Rev. Father Coffey and Rev. Father Scoll, acting Chaplain; Rev. Father H. F. Brown, S.J.; University College; Rev. G. J. D'Arcy, Rev. Father Dowling, O.M.I., Rev. Father Hoy and Rev. Father Brady, Hamilton, Canada.

CHARLES DALTON,

THE LATEST:  
JOHN LABATT'S  
LONDON  
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AWARDED  
GOLD MEDAL  
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and . . .  
Steam Heating

Have unexcelled records

So say

FATHER BERGIN, Rector St. Joseph's Church, Leslie St., Toronto.

LORETTO ABBEY, Toronto.

ARCHBISHOP WALSH, Church of Our Ladies of Lourdes.

WM. MCKENZIE, 623 Sherbourne St., and many others.

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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1895.

## Calendar for the Week.

October 17 St. Hedwig  
 18—St. Luke Evangelist.  
 19—St. Peter of Alcantara.  
 20—Feast of the Blessed Virgin  
 Mary.  
 21—St. Hilarius, Abbot.  
 23—Most Holy Redeemer.

## Winter Lectures.

Rev. Dr. Treacy lectured on Sunday evening at the Cathedral on "The Catholicity of Means." These Winter lectures are creating so much interest, that, rather than mar the adequate report of Dr. Treacy's discourse by curtailing it to the space available in the present issue, we have decided to hold it over for our next.

Pressure upon our space to-day compels us to hold over an important letter upon the English education question from Cardinal Vaughan, which appears in *The Times* as well as the significant comments of *The Times* and other papers upon the Catholic view as laid down by the Cardinal.

Connaught is the banner Province of Ireland for all the virtues. There immorality, as the word is commonly applied, is practically unknown, and statistics just issued show the Connaught man to be more temperate than the rest of the people. The same rule applies to all crime against the person; the four provinces standing thus: Leinster, 4.4 per 10,000 of the population; Munster, 1.9; Ulster, 1.6; Connacht, 1.3.

*The Register* was the only Catholic paper on the continent which showed the enterprise of producing a translation of the Pope's latest Encyclical. Our Catholic contemporaries in the United States have nearly all copied our translation, and while we receive this as a compliment, we are also glad to spread the light amongst them! But it would not have injured papers with the reputation of the New York Freeman's Journal, the Irish World, the Catholic Universe and others to give credit where credit is due. We like to supply them with good news, but we also like to see the spirit of honesty encouraged.

Our Irish news columns to-day record the death of a talented, we might even say famous man at the Presentation Convent, Youghal, Co. Cork. Sister Mary Regis was the greatest designer of Irish lace of our day. When the marriage of the late Duke of Clarence was announced Sister Regis designed a piece of lace for presentation to the Duchess of York which was valued at \$1,000. It was never presented; but when the marriage of the Duchess of York with Prince George took place, the Earl of Crewe presented to the bride a lace fan designed by Sister Regis, which was awarded fame for its beauty among the mass of presents. The Presentation Nuns at Youghal, and notably the lamented Sister Regis, have made lace making an established industry in the town.

A certain class of Protestants are too ready to parade their converts from the Catholic Church. The few their vast system of proselytism can claim are really neither a loss to the Catholic Church nor yet a gain to Protestantism. A great noise was made in the press of England the other day over a case which *The Times* thus recorded:

On Saturday last, in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, Canon Duckworth, the Sub-Dean, owing for the Bishop of London, admitted the Rev. P. F. Gleeson, D.D., priest of the Church of Rome, into the Church of England.

It is with no desire to score a point, but solely that Protestants should realize the truth, we append the sequel which figured in the press a few days later.

Patrick Francis Gleeson, described as a clergyman of Vauxhall Bridge road, was charged at Lambeth with being found drunk in a public place, viz. Atlantic road, Belgrave. Police Constable Waters, 570 W., said he found the prisoner drunk at half

past six last evening. He was helplessly intoxicated, and was lying in the road with his face cut. When asked what he had to say, the accused replied that he left himself in the hands of the court. Mr. Hopkins ordered him to pay the amount of the doctor's fee, 3s. dd.

A poem from the pen of Mr. Alfred Austin, which appears in the *National Review*, shows that a better feeling is growing up in England towards Ireland, and, it may be, that this has a real connection with the conciliatory policy of the Government. The Sister Islands speak to each other.

## Ireland speaks first:

"They would not suffer me to weep or pray  
 Upon the altar of my Saints they trod :  
 They banned my Faith, they took my  
 Heaven away.  
 And tried to rob me of my very God :  
 And when I sued them leave me where I  
 lay.  
 And get them hence, still, still they would  
 not go.  
 They left the spindle from my farnished  
 hands ;  
 My kin and kin they drove to other lands,  
 Widowed and orphaned me ! And now you  
 know  
 Why all my face is wet, and all my voice is  
 woe !"

## England Responds—

"We own our fault the greater, so we now  
 For balance of that wrong would make  
 amends.

Lift the low wimple from your clouded  
 brow,  
 Give me your gaze and say that we are  
 friends ;  
 And do your mountains witness of that vow,  
 Your dewy dingles white with blossoming  
 also,  
 Your tawny torrents tumbling to the sea ;  
 For you are far the fairest of the Three,  
 And we can never, never, let you go,  
 Long as your warm heart beats, long as  
 your bright eyes glow.

Live your own life, but over at our side !  
 Yield your own Heaven, but blend your  
 prayer with ours !

Remain your own fair self, to bridegroom  
 bride,

Veiled in your mist and diamonded with  
 showers,  
 We twain love-linked whom nothing can  
 divide !

Look up ! From Sleivenore's brow to  
 Dingle's shore,  
 From Inagh's lake to Inisfallen's isle  
 And Carrig's glen, the land is one large  
 smile !

The dolphin gambol and the laverock  
 seat :  
 Lift up your heart and live, enthralled to  
 aile no more.

Cardinal Moran has raised his influential voice in Australia in favor of the federation of the Colonies. This is a subject in which all Canadians have a natural interest, and we take pleasure in presenting the Cardinal's latest reference to it in the course of an address to the Australasian Catholic Guild of St. Mary and St. Joseph.

He thought it was a matter of patriotic common to them all, to look forward to the day when the intercolonial barriers would be broken down, and Australia would stand erect in all its strength and completeness, with the blessing of a united Australia extended to all citizens (cheers). In those days he looked to their guilds to follow in the path of that United Australia, and wherever liberty extended its blessings, so their guilds would extend fruitful branches. He was sure very few would say that was a delusion of his; it was a matter common to all citizens. Every day Australia was growing in strength; every day they saw their neighbours looking with greater jealousy towards Australia's shores. Circumstances that had arisen within the past few years told them that perchance they might find dangerous neighbours within an arm's length of them (near, near), and it behaved Australia to be prepared in time. If an enemy assailed them it would require all the united strength and genius of Australia to marshal the united strength to guard their home and liberty. There were three things he admired in the Australian people—the one was the marvelous respect for religion, another was the wonderful respect for the administration of law and justice, and the third was their most ardent and devoted patriotism (cheers). With such characteristics it was impossible that a people so energetic and devoted would not soon become a grand and glorious State (loud cheers).

## Mr. Laurier on the School Question.

Mr. Laurier can hardly expect to be overwhelmed with congratulations upon his references to the Manitoba School question in his speeches delivered during the past week at various points in Ontario. The attitude he has taken up all along is, that he is not called upon to come to the relief of the Government. This is granted; but neither was he called upon to side with the Government of Manitoba, unless prompted to do so by political sympathy. We want to understand Mr. Laurier's position rightly and we have no disposition to unduly criticise him. He makes two admissions—that the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba has a grievance; and that while

the problem thus created is not the making of the Dominion Government, the minority have an appeal for redress to the Government of Canada. Heretofore Mr. Laurier has kept on repeating that the question was one of facts; and we, who did not believe that he could have been earnestly absurd in the reiteration of those words, were disposed to give him credit for recognizing that the only facts involved were acknowledged grievances and the providing of the remedy. But in his Ontario speeches he has made it plain that he meant something quite different. He would appoint a Commission to discover whether the grievance is such as to warrant interference on the part of the Government of Canada with the Manitoba Schools Act. He adds also that Manitoba must not be coerced by the Dominion. We hope that Mr. Laurier has at last made his meaning clear. As far as the demand for a Commission goes there is no doubt that a Commission would be a grand thing; but what would be the motive?

There is nothing to examine. Separate Schools were wiped out of Manitoba by the Manitoba Act; and the whole scope of the proposed enquiry could only begin and end there. The grievance inflicted by the Provincial law is quite plain. Catholics are deprived of school taxes, and are taxed for the support of Protestant schools. After five years have been spent appealing for justice, the problem is forced upon the attention of the Dominion Government finally. Remedial legislation has been most solemnly promised at the approaching session of Parliament. The Government being committed up to the hilt, Mr. Laurier says:—"You must not coerce Manitoba." We respectfully submit that this is the first time Mr. Laurier has chosen to say so outright, and this is why he is open to criticism.

When Mr. Laurier admits that the minority have an appeal to the Government of Canada he necessarily admits, also, that a certain constitutional procedure was laid down whereby the minority could get relief. Now we say that due respect for that important principle was the very least that could have been expected from a statesman who has the interests of the Dominion at heart. And why? This School question is a very serious obstacle to happiness and good feeling within our Canadian Confederation. The uneasiness is felt in every portion of the Dominion; as acutely in the East as in the West. A Canadian statesman must stand up for the cause of the Dominion as a whole, and it is not worthy of Mr. Laurier, as it would not be worthy of any leader of a Federal party, to champion the cause of the Province as against the interests of the whole country. It is open for The Globe, for Principal Grant, or for any other irresponsible party, to endeavor to show that the safety of Confederation depends upon the monstrous importance which they seek to attach to the cry of Provincial Rights; but Mr. Laurier is not a Provincial politician; his duty is to consult the interests of the people of Canada and the equality of the terms of Confederation.

Patriotic Liberals are not likely to forget the great importance of this principle. Danger to Confederation is not found in the temporary disturbance which a revolutionary Provincial party may kick up, whether in Manitoba or Quebec; but there is well defined danger to the guarantees of Confederation when the leaders of a Federal party begins to display weakness of this kind, for it means weakness at the heart of Confederation. Mr. Laurier remembers, no doubt, the old classic motto: "The strongest things are not so well established as to be out of danger of the weakest;" and when he weakens upon the interests of Confederation he is not worthy of his position.

It may, perhaps, be entering upon the debatable ground of politics to ask Mr. Laurier to disclose his motive? Why does he condemn the Dominion Government for accepting what they cannot refuse? Why does he soothe Manitoba, and apply the epithet "coercion" to the only method of procedure open to the Federal authority? Admitted that the Government might have acted more prudently; that the Remedial Order should not have been issued at the time it was issued. At all events the Government have a method; and that method gives

light. Besides, it is the strictly constitutional method, and, therefore, the only proper method. Mr. Laurier still has no method. Torture, that poor word "Commission" in whatever way you like and it points nowhere. The only result which the work of a Commission would achieve would be to throw the Solictor question forward as the issue of a general election. Is any sensible patriotic Canadian anxious that this should be done? It may come about any way, but it is not the most desirable consummation imaginable. If the Government be not supported by Parliament upon the Remedial bill the wigs of one or other of the parties will decorate the green at the general election just as surely as if the most elaborate precautions had been taken to nurse the ill feeling over the Manitoba School question and keep it warm for the fight.

So that we cannot see what motive Mr. Laurier has for stroking Manitoba down—it is for having made the problem?—and for raging at the Dominion Government—is it for not having made the problem? Whatever be the motive "the doves are conserved while the crows are spared", and we believe Mr. Laurier's best friends must feel disappointed with his choice of a position on the question.

## An Appeal to the Irish Race.

It is not too much to say that the letters interchanged by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto and Hon. Edward Blake, and laid before our readers to-day, constitute the most powerful appeal for unity made to the Irish people during the whole course of those lamentable personal differences which have so much endangered the influence of the Parliamentary Party. Our revered and gentle Archbishop knows what and how to use that strong and dignified language of censure of which he is a master; and no one need be surprised that he applies it in the most warning manner now to those who are responsible for "the fatal dissensions that have weakened and paralyzed the Irish Parliamentary representation"; those who "have brought shame and dishonor on their country, and are guilty of high treason against the Irish race at home and abroad."

This, indeed, is language worthy of our patriotic and venerable Prelate; but the fundamental importance of his declaration is the forcible suggestion that a great National Convention be held to bear the national voice anew upon "its fixed and unalterable purpose to labor for and win the right of self-government." This great Convention would be the central object round which the Irish at home and abroad should rally their forces from the furthest limits of the empire, and, declares the Archbishop, almost with inspiration: "When Ireland speaks to England through such a body, her just demands cannot be long refused her."

Thus the Convention would in reality be imperial in its character, whilst the delegates from abroad would constitute an advisory representation in the body.

Now-a-days, when the idea of imperialism permeates every movement looking to the betterment of her Majesty's subjects, no matter in what portion of her dominions, the Convention which Dr. Walsh has in view could not fail to arrest the attention of the world, and arouse an enthusiasm among the Irish people in all lands, such as has not heretofore been witnessed. One certain result of its influence, we think, could not fail to be the silencing for all time of those who are accustomed to hurl the word "Separatist" at the head of every Irishman having the confidence in his voice to proclaim them before the world capable of directing their own affairs at home, as they have proved themselves in every colony of the British empire eminently fitted for the task in the lands of their adoption where none dare to question their loyalty.

It only remains for us to say that the Archbishop of Toronto speaks not only as a great Prelate of the Catholic Church whose name and devotion to his native land are well known in Ireland; but his declarations are backed up by the great majority of the Canadian people, who have again and again proved themselves the faithful friends of the Irish cause.

Mr. Blake's letter is worthy of him. Big hearted, magnanimous, without a shadow of ill-feeling against any

enemy, he proclaims before the world that he sees "no public reason for disunion." Canadians have just cause to feel proud of their dignified, level-headed fellow-countryman, who thus sets the cause he has at heart above all considerations of personal sacrifice in the present condition of the Parliamentary party. And this is the noble message he bears to our kith and kin beneath the Southern Cross; that "Irishmen must put aside personal feelings and animosities" and settle down to their work once more with earnest will, knowing that the task cut out for them is to forward the programme of Irish measures in the approaching session, and while the present Government lasts, confident that their first and main object, even though it wait five years for fulfillment, will yet be won. At the present moment unity is the great necessity, and Mr. Blake, we are glad to see, cordially endorses the suggestion of the Archbishop for the National Convention with representatives of the Irish abroad sharing in its deliberations, but without a formal vote.

We have little doubt that the endorsement of the Irish people will be given to the idea when the cable carries its hopeful import across the ocean to them to-day.

and likewise acknowledged to drinking at public bars. In palliation of this he claimed that he used liquor by advice of his doctor, but this advice did not call for his drinking in public bars and asking others up with him."

Where there is smoke there is fire and we cannot believe that Mr. Atkinson has told fully to *The Globe* what he would not be permitted to tell before the committee of investigation. We have already called the attention of the Ontario Government to the cowardly treatment of Miss Kelly while she was at the institution, and to the injurious attack made upon her before the Board through the public press after she had been dismissed. We have not been honoredsofarby the recognition of our protest by the Ontario Government. Now we respectfully demand a Provincial investigation into the management of the Mimico institution. The Government cannot object, seeing that last year it gave \$7,000 of its money to the school. The Municipalities that furnish the bulk of the expenses of this most uncommon reformatory (?) will rejoice to see the Government do its duty in the premises. Let us have an investigation, and the sooner the better.

## The State of Ireland.

Two most important reports dealing with the condition of Ireland were issued last week. The Registrar-General sent out his annual blue book dealing with the criminal and judicial statistics of the country, and the report of the General Prisons Board was issued at the same time. A study of both returns discloses in the first place the strikingly peaceful state of Ireland, and secondly, the continuous improvement of the population with regard to the evil of intemperance. To give a few of the many satisfactory features of the statistics, let us begin with this fact that 82 per cent of the convicted prisoners belong to the trivial class of offenders committed for the term of one month or less. The more serious offences were considerably below the average for the preceding ten years, and able to compare most favorably with any country in the world. Two persons (males) were sentenced to death, malicious offences and all committals classed under the head of intimidation—many of these being of a ridiculous character

were below the returns for any year of the decade 1884-1893. In consequence of this the cost of the police force was reduced by \$125,000. It may further be added that the number of females committed shows a satisfactory decrease—indeed the female offender is disappearing—whilst a large diminution is marked in the number of juvenile prisoners.

With regard to drunkenness, although the country is steadily growing better, the percentage of drunks in the estimated population is still very much higher than it ought to be. Fully 50 per cent of the persons committed to prison in Ireland are cases of drunkenness. The average percentage of such cases outside of Ireland is 18 per 10,000 of the estimated population. In Ireland it is 192, and one of the smaller cities reaches the astonishing figure of 739. This is indeed deplorable. However it is in some measure reassuring to turn to the evidence of the blue book that intemperance is a declining vice in Ireland. Last year there were 1,350 less cases, the previous year the decline marked was to the number of 8,682, and to go back still another year 7,801.

With regard to drunkenness it is a notable fact that the evil is most marked in the small cities, where business has been continuously declining, and where industries that once flourished are now no more. Is drink then the cause or the effect of the industrial decay? It is almost needless to ask the question. We know that intemperance is a disease, and that it does not attack the social condition of any country in spots and patches. There is absolutely no comparison between the few declining cities and the rest of the country as far as drinking is concerned. The population taken as a whole need not be so much ashamed of the facts as it is not for the way in which the average is run up by the contributions of once busy centers, where men are forced into idleness by reasons of the gradually decreasing means of employment. The government of the country, then, has its load of blame to carry for the marks of drunkenness upon the face of Ireland. Whenever men are driven to loading, drink, the companion of laziness, will gain ground. In Ireland this is not a theory, but is established by the plain lesson of the statistics.

Mr. Atkinson was asked what he meant in his letter of resignation by "facts" presented by the officer. He said that many of the boys who came to the school had impaired their health and their eyesight by the use of tobacco, and yet those officers who were put over these very boys and whose precepts and example the boys were expected to follow did themselves use tobacco. "The Superintendent himself," Mr. Atkinson said, "acknowledged that he used tobacco

## Sacred Heart League Leslieville.

An impressive ceremony was witnessed in St. Joseph's Church, Leslieville, on Sunday last by a large number of laborers, the occasion being the election of the promoters of the Sacred Heart. Ryan officiated, having the young ladies by an excellent instruction on the duties and responsibilities which would devolve upon them on their acceptance of the high honor he was about to confer upon them. He reminded them that in one particular they resembled the sacred priesthood, as a person once d as a promoter was always a cr. The crosses and badges were passed and distributed, the first reaching the altar rails being those of the children who showed by their pleasing appearance and modest demeanor the results of careful training on the part of the Rev. Pastor Father McEntee, and the good Sisters who had prepared them for this important event. The older members of the congregation were then enrolled and the reception of the promoters themselves, 15 in number, the act of consecration being read by Miss Langford. The choir was assisted by a number of singers from the other churches who had kindly volunteered their services, among them being Mr. Charles Tommey and Miss Mary Curran of St. Paul's, and Mr. Costello of St. Basil's. The selections deserving of special mention were the "O Salutaris" by Mr. Costello, and the "Justus ut Palma" a duet by Messrs. Tommey and R. Howorth. A hymn to the Sacred Heart was sung by the school children with pleasing effect the soloists being the Misses Cronin and Coughlin.

Rev. Father Ryan has given the League a good start and the parishioners of St. Joseph's will have reason to remember with pleasure his valuable services on this occasion. Taken altogether, it was one of the most pleasing events which have ever taken place in the Church.

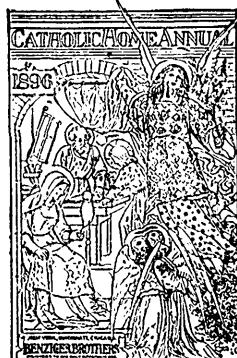
Dir No. 4 A. O. H.

One of the most successful smoking concerts in the history of the Order in Toronto under the auspices of Div. No. A. O. H. was held in the I.C.B.H. Hall on Monday evening Sept. 23rd. By the time fixed for the concert to begin the hall was filled to its utmost capacity with members, members of other divisions, and friends. The Chairman, Mr. P. Kearney, so well appointed and ably fitted for the occasion announced the first part of the programme, being "piano solo" by Mr. Kyde, who also presided at the same during the evening. Mr. Kearney being pressed by call from his office to leave the Hall for the remainder of the evening, was succeeded in his duties by Mr. J. D. Keating, who ably filled up the time. The concert was a success, the audience and the performers giving a unanimous verdict in favor of the programme, the audience being unanimous in their verdict in favor of the performers.

The directions for making tea, as given by the "Salada" Ceylon Tea Co. in their packages, would apply to all black or mixed tea:

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Home and the Vatican.

The first Fall meeting of the Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association was held in St. Patrick's Hall McCaul St. on Monday evening Oct. 11th, with a large attendance of members. The following is the programme of studies for the coming season: Bible study, Church History, Irish Literature, Dante's Divine Comedy, Shakespeare and Pickwick Papers. The Rev. Director Rev. Father Wynne has kindly consented to direct the Bible study class.

On Thursday evening Oct. 24th, the members and their friends will patronize St. Patrick's Bazaar, by attending in body, providing the music and have supper, tickets for which may be obtained from any of the members.

American Total Abstinence Society.

Rev. J. M. Cleary, president of the Total Abstinence Union of America, writes from Minneapolis:

The tenth of October, Father Matthew's birthday, is at hand. The anniversary of the birth of the illustrious Apostle of this form of Christian self-denial must ever be an occasion of inspiration for all the lovers of Total Abstinence. Every society in the National Union with a particle of enterprise about it will do something notable to celebrate the anniversary of our great leader. The early days of October are fitting times to open the campaign that should be carried on with untiring energy through the winter. Let not these days go by without arranging for an enthusiastic rally. The success of your winter's work depends very largely on the energy with which you begin it. In accordance with the plans suggested by our Lecture Bureau, presidents of subordinate Unions should instruct their societies to apply to them for temporary lecturers, organize routes for temperance speakers in their respective localities, and thus lessen the expense to each society. Subordinate Union presidents may apply to our General Secretary for lecturers, if they are not already provided. Let every society in the General Union make an earnest and determined effort to increase its membership during the months of October and November. We appeal to Union presidents everywhere to make every possible effort to organize new societies and increase the usefulness of our cause during the season just at hand. Earnest and determined work will unfailingly win blessed results.

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Instructive and appropriate selections specially written for this Almanac face the Calendar for each month. History of Manitoba School Question—T. A. Anglin. Catholic Members of Ontario Legislature—Illustrated. J. D. Watch. C. Hospitals in Ontario—Illustrated. Short Stories and Sketches by Mrs. Sallier, Dean Egan, W. Scott, J. C. Walsh, Father Stafford, with portrait. Father Dawson, with portrait—J. E. O'Meara. Catholic Societies. Poem by Sallier and Dr. O'Hagan. The Church in Ontario. Complete and accurate directory of parishes and religious houses. Clergy List corrected to date. Published by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, 113 St. Joseph St., Toronto. Single copies 25cts, dozen copies \$2.50. Postage paid on mail orders. Canvassers will call outside the city, apply 113 St. Joseph St., Toronto.

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Dining Chairs, white oak, fancy carved backs, upholstered in real leather, five small and one arm, \$35.

Dining Chairs, solid walnut frames, fancy carved backs, upholstered in genuine leather, five small and one arm, \$35.50.

Hall Stools, antique or sixteenth century finish, solid walnut, round plate, fancy carved, high seat, \$5.50.

Hall Stools, quartered oak, large bevelled, all done to books, \$15.25.

Fancy Parlor Tables, solid oak, 48x72 inch top, four children's Folding Cots, 4 feet 4 long, 2 feet 4 wide, woven wire spring, fancy sides, well finished, \$25.50.

Bed Springs, any size, in three-ply, best American, gold plated frame, \$15.50, regular price \$16.50, for \$2.75.

Bed Springs, any size, in three-ply, best American, gold plated frame (Spencer's special), regular price \$16.50, for \$2.75.

Mattresses, wool-back sides, heavy twill ticking, full size, \$2.50.

Child's High Chair, with high back, full size, well made, regular price \$1.90, for \$1.40.

Bedsteads, any size, woven three-ply, \$21.50, \$22.50.

Bed Springs, any size, in three-ply, best American, gold plated frame (Spencer's special), regular price \$16.50, for \$2.75.

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

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

N.D.—Solicitors bringing business to the Corporation are retained in the profession of same.

A. B. PLUMMER, Manager.

### Professional.

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Manager.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PARENT.—Why don't you visit the school your boy attends? His teacher can help you in managing him. Make her your confidant. I think parents greatly to blame when there is lack of progress in their children's studies. They do not show sufficient interest in the children's work. Talk to the children about it; be sympathetic and encouraging, and when the lad does do well praise him.

PV.—There is benediction every day this month at the Venerary of the Precious Blood, 13 St. Joseph st., at 5.30 p.m.; Sundays, 12 p.m.

CATHOLIC.—Paws are supposed to be kept for those visiting them for the High Mass only.

FORGOTTEN.—The office of the Minister of Education is in the Normal School building; (2) Mr. William Prendeville, B.A., succeeded the late Cornelius Donovan as Inspector of Separate Schools. Mr. J. F. White is also Inspector of Separate Schools.

SHAMPOO.—Dissolve an ounce of salts of tarter in a quart of water and use it in the water when washing your head. Pure castile soap and enough borax to soften the water is as good as anything. Ammonia should not be used until the hair is very oily. Washing soda will turn dark hair to a dirty red-brown color and kill all natural lustre.

RHEUM.—It may arise from indigestion or bad circulation. Be careful about your diet. Eat meat only once a day and of a light kind, no shellf. fish, nor many eggs, plain fresh f. vegetable diet. Milk, if you can digest it, is the best thing to drink, it has a wonderfully whitening effect on the skin; always add a little limewater to it. Warm baths rather than cold and give yourself a vigorous rubbing afterwards.

SNAKES.—The letters I. H. S. have been variously interpreted. The vulgar extension into "I Have Suffered" is more ingenious than correct. Jesus Salvator Hominum is another rendering. Some authorities say it is a contraction of the word (Jesus) Jesus.

LIGHT.—Universal custom requires that a lamp should be kept burning before the Blessed Sacrament wherever reserved. The oil in the lamp must be made of olive, or if it cannot be had, the bishop may permit the use of other oils, not however of mineral oils, except in case of absolute necessity.

RUBBER.—J'ai grand appetit (G. A.). There is an old one, perhaps you know it:

Fir vent venir  
Un vénement.

VOCATION.—Apply to the Superior. A little more humility would give greater promise of a vocation to the religious life than all such practices of piety.

PARTY.—Annapolis—(Port Royal) is the oldest town in Canada. Troops were withdrawn 1760. The last commander was Lord Kilmarnock, Earl of Errol. Other French forts in Acadia were on the river St. John where St. John, N. B. now stands. Fort Beauséjour in Cumberland, New Brunswick, though the strongest fortification the French had, can not strictly be called an Acadian fort.

ACCURATE.—Now these last heads do bare  
A snow-white winter's hair;  
A handsome heather, hairy host,  
A pot of oil and a toast.  
Tobacco and a good coat,  
Are things this season both require.—Irving.

HOW TO CURE HEADACHE.—Some people suffer untold misery day after day with headache. There is rest neither day or night until the nerves are all strained. The cause is generally a cold, damp atmosphere; and can easily be effected by using Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dandelion. Mr. Finkley Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I find Parmentier's Pills a first-class article for bilious headache."

"What sort of a person is Willoughby, anyhow?" "Utterly negative, he has no mind at all. Why, really, that fellow lets his wife buy his neckties."

"How long is it since you gave up using the gloves?" asked one of the rowdies who had prevented a speaker delivering his address. "It's ten years, but I'll put them on at once and give you a turn, if you like." And the cheer was in favor of the candidate, who was afterwards patiently listened to.



Healthy, happy babies are generally the offspring of healthy, happy mothers. It would hardly be natural if it were otherwise. The baby's health and happiness depend on the mother's. The mother's condition during gestation has a decided influence on the whole life of the child.

Impure blood, weakness and nervousness in the mother are pretty sure to repeat themselves in the child.

If a woman is not careful at any other time, she certainly should be during the period preliminary to parturition. It is a time when greatest carelessness is a sin and Nature will be the better for a little help. Every strong, well-woman will find herself feeling better, their time of labor shortened and their pains lessened if they will take Dr. Pierce's favorite Prescription. To those whom troubles peculiarly feminine have rendered in any degree weak, it will prove a veritable blessing. It is a good tonic for the system, and a safe remedy for all the organs; it is a medicine for women only and for all complaints confined to their sex is of inestimable value.

Dr. Pierce has written a 168 page book, called "Woman and Her Diseases," which will be sealed, in a plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents to part pay postage.

Address: "World's Dramaturgy Manufacturers Association," No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N.Y.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

Stable manure is not a good fertilizer for a lawn; not that it is not a good food for the grass, but it is very apt to introduce weeds, which very soon destroy the grass; and yet some decayed organic matter is indispensable to aid the artificial fertilizers that must be used instead of manure. This organic matter may be procured in the form of a compost made of leaves from the woods, or rotten straw mixed with lime and wood ashes; and this, when old and fully decayed, is spread on the grass in the latter part of the Fall or early in the Winter. In the Spring a mixture of 1,000 pounds of lime bone or an equal quantity of superphosphate, with 100 pounds of nitrate of soda to an acre, should be evenly scattered on the grass, a double quantity of the compost being applied to the terraces. These slopes should be plowed over in the evening after sundown, as otherwise the exposure to the heat and the sun will cause the soil to become dry for the Fall growth of the grass. Constant mowing with the lawn mower and leaving the cut grass where it falls will keep down the weeds and encourage a thick growth of grass. Frequent watering, too, in dry weather is a great help to a lawn. It should not be neglected, either, to scatter some fresh seed every Spring, before the compost is spread, for some of the plants will be dying away, and must be renewed in this way.

Grapes may be kept in excellent condition for several months in some dry packing, or which maple or other odorless sawdust is the best, or they may be packed in cotton or dry bran, or kept equally well. The object of the packing is to prevent the drying of the fruit and the shriveling of the skin. Damp must be avoided or mildew will result, and this will spoil the grapes. The best way to preserve this fruit is to pack the bunches in a box or a box in perfectly dry sawdust of the kind mentioned; otherwise in dry bran or cat chaff, first laying some of the packing and dust in among the fruit until the bunches are covered; then packing another layer, and on until the box is filled. The cover is then fastened down, with a sheet of paper under it to exclude air, and the box stored in a dry, cool place. Some little freezing will not injure the fruit.

The trouble of cracked hoofs is mostly due to want of care of the horses' feet, and quite frequently to the standing in manure. A horse's foot should be frequently washed, and then well rubbed with pure vaseline; the floor of the stable should be of earth, on the front half, and the whole should be kept well littered. Sawdust is the best of all kinds of litter for the horse stable. The horn of the hoof naturally contains nearly one-half its weight of water, and it is this water to which the elasticity of the horn is due. If by any means this water is driven out of the horn, either by absorption or internal inflammation, the horn will shrink, and then, unable to bear the tension due to the pressure of the weight of the animal, it will crack, and it is a difficult matter to heal the cracks. Thus it is far easier to prevent the trouble than to cure it. The frequent washing of the hoofs, with the application of vaseline or glycerine, but no grease or wax, will in time restore the condition of the horn.

As to cows eating their pigs, the New York Times says this costly vice in cows is due to improper feeding—that is, the food is not properly balanced so as to afford complete nutrition. The too common method of feeding pigs is wholly too carbonaceous and not sufficiently nitrogenous, and the animals—starved for one specially needed kind of nutrition—become so ravenous for it that they devour their young, which otherwise they would defend to the last. Brood sows should be fed a sufficient proportion of food that contains nitrogen largely, as, for instance, bran, clover pasture, or, in the Winter, cut clover-hay—half scrap of the old sold for fertilizer, especially useful land in this way the sows being fully nourished, will not suffer from this abhorrent appetite. The same applies to hens that eat their eggs. They are not sufficiently fed, and should have less corn and more millet seed, which is rich in nitrogen, having more than twice as much as corn, and some flesh food is equally desirable for them.

The sheep should be examined for ticks or lice, and if these are found the flock should be rid of them at once, as the sheep will not thrive if thus pestered, and the lambs by and by will be lost. To free the sheep from the vermin, apply a strong decoction of tobacco, to which some sulphur has been added, to the skin by pouring it along the fleece on the back, and guiding it down the sides; the briquet is to be well dressed. Dry feeding has the effect of causing inflammation of the skin, and this tends to loosen the wool. If there is any redness of the skin, this should be removed by giving a few doses of one ounce of raw linseed oil an hour before feeding in the morning. It is hardly possible to keep a flock in first-class condition through the Winter without feeding some kind of roots, of which mangels are the best, although turnips will make a useful substitute.

The eggs of unbleached hens will not make healthy chicks, for the disease of the hen affects the eggs, and thus the chicks are born diseased.

This is especially true of the common disease of the legs and the final loss of the use of them. Of course, if the disease is inherited it is useless to treat them.

The whole flock in such a case should be got rid of and replaced by healthy fowls. This disease is contagious, and the fresh fowls are brought in, the whole premises should be disinfected, and the old stock buried deeply at a distance from the run.

To the Baby in Crittall Test.

Be sure and use that old, well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winston's Soothing Syrup for children's teeth. It soothes the child, softens the gums, relieves pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Twenty-five cents a bottle.

The effects of the French Treaty. "Wise at Hat Price."

The Bordeaux Claret Company established at Montreal in view of the French Treaty are now offering the Canadian connoisseur beautiful wines at \$3 and \$4 per case of 12 large bottles, and \$1.50 per bottle, and \$6.00 and \$8.00 per glass; also on the table. Every small hotel and club is now handling them and they are recommended by the best physicians as being perfectly pure and highly adopted for invalids' use. Address, for price list and particulars, Bordeaux Claret Company, 30 Hospital Street, Montreal.

## FIRESIDE FUN.

The Tenor—"It's very hard to keep the wolf from the door." "Why don't you try sing to it?"

Hero: "Why are some fools of men like the footlights?" Villain: "I don't know, why?" Hero: "They go out between the acts."

A genuine Agnostic. Castleton: "Is it true that Miss Wibberly referred to me as an Agnostic?" Chelbury: "She said you didn't know anything."

A country bridegroom, when his bridehesitated to pronounce the word "obey": "Go on, master, it don't matter, I can make her."

A policeman called at a Liverpool glove-shop and said to the lady clerk: "I want a pair of kid glove, miss." "What is your number, sir?" "Four hundred and twenty-nine, miss," was the reply.

"Did anyone call, Jane, while I was out?" "Yes, ma'am; Mr. Barkis." "Mr. Barkis? I don't know any one of that name." "I know him, ma'am; it was me that he came to see."

"Yes," said the old man, "I have always found it best to pay cash. I have paid cash for everything I've got, but my wife, I got her for nothing, and she's the dearest thing I ever got."

Proud Father: "That is a sunset my daughter painted. She studied painting abroad, you know." Friend: "Aha! that explains it. I never saw a sunset like this in my country."

Curry: "Carson seems to be very friendly with everybody all of a sudden. Vokes: "Yes; he is going to get married soon and he wants to have an many friends as he can to invite and got presents from."

Cobbler: "I don't think the landlord of the Ocean Bar House liked what I said to him before I went in bathing." Stone: "What was that?" Cobbler: "I asked him if there were any other sharks around."

Shopkeeper (to commercial traveler): "I was once a traveler myself, but I must say I never took the liberty to call on a customer with a lighted cigar in my mouth." Traveler: "Ah, then, you must have had a far superior class of customers to deal with than I have."

Edwin: "What do you think I have in this locket, dearest?" The postage stamp on your letter. The postage stamp touched by your lips. It often touches mine." Angelina: "Oh Edwin, I'm so sorry, I moistened that horrid postage stamp on Fido's dear, damp nose."

An Irishman recently visited a dentist. After he had discoursed volubly on the subject of his suffering, the dentist mildly interposed, "Do you wish to be treated?" "No, begorra," replied Mr. O'Flynn, "you atop the pain, an' O'll treat ye to anything yo want."

He was rescuing her from the waves, but it looked as though they would never see Bootle again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped; "hold on tight," she said, "don't say 'hold on tight,' murmured the Board school girl, with her mouth full of the Irish sea, "say 'hold on tightly'."

What constitutes a "lady" has always been something of a puzzle. The following article, which appears in a public house, No. 80 High street, Deptford, will, like the Chancery advocate's argument, argue upon a celebrated occasion, only make the case darker: "Notice—NO ladies served in either compartments of this house without hats or bonnets, unless in their own jugs—By order of the proprietor."

There is a man in a Derbyshire volunteer regiment who is the owner of a sporting bull terrier. A Manchester man, who wishes to become its possessor, offered five pounds for it, which was refused. "But," said the man of Cottenham, "you had better think it over." "Look what you could do with five pounds. Why, you might buy a couple of pigs for it, and—" "Garn," replied Mr. O'Flynn, "you atop the pain, an' a nice bally fool I should look goin' rattin' a Sunday mornin' wi' a couple o' b'oomin' pigs!"

Men must work, and women must weep. Though roads are sudden, and waters deep, And the harbour bar is more than steep.

—Charles Kingsley.

Men might live quiet and easy enough if they would be careful not to give themselves trouble, and forbear meddling with what other people do and say, which they are in no way concerned.

—Thomas a Kempis.

The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.—Longfellow.

Every duty even to the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.

The common life may be full of perfection.

The duties of home are a discipline for the ministeries of heaven.

—Cardinal Manning.

What a tragic weapon is silence! It turns the heart of the master of an orphanage into a scoundrel of anguish. Before it has uttered, and malice are abashed, it is hissed in the presence; the habbo of idle gossip soon grows tired in the face of its robust, of its rebuke. If we could but keep silence the world will be rid of half its evils.

One of Hawthorne's venerable characters declares, "I have spent all my life in pursuit of to-morrow, being assured that it has in store for me some vast benefit, but I am now getting on a little in years, and must make haste, for unless I overtake to-morrow soon, I fear it will finally escape me." Sad pursuit, hopeless endeavour! If you are young do not begin it; if you are old discontinue it; let all, both young and old, bend every energy to the ardent, enthusiastic love of to-day.

No star is ever lost that we have seen, Since God, though only thoughtful, has life and breath.

God's life can always be redeemed from death.

—A. Procter.

Home Library. The value of a library depends very largely upon the use for which it is intended. A collection of books counts for little if it is merely thrown together by accident, without motive or design.

In looking over the books which suffice to establish a claim to an appearance of culture, a reflective mind is struck with the haphazard quality of the literature. Old school books, thumb-indexed and dog-eared, by leafy scholars, by boyish scribblers and caricatureists, a few novels, a volume or two of war romances, perhaps one or two stray copies of Tennyson or Longfellow, some religious memoirs, a holiday mythology, whimsically illustrated; possibly a set of Dickens or of Thackeray, and this all. Neither in contents nor in bindings is there anything thoughtful or impressive in a lot of books which might easily be the fictions and dreams of life, fit especially for the second-hand shop or the table of an auctioneer. The fact is that in these days of diffused education every home requires a library quite as much as it requires a parlour, a reception room, a chamber, or a kitchen.

—Youth's Companion.

That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irrefutable evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red brown forest ant is the sort that is the most fatal to snakes, and a curious thing about this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food and not on account of any natural antipathy. When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they swarm over it immediately. The little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippes into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. With such rapid movement and such splendid concentration is the attack made that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric needles piercing it at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted, and dies ignominiously. Then the ants set harder at work. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping away the skin and working underneath. Not until they have carried off everything, except the bones and the skin itself, do they retire.

There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had to buy a cold or any affection of the throat or lungs, we would try Blackie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all preparations recommended for such complaints. The little folks like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

—John Hanrahan.

John Hanrahan,

No. 25 Maitland Street,

TORONTO.

By arrangement,

Telephone 5899.

## DOMESTIC READING.

The only gate to honor is humility. Zeal is thought set on fire by the heart. The love of Heaven makes one heavenly.

Art all real—truth made beautiful. Religion is anything, it must be everything. Language is the utterance of thought to the eye.

Eloquence is the speech of man in his loftiest hour. Obedience is the best expression and proof of reverence.

Sympathy is gentle nature shining through gracious deeds.

Vigilance is an attendant spirit with eyes unfettered by sleep.

Hope is a star of silver glitterance—the bright lamp to man.

Worry is a blinder lamp that blackens all around and makes life a regret.

To dispense with ceremony is the most delicate mode of conferring a compliment.

Virtue is the corner-stone of character—which gives it the lustre of high virtue.

Griefness is a Mr. Facing-both-ways, waiting to throw himself upon the stronger side.

Poetry is the refined gold of imperishable thought wrought up in richest lace of words.

Envy is fixed only on merit, and, like a serpent, is offended with everything that is bright.

The greatness makes us great as children are. Wherefore thy love are near.

—Pater.

Character is the blossom and fruit which tells the nature of the tree—the super-excellence in man.

Wisdom is knowledge, sound judgment, and good conduct, running together in harness and keeping step.

Prudence is common sense well-trained in the art of manner, of discrimination, and of address.

Avarice is a lean old man, dry and shrivelled to his bones, and whose soul is an unmelting sea of snow.

Wisdom is knowledge, sound judgment, and good conduct, running together in harness and keeping step.

Grief is a bright thought shining visibly and distinctly through a network of words worked in thread of gold.

Success is a building on three foundations—the gift of God, the choice of man, and the opportunities of life.

A hundred things are to be worried about the same things that are distressing you, and they are dead now, and their worry did no good.

Earnestness is the path of immortality; thoughtlessness the path of death.

Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as if dead already.

Men must work, and women must weep.

Though roads are sudden, and waters deep.

—Charles Kingsley.

Men might live quiet and easy enough if they would be careful not to give themselves trouble, and forbear meddling with what other people do and say, which they are in no way concerned.

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The every-day cares and duties which men call drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

—Longfellow.

Every duty even to the least duty, involves the whole principle of obedience.

The duties of home are a discipline for the ministeries of heaven.

—Cardinal Manning.

Men are as hard as snakes.

—A. Procter.

Grandmother.

It is quiet and sober.

And she's grown rather faded and gray;

But she's still here.

Like her better than pretty Miss May;

For she brings us ripe nuts,

Eye, as brown as brown,

And great ripe apples, and sweet pumpkin-pie.

\* \* \* Youth's Companion.

That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irrefutable evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The large red brown forest ant is the sort that is the most fatal to snakes, and a curious thing about this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill it for food and not on account of any natural antipathy. When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they swarm over it immediately. The little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippes into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. With such rapid movement and such splendid concentration is the attack made that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric needles piercing it at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted, and dies ignominiously. Then the ants set harder at work. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping away the skin and working underneath. Not until they have carried off everything, except the bones and the skin itself, do they retire.

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**HIS TRUST.**

*Illustrated by Miss Carroll Clark.*

It was a wild, terrible night. The winds sobbed and wailed through the leafless branches of the trees like the mournings of a lost spirit, whose tears, mingled with the rain of Heaven, drenched the shuddering earth and sent a thrill of terror through its stony heart. Men, who had braved in many stages the inclemency of the weather, racing into the black awful depth of the night ere they closely barred their cottage door, breathed a prayer of thanksgiving to God for the roof that sheltered them from the raging storm.

In only one home are the inmates oblivious to the tempest without, for through the halls of that mansion Death stalks in funeral garments, and laughs in hideous glee at the thought that, ere many hours another will be added to his ghastly phantom train. Within the sick room the night lamp flickers sadly, as though in sympathy for the life so soon to be ended. No sound is heard save the painful breathing of the sufferer, or the monotonous ticking of the little clock that counts away the last few moments of life with merciless accuracy. On a luxurious couch, awaiting the call of his Creator, lies the almost lifeless body of Edgar Churchill. England owned him as a shining light, his parochial career was one of the most brilliant recorded in history, and England's Queen amid the unanimous praise of her subjects had crowned his brow with laurels. Scarce forty years had marked his life, and, with such brilliant prospects before him, what wonder that he found it hard to resign the life that had been lent him.

He stirs uneasily and a little kneeling form which had hitherto been unobserved rises and approaches the bed. The eyes of the dying man, now almost glassy in death, glow with unwonted tenderness as he gazes on the pale young face of the child he loves so dearly. She is a sweet-faced little creature of fourteen summers—the only human tie that binds her father's heart to earth; and in her he ever beheld the loving image of the wife he loved so dearly and whom, even now, he can see on the banks of that beautiful river stretching forth her angel hands to help him o'er its rolling tide.

The child's face bears evidence of intense suffering, as with brimming eyes she gently strokes the clammy looks, and, bending tenderly, imprints a kiss upon the dampening brow.

"Dear papa," she murmurs, "do you feel any easier?"

"My darling Elsa," the dying man gasps, "my hours of suffering are almost ended; already I hear the heavenly murmurings of harp-strings touched by angel fingers. My barque almost touches the blessed shore and the soft welcoming echoes of the silver-voiced band have fallen as balm on my weary spirit and bidden me rejoice. But, my darling, what will become of you when I am no more?"

With a heart-rending sob she throws herself on her knees while her wail of anguish echoes through the silent halls. "Oh! papa, papa, dearest papa, do not leave me alone. Take me with you to Heaven and mamma, I can not live here when you are gone!"

A nurse, with noiseless tread, approaches the little kneeling form and softly reminds her that "papa" must not be excited.

The dying man feebly raises his hand with an unspoken petition not to disturb her. He asks the hour.

"Ten o'clock," the woman answers.

"Ten o'clock! and he has not yet come! God grant I may see him ere I die and entrust my darling to his care."

While yet he speaks the rumble of wheels is heard as a carriage rolls o'er the gravelled path. From out it springs a man closely muffled, yet, withal drenched to the skin. Bidding the driver see to the horses, he enters the building just as a deafening crash of thunder almost shakes it to its foundation. Hastily flinging aside his dripping garments he bids a servant conduct him to the room of his master.

But—a word concerning this man. He was of medium stature, rather thickly built, dark hair and eyes, and skin tanned to almost an olive hue from exposure to Southern suns. At a glance it can be seen that he is a brother to the dying man, for the resemblance between them is too strong to admit of more distant relationship. Yet his face lacks something. Where in the one is pliant read determination and strength of character, Roy Churchill, our new acquaintance impresses one at once as a good natural man, but of no force or resolution; weak, too easily led. His life since he left College was merely an aimless existence; being well provided for by his father and under no pressing need to work for his living, he spent the most of his time in travelling from place to place, spending as he went, and with but little thought of the higher and holier duties of life. He had never married, deeming it probably too great an exertion (on his part) to rouse himself from the carelessness life he had been leading.

This time the old housekeeper had called forth all her skill and a tempting supper awaited the hungry crowd of girls on their arrival there, to which, needless to say, they did more than justice. The shades of night fell all too soon, and with glorious plans for the morrow and fervent prayers for favorable weather they bade "good night" and retired. Sleep sealed their eyelids and happy dreams floated past the mental gaze of each snugly pillow'd head that slumbered on, peacefully oblivious of the awful fate that awaited them.

A smothered cry of "Fire!" a few hours later broke abruptly on their repose and struck terror to the hearts of all; and gaudy frightened faces flushed frantically to a red, madly

searching for some passage by which to escape the awful death that stared them in the face. In the eastern wing of the building, where the fire started, Elsa and two of her companions slept. In the frenzy that seized all they were forgotten until a panting crowd stood safely outside the burning building and realized with horror that their three dearest ones were missing, and with no possibility of rescue; for all the building was in flames and sure death awaited any one who entered. Some of the peasants, who by this time had arrived on the scene, scrambled by means of a ladder to the eastern window and came down bearing one fainting form; but before the ascent could again be made the floor had fallen, and, with a wail of anguish, the terrified girls realized that "their queen" and her companions would be crowned in Heaven instead of on the mountain side.

Morning slowly dawned, and the sun gazed down on as ghastly a sight as ever marred this fair earth. Huddled together in horror-stricken silence the light-hearted girls of yesterday beheld their beautiful mountain home a mass of smoking ruins, with not a timber left to remind them of what had been but one short day before.

Soon began the fruitless task of searching for the dead, and 'mid moans of anguish there were brought forth the charred remains of what all supposed to be the two unfortunate girls.

It was with sad and weary hearts the happy crowd of yesterday slowly wended their way back to the Convent and the cottage, and yet 'tis something to which we can never become accustomed. Oh! death, how strange and awful is thy power! Just when life seems brightest for us thy cold, icy hand, waves over the scene and the flower most tenderly cherished is torn from the spot in which it nestled.

"'Tis the old, old fashion. Old, yet ever new," and we ask each time in frightened whispers, "Can this be death?" The answer comes in the quaking fear that fills our hearts when we reflect that 'tis inevitable and one day we too must share the same fate.

**II.**

Two years later. In a little quiet town on the banks of the Rhine a stately old convent rears its massive walls. Large groves of majestic trees shade it from the outside world and give to it an air of charming seclusion. A crowd of young girls stand together in one of the garden walks, their happy, rippling laughter, floating like a refreshing breeze through the sultry heat of the Summer day. We recognize among them our friend Elsa, now a charming maiden of sixteen—the life and sunshine of that convent home.

"Oh! Elsa," one of her companions exclaims. "What glorious fun 'will be! Just think of a whole long day to roam at will through the woods," and Sister Alphonse says that we will all sleep to-night at the Chateau so that there may be no delay in the morning. I am going to gather enough nuts to last till Christmas, and—"

"Yes," excitedly broke in another, "and I know a spot far up on the mountain side where the most beautiful wild flowers grow in profusion. We will gather enough to make a crown, and Elsa, as our queen, shall wear it."

"Oh! Yes, 'tis a grand idea!" came in chorus from the rest, while Elsa modestly demurs and begs that another more worthy might wear it in her stead.

Their lively chatter is interrupted by the approach of Sister Alphonse, who bids them prepare for their pleasure trip, as the carriages will be there in an hour to convey them to the Chateau.

Such merry shouts, and happy, playful words, ring through the air as they gaily trip towards the convent, and such hurrying and breathing before all are comfortably seated within the spacious vehicles! A drive of three miles through the most delightful German scenery did not, we may be sure, dampen the exuberance of their youthful spirits; and, when at last, the Chateau appeared in view, their excitement had reached such a pitch that even the gentle voice of Sister Alphonse could not restrain them to quietude. A ringing shout rent the air, and their happy hearts overflowed with keen enjoyment of the delightful holiday that had been granted them.

"The Chateau," as they all familiarly called it, was an old building of quaint and unique design. The former owner, dying childless, had willed it to the Sisters of Mercy, and here, on special occasions, the pupils of the convent were treated to a rural holiday.

This time the old housekeeper had called forth all her skill and a tempting supper awaited the hungry crowd of girls on their arrival there, to which,

needless to say, they did more than justice. The shades of night fell all too soon, and with glorious plans for the morrow and fervent prayers for favorable weather they bade "good night" and retired. Sleep sealed their eyelids and happy dreams floated past the mental gaze of each snugly pillow'd head that slumbered on, peacefully oblivious of the awful fate that awaited them.

A smothered cry of "Fire!" a few hours later broke abruptly on their repose and struck terror to the hearts of all; and gaudy frightened faces flushed frantically to a red, madly

Days lengthened into weeks before the fever spent its fury and left a wasted little form as a remnant of its pitiless ravages.

One bright morning Elsa (for it was no other than she) again opened her eyes to earthly objects. Her eyes wandered unwillingly around the room and at last rested on the kneeling form of the peasant woman, who all seemed strange, and, try as she would, she could not remember the place. The woman rose from her knees to find the large lustrous eyes fixed on her with a mute questioning gaze, and the tender lips struggling to frame the words that scarce would come.

"Yes, my dear," the woman cried, "I know what you would ask me. You have been ill a long time, but I trust in God that the danger now is over. Do not try to think of it. You will remember all through time, and be able then to tell us where we may find your friends."

"Oh! I see it all again!" the sick girl gasped. "That awful fire! How was I rescued? Are the others safe? Oh! Sister Alphonse, when will you come?"

The strain was too much for her, and with a quivering sigh she again relapsed into unconsciousness, just as the doctor entered the door.

The woman repeated to him the words of the girl and her call for Sister Alphonse.

"Why," he said, "some of her friends must be in a convent—the nearest is ten miles away. Send at once and ascertain if there is a Sister Alphonse among them, and if so, bid her come at once, for at the most it but a matter of a few days with our patient. This last shock, I fear, has been too much for her, and I can see no hope of her recovery."

With all speed a messenger was despatched to the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and Sister Alphonse informed that a dying girl asked for her, adding an urgent request to come and make happy her last hours. The kind sisters moved along with white scared faces, scarcely trusting themselves to speak of the dread catastrophe that had overtaken their merry band; and when the mournful cortage reached its destination the hour of affliction was indeed a bitter one.

A telegram brought Roy Churchill,

the uncle and guardian of Elsa, in a frenzy to the spot, wildly calling on the Lord to take his life in compensation as he caused himself for being the evil cause of Elsa's fatal death.

The poor charred bones, that no one could possibly identify, were quietly laid to rest 'neath the shadow of the Convent home, and bitter briny tears steeped the cold turf above them, while fervent prayers rose like incense from the depths of pure innocent hearts.

Roy Churchill, after the last

rites were over, rushed to Paris and there plunged into the wildest career of dissipation, thinking to obtain relief from the sickening terror that was gnawing even to his heart's core.

We leave him and trace our steps to a humble cottage—the home of a German peasant and his family.

**III.**

In a tiny room scrupulously neat and clean, stands a snowy bed where a young girl tosses in the height of a raging fever. Her delirious incoherent ravings and the deathly glare of the sightless eyes fill the heart of the old German housewife with a tender compassion, and she murmurs a "poor lamb" as she smooths the pillow and gently soothes the burning brow of the sufferer. A physician steps noiselessly in, and, in a whisper, enquires if any change is discernible.

"None whatever," the woman replies. "She raves incessantly and nothing can be gathered from what she says but 'uncle Roy' and 'England'."

If I knew to whom the poor lamb belonged I would gladly find her people; but, as it is, I must be faithful to the trust the Lord has placed in me, and tend her carefully till she herself can tell me her story."

"And you do not her?" the doctor questioned in visible surprise. "How then came she here and in your care?"

"Well! I'm rather strange how it all came about. My husband, who has been working in the stone quarries of E—— while on his way to the mountains, passed a building that had been lately burned, for a few faint wreaths of smoke still hovered over one corner of the ruined pile. About the only thing that the fire had left was a large iron box—a sort of wardrobe, and this at once attracted his attention. Approaching it, he examined the rude workmanship and putting forth all his strength, he lifted one corner and beheld the unconscious form of a girl beneath. No house was in sight, and help was far from him, so he just lifted the poor young thing into his cart, and brought her to me, knowing she would be well cared for here."

"But," interrupted the doctor, "have no enquires been made? Has no one searched for the girl?"

"No! Nor do we even know who owned the place where she was found; but, use your utmost power, Doctor, and cure her as soon as you can, for I know she is maimed by some one, and, till she herself can tell us, I fear her name will be untold."

Through days and nights of intense suffering the patient woman watched by the bedside of the sick girl, but no words passed the parched lips save the ravings of a fevered brain—no glances of recognition greeted the tired watch-

**The Register**

Book and  
Job..

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**OCTOBER MAGAZINES.**

Walsh's Illustrated Magazine.

Walsh's Illustrated Monthly Magazine is a new champion for favor among the Catholic publications of the Dominion. The publisher's announcement, the magazine is described as "especially intended for the Catholic people," but unlike the American Catholic magazines, the outside cover is without any distinctive religious mark or declaration of Catholic principles. The intention, therefore, is the launching of an enterprise into the field of periodical literature not strictly confined to Catholic discussions, and this is a praiseworthy feature. We heartily welcome the new comer, and bespeak support for it on the broad ground that every fresh evidence of the capacity of our people for good literature deserves, and should receive, encouragement. We are well pleased too, with the initial number which contains amongst its contents two articles of merit and interest. Rev. Dr. Tracy contributed a paper on the subject of "Christian Unity" which engrossed the world of religion since the publication of the Holy Father's Letter to the English people, and which is certain to prove much more interesting, intelligent and profitable attention in the future until the happy day when all Christians shall once more acknowledge one fold and universal Church.

Dr. Tracy looks to the press and public for the furtherance of the great project of union, declaring that: "where comment can and should be made; where praise and blame should be freely meted out and without disparagement to the circumstances; where un-Christian motives reveal themselves in the continued actions of individuals or societies, and where not to denounce butays at least negative co-operation in what is professedly opposed to Christian charity, here is the place for the newspaper to cry out and spare not, and to show itself not so much the servant of the public mind as the leader and model of public opinion."

This is strong and refreshing writing, and it may be added that the writer takes occasion over and over again to compliment the Globe and World newspapers for what they have already done in this regard.

The other article is contributed by Mr. W. H. Higgins, a veteran journalist, who writes some "Personal Reminiscences of Thomas D'Arcy McGee." This is very readable and deeply sympathetic sketch of McGee's character as a patriot and a kind hearted loveable man. Mr. Higgins writes with ease and grace, and he will be welcomed back by many admirers among the literary assembly where for so many years he was a familiar figure.

Walsh's Magazine contains sixty pages of letter press or about 40 newspaper columns and is issued at \$1.00 a year.

The Canadian Magazine.

T.12 Canadian Magazine, which has now climbed into an assured place among the periodicals of America, continues to show increasing evidence with every issue of the estimation in which it is held in Canada. The October number is as bulky and almost as well known as the January issue, and is well worth the price of admission.

The dying girl moved not. No sign of consciousness was visible in the set, expressionless face, but the lips of the Sister moved in silent prayer while the doctor tried every means in his power to restore even a few moments consciousness.

The peasant woman seeing that the girl was recognized proceeded to relate the circumstances which led to her being there, and the finding of her unconscious body beneath the iron wardrobe, while the Sister listened with blanched face to the tale of her long siege of suffering when they mourned her as dead, and resting calmly in the quiet convent churchyard.

The night dragged slowly along, and towards morning the girl slowly opened her eyes with the captured eye of "Mama, Papa, I am coming. Wait for me!" The swift return to consciousness was but of short duration. A grateful glance of recognition she beamed on Sister Alphonse, and lay back peacefully in her arms, while a smile of calm, heavenly contentment, settled on her marble brow, now damp with the dew of death.

Few words were uttered, the scene being too holy to be marred by language. Elsa lay like a beautiful vision approaching the "Great White Throne," her confessor on one side and Sister Alphonse on the other. They had found her but to lose her—but not for aye. In the happy home to which her spirit journeyed they would meet again and parting pang no more they would suffer. She sank slowly, and when the rays of the sun beamed upon the cottage window she had opened her eyes in the bright land beyond.

The news of her death reached Roy Churchill on his arrival at the Hotel —, Paris, after leaving the greater part of his fortune in a notorious gambling den. Scarcely knowing why, he packed a few articles of apparel and set out for —, his heart full of remorse for his sinful deeds. The mystery attending the discovery of Elsa had been explained to him, and as he journeyed along he felt a thrill of repentance steal through his heart, and to this inspiration of grace he gave heed.

Kneeling humbly by the bier of the dead maiden he bitterly thought of the trust his dead brother had reposed in him, and asked pardon of the Lord for the aimless, reckless life he had been leading. With what remained of his once princely fortune he settled down in a quiet corner of the old German town where he might daily visit Elsa's grave; and there he spent his life in performing deeds of charity and laying up stores of good works, by which he won the fervent prayers and gratitude of all the poor and afflicted. As he grew old and death drew near, loving hands were ready to minister to his wants and "God bless the kind Englishman and rest his soul in Heaven" was the prayer that sped him on his voyage to the other shore where Elsa waited, with "faire and Maia, to welcome "Uncle Roy."

The Strand Magazine.

Mr. J. Forbes Robinson, the eminent author who played Laelius in Sir Henry Irving's King Arthur, is the subject of the illustrated interview in the October Strand Magazine. It is interesting to learn that while Mr. Robertson is not a Catholic, immediately over the mantelpiece of his study hangs a crucifix, and the crucifix is also prominent in nearly every room of his house. Mr. Robertson explains this by saying that many years of his childhood were spent with an old priest near Ronan. He says: "I learnt to love M. le Comte de Bon-Secours; he was almost a saint; he spent nearly all his money on the church, and I was never happier than when with him. I once had an idea to fast as he did before Mass. I did and unfortunately when kneeling half way through the service, I fainted. The nun took me out and asked me if I wanted anything to eat. They gave me food, and I fear I must admit that I never fasted again. I wish I could possibly describe to you what a great advantage all this was to me. I

found the life led by these people was so thorough and sincere I grew to be very fond of the m., and to give you some idea of how it influenced my after life I send two of my sisters to this place, where there was a very fine girl's school kept by the nuns, and they became converts. Yet, through all these years the old priest never asked me to become a Catholic. Through the Archishop of Rouen once sent for me and asked: 'Are not your people afraid of your becoming a Catholic?' He replied:

"Religion is life."

The October Review of Reviews throws more light than the ordinary reader may be able to perceive upon the influence of religious journals in. The article, which is written by Mr. George P. Morris, shows how far religious journals develop international courtesy and interracial brotherhood. Subscribers in foreign lands look with confidence to what the religious journals say, and the printed page penetrates where the pen and the spoken word do not. Facts indicate that the strongest force of religious journalism is levelling the barrier of race, religion, caste, and political tyranny, and has its share in hastening the re-union of Christendom. This is what has been repeated again and again at recent Catholic congresses and by leading prelates of the Church. The October number of the Review of Reviews is as usual very interesting, one of the articles being a review of the Manitoba school question by Mr. Clifford Sifton which is not above criticism.

The Catholic World.

The European ancestry of our Canadian shrine of St. Anne d'Beaupre is the subject of an unusually interesting article in the October Catholic World. Readers of The Register are not without knowledge of the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray in Brittany, the story of which has recently been told in these columns by our well-known contributor, "Didymus." This, however, is all the more reason why our readers will enjoy the journey which the writer in the Catholic World takes us upon through Brittany to Auray, the Mecca of every Breton, to which he must go once if not in this life in the other:

"Cest Notre Mere a tous;

Mort ou vivant dit-on;

A Saint Anne, use foliot!

After tout Breton."

Always in the lead of our Catholic periodicals the Catholic World this month maintains its place of belonging to what the world is thinking on.

The Atlantic Monthly.

The broad cultured mind of the late Mr. Henry Oscar Houghton cleared for the Atlantic Monthly a distinct place in literature, not in America only, but in the old world as well. This position it easily continues to hold, and there is an attractiveness about the magazine altogether which Canadians cannot help recognizing, if for no other reason that the Atlantic has invaded the Canadian field in a more intelligent way than any other periodical we know of. The October number is rich and varied in its contents, a particularly instructive article having to do with "Exploration in New France," by Lafcadio Hearn. "A Study of Exploration in New France" is an article also of special interest based on Mr. Justin Winsor's recent book "Cartier to Frontenac." On the stage of New France is described the romantic drama of the French regime showing "a series of tableau, which for life and color and dramatic force have not elsewhere been equalled in American history."

Sacred Heart Messenger.

The Sacred Heart Messenger published a fine and interesting and valuable number for October. The best article is Father Gault's description of missionary work in Madagascar. The Jesuits indeed seem to be trained journeymen in the style of this paper, like so many we have already met in the same magazine, is admirable for the practical value, the fund of information and religious lessons that are combined in graceful and entertaining language. Madagascar is a country knowledge of which is very desirable at the present time, and Catholic readers have no reason to complain that their publications are behind the times.

Catholic Home Annual, 1896.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers have just published their Catholic Home Annual for 1896 which should find a welcome in every Catholic family. A book of this kind is necessary in the home, and when published in this way it is a worthy annual that is worthy of commendation. Catholics ought to buy it. Benziger's is deserving of every praise, and is far ahead of its predecessors.

Calcutta Home Annual, 1896.

Rudyard Kipling makes his last appearance as aeller of Jungle Stories in The Cosmopolitan for October. "We will Leave the Jungle Forever" is the Cosmopolitan announces that it will bring the publication in January of The Agriculturist's Illustrated Magazine, to be fully the equal of The Cosmopolitan, but containing from sixteen to twenty pages by the ablest agricultural writers of the world, upon subjects of importance to the agriculturist, horticulturist, and stock-growing interests.

The Cosmopolitan.

## CONFIRMATION IN KING.

Impressive Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.

On Wednesday the 9th inst. His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto for the second time visited the parish of Schomberg to administer Confirmation. On his previous visit he came from Tottenham to Tecumseh church in the northern portion of this parish; but on the present occasion at his express desire Confirmation was given in the King church, about five miles east of the village of Bolton. This was one of the very few spots of his diocese with which His Grace was unfamiliar, and on that account he desired to pay it a visit.

Unfortunately the morning was chill and gloomy, and the hills of Caledon on the western horizon were sprinkled with snow. At noon however a gleam of sunshine struggled through the clouds, and revealed a stretch of rolling country and gloriously tinted wood which evoked His Grace's warm admiration.

On his arrival at King church, His Grace was met by Deacon Egan of Barrie, Father Killeen pastor of Adjala, and Father Morris pastor of Newmarket. Without delay he proceeded to question the forty candidates for Confirmation on the Catechism and expressed himself highly pleased with their answers. Whilst examining the children he managed to convey in his usual manner much useful and edifying instruction both to the children and their parent.

Mass being said and First Communion administered by Father Morris, His Grace proceeded to address the children and their friends on the great Sacrament he was about to confer. He began by explaining the nature and object of the Sacrament, employing for the purpose simple and graphic illustrations. This served as an appropriate introduction to the Sacrament he was about to administer—Confirmation. He expatiated on the graces this Sacrament conveys, and set forth how expressive are the ceremonies by which it is given. Finally he dwelt upon the obligation of professing the faith incumbent in a special manner on those who by Confirmation become soldiers of Christ.

This part of his subject gave His Grace an opportunity of which he knows well how to avail himself, of setting forth the grandeur of the Catholic Church, under whose standard her children ought to be proud to fight. The means which should be adopted in order to remain faithful soldiers of Christ were pointed out—the importance of morning and evening prayer—the great duty of hearing Mass on Sundays from which no one could claim exemption on frivolous grounds—regular attendance at the sacraments—and strict observance of the great virtue of temperance. Before administering the pledge of total abstinence until the age of twenty-one years which His Grace invariably does to candidates for Confirmation, he took occasion to point out in powerful words the misery and disgrace which intemperance brings not only on its victims but on the Church to which they in many cases belong.

To those who had received Confirmation many years ago, His Grace recalled this event in pathetic terms. He reminded them of those who knelt beside them on that occasion and had long since passed away and of the hands, now moulderding that signed their foreheads with the chrism of salvation, and exhorted them to prepare for the final hour by faithfully complying with their obligations as soldiers of Christ. The simplicity, pathos andunction of His Grace's address as well as his fatherly kindness to the children and their friends, produced a deep and gratifying impression on all with whom he came in contact. He returned to Toronto in the evening of the same day having driven upwards of thirty miles that day—a good day's work in every sense of the word and one that will long be remembered by the Catholics of Schomberg parish. His Grace was accompanied by Father Walsh, whose affability wins him the esteem of all with whom he comes in contact be it ever so slightly.

## The People's Wholesale Supply.

Those of our numerous readers engaged in farming are notified that all the butter, eggs, poultry, etc., which they have for sale will be sent to the People's Wholesale Supply Company, 35 Coborne street, Toronto. They will get for what they sell either cash or groceries, hardware, boots, rubbers, far, harness, clothes wringers, sewing machines and all other articles required in the household, charged at bottom prices. Our city friends are also advised that their necessities can be had at this establishment at the lowest living rates.

## LATEST MARKETS.

Toronto, Oct. 16, 1895.

Buying was fairly active:

|  | 8             | 9     |
|--|---------------|-------|
| Milchers and springers, each             | 20.00         | 40.00 |
| Butchers' choice cattle, cwt. 8 to 10    | 2.25 to 2.50  | 2.50  |
| Butchers' good cattle, cwt. 2.75 to 3.00 |               | 3.00  |
| Butchers' com. cattle, cwt. 1.50 to 2.00 |               | 2.50  |
| Export cattle, per cwt....               | 5.50 to 8.75  | 8.75  |
| Export bulls, per cwt....                | 8.00 to 12.00 | 12.00 |
| Stockers and feeders, cwt. 1.50 to 2.00  |               | 2.75  |
| Sheep, per head, per cwt....             | 8.50 to 12.00 | 12.00 |
| Sheep, export per cwt....                | 8.50 to 12.50 | 12.50 |
| Lamb, Spring, each....                   | 1.75 to 2.75  | 2.75  |
| Calves, common, each....                 | 4.00 to 6.50  | 6.50  |
| Calves, common, each....                 | 3.00 to 5.00  | 5.00  |

## FARMERS' MARKET.

|                          | 8     | 9     |
|--------------------------|-------|-------|
| Wheat, white.....        | 60.00 | 67.00 |
| Wheat, red.....          | 60.00 | 67.00 |
| Wheat, rye.....          | 60.00 | 66.00 |
| Wheat, rye.....          | 60.00 | 66.00 |
| Pea.....                 | 61.00 | 60.00 |
| Barley.....              | 60.00 | 61.00 |
| Oats, new.....           | 27.00 | 28.00 |
| May, old.....            | 12.00 | 10.00 |
| June, old.....           | 11.50 | 10.00 |
| July, old.....           | 6.00  | 7.00  |
| Eggs, new laid.....      | 0.18  | 0.00  |
| Butter, lb. bars.....    | 0.18  | 0.20  |
| Butter, tubs, dairy..... | 0.18  | 0.16  |
| Chickens.....            | 0.40  | 0.50  |
| Ducks.....               | 0.25  | 0.70  |
| Turkeys.....             | 0.25  | 0.10  |
| Pigeons.....             | 0.25  | 0.25  |
| Broiled hoppers.....     | 5.00  | 5.25  |
| Bird, for squatters..... | 2.00  | 4.00  |
| Beef, hindquarters.....  | 7.00  | 9.00  |
| Lamb.....                | 5.00  | 5.50  |
| Mutton.....              | 5.00  | 0.00  |
| Veal.....                | 5.00  | 7.00  |

## HAMILTON NEWS.

Departure of Father Coty—The C.M.B.A.—St. Lawrence Choir.

Atholast regular meeting of the Hamilton Separate School Board, Trustee Ronan moved a vote of thanks to Rev. Father Coty for his services as Secretary of the Board and Superintendent of the schools. Father Coty goes to Dundalk to take charge of the parish. The motion having been carried, Rev. Father John P. Holden was appointed to fill Father Coty's place.

The different Catholic Societies of the city assembled at the O. M. B. A. Hall, at half past two Sunday afternoon, the 6th inst., and marched to St. Joseph's church, Locke st. S., where they listed to a highly instructive sermon from his Lordship Dr. Dowling, who spoke of societies, then of the necessity and beauty of prayer, and recommended in particular the recitation of the Holy Rosary. The choir, under the direction of Mr. Casey, then sang the Gloria from Mozart's 12th Mass, Lambotelli's "O Salutari" and "Tantum Ergo." The solo in the "O Salutari" was well taken by Mr. Frank Dwyer. His Lordship then gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The pastor, Rev. Father Hinckley, thanked the people for their presence and expressed himself highly pleased with their answers. Whilst examining the children he managed to convey in his usual manner much useful and edifying instruction both to the children and their parent.

A very successful Concert was given Monday evening, Sept. 30, in St. Lawrence Hall, to a large and appreciative audience. The programme was as follows:

Overture by Nelligan's Orchestra; Hornpipe, by Mr. John Hayes; Song, Mr. E. T. Martin; Song, Mrs. F. MacKellar; Song, H. N. Thomas; Highland Fling, Miss May McNichol; Song, T. Murphy; Chorus, St. Lawrence Choir; Song, Mrs. F. MacKellar; Song, T. Murphy; Duet, L. Larmer, Wm. H. McEwan; E. Martin; Accompanist, Miss Yorrell. All the numbers were well received. The entertainment closed with a farce, "The Irish Tutor," J. B. Nelligan taking the title role.

The proceeds are to be used for the benefit of St. Lawrence Choir. Mr. J. B. Nelligan is the conductor of the choir.

MISS M. BLAKE, HAMILTON.

A very large circle of friends were sorry to learn of the death of a promising young lady, Miss M. Blake, daughter of James and Mary Blake, 808 Mary st. N., Hamilton, which occurred Sept. 28th. The deceased had been ill for almost a year; the ailment, which finally proved to be a tumor in the head, baffled the skill of the doctors. Miss Blake was but 17 years of age, and until the time of her illness, was a pupil of the Sacred Heart School, and also a member of the Society of St. Lawrence Church. The funeral took place on Monday, Sept. 30, at 8.30, to St. Lawrence Church, thence to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery, and was one of the largest seen in a long time, denoting the high esteem and respect in which Mr. and Mrs. Blake are held by the community.

MR. MICHAEL DWYER, HAMILTON.

An old and respected resident of Hamilton passed away, in the person of Mr. Michael Dwyer, of 298 Young st., on Oct. 2nd. Mr. Dwyer was born at Cahirciveen, county Kerry, Ireland, (which place is historic as the birthplace of the illustrious Daniel O'Connell) and had been a resident of Hamilton for the past forty years. The funeral took place at 9 o'clock, Sept. 4th, to St. Patrick's Church, and thence to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. The deceased leaves a widow and four daughters to mourn him. May his soul rest in peace.

MRS. O'HANAN, TORONTO GORE.

On Sunday Sept. 29th Mrs. O'Hearn passed peacefully away at the residence of her son Michael Collins, eighth concession Gore of Toronto. She was aged 80 years. Deceased was born in the County of Clare, Ireland and emigrated to Canada in the year 1860. She was for 42 years a resident of Toronto Gore. The funeral took place on Tuesday Oct. 1st to St. Patrick's Church Wildfield. Requiesit Mass for the repose of her soul was celebrated by Rev. Father Reddan pastor who also presided a beautiful funeral service. The remains were interred in the cemetery Toronto Gore. Requiescat in Pace.

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Business College

## A Most Remarkable Cure.

One of the most remarkable cures recently obtained at Lourdes is that of a young lady named Madle Camilla Leclerc, eighteen years of age, she went to Lourdes on the occasion of the National Pilgrimage suffering from paralysis of the vocal cords, which deprived her of the power of the speech. She is in the charge of Dame de la Présentation at Vaucresson, but the representative of a Paris paper, which cannot be suspected of religious bias, has been allowed to see her. He declared that she can not only speak well now but can also sing. A doctor had diagnosed her case as that of complete paralysis of the vocal cords.

## THE PEOPLE MARVELLED.

## AT THE RESCUE OF MR. MEDCALFE OF HORNING MILLS.

Badly Crippled With Sciatica and an Intense Sufferer for Years—For Two Years Was Not Able to Do Any Work—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored His Health.

From the Sheldene Economist.

The completion of the local telephone service between Shelburne and Hamilton by Messrs. John Medcalfe and W. H. Marlatt, referred to in these columns recently, was the means of bringing to the notice of a reporter of the Economist the fact of the remarkable restoration to health some time ago of Mr. Medcalfe, the chief promoter of the line. For about two years Mr. Medcalfe, with terrible sufferer from sciatica, was unable to walk. He was not altogether bedfast, he was so badly crippled that his bent form, as he occasionally hobbled about the streets of Horning's Mills, excited universal sympathy. The trouble was in one of his hips and he could not stand or walk erect. His familiar attitude, as the residents of Horning's Mills can



vouch, was a stooped over position, with one foot flat on the ground and the other not at all. For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physicians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said that I would take no more medicine, that it seemed as if I had reached the limit of what I could stand. For about two years I was not able to do any work. Local physicians failed to do me any good, and I went to Toronto for treatment, with equally unsatisfactory results. I also tried electrical appliances without avail. I returned home from Toronto discouraged, and said that I would take no more medicine, that it seemed as if I had reached the limit of what I could stand. For about two years I was not able to do any work. 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