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# The Catholic Register.

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

VOL. V.—NO. 48.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1897.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## The Archbishop of Kingston and the Press.

The seventeenth anniversary of the consecration of His Grace, Archbishop O'Connell to the Archdiocese of Kingston was celebrated yesterday with the pomp and grandeur of the benignant ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. A service was held on the episcopal throne, vested in cope and mitre, and attended by all the priests of his diocese. He was assisted at the throne by Very Rev. Vicar General Gauthier Brock and Very Rev. Masteron and High Mass was celebrated by Mr. Farrelly, Bellville assisted by Rev. Deas Murray, as sub-deacon and Rev. Father Spratt as sub-deacon. The scene during the Mass was solemn and imposing. The music was very appropriate and befitting the occasion. Previous to Mass, the young ladies of the Congregational Convect sang a beautiful hymn, followed by the "Pastor Bonus." The choir then rendered the "Kyrie Eleison and Gloria in Excelsis." Smith-McCabe singing the "Qui Tollis" in fine voice. The "Credo" being omitted, the "Sanctus" and "Agnus Dei" were rendered. Miss McCabe again taking the solo. Upon the conclusion of Mass, an address was read to His Grace by Very Rev. Vicar General Gauthier to which the Archbishop replied briefly. The "Te Deum" was sung by the choir. Father McDermid, Bellville, taking the solo. The young ladies of the Congregational Convect then sang a hymn to the Virgin, "Star of the Morning," Miss Dayo and Miss Ardagh taking the solos in a highly pleasing manner. At the offertory Miss Sullivan sang the "Ave Maria" in fine voice. Miss Des Rochers presided at the organ and played the accompaniments very artistically. Mr. Mullin leading the choir. The "Te Deum" concluded the service. The altar was beautifully decorated with golden and silver flowers, and presented a magnificent appearance.

Before the departure of the priests for their different parishes, His Grace entertained them at dinner. Congratulations to the Archbishop were freely and sincerely extended, with wishes that he might long live to preside over the destinies of the venerable Diocese of Kingston. THE ADDRESS.

To His Grace the Most Rev. James Vincent Cleary, S.T.D., Archbishop of Kingston.

Most Rev. and dearly beloved Archbishop.—On this the seventeenth anniversary of your episcopal consecration, we, the clergy of your Archdiocese, gather around you to tender to you our filial greetings and our cordial felicitations on the recurrence of this, to us, over joyous festival, and, at the same time to join with you, in fervent thanksgiving to Almighty God, the dispenser of every good, for the many blessings bestowed upon you, and through your apostolic ministry upon us, and your faithful laity during the years of your active episcopate—an episcopate which through your wise and vigorous rule and your vigilant and tender care of your flock, may be considered as forming a most important epoch in the history of the Church in Canada.

Without extorting you, your Grace, left home and country, in compliance with the repeated demand of the Sovereign Pontiff, and assumed charge of this diocese of Kingston, some of us here present remember well the bright hopes indulged by priests and people at the time. The fame of your learning, of your zeal in the cause of God's church, your success in every previous field of labor assigned you, had already preceded your coming. With you as its chief pastor, a general feeling of confidence was evoked, we felt that an era of prosperity, theretofore unknown to it, was about to dawn upon our beloved diocese.

We are here to-day to bear joyful testimony to the fact that the hopes of the most hopeful amongst us then, have been realized; and, furthermore, that no one however sanguine of the future he might have been, would have ventured to anticipate the great change which has since taken place, in the truly marvellous progress of our Holy Religion within that brief space of time. And it must be to you, dearly beloved Archbishop, as it is to us all, a source of exceeding joy to look abroad on the diocese to-day, and behold the evidence of its internal and external development to be found everywhere—in the splendid new churches, thirty-four in number, of truly magnificent proportions, and of exquisite architecture; and erected at immense cost, whose spires pointing heavenward, remind the way-farer of his duty and of his destiny, and affording every facility for the practice of our holy religion; notable among them being your own peerless Cathedral of Mary Immaculate, the glory of the Archdiocese, and the admiration of all who behold it; the many commodious school edifices supplied with everything needed for comfort and convenience of their inmates; where the benefits of solid elementary education are dispensed by officially recognized successful teachers; those specially hospitals for the sick where the noble and self-sacrificing Sisters of the Hotel Dieu and the Sisters of Charity administer the soothing balm of consolation for the agement of others; bodily ailment, and over and above all the spiritual care of their patients, who whether they are to die in their sickness or to be restored to their families and

society require gentle admonition of conscience, pastoral awakening of truth, the recall of their minds to a sense of obligation towards God, and, a courageous of faith, hope and charity, and supernatural contrition for sin, the asylum for the homeless, aged and infirm, where they may spend their declining years of life in undisturbed tranquility and prepare for a happy eternity and where the poor fatherless and motherless orphans are cared for with loving maternal solicitude that few children of the poor could expect to receive in their natural homes, and last—and perhaps the most important work of all—the crowning work of your most fruitful episcopate—your new College of Regispolis, where the youth of the diocese who aspire to the acquisition of an education, such as to fit them for the various higher walks of life in trade, in commerce, in law, in medicine, and especially in the sacred priesthood may be thoroughly trained and equipped for entrance into these professions.

Your devoted clergy, your faithful people of God, your wife and children, the dearful beneficiaries of your labors, with one accord and from the depths of their hearts, thank you daily for your love and the blessing you have given to the Church, and the young ladies of the Congregational Convect then sang a hymn to the Virgin, "Star of the Morning," Miss Dayo and Miss Ardagh taking the solos in a highly pleasing manner. At the offertory Miss Sullivan sang the "Ave Maria" in fine voice. Miss Des Rochers presided at the organ and played the accompaniments very artistically. Mr. Mullin leading the choir. The altar was beautifully decorated with golden and silver flowers, and presented a magnificent appearance.

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THE ARCHBISHOP'S REPLY.

When His Grace commenced to speak, the gentlemen of the congregation left their seats and gathered close by the sanctuary railing to hear his remarks. He spoke for twenty minutes. It is to be regretted that no reporter was present to bring Thanksgiving Day, and the representatives of the press became of duty. A few of His Grace's utterances have, however, been very distinctly taken in by those around him, and transcribed in their very form of words. He thanked his clergy for their proof of fidelity to him and his office, by coming away from home, all the priests of the Diocese without a single exception—and participating in this festivity of his seventeenth anniversary of consecration. He eulogized their priestly spirit, as exemplified in the address they had just read to him. He had always admired their loyalty to the Church and their Archbishop, and to-day he admired it more than ever. When he came to the passage in the Address, relating to what he called "the little tempest of the anti-Christian Scribes and Pharisees," he waxed vigorous and certainly did not spare his well known powers of caustic and invective in dealing with that class of individuals. Amongst other things, he said that he and his clergy and people had good reason to feel happy in witnessing the proterrestrial birth of the Society of St. John, which, after over a year of the Church from the first fixed Friday to the present day, has over been a true indication, always varied in the results that the spite and malice and stormy anger of the evil one had not been stirred up by any trifling cause, but by some great and grand success of the Church in baffling his sabbatianists' policy of ruin to religion, and damnation to the souls of men. He illustrated this proposition by historical references from olden and modern times, and hereupon he called attention to the fact that the arch-enemy and his associates invariably singled out some one Bishop or Archbishop or Patriarch for their most determined malignity, and pursued and persecuted him, and moved imperial forces and judges, and lawyers and scribes, to hunt him down, or drive him into exile or death. Hence he (the Archbishop) felt himself honored by the recent outburst of falsehood and lying, and heresy, as it were, against himself and His Holiness and His Apostolic See, the teaching of the Catholic Church and her unchangeable teachings of nineteen hundred years, and against your Grace as the true and honest exponent of the faith "once delivered to the Saints." We have observed that every thing your Grace denounced as false doctrine, and warned all true Catholics never to accept, has been done to us by the uneducated in this Province as the teaching of the Catholic Church and your Grace, especially in relation to Protestant martyrs, the anti-Christian scribes as many fools as would believe them that your Grace had said some awful things against Protestant married ladies; which, on reading your Grace's pastoral instruction, we said that it was exactly the opposite of what your Grace taught your Catholic people to believe. You condemned certain false doctrines on the subject of matrimony. Your condemnation was clear and distinct; no idiot could mistake your meaning. And yet these two dozen anti-Christian scribes, who brought so much disgrace upon the Province of Ontario, have asked their unsophisticated readers to believe that the proposition which you condemned with such solemnity were exactly your own faith and the faith of your Church. We will not run the risk of offending your Grace by noticing such poor and creatures. We, living in the midst of them, well know the character of the no-Popery scribbles. What then in respect whatever, nor does anyone else. They are totally devoid of intelligence or all matter appertaining to religion, and, for want ofughtness of character, their author is not even worth notice.

Can it be possible that James I. George II., her present majesty, the Knights of St. Patrick and their founder, George III., were "perverse who are disloyal to the British Empire?" But the author of "The Story of the Union Jack" is quite correct in his heraldry; the arms of Ireland are "azure, a harp or stringed argent;" no crown. I do hope Mr. Barlow Cumberland will lose no time in running to the person who has been misquoted under his name in the Windsor Record.

Yours, Ours,  
Hamilton, Nov. 25.

St. Paul's Catholic Association

The first open meeting of the above association will be held on Tuesday evening the 7th inst., in St. Paul's Hall, Power street, 8 p.m. His Grace Archbishop Walsh will deliver the first lecture of the series, which the Association intended to have on the white months. The officers and members extend an invitation to the public

It may be only a trifling cold, but unfeel it and it will frost. Its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can effect a cure by using Bickell's Anti-Coughing Syrup, the medicine that has never been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all afflictions of the throat, lungs and chest.

## ADVENT.

Written for THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

The civil year begins in January the ecclesiastical in Advent, the former referred to the motions of the material sun, the latter following the footsteps of the Son of righteousness.

There is a fitness in both reckoning, and plain analogy between the reasons for choosing the different dates, for both the first quarter of the year and Advent are seasons of preparation, the one in the realm of nature, the other in the ways of grace.

In January the sun but late at its lowest begins its ascent in the heavens, widening the hours of light and day, fighting the frost and snow, and making them minister to the softening and enrichment of the earth. The ice and storms of winter are needed for the glories of spring and the summer's abundance. The flashing green of the one, the abounding fruitfulness of the other, belong indeed to themselves, but owe we know not how much to the sharp breath of winter, pulverising the soil and making it fit for the seed and the growth of plants. For winter is not the harbinger, merely, but in a true, real sense, the creator of autumn's rich supplies. In like manner Advent prepares the soul for Christmas. It is a call to be up and doing, to open the eyes and see that now salvation is nearer than we expected; but it is more than this, it is the culture that puts the mind and spirit of man in right condition to receive and profit by the Light whose wondrous gifts of complementing man and making out forsoothmost distinction that he lifeth and moveth in the Holy Church whose doctrine is officially professed. They will know their salvation would be ignorantly rejected. They know equally well that their praise would be the grossest insult that could be offered to any creature of God's Church.

After hearing what the Catholics who had heard His Grace's reply to the address of the clergy told us of their remembrance of his words, we have no further to say, because we were not there; but we have heard on all sides that a thrill passed over the souls of that congregation, when the Archbishop, mitered, and surrounded by all forms of Archiepiscopal pomp, suited for such grand occasions, holding the crozier in his left hand, stretched forth his right arm to the whole body of clergy, and pronounced with judicial dignity and pastoral zeal those awful words that stirred every fiber in every Catholic heart: "May this right hand become to me a sword, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if ever I fail to deserve the hatred, the lynx, the slander and the hellish tongue of the no-Popery scribes of Ontario."

THE WALKER-LILY FLAG INCIDENT.

To the Editor of The Catholic Register.

DEAR SIR.—In your current issue you quote "Mr. Barlow Cumberland as writing in the Windsor Record that 'a green flag is not of itself a flag, but unfortunately by the intentional taking off of the Crown it has in this shape been appropriated by persons who are disloyal to the British Empire,' etc.

I sincerely hope there is some mistake, or that there are two Barlow Cumberlands, for I have seen no "Story of the Union Jack." Barlow Cumberland, recently established v. 1 and the disrowned harp frequently in plates without any suggestion of disloyalty being put forward by the author. It first appears on page 72, arms of James I. Then plate 7, arms of James II. Then plate 2, arms of James II. In which the disrowned harp appears in a blue field. On the same plate 2 is Crowland's "Great Union," where it appears again. Of course Mr. Cumberland may agree with us that in these two instances this shape has been appropriated by persons who were disloyal to the British Empire. We presume in the days of the Commonwealth we were fighting for the king.

At page 128 Mr. Cumberland gives the arms of George II. with the disrowned harp embazoned thereon, and at page 147 again is "the Harp of Hibernia," disrowned.

The arms of our most gracious Sovereign now happily reigned appear at page 154 again the harp without a crown.

A friend points out to me that in the collar of the knights of St. Patrick the disrowned harp appears "armored" with roses.

Can it be possible that James I. George II., her present majesty, the Knights of St. Patrick and their founder, George III., were "perverse who are disloyal to the British Empire?"

But the author of "The Story of the Union Jack" is quite correct in his heraldry; the arms of Ireland are "azure, a harp or stringed argent;" no crown. I do hope Mr. Barlow Cumberland will lose no time in running to the person who has been misquoted under his name in the Windsor Record.

Yours, Ours,

there to receive and greet him, and carry home the joy of heaven's blessedness in their heart "not two." And a study of their character revealing wherein they differed from others, will tell why Advent should be a time of penance and prayer. There was, that Simon, just and devout, and the Holy Ghost was with him. He had received a promise that he would not be before the Lord, and had so well acted upon it that every day saw him in the triple vesting robe, in fasting and mortification, and prayer, and sacrifice, not absent at the supper-table, and had the blessedness of taking the Child in his arms.

The other is Anna of whom we are told: "She was a widow until four score and four years old, who departed not from the temple, in fasting and prayers, serving night and day." She, too, recog-nized and confessed to all that looked for the redemption of Israel.

And now if we ask why were the millions about, and these two so greatly blessed, is there any answer but one? All had knowledge enough, but most of them held it with spirits plunged in sloth or at least indifference, the two used it—after the manner of God's intention in communicating it—to doing the works of right preparation. They fasted, they prayed, they watched and waited often in the temple, and so when Jesus came, in spite of the humility of His surroundings, they knew Him and were blessed.

Now the mystery of that far off day is constantly repeated round and round the world. Jesus is ever moving about on His great mission of mercy showing Himself to the love of His people in sacrament and sacrifice, in sermon and instruction and festival, inviting all to come and do His honor that they may receive of His blessings; and through indifference or spiritual sloth they do not recognize His voice. What is to stir them up and open their eyes?

Well, since four thousand ears waiting was not enough, and the great Baptist rang out his thundering tones with only partial success, I suppose that nothing can ever move the whole multitude to earnest religious attention. Distractions, temptations, human weakness and sin account for the lothardy of the masses, but only the Simeons and the Annas will be looked for in the day of the visitation.

Who would not wish to be numbered with them? and go home laden with the blessing? Well—and this is why we write—we can all be counted with them if we do as they did, putting the knowledge we have out at interest by the fasts and prayers, and deepened religious attention of the Advent time. A good winter brings a rich harvest; the cold and frost prepare the soil for the seed, the watchings, prayer and penances of Advent are the due preliminaries to the joys of Christmas.

Local from Stratford

The sixth annual assembly of Division No. 2, Ancient Order of Hibernians, was held at Worth's Hall, Wellington street, Thanksgiving Eve. Although a change had to be made from the city hall to Worth's Hall, owing to that building being burned the previous day, Daunting commenced about 9 o'clock the assembly being opened by His Worship Mayor McDonagh. The mass was due and was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Mulligan, who has been a great demand for many years in Stratford, catering was done by Gibson and was certainly up to date in all particulars. Amongst those who attended from a distance we noticed Miss Lizzie Phelan, Hensall; Miss Cosgrove, Detroit; Miss Remond, Clinton; Miss Kaine, Conroy Misses Kate, Grace and Angie Graham and Messrs O'Dowd and G. Graham, St. Mary's; Mr. and Miss Kelly, Kirkers and Mr. McDermid, Conroy. W. P. Clancy was chairman, R. Haslon, secretary and Harry Lovett, floor manager. The reception committee was composed of R. Haslon, J. McQuade, D. Sullivan and F. Brophy, J. A. Dillon, M. S. Dowd, J. J. McAnally and W. P. Clancy were the management committee and the floor committee were M. Gleeson, E. J. Clancy, M. McHugh and T. Hall.

The city hall which was erected in the year 1857, was totally destroyed by fire Wednesday morning at one a.m. cause of fire unknown. Many valuable papers have been destroyed. The city offices have been removed to Worth's Block and the hall will be rebuilt or a new building placed instead. Loss to the city is estimated at \$40,000.

Miss Kate Carlin, organist of St. Joseph's church, this city attended the meeting at Soforth on Tuesday, Nov. 23rd. During musical High Mass Miss Carlin sang a solo in her usual soprano voice.

Miss Sarah Cosgrave, of Detroit, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Miss Lizzie Phelan, a former resident of this city is visiting her many friends here.

Congratulations to His Worship Mayor O'Dohughue, who has reached his 45th birthday, Nov. 29, and who has received many tokens of esteem from his many friends in Stratford.

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

# The Motherland

Latest News from  
ENGLAND  
IRELAND and  
SCOTLAND

In the Cork Police Court Mr. Wm. Pope Hennessy, late merchant, Pope's Quay was summoned by Mr. William Henry Bishop, J.P., on and other merchant, as Pope's Quay, for having on the afternoon of the 16th last assaulted brazier and threatened him. The magistrates said they had given the case considerable attention, and decided that Mr. Hennessy should be bound to the peace for six months, himself in the two and two sureties of £100, in default of six months' imprisonment.

Father Quill, of Glengarriff, states that in some cases the pinch of hunger was being already felt, and that ere Christmas at least one-third of the population would be in a state of absolute want. The potato crop was almost exhausted at the present time, but a few might be able to run them up until Christmas. Money the people receive some pecuniary or other support their fate before the harvest of '98 came round would be deplorable in the extreme.

At the last meeting of the Skibbereen Guardians a large deputation from Toolehead and surrounding townlands came before the board, and laid a memorial on the table, declaring that in consequence of the failure of the potato crop this season the people are almost destitute. They will have to depend on other food until July next, and regret that in consequence of owing money to the stores in Skibbereen they have no hopes of getting credit along the winter. There are only 10 families living in Toolehead, and in Gurtycrasig and Lickown 20 families, and in all about four hundred men, women and children, that will have to be fed through the winter.

P. L. Connellan writes from Rome to the Dublin Freeman's Journal. The Superior of the Irish College in this city have decided on erecting a memorial to the late Monsignor Kirby, Archbishop of Ephesus, for so many years closely associated with that institution. On the 20th of January next, three years will have passed since the death of that venerable man, who had then just entered on his 92nd year. His residence, from a comparatively early period of his life until his death, was the Irish College in Rome; and during that long period he had come into contact with many of the men who have contributed to make the history of Ireland during the last sixty years. In 1885 he contended for a prize in the Sapienza, the successful competitor being Vincenzo Pecchi—not yet a priest—and now known to all the world as the Sovereign Pontiff Leo XIII. It was in that year also he was appointed Vice-Rector of the Irish College in Rome, dying within its walls—which he scarcely ever left except to stay at the college summer residence in Tivoli—sixty years later. In the memory of all Irish travelers to Rome during the last fifty years at least, the Irish College is associated with the name of its Rector, "Doctor Kirby." In 1881 his Holiness Leo XIII elevated him to the dignity of titular Bishop of Littia; and in 1886 he was still further honored by being named Archbishop of Ephesus.

Xmas.

Great curiosity has been aroused amongst the inhabitants of Portmarnock, a small fishing village situated on the brink of the Atlantic, about ten miles from Cahirciveen. It appears that a man named Michael Malvey, who owns some land near Portmarnock, saw what he took to be his neighbor's horse trespassing on a field of his. The animal was eating grass the same as an ordinary horse. When Malvey came within a short distance of the "horse" it suddenly gave a snort, cooked its tail into the air and jumped into the ocean. It has since been seen by several persons with its head up in the water amongst the rocks which abound along the coast near Portmarnock. Malvey, who saw what is called by him "the sea horse," describes it as an animal with the points of an ordinary horse. It has, he states, a long tail and is bay in color. It is seventeen years ago since a similar creature was seen in the neighborhood. The appearance of the "sea horse" has caused an uneasy feeling in the district, as some of the older inhabitants consider him an ill omen.

Treas.

At Stewartstown a National drumming party from Leap and Ballinderry was passing Churchill Protestant School house, where an Orange hall was being held, when they were attacked in a most wanton manner. Stones were thrown and some of the members of the National drumming party were seriously injured. Some of the members of the drumming party retaliated, and sticks and stones were freely used on both sides, and a genial combat ensued.

Wester.

At New Ross Quarter Sessions, presided over by County Court Judge Kane, an unusual and extremely diverting scene was witnessed. A splendid looking tom cat made its appearance in court, and being cuffed

## ENGLAND

Important News for Halifax & Free

The Birmingham Daily Post, which ought to be an authority on Colonial affairs says a proposal for the establishment close to Halifax, Nova Scotia, of a big arsenal for the turning out of both heavy and light guns and small arms is again before the Imperial and Canadian Governments. "The Imperial authorities are prepared, it is said, to go a considerable way in carrying out the proposal, and the matter is to be thoroughly gone into by the Dominion Government during the next month or six weeks."

As object lesson for a litigant

Colonel Sandy, M.P. for the Bootle Division of Liverpool, who is a supporter of all anti-Catholic movements, is a governor of Howishead Grammar School, which has earned celebrity as being the place where the poet Wordsworth was educated. In this obscure but nevertheless delightfully romantic village there dwelt for many years an Irish Catholic family of the name of Redlon who walked a distance of ten miles to Mass, waterfowl, every Sunday. Two of the sons won scholarships in the grammar school, and John, the elder of them, in particular distinguished himself in all the examinations. At the first examination after his entrance he was the first, and had the largest aggregate number of marks in all subjects. Although of humble parents he beat the sons of the local gentry and clergymen, his nearest attendant being the son of a retired local clergyman and a former headmaster. A singular fact in connection with this examination was the result of the subject Scripture, in which subject John beat all the other pupils.

The Indian Frontier War

The Liverpool Echo says: We have received a letter from a Liverpool man, dated Rawal Pindi, October 22d, pointing out that in the columns of The Liverpool Post of September 18th the Royal Irish Regiment is not mentioned as forming part of General Yeatman Biggs' force engaged in the relief of the Samana ports. Special despatches appearing in The Pioneer of India are forwarded showing that the General's force on the occasion in question included two companies of the Royal Irish Regiment. It is mentioned that the Royal Irish, with long range fire at 1,000 yards, covered the advance of the Gurkhas, supported by the 2nd Punjab Infantry. The march from Fort Lockhart and back was a most exhausting one, and all concerned behaved well, and were complimented in despatch from the Commander-in-Chief on their fine endurance, keenness and courage, especially "the grand infantry of the force."

## SCOTLAND.

Irish Versus Scotch Whiskey.

The question of Irish versus Scotch whiskey for English consumption is again attracting attention. The article by Dr. Gordon Stables on the deterioration of Scotch whiskey, which appeared some few weeks ago in The Scotsman, gave rise to quite a novel Press controversy, in which the relative merits of the Scotch and Irish products were canvassed. Irish distillers were reproved for not taking advantage of the opportunity to push their sales in England, but Mrs. Persico of Galway was excluded from this censure, and were given credit for their business-like efforts to rehabilitate Irish whiskey and gain the favor of English purchasers. This they do by supplying an article of the best quality, and the policy has proved a paying one in the long run.

Smallpox Case in a Montreal Convent.

Sister McDonald of the Pensionnat Ste. Catherine, Congregation of Notre Dame, at 704 St. Catherine street, is the latest case of small pox reported from Montreal. About the middle of last week the Sister feeling unwell left her regular employment, and went to the country house of the order Nuns Island, in the hope of recuperating her health, and obtaining some rest. She grew from bad to worse, however, and on Wednesday the medical man of the order declared that she had all the symptoms of smallpox, and reported the case to Dr. Laberge, who suggested that the sick nun be removed to the Civic Hospital to be treated. The nun consented to go to the Civic Hospital. Another Sister has gone up with her to attend to her.

Country Magistrate. "Prisoner you're discharged this time with a caution, but if we see you here again you'll get twice as much."

## A Successful Concert

A grand concert given in the Opera House on Nov. 13th by the Separate school, assisted by the Ursuline Academy, surpassed in point of excellence any concert of its kind ever held in the city of Chatham.

The opening chorus, sung by pupils of both institutions, under the leadership of Principal J. F. Finn, was pleasingly rendered. Then followed a drama "Margaret of Anjou" composed by one of the Ursuline girls and presented by the pupils of the Academy. Each character in this play acted her part in excellent style. The various scenes were introduced by instrumental selections by the Misses L. and M. F. McDonnell, E. and M. Devol, R. Marsteller, A. Brady, M. McEvoy, and Fanchon.

The next was a Turkey Drill by twelve boys of Separate school, dressed in Turkish costumes and bearing scimitars. This brought down the house.

Miss Baxter of the Academy sang in charming style, a solo. This was followed by a Tambourine Drill and Dance by thirty four girls of Separate school. The little ones fairly delighted the audience by their beautiful appearance and intricate movements so well performed.

A second drama, mischievous Bob was put on by the Separate school boys H. McDonald supported by five others acted the part of mischievous Bob excellently, everyone who heard and saw him proclaiming him a natural born actor.

An amusing recitation was then given by the junior boys.

A musical treat, Vocal Trio—Pianist Belle, was given by the pupils of the Academy. The senior girls of Separate school did full justice to a recitation. The boys of Harlow and impressed upon their hearers, the excellent training they have received. The concert had most fitting close, "A Tribute to Canada," by A. Thodeau. He proved himself an eloquent orator of more than ordinary ability. The large audience well pleased and delighted with the entertainment wended their way home, declaring them selves proud of the event.

The performers, as well as the teachers who prepared this programme, are to be congratulated upon the success of the entertainment.

## The Fallin' o' the Rain.

### AN IRISH BALLAD.

Goodbye to County Carlow, 'tis the loneliest place to me.  
Sure every week I'm a mouth, and  
over my mouth like three.  
The mist is comin' wet and cold, but  
now I won't complain,  
I'm goin' home, and little rock the  
fallin' o' the rain.

Twas foolishness that brought me here,  
I wonder at now.

Too proud was I to work the spade, or  
follow up the plow;  
But little work and gold galore won't  
heat the heart o' pain.  
And I'll off to old Kilkeany thro' the  
fallin' o' the rain.

Twas foolishness that brought me here,  
twas madness made me stay,  
With not a little slopin' green to rest  
my eyes all day.

But Ailie's Big outstrachin' like the  
level, bluidin' min,  
And ne'er a bairn's sunshie for the  
fallin' o' the rain.

A curse upon the landlord crew, they're  
everywhere the same;

If Ireland's deep in poverty, we know to  
whom the blame:  
The devil's in their greedy hearts, they'd  
rob us root and grain,  
God's wrath will haul on 'em with the  
fallin' o' the rain!

The lads are tall and hearty here, the  
cullins sweet to see,

And God will sure reward 'em all their  
kindness unto me.'

But when I joined their merry dance,  
and heard the pipers play,  
My heart high burst with longin' for the  
faces far away.

I wonder if 'tis but a dream, a hundred  
times a day;  
And draw my hand across my eyes to  
drive it all away;

Then faint and diuin I see the hills  
beyond this weary plain,  
They call my wild heart over thro' the  
fallin' o' the rain.

But soon I'll breathe the heather-breath  
on brown Knoe brackad's side  
And see a silver-shining stream across  
the valley glen;

No rest about these weary limbs,  
or sleep the throbkin's brain.

Till Sun' down shows gloamin' thro' the  
fallin' o' the rain.

Oh high are Ormondo's castle stones,  
and princely Carragh-More,  
But built are they on Irish bones, and  
washed with Irish gore;

Yet surely out from bondage God will  
lead his own again,

And dry the tears long fallin' like the  
fallin' o' the rain.

Aud then my native Ossory, whose  
valley now greet my gaze,  
Upon thy hundred mountain peaks, tho'  
thy triumph fires shall blaze,

Thy glory shall be fairer for the waitin'  
years o' pain.

As comin' sunshine flashes thro' the  
fallin' o' the rain.

—Rev. J. B. DOLLARD (Sullivan na-moun)  
in The Boston Pilot.

### Consumption Cure.

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in his hands by an East India missionary the  
formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy  
and permanent cure of Consumption, Unfeverish'd, Un-  
tumid'd, Anti-tubercular, Anti-syphilitic, Anti-  
pneumitic, also a positive and radical cure for: Nervous  
complaints, after having tested its  
fatu' is his duty to make it known to the  
world. Actuated by this motive and a desire to  
help all who suffer from this disease, in German, French  
or English, with full directions for preparing and  
using. Bent upon this with ardency, with comp-  
lete success. Address: Rev. W. A. Moran, 890 Fourth Street,  
Rockefeller, N.Y.

How to CURE HEADACHE.—Some  
people suffer untold misery day after  
day, with Headache. Thoro' is rest  
neither day nor night until the nerves are  
all unstrung. The cause is generally  
a disordered stomach, and a cure  
can be effected by using Parmalesse's  
Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake  
and Dandelion. Prof. F. Flury, Park,  
Lauderdale, P. Q., writes: "I find  
Parmalesse's Pill a first class article for  
Bilious Headache."

A smart American girl calls a young  
fellow of her acquaintance "Honey  
suckle," because he is always hanging  
over the front fence.

## BOOK REVIEWS

### RELIGIOUS BOOKS IN THE CANADA

The Misses Ligars have given the Canadian public another book which, in spite of Dr. Bourassa's advice, is historical. "The Doctor" affirms that Canadian history is overdone, and these clever ladies have evidently been thinking over this point but instead of letting the subject alone altogether, they have hit upon the plan of setting up something new by way of a change. No reader of their "Humors of '97" can reasonably advance against it the "overdone" complaint.

A more readable book treating of Canadian history has never been written and we would go the length of adding that not one of our historians has given a truer picture of the character of the rebellion for representative government, around which we happily the embryo of some old pre-judices and animosities still smoulder.

To be sure it is a bold venture to paint into the dark picture of sixty years ago such humor as found place in the events of the rebellion. But the Misses Ligars have made the attempt, and thanks to their admirable sense of impartiality it is not without success. There is one story illustrating the keen scent for "treason" in the days before the rebellion. A traitor tried for the murder of a soldier had the following peroration tacked on to his death sentence by the judge. "And not only did you murder him but you did thrust or push, or pierce, or project, or prop the lethal weapon through the belly-band of his breeches."

The early declarations in favor of

representative institutions made by Papineau and Mackenzie were

by some similar plan tortured into utterances of treason. Mackenzie's opponents in Upper Canada lacked neither cunning nor force in this line.

The pages of the present book

teach us with evidence that neither

Mackenzie himself nor those who had

the courage to publicly share his views

contemplated until the crisis was almost upon them an assault with arms upon the Toronto rulers. The following quotation (page 54) is to the point. "We find an old died-in-the-wool Tory, a writer of some note afterwards saying, when I look back over events which were thought all right by the Loyalists of those times I only wonder there were not thousands of Mackenzies and Papineaus. But even while the leaders were declaring and hoping against the possibility of an appeal to physical force the movement was surely developing unmanageable tendencies in that direction. Hope of winning redress by constitutional agitation was finally abandoned after Mackenzie's return from his visit of 1842 to London. The hasty preparations then begun for the rebellion were not lacking in the element of humor. It is possible too—that with all his faults—Sir Francis Bond Head could have maintained some of the characteristics of successful comedy throughout the whole of the commotion if he had had a free hand. He knew the strength of Mackenzie's following no doubt, and it is certain that he did not underestimate the selfishness of the loyalists, whether they happened to be office holders or office seekers. His experience once Colonel Fitzgibbon on the night of Mackenzie's intended assault on the city is best told in the words of the Misses Ligars:

"It took the persistent efforts of three messengers tooust him from a feather bed.... When Sir Francis was encamped for a night at Government House at ten o'clock, Mrs. Dalrymple, his sister-in-law, reported that the Gevers not was fatigued and asleep."

"What is all this noise about," asked Judge Jones Jones, who also did not like disturbance. "Who desired to call me?" Colonel Fitzgibbon. The seal of that man is giving us a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

There is abundant material for humorous writing in the preliminaries of the famous battle of Galtown Hill, but the authors have been on guard against unfairness and have described with much delicacy the lighter features of the meeting of the opposing forces at Montgomery's. The incidents of the rebellion in Lower Canada are described with warmer spirit. Sir John Colborne knew no mercy, and one's sense of humor is somewhat handicapped when reading the story of St. Eustache and St. Bonit. The work of the Glengarry Highlanders at this juncture is not glossed over. They met the troops at St. Bonit; and in the succeeding burnings, according to Gore's words, "were in every case, I believe, the instruments of hell itself." Colonel McDonald's own account of the Glengarryers at Beauharnois is not a bit different. They had, in short, a fit leader in Colborne. Some parts of the description of the Glengarrys are found in a chapter entitled "Deborahs of '97." It takes a woman to tell the true nobility of womanhood; and the Misses Ligars have written at their best of the heroic women of the rebellion. Our old friend, "Tiger" Dunlop, is reintroduced; but in this volume he plays a minor part to Colonel Prince, the senior wrangler, in the extensive class of autocratic Ontario produced during the year following the rebellion, when the undisciplined militia constituted a more actual ele-

ment than the regular army.

It was on January 1, 1898, that the then Father Pecci offered up his initial Mass in the chapel of Amado in the Quirinal. Pilgrims are expect- ed from America in considerable num- bers to visit Rome and to join the celebra- tion.

St. Anthony's Bazaar.

MONTRÉAL, Nov. 26.—St. Anthony's Church bazaar was opened last evening. The church hall was beautifully decorated, and the booths tastefully arranged. The bazaar, which promises to be a huge success, will be continued until Saturday, December 4.

An entertainment will be given each evening, consisting of  
and instrumental music, etc., and a grand banquet.

The several tables are in  
following management: Ladu-  
table, Misses Lotte and Lily L  
assisted by the ladies of the  
toy table and fish pond, Miss M  
St. Anthony's table, Mrs. J. D.  
St. Anthony's Young Men's  
Mrs. James O'Connor, assisted by  
Mrs. M. Stewart and Miss O'Connor.

refreshment table, Mrs. M. Hicks,  
Mrs. McKenna and Mrs. P. McGov-  
ern; St. Francis' table, Miss M.  
Guthrie and Mrs. Munday; flower  
table, Mrs. M. J. Polan and Misses  
Donovan, Casey, Driscoll and Polan.

The fair post office is conducted by  
Miss M. Perigo and Miss Maud Clark,  
and the news department by Mr. W.  
McGee, Miss Perigo and Miss Maud Clark. Mrs. F. B. McNamee  
will preside at the fortune wheel.

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Medical News and Advertising.

# The Domain of Woman

TALKS BY "TERESA".

The opening of the annual Christmas sale in Confederation Hall Building last week was a very busy one for the ladies in charge of the various tables.

From an early hour in the morning press-women began to arrive with lots of articles and the elevator man and I himself to the inevitable with a world of trouble.

What a wonderful time and breathless an elevator is to be sure and what an appropriate name it has just as an abomination and "life" is meaningless but "elevator" takes us there directly.

I gather more. Yes, please! the confounding of me and the world's most irreducibly met with the most violent kick of a quick elevator that would make Houdini's gorge rise a deal faster than did the sight of blacksmith, but a soft, lifting motion up till it seems as though we could never stop but at last the sixth floor is reached and we're "elevated" indeed right to the top of one of the highest buildings in Toronto.

Through the windows one obtains a splendid view of the lake and the surrounding city.

But there is no time to look at views, external at least, the interior view is the one that engrosses the most attention.

Bare tables have to be becomingly dressed, innumerable boxes and baskets unpacked, and the contents disposed to the best advantage. The question of space came up; there were so many articles, the stalls were so well supplied that it really became a matter of difficulty to find room of displaying them all to advantage. But feminine ingenuity is unmatchable: where a man would sink down in utter despair, lovingly arranges a scene of beauty out of veritable chaos. The fancy table was especially admired, being draped artistically in white and blue, the colors best adapted to show off the beautiful articles on sale. Festoons of blue silk on a white ground decorated the front of the table, while the same combination was arranged in a kind of festooned canopy overhead, the fact of the stall being in a corner just opposite the entrance making this arrangement both possible and pretty. Next came the almanac table, a picture in red and white, and furnished with an abundant supply of devotional articles, books, pictures, calendars, &c. The doll table attracted a good deal of attention, the magnificient doll table being an especial object of admiration; the bride and the queen coming in for their share of commendation. The jubilee table, devoted to candy, was a constant rendezvous for sweet toothed youngsters and oldsters, too, for most of us have some lingering remains of our childhood affection for lollipops, wherofore is a cause still unused. Place of pleasure and profit, and the obliging business charge found their occasion as dispensers of jubilee candies by no means a sinecure.

Due mention must be made of the tea-table provided by the generosity of the Kircote Ceylon Tea Co., who gave all the tea used, and also offered a prize of two pounds of tea to the person guessing the number of pounds of tea in the pyramid behind the table.

The young ladies in charge were indefatigable in the efforts to provide everyone with a cup of the refreshing beverage, which, I must remark, was properly made, not boiled, and in consequence the delightful flavor and aroma was fully retained. It will be remembered that this company gave all the tea that was used at the Sunnyside Garden Party, and their generous efforts to assist our charities, and make their excellent tea better known, should meet with full appreciation. Of the lunch rooms it is unnecessary to speak. Every Catholic business man in the city and not a few Protestants also, knows the excellence and cleanliness of the fare provided, the attention of the fair waitresses, and the moderate price of everything. The cafe at last was doing well enough to say that a French chef could not have acquired himself more creditably in the direction of a Parisian cafe than did the sisters in charge of the kitchen attached to the lunch room. The lottery table had a large assortment of beautiful articles on show. Last, but not least, the exquisite decorated china occupied the place of honor. This large and beautiful exhibit is the solo work of a lady much interested in the good sisters, and the great value of her contribution to the annual sales, together with the artistic genius and tireless energy necessary to the production of such finished works of art, renders the table of decorated chinaware and Voultion glass the most unique thing of its kind that can be seen anywhere. I have seen the most specimens of Doulton and Swan, the French pottery works, and the magnificent chinaware in the British and South Kensington Museums, and I may say without flattery that the work of "Oly" talented and charitable lady will be compared with them all.

One piece exquisitely miniature copy of Bouguereau's "Flight into Egypt" is most finely and artistically executed. An ice cream set represents a May Day celebration. The Voultion glass, is decorated in roccoco design the scrolls accented with jewels in various colors. Visitors began to arrive at an early hour in the evening, but there was no sign of the moribund disorder to be seen, everything was quick and spry. Only "behind the scenes" one could see the skeleton of all this artistic

## A VISIT TO OTTAWA.

The Capital - Steady Growth and its Improved Railways & Canals.

WRITTEN FOR THE REGISTER.

have one brief visit, I had not seen the Dominion Capital for over 20 years before. But even in the distant seventies it had most of its fine Parliament Buildings, its busy Sparks street and Sussex street and its commanding Russell House, and many evidences of material prosperity which led the mind to conclude that Ottawa was, at no distant date, destined to become a great commercial centre in addition to its official prestige as the capital of the country, yet with all these reasonable probabilities in view, I really wondered when I entered the city last week and witnessed its changed appearance and rapid growth. It struck me that the town had nearly trebled its size and its population in the interval of 30 years mentioned, and the substantial character of the new buildings and new sets of live business activity told of the city's improved status in point as well as in quantity. As I rode in the electric cars from the far end of Rideau street down to the new Gilmour Hotel I saw new homes and new thoroughfares stretching out in all directions, and as we gazed at the grand erections on Parliament Hill we noticed their augmented number and beautified appearance outside and their splendid internal arrangement. The great Parliamentary library of to-day was in its meagre stage in the earlier period above named, still it was an object of interest then but now it is a spectacle of wonder and delight, for it has 200,000 volumes and the books are of rare value and import. Well-seasoned travelers from Europe admit that the old world has but few finer libraries than that which is housed in the Federal buildings, and it is allowed that the structures themselves are as noble as anything found on either side of the Atlantic. On emerging from the stately piles the heights of Nepean point were quickly reached, and from that natural view point the scene that meets the eye is simply magnificent. The day was clear so that attractive objects could be seen very vividly, and as we looked in the direction of Hull and Aylmer and towards the distant landscape, across the Ottawa river, we felt instinctively that nature's bountiful hand had dealt liberally with this favored city and district. The famed Chaudiere Falls were near by, from the elevated point where we stood a great part of the city came under view. The Dominion's official buildings were behind us, the "Lover's Walk" directly underneath, the great river which divides the city of Hull, in Quebec Province, from the Capital rolling in close proximity, the Rideau Hall in the rear distance with the sloping hills further away and the general panoramic outline from a picture not much behind what the vision taken in from Dufferin Terrace or on the Citadel heights of Quebec city itself. Combining this natural advantage, which nature and Providence bestowed with the social, political and material gain derived from being the seat of Federal power it is little wonder that Ottawa should advance rapidly on the road of progress, or that her citizens should feel an honest pride in residing in such a place. Then it is reckoned that Ottawa has not yet received half the pre-eminence and perfection in future store for her, as Hon. Premier Laurier has officially declared that he desires that his government should make of the fair capital the "Washington of the North," and as the Premier is an honorable man of his word, this authoritative promise will, in all human views be strictly fulfilled. The completion of the great project as it seems to us would not be very hard to accomplish, because it may be logically inferred that Ottawa, as the central seat of the Federal Government, has already drawn together to itself the best elements in the several provinces in the political and social sense. Nor is she much behind in the material and commercial aspect, for among her well-to-do citizens are millionaire lumber merchants, wholesale and retail mercantile firms of first-class standing and solid financial strength. In her departments of law and medicine she has representatives equal to any in the country. Prominent names could be listed in this connection, but it were unsafe to make insidious distinction in a field where even the modestest are creditable. In the vital question of clan municipal administration, the city stands high in the moral list, under its capable corporate head, Major Bingham, and in his energetic council corporation affairs get prompt attention, and civic obligations are discharged in an honorable way. But after all the real test of a people's moral worth must be gauged by the religious and educational status they may have attained to. In this respect the inhabitants of Ottawa have made a good record for themselves. The city abounds in churches of the different creeds, and a striking feature is the number and excellence of its Catholic convents and temples of worship. The Basilica on Sussex street is an imposing edifice, both in size and profuse ornamentation, and affiliated with the various parishes within the archdiocese numerous charitable institutions are co-operating with the Church in her

merciful work of relieving the poor and afflicted. In the paramount work of sound moral education, no community is better situated, considering the high standing of the University of Ottawa and of the colleges and schools. It does seem to be in accord with the eternal fitness of things that the capital of a nation should have a superior standard of educational culture and refinement, and that it should aim to produce the best of everything.

It is a conception of this kind that prompts the head of the Government to propose a still higher ideal in the domain of literature, culture and art. Past experience goes to prove that Canada will push forward rapidly in the years to come in all the phases that go to make a country great and respected, and from that ideal he naturally argues that the capital will assume higher status and increased responsibility, and it is wise for thought to make provision to meet the legitimate demands of the future. This is the reason why Sir Wilfrid Laurier intends to encourage and foster a higher spirit of culture, science and art in the capital. Of course the utility problems of State have the first call on the Minister's attention, but the latest higher-culture idea will manifest great strength in the near future. As the country advances in population, political purity, material strength and beneficial laws, so will the inspiration towards lofty moral and literary culture take deeper hold upon the minds of the commonwealth. One very essential factor in the capital's progress is the improved railway facil-

ity. Your Digestive Powers are Delighted you need something now to Create and Maintain Strength for the Daily Round of Duties

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## CITY AGENTS.

MR. LEONARD C. DAVIS.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1897.

## Calendar for the Week.

Dec 2-S. Bibiana  
3-S. Francis Xavier  
4-S. Barbara  
5-S. Sabas  
6-S. Nicholas  
7-S. Ambrose  
8-Inmaculate Conception.

The session of the Ontario Legislature which opened on Tuesday afternoon would have its claim to a place in Provincial history even if it lacked all other features of distinction than the presence of Sir Oliver Mowat in the capacity of Lieutenant-Governor and Hon. Edward Blake on the floor of the House.

The most important by-election held since the advent of Liberal Government at Ottawa was decided on Tuesday by the voters of Centre Toronto, who confirmed the verdict given by that constituency at the general election. The majority recorded for Mr. Bertram, the Liberal candidate, was 276, being a slight increase over Mr. Lount's majority at the general election. In many ways the contest was unique. Both the candidates declared themselves protectionists; and as Mr. Bertram received the support of Ottawa and Toronto cabinet ministers he appears to have identified the whole Liberal party with his platform of non-interference with the tariff for ten years. This is certainly the most interesting fact which the Centre Toronto election has made clear. It is not a fact upon which much adverse criticism is likely to be heard, notwithstanding its vast significance for the business interests of Canada.

It is greatly to be regretted that nothing was left undone in the Centre Toronto election to arouse sectarian prejudices. The Globe conducted a low campaign against Mr. Howland, who was a supporter of the constitutional line of action when the Manitoba school question was before the people. A private circular was also distributed to the Orangemen of constituency, a copy of which is before us, and one of the paragraphs of which reads as follows:—"While the daily papers and the political parties are both extremely anxious to know the decision of the Papal See on the report of Merry del Val to the Vatican can this ('coercion' of Manitoba) be considered a dead question, or that the decision of the Vatican will not have an effect on the political atmosphere?" Thus whilst the Liberals did all in their power to arouse an anti-Catholic prejudice among the numerous Orange element in Centre Toronto, they raised a grievous to-do because the Conservatives were said to have retaliated by dragging Mr. Bertram's religion into the campaign. This latter subject produced the most sensational incident of the election.

In his final speech on Saturday evening Mr. Bertram read from the platform of the Pavilion the articles of his religious faith. He is it appears a Unitarian; and it will be observed that he "read" his creed, which apparently he could not trust to his memory. We do not feel like making any comment upon the matter. What provocation Mr. Bertram may have received is unknown to us; but certainly such a thing was never before witnessed on the political platform. It is to be hoped that it may never occur again, and we are inclined to believe that no where else in the world than this city of Toronto could a mixed audience have, as the newspapers reported, listened with "reverent attention" to such a recitation.

Some of the papers said it was all right because of the signs in the air that the battle for religious liberty had to be fought over again in the capital of the Province of Ontario. It is good to hear them say that. We have been trying ourselves for a long time to make them believe it. Mark that there was no protest raised against the attempt to arouse an anti-Catholic prejudice. Whether that attempt succeeded, or to what extent it was a success, there is no use in asking, now that the election is all over. Anti-Catholic campaign prejudices are too familiar to the politicians to be offensive. It is only when the non-Christian principles of the Unitarian religion are called into question by zealous partisans that any alarm in behalf of religious freedom makes itself felt. So far Mr. Bertram's declaration of religious faith from a political platform in Toronto is instructive.

## The Archbishop of Kingston and the Press

Our friends of the secular press are once more in arms against the Arch-bishop of Kingston. It appears that Dr. Cleary was guilty of "profanity" on Thursday last. This, at least, is The Globe's definition of it—clerical and scholarly profanity. The profanity consisted in Dr. Cleary expressing his candid opinion of the character of a section of the press of Ontario. Profanity is defined in the dictionary as "irreverence of sacred things." The press of Ontario must therefore be a sacred institution. We are not aware that the press in any other part of the world lays special claim to holiness; but we must not be surprised that Toronto should be considered an exception to the general rule in this matter.

However, let us come to the particulars of Dr. Cleary's profanity. He is said to have described certain of our able editors as "agents of Satan, and some of their recent output against himself as "hellish spite and lying." He added that strangers in the Province had spoken of our "vile press allowed to pollute society;" and in his own opinion among two dozen or more of anti-Christian scribes "there is not one truthful or honorable man, not one educated man, not one who could pretend to be a gentleman; taking them all in all they are the vilest gang of outlaws on this western continent, the shame of Ontario."

The utterances attributed to Dr. Cleary will be found complete on our front page as they appear in The Kingston News of 26th; but it is only right to observe that the Kingston paper says "there was no reporter present" when the Archbishop was speaking, and that the report of his remarks as published was subsequently gathered from "those around him." Granting, however, that Dr. Cleary uttered every word attributed to him, and that he used them in the exact connection in which they appear in print let us see whether there is really anything so shocking in his denunciations. In order to do this we must first understand what the press is, and what its liberties are. With all respect to The Globe we deny that there is anything holy in the character of any section of the press. Newspapers are an influence for good or ill, just as their conductors are willing or capable of directing them; and if we take the opinion of the world at large the press is neither pure nor intelligent in all its members. If it were to the purpose more could be said against it.

As to the liberties of journals and journalists, this is a matter that is viewed from various standpoints. It is conceded that the English view is the most practical of all; and in England both public opinion and the law see in the journalist only an anonymous writer who is allowed a free range of criticism than the critic in private life. The journalist may be ignorant or educated, he may be fit or unfit to deliver a criticism or a piece of advice; but that is all beside the question. The point is that neither by the public nor any other authority whatever is he appointed to advise or criticize anyone or anything. He and the individual, or joint-stock company, in whose employment he is, assume wholesale responsibility between them. The natural consequence of such a condition of things is that the journalist and his employers are made a mark for any offences they may commit either against the general public or the individual; and punishment is visited upon them either in the courts

or by public denunciation. We are still talking of England and we are aware the truth is saying that few of the great men and women of Eng. and from Carlyle to Kipling, and from Queen Victoria to Sarah Grand, have failed upon occasion to apply to the offensive press denunciations at least as severe and emphatic as the language used by the Arch-bishop of Kingston towards The Globe and certain other journals of the same stripe throughout the Province of Ontario. Indeed one of the highest public duties that the individual whose opinion carries respect is capable of performing is to denounce violence, mendacity and scandal in the newspapers. The Globe may consider it profane in Arch-bishop Cleary to perform, either as a scholarly citizen or a bishop of the Church, this high duty; but really The Globe's opinion has nothing to do with the case, because Dr. Cleary's language condemning The Globe is severely itself when contrasted with The Globe's own language of a week ago condemning The Evening Telegram. We do not say that The Telegram did not richly deserve all the gross opprobrium hurled at it by The Globe, what we do say and intend to prove, is that The Globe merited in a far greater measure the lash laid upon it by the Arch-bishop of Kingston. It would help this point had we the space to run the two styles.—The Globe's and the Arch-bishop's—in parallel columns; but our space is short.

So that after all it comes to this, Was the language right and just which the Arch-bishop of Kingston used towards that section of the Press that went mad over his recent instruction on the sacrament of marriage? We believe that it was not only just but urgently demanded in the public interest and under all the circumstances. We know that the section of the press under consideration kept on asserting for a week or more the Dr. Cleary had described Protestant marriages very offensively. If this maligant and monstrous calumny called for condemnation, there can be no question that the Arch-bishop of Kingston spoke as he did on Thursday last simply as a matter of public necessity. And if the general public had no need to be told that the newspapers were lying, still it will be conceded that the shameless lie itself called for the strongest denunciation. It was The Globe that started the howl against the Arch-bishop. The rest of the papers only echoed or imitated The Globe. 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together. His friends had therefore better bottle up their indignation and leave the controller of the strong undisturbed. Mr. McAllister's friends have asked the patronage boss for bread for the children of the victim and the boy, improving upon an ancient precedent, threatens to knock the brains out of Mr. McAllister's private character with the stone of scandal. And he calls that sympathy!

Mr. McColl intimates in his letter that if we are not satisfied with his account of the alleged purchase of the collector's place by Mr. McAllister, he will try to have published verbatim a report of the investigation held at Goburgo into the charges. We have before us the report of that investigation, and we are prepared to charge that Mr. McColl has put an unwarrantable construction upon the evidence given in the matter, in order evidently to support his threat of scandal and his cut-and-dry verdict that Mr. McAllister has been guilty of an "indictable offence" under the Criminal Code. Mr. McColl may be a great criminal lawyer; but it would be more becoming to him as a man and a neighbor to allow the law courts to interpret the Criminal Code. The best answer to Mr. McColl's maliciously strained evidence and his worse law is that the partisan commissioner who held the investigation at Goburgo, in his verdict, is of an entirely different opinion. These are the words of Commissioner Sager's verdict—see the mark:

I find therefore that the resignation was procured by the promise of payment of \$900 a year and that Mr. Guillot was the person who negotiated and carried it out. The other persons interested are Mr. Maher, who certainly was the person who suggested it in the first place. With regard to Mr. McAllister every one who heard his testimony and saw his manner and the kind of man he was will say the country has for many years had a most honorable and efficient public servant in him, and it is to be regretted that he is in any way mixed up in this transaction. He has done far more work than his own at an inefficient salary and it is a pity he was not rewarded by promotion instead of getting mixed up in this trouble. With this I have nothing to do; but I hope his case will receive due consideration. A man of his ability and knowledge could not have fallen into this error as a mere mistake. He may have been led by others but he knew enough and was strong-willed enough to resist the temptation. That is the whole case and there can be nothing more in the case than that. The price is paid down, the goods are delivered and the parties who did it are Mr. Guillot, Mr. McAllister and Mr. Maher.

Mr. McColl represents Mr. McAllister as the real purchaser, the partisan commissioner had not the gall to attribute a greater fault to him than that he had been led on by others.

But with all respect to the partisan commissioner and the "political boss" we would remind them that they have no right or authority to impeach any one of an "indictable offence" under the Criminal Code. The partisan commissioner did not do so; and indeed he had the good grace to declare at the investigation that his inquiry was not bound by the rules of evidence. But with such evidence as he managed to obtain Mr. McColl has not now dealt fairly, and when he cites the Criminal Code he only shows his hand. The evidence brought out by the partisan commissioner was briefly as follows: That for many years the late Collector, Mr. Ewing, did little or no work; that the principal work of the port was discharged by Mr. McAllister, including the proper work of the Collector, for which, of course, Mr. McAllister was not paid. That repeated representations had previously been made by Mr. McAllister's friends to the effect that he was not being fairly treated. That in February 1896 the Collector was taken down with sickness from which he could not recover, and that Mr. McAllister then assumed control of the port as acting collector. That the election was held in June 1896, and Mr. Guillot the former representative being again returned, Mr. McAllister's friends renewed their representations that the acting collector's claim be urged upon the retiring Government. The controller of Customs did then recommend Mr. McAllister's promotion to the Treasury Board. That Mr. Guillot informed Mr. McAllister that the resignation of Mr. Ewing was a necessary part of the official procedure; and as the government would not give

Mr. Ewing the superannuation allowance he claimed, a private bond was prepared to the effect that if Mr. Ewing obtained full superannuation allowance he would have no claim upon the parties to the bond but if he was superannuated at a less amount the bond would make up the deficiency, a sum of \$6 per month. William Maher, Bernard McAllister and Daniel McAllister were the parties to the bond. It was drawn up by a lawyer. Mr. Guillot was there the Government had cognizance of the whole matter, and when as the result Mr. Ewing handed in his resignation the Treasury Board recommended Mr. McAllister's promotion. The action of the Treasury Board was approved by the Privy Council and required only the signature of the Governor General to give it full effect. His Excellency held over this among a number of orders in council for the approval of the new ministry, but the new ministry seized the opportunity to reserve the Cobourg place for a political partisan.

This is the whole story that Mr. McColl tries to twist into a crime. If the matter was criminal why are not Mr. Guillot and the members of the former government in jail? It is the new government did not want the place for a political partisan the Governor-General would unquestionably have signed the order in council. Whatever Mr. McAllister consented to do was upon the advice of his friends, and with full cognizance of the officials at Ottawa through Mr. Guillot, who then "controlled the patronage" of the riding.

Mr. McColl objects to our characterization of the treatment given to Mr. McAllister as a "criminal outrage." Well, all we have to say is that if it was not a criminal outrage, before, there can be no doubt that Mr. McColl has made it so by his bullying, threatening manner of flaunting the Criminal Code in the face of Mr. McAllister's friends, to intimate to them that if they do not cease their criticisms he will ruin Mr. McAllister with the favorite partisan weapon of scandal. Talking about criminal outrages, too, reminds us that the "patronage boss," whether he is Tory or Grit, is a political outrage. In the United States his office is declared criminal by the law; in Canada it is certainly criminal by the moral code. In this case Mr. Ewing would not retire because he had his influence with the "patronage boss"—then Mr. Guillot. And looking at this matter in any light whatever, it will be seen that the "patronage boss" in the evil genius throughout the whole piece. Finally we beg to say in reply to Mr. McColl that the Criminal Code as quoted by him can have no true application to such a case as this; on the contrary if the courts ever interpret its meaning the probability is that it will prove to have been put upon the statute book by Sir John Thompson primarily with the view of driving the "political boss" out of business. Mr. McAllister could not possibly purchase an office from Mr. Ewing, because Ewing had no power to sell his office or to appoint Mr. McAllister. Mr. McAllister might have purchased the office from the Treasury Board through Mr. Guillot, but there was no negotiation of that kind. Mr. McColl's logic is as defective as his law, and some day he and his genus will have better realization of the character of political offences if our base politicians ever give Sir John Thompson's Criminal Code a chance in the courts.

The Walkerville "Flag Incident." The latest and the strangest fact in connection with the Walkerville "flag incident" is Mr. Barlow Cumberland's disclaimer of any knowledge of it, or of the parties concerned about it. Mr. Cumberland asks us to say that he never heard or read of it before. The Register of November 26 came under his notice. His letter to The Windsor Record was invited by the editor of that paper, and so far as Mr. Cumberland supposed at the time, was only connected with his recently published book "The Story of the Union Jack." He does not know Mr. Robins, never heard that a flag was torn down at Walkerville, or that Hiram Walker's head bookkeeper's unoffending head fell into the basket over it. This being so where does Mr. Robins stand? In his letter of November 20, he wrote to us:

"I would now draw your attention to The Windsor Record of the 18th instant, a copy of which I enclose. It was in

this paper that the incident of June 22nd was first reported very inaccurately I regret to say, and you will observe that as a result of Mr. H. H. Robins' note, whose letter is published in full in The Record, it is clearly shown that the incident took place at the time when the bond was superannuated at a less amount.

Mr. Robins has deliberately made a cat's-paw of Mr. Barlow Cumberland without that gentleman's knowledge apparently. His clumsy trick must now recoil upon himself. He stands thoroughly exposed and we leave him in this condition to the inspection of the public and of Messrs. Walker & Sons.

#### The Irish Parliamentary Fund.

A number of additional subscriptions have been received for the Irish Parliamentary Fund in reply to Mr. Blake's appeal. An error last week list must be corrected. Mr. John O'Leary of William street, was credited with \$1. It should have been \$2.

#### Death of Rev. Father Reddin.

With deep regret, which will be shared throughout the diocese and in many sections of the province, we record the death on Saturday last of Rev. J. Reddin, parish priest of St. Patrick's church, Toronto Gore. The death took place after a long illness. The deceased priest, who was 83 years of age, was born in Pickering township. He was educated in St. Michael's College, Toronto University, and completed his theological studies in the Grand Seminary, Montreal. He was ordained priest in September, 1891, by the then Archbishop of Montreal. He was first appointed curate in St. Paul's parish, Toronto, and in 1895 succeeded to the pastorate of Toronto Gore. Both in Toronto and the Gore he endeared himself to the people by his piety and zeal. He was greatly beloved by his brother priests.

The remains were brought to Toronto on Monday and services for the dead were held in St. Paul's church in the evening. The Rev. Father Hand, pastor of the church, preached a very touching sermon on the many qualities of the dead priest. The body remained in the church until Tuesday morning, guarded by members of the uniformed division of the Knights of St. John, when Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul. The celebrant was Father Jeffcott, of Oshawa, the deacon of the Mass Father Trayling, and the sub-deacon Father Gallagher, Pickering. Father Hand was master of ceremonies. His Grace the Archbishop, Vicar-General McCaughan, Very Rev. Father Marion and Fathers Murray, DuBois, Fraschon, McMahon, Ryan, Tracy, Rolphier, Cruise, Cannon, Carberry, McEneaney, Oline, Cannillon, Walsh, Minchell, Laucarcho, Whalen, Egan, Allan, McEachern and others were present in the sanctuary. The Archbishop preached the farewell panegyric. The body was then taken to Pickering for interment in the family plot. A large concourse of people attended the obsequies. The Knights of St. John attended as a bodyguard of honor under the command of Capt. Farley, Lieutenants McEvilly, McCormack, and Sergeants McGuinn, Byron, Callaghan, Ryan and twenty-one knights. Major Hesfran and Adjutant Hogan assisted.

Sympathy is tendered to the mother of the deceased priest and to the relatives: Sister Sophie, Loretto Convent, Guelph; Sister Ansela, Loretto High School, Toronto; Miss Anne Reddin, Miss Minnie Reddin, Mr. Daniel Reddin, Brookton. The Reddin family gave many of its members to religion. An aunt of the deceased priest and three cousins are nuns. Bishop O'Connor is a cousin, and in the priesthood and studying for it are other relatives of the late Father Reddin. May he rest in peace.

#### Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Mallon.

We take great pleasure in recording the very happy event that took place at 300 Wilson avenue, on Saturday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. J. Mallon, it being the celebration of their golden wedding. The order of the day being Mass, by the Rev. J. L. Hand, of St. Paul's Church, who also called upon the happy couple later in the day to pay his respects.

In the evening a progressive euchre party was given and enjoyed very much by those present, most of whom were old-time friends. Mr. Mallon is one of our oldest and most respected citizens, being one of our oldest city assessors. We are glad to learn that Mr. Mallon has just recovered from a very serious illness and has been spared to celebrate this joyous event. We take this opportunity to congratulate and wish the happy couple the return of many years of happy and prosperous life together. Many handsome presents were received from their friends.

Particular mention might be made of a very handsome gold locket with diamond settings and suitably inscribed, the very kind gift of the Rev. J. L. Hand of St. Paul's Church, of which Mr. Mallon has been a valuable and willing worker in years past. We must also make mention of a few of the beautiful floral offerings: Golden wedding chrysanthemums from Mr. and Mrs. O'Byrne. A horse shoe of chrysanthemums and roses from Mr. and Mrs. Dr. A. J. McDonagh. Among the invited guests were: Miss T. Daly, Mr. Jas. Jackie and wife, Miss Murphy, Mrs. P. Martin, Solitaires for the Applicants.

Mr. D. T. McGrath and wife, Mr. Patrick Hines and wife, Mr. Harry K. Kay and wife, Mr. M. F. Moran and wife, Mr. C. J. McCall and wife, Mr. John Sheahan and wife, Dr. and Mrs. A. J. M. Donagh, Mr. Wm. O'Connor and wife, Mr. Patrick O'Connor and wife, Mr. W. Wright and wife, Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. M. Wallace, Mrs. M. J. Moran won the ladies prize and Mr. Patrick Hines who was present at the wedding 5 years ago won the gentlemen's prize.

C. O. F.

St. Joseph's Court, 370 held their annual concert and social in Dingman's Hall on Thanksgiving Eve, Wednesday 24th inst. As usual it proved to be a magnificent success. Standing room was at a premium and many could not get further than the door. Court 370, has now so completely advertised their annual concert that previous events have practically won the confidence of the public by the entertainments given. Talent of rare ability had been secured this year, doors open at an early hour, Rev. J. L. Hand, chairman. In selecting their chairman the committee acted judiciously as the Rev. Father was the ideal officer on the platform and in the fulfilling of his part won credit for himself and honor to the court, of which he is also a member. The officers of the committee, M. Powers, chairman; P. Shea, secretary; J. W. Hogan, treasurer, and the committee as a whole are entitled to the praises and congratulations of the court for their successful efforts in this event. After the concert the social hop followed and fully two hundred couples remained to enjoy themselves to first class music. As it was an evening to be spent many did so until nearing the dawn of day. Many of the Rev. clergy were present at the concert and a number of the most distinguished gentlemen of the city also. A first class spread was prepared and every thing provided for the comfort of the patrons—M. J. CANNON.

#### League of the Cross.

The temperance cause in this year more prominently to the front in the city of Toronto than it has been for some years. A few years ago there were few Catholic temperance societies in existence here and these had the reputation of existing only for excessive drinkers. But now nearly every parish in the city can boast of a flourishing branch of the League of the Cross; and, as a proof that these branches are no longer looked upon as societies entirely composed of reform drunkards, the most respectable and pushing young Catholic men of the city are every day joining them. Last Sunday a well attended meeting of St. Paul's Branch which was held in St. Ann's Hall, and this latter feature—the presence of young men—was particularly noticeable. These present renewed the pledge and subscriptions were addressed by Rev. Father O'Neil, Professor O'Brien and others.

The next meeting will be held on Sunday, Dec. 5 at 3 p.m. A good programme is in course of preparation for the occasion and a full attendance is requested as the election of officers for the ensuing year will be held on that date.—ARTHUR HARRIS, President.

#### C. Y. L. L. A. Notes.

The Catholic Young Ladies Literary Association met on Tuesday at the residence of Miss Eleanor Kelly, Trinity St. After a short business meeting consisting of the admission of new members, the name of Miss M. Souza was added to the list of delegates to the local council of women. The fifth canto of Dante's "Inferno" was read and discussed, after which Miss Kelly read an excellent paper on "Fenimore Cooper." After a little music, the association adjourned, to meet again on Tuesday evening, December the seventh, at the home of Miss N. Quinn, 32 Beaconsfield Avenue.

The championship of the Canadian Rugby Union belongs to Ottawa University Football Club, which championship was won on Thursday last by Ottawa University defeating Hamilton.

#### BREVIER

At Harris on Thursday, 18th November last, the wife of Mr. Arthur Gill of a son.

#### DIED

At St. Louis, Mo., on the 30th November, Mr. Vincent J. O'Farrell, aged 70 years, and Augustus Fay of this city. The remains were brought to Toronto and interred in the family plot, St. Michael's Cemetery. May they rest in peace.

#### ENTITLED

A. MOLARK, DENTIST, 28 YONGE ST. FIRST FLOOR. \$10 each teeth for 82.

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED

APPLICATION TO PARLIAMENT.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made at the ensuing Session of the Legislature of Ontario for an Act amending the Act incorporating the Sisters of St. Joseph for the Diocese of Toronto in Upper Canada, being 18 Victoria, Chapter 225, and its amendment being 23 Victoria, Chapter 98, by altering and defining the powers of the Corporation with respect to the real estate which they are empowered to acquire and hold.

Dated at Toronto the 24th day of November, A.D. 1897.

JOY & KELLY,

Solicitors for the Applicants.



LECTURE  
ON  
ECONOMY  
BY A  
MAN WHO HAS  
USED  
SOUVENIRS  
WITH  
AERATED  
OVENS.

C. O. F.

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Talent of rare ability had been secured this year,

doors open at an early hour, Rev. J.

L. Hand, chairman. In selecting their chairman the committee acted judiciously as the Rev. Father was the ideal officer on the platform and in the fulfilling of his part won credit for himself and honor to the court, of which he is also a member.

The officers of the committee, M. Powers,

chairman; P. Shea, secretary; J. W.

Hogan, treasurer, and the committee as a whole are entitled to the praises and congratulations of the court for their successful efforts in this event.

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gentlemen of the city also. A first

class spread was prepared and every

thing provided for the comfort of the

patrons—M. J. CANNON.

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IT'S A  
Better Cooker  
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The difference is  
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## Empty Stockings,

—mothers in houses that are happy when Christmas comes laden with cheer.

—the children are dreaming already of the merriest day in the year.

—you gather your darlings around you and tell them the "story of old."

—memor the homes that are dreary to memor the hearts that are cold

—thank the love that has dowered you with all that is dearest and best.

—truly, that from your abundance smo little life may be blessed!

so where the stockings hang empty where Christmas is naught but a name, give — for the love of the Christ child!

—was to seek such as those that He came.

—ELLEN MARIA in Ladies' Home Journal.

## THE PIANO TUNER.

do, mi, sol—

In a back room of the great piano merchant, Lefevre Rendus, Rue de Richelieu, the tuner was working on this gloomy afternoon of a Parisian winter. It was cold and growing dark, and although it was not 3 o'clock the gas would soon have to be lighted. In the shop, men, women, grand boys, and porters came and went, the voiles of the women and yards of the men covered with a fine frost, and all complaining of this exceptional weather, which for the past week had been transforming Paris into a kind of Siberia.

The tuner, through the partially closed door, could half follow the conversation in the outer room. He was a man of some 40 years, tall, thin, already much bent; his face furrowed with deep lines, the hair gray upon his temples, prematurely aged, apparently, from suffering. He was evidently very poor, to judge from his clothes, which were neat, but threadbare. His expression had in it something of disenchantment, of bitterness, which would have struck the least observant. At first sight you would have felt him to be a man who had been vanquished in the struggle of life.

A pretty maid, a true comedy soubrette, in gaudy costume, with an apron of changeable silk, and upon her frizzled hair a delicious little hat with red roses, entered the shop and began to talk volubly to the salesman. At an instant later the tuner heard himself called.

"You are wanted, M. Pierre, at the Hotel du Louvre."

"It is very urgent," added the soubrette in the bewitching little hat.

"At your service."

On the second floor of the great hotel Pierre Morel was ushered into an elegant salon, where stood open an ebony grand piano, draped with a Japanese cover. Immediately the tuner set himself to work.

"Doubtless, they are afraid I shall carry off some of their costly knick-knacks," he said to himself, seeing the soubrette linger near him.

But long since in his life of labor, he had to resign himself to these little humiliations. They no longer worried him.

And he played some chords.

Still the maid, chattering like a parrot, danced around him and never closed her mouth for an instant.

"Madame will be well pleased. We just arrived yesterday. This evening after the opera there will be some company. They will dance, and these hotel pianos are always so dreadfully out-of-tune. But madame will find ease all right for once."

"Is she an artist?" asked Morel, amused in spite of himself by all this prattle.

"I should say so! And there are not many like her. For a long time they have been clamoring for her in Paris, but she had engagements. Finally here we are. It seems that not a seat is to be had this evening at any price."

Pierre Morel started. "This evening?"

"Why, yes. Don't you know? At the opera 'Faust,' with La Salvanai."

Is it La Salvanai who is your mistress?"

He stood up and trembled like a leaf in the wind.

"Is it La Salvanai?"

"Yes, but what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing. Heavens, you were quite right! This piano is in great need of tuning."

With a violent effort of will Pierre setted himself again and resumed his work.

But in spite of the effort he made to conceal it his agitation was very evident.

The sound of a bell, ringing in the next room just then, saved him from his embarrassment.

"Madame is calling me."

And the soubrette disappeared.

Then Pierre Morel let his head fall into his hands, while incoherent words escaped from his lips.

"She! She! Is it possible? And I who was wishing to avoid her, to be near. Ah! Juliette Juliette!"

Then suddenly—

"But I cannot stay here a moment longer. No, not a moment. Let her get some one else."

He started to make his escape.

But the door opened, and La Salvanai appeared, enveloped in magnificence, fur, famous fur which had been given her by the Ossarina. Tall,

sleek, of an exquisite beauty, she did not look over 25 though she must have been passed 10. Splendid turquoises shone in her ears. A spray of numerous perfumed her corsage.

Pierre gazed at her, glued to the spot, like one daz'd.

She finished buttoning one of her long suede gloves and scarcely glanced at him.

"Nelly, you pay this man."

And she passed on. "You pay this man?" She had not recognized him in her ungrateful memory. In her frivolous heart nothing had awakened crying. "It is hot!"

And yet the two had spent their younger days side by side. Dreamer, hopes, labours, once they shared everything, and Pierre Morel, in his foolish confidence, had believed that this happiness was to last all their lives.

Juliette Salvanai was studying singing and was destined for the stage. She had the finest voice in the conservatory, and everyone predicted for her the future of a star. Admirers were not lacking, and her beauty made many envious. Very pale under her black hair, her face was lighted up with a pair of superb eyes, black also. Her mouth was redder than the corn rose, her figure of a suppleness and grace unspeakable. She was a kind of queen, this young girl, in the little world of the conservatory, where no one could help admiring her, however jealous one might be.

Besides, she was wise, either by nature or by calculation, no one knew which, but no one would have dared to attribute to her the last indiscretion. How beautiful she was, what passion in her dark orbs, what natural elegance, what supreme grace in her whole bearing!

Pierre confessed to himself that he had loved her from the first glance, only it had taken him some time to acknowledge it to himself. And now she filled all his heart, all his life.

The young girl on her side manifested an affection for him, a marked preference.

They lived in the same quarter, and often, after their lessons, walked home together. They usually talked of their art. Both had ambition to become some one. From time to time, in the evening, Pierre went to the home of his friend, and under the indulgent eye of her old relative they made music during the hours which to Pierre were hours of delight. The voice of Juliette thrilled him, that marvellous voice which every day seemed to gain in color, in power, in smoothness.

And he would play for her some of his own compositions,

and she would encourage him, predicting for him a brilliant future.

When he left her, after those evenings of mutual exaltation, the young maid could not sleep at night.

One day, at length, he ran the risk of confessing his love—in fear and trembling, for what was he to hope that she would love him? Nothing at all, alas! But this love gave him a superhuman energy, and in order to make himself worthy of her he would become great himself.

His avowals made Juliette smile. She had guessed them 'long since. Moreover, she did not repulse him.

On the contrary, she appeared pleased and very sweet.

Pierre could believe his love was returned.

Intoxicated, he threw himself body and soul into his work and dreamed magnificent dreams, in which Juliette was bound to him in a radiant destiny.

Things went on thus for two years, which for him fairly flew along. Then, at the final concert of the year, Juliette carried off the first prize for singing and the first prize for piano. This was an event in the musical world. Immediately he had to choose between an engagement in Paris and proposals more advantageous from a material point of view of a manager who wished to take from city to city this new nightingale.

Juliette did not hesitate long and in spite of the mute supplication which she read in Pierre's eyes decided to travel. During this he was to finish his studies, obtain the first prize for composition, make himself known—and then—then! at this planned out with that charm, that seduction which Juliette possessed in a high degree.

Pierre had to resign himself, and the young girl went away.

At first she had written to him quite regularly. These letters were his life. He read and re-read them by heart, supplying in them the passion they lacked. Juliette called herself La Salvanai, and her success was great. She made an enormous amount of money. Left alone in Paris, Pierre worked with more ardor than ever; more than ever he determined to deserve her. Then little by little, the letters became shorter and less frequent. Juliette wrote good news of her health, spoke of her triumphs, rarely a word of love.

These letters nearly froze Pierre's heart when he received them. Yet he would trust her. In the busy life she led, rushing from city to city, it was natural enough that Juliette should not find much time to write; but, oh, if she would only give it up and come back to him!

And, in spite of himself, involuntary fears would come, and one day he had to acknowledge that these fears were only too well founded. The letters were so far apart, they grew so short, so cold, that he could no longer de-

ceive himself. Finally they ceased altogether, and Pierre had too much pride to recall a promise which had been forgotten.

He was young, and youth withstands more terrible blows than that. He neither killed himself nor became mad, yet, nevertheless, his life was ruined. If his health and his reason came out victorious from the conflict, his ambition fell there. What was the use of composing beautiful works, of becoming celebrated? His inspiration had withdrawn from him. It was an abdication, swift, absolute, irreparable.

Yet he must eat. Pierre gave lessons, took up work of an inferior order, transcriptions for the piano, arrangements of such or such a celebrated opera. It was a miserable existence, but what difference did it make to him? And when his indifference, his gloomy manners had driven away pupils and publishers, and even this work failed, he at last accepted the position of tuner in the piano store of the Rue de Richelieu, a subordinate position, an inferior calling, which he had now filled for 12 years.

During these years La Salvanai had continued her triumphant journey across Europe and America. Her return to Paris had often been announced. More than one manager had made her brilliant offers. But those reports, which each time made a great noise in the newspapers, were never realized. It had even been said that she was afraid of Paris. Her fame was increasing every day. She had not failed in her destiny, and the queen, which she already was at the conservatory, she had now become in very truth, welcomed everywhere, covered with flowers and jewels, celebrated in the papers, never leaving the theatre without an enthusiastic crowd which had just been given her.

She stepped into the carriage without seeing who was hiding in the shadow a few feet from her. The man took his place beside her, the flowers were heaped in about them, and the carriage started swiftly away.

No one heard the sobs which escaped from the breast of Pierre Morel.

The tuner went to his room, a miserable attic chamber.

But there was no question of sleep for the unhappy man.

He opened a drawer, took out a little casket, and the key, half rusted, refusing to turn in the lock, he pried off the cover, some dry flowers, a piece of ribbon, a page of manuscript music, those "little things" which all lovers possess. They were the reliques of his poor love. For long, long years he had not opened this box, fearing to suffer too much, but to-night he felt a savage need of draining the cup to the dregs.

The flowers, some violets, two or three jacinths, he had gathered with Juliette on some of their Sunday walks in the woods of Sevres and of Ville d'Avray. Their color had faded less quickly perchance than the love in the heart of Juliette. The piece of ribbon had bound her black hair, and Pierre could have pressed it to his lips. The manuscript music was a melody which he had composed for her. "When I have become celebrated," she had said, "I will sing it everywhere." But she had no more remembrance of these words than has the autumn wind of the leaves with which it sports.

"You pay this man," that was all she had to say in passing near him.

Ab, had she not paid him long since, paid him as almost always in this life our purest devotion, our best love is paid—by ingratitude?

And Pierre pictured her in her salon of the Hotel du Louvre, surrounded by a circle of admirers. He heard the peans of praise, and tears of despair, burning like molten lead, rolled down his thin cheeks.

Then the morning broke, a grey, wintry morning.

The electric light in the street road to the attic of the tuner, the roar from the tramways, the rumble of the omnibuses were heard again. The great city was awakening under the leaden sky.

There was the effort to begin again,

the struggle to take up, the burden to lift again upon tired shoulders.

For it is the misfortune of the poor man not even to be able to suffer in peace. The need of earning daily bread harasses him at peace or torments him by sorrow, he must take up his work again.

Pierre Morel put back his treasures in their sepulchre, bathed his red eyes, descended the six flights of stairs and found himself again in the already swarming street.

A hour later, in the back room of the shop of Lefevre Rendus, he had taken up his humble occupation again, that of to-day, that of to-morrow, and of all the rest of his life.

Do, do, mi, sol.

It was nearly eight o'clock.

Pierre Morel crowded into the lobby, where the chandeliers threw into effective relief the gorgeous, bewildering mass of people.

He climbed up to the fourth gallery, refused to leave his topcoat with the horses with jingling harness, stopped in front of the theatre. A man whose evening dress could be seen under his topcoat, would descend, stretching a gloved hand to a woman in a beautiful full costume.

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was impossible to remain insensible to them. The success of the presentation was assured. In-fine, however, La Salvanai surpassed herself. Her voice, clear, dominating without effort, the up roar of the orchestra, seemed ready to carry the soul of Marguerite to the heights of heaven. Emotion reached its limit and became delirium. All the spectators stood up, breathless, and when she had finished they made her begin again, and the star had to reappear five or six times, and bouquets and garlands rained around the cantatrice—roses, azalias, lilies of the valley, rare orchids, all the wealth of the hothouse. And this garden of flowers she smelt and bowed, very pale supremely beautiful.

It was thus for nearly half an hour, then the star withdrew finally.

In the corridors and upon the stairways there were only exclamations and praise.

"Admirable!" "What a great art ist!" "Who dared to say she had never sung a voice like this before?" "Never before has Marguerite been sung like this!" "It is ideal!"

Pierre Morel let the crowd pass out. He started one of the last, and instead of going home, waited near the stage entrance in a dim corner. In a few moments a carriage drove up. The door opened. La Salvanai came out on the arm of a man. Behind her they brought flowers, the most beautiful of those which had just been given her.

She stepped into the carriage without seeing who was hiding in the shadow a few feet from her. The man took his place beside her, the flowers were heaped in about them, and the carriage started swiftly away.

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## C. M. B. A.

Vicar General McCann Preaches the Annual Sermon to the City Branches.

A vast congregation assembled in St. Patrick's church on Sunday evening when the city branches of the C. M. B. A. attended Vespers in a body and heard Vicar-General McCann preach the anniversary sermon. The members of the association met at the McCaul street hall and marched to the church. They occupied the centre pews. Vespers were sung by Very Rev. Father Wynn. Vicar-General McCann's sermon was of great interest. After some introductory observations he spoke of the objects of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association.

The thought of leaving behind a family unprovided for is, he said, too often at the last hour a source of much sorrow and anxiety.

I see before me the Toronto members of the C. M. B. A. an association which has for its principal motive and the removal of this great cause of regret.

I congratulate you men of the C. M. B. A. on your splendid turnout this evening, and on the unmistakable evidence you offer of the prosperity of your association.

I need not refer to your history, which is generally known—your unpretentious beginning, your wondrous growth and your present stability.

Like the mustard seed, in the parable, you have developed into a magnificent tree, whose branches cover the land and beneath whose shade the toil-worn pilgrim can lay down to rest, with the assurance that the fierce glare of the sun will be tempered for those who still labor on.

The fostering care of our great archbishop, and the good will and interest of the various pastors give assurance of future progress and enduring stability. Embarked in a noble cause the Church blessed you and says "God speed." The widow protected from the cold charity of the world breathes a prayer of gratitude to the Almighty and asks the Author of all good to shower down his choicest blessings on the work.

The orphan grows up to learn whence came the needed help that opened up a prospect in life and lives to swell the number of those engaged in a noble enterprise. This is the case of the C. M. B. A. may say with holy Job: "The ear that heard me blessed me and the eye that saw me gave witness to me. Because I had delivered the fatherless that had no helper and comforted the heart of the widow."

I need not enlarge on this theme, nor portray the dangers, the struggles and hardships of many a poor family, where the strong arm of the bread winner was paralyzed in death, and no provision made for the future. It is sufficient to point to your association as a means of warding off the many ills.

Granting, then, that it is a most useful association, one to be strongly encouraged, I may be allowed to make a few remarks, which, though not necessary, may not be devoid of usefulness.

As a beneficial association it must be conducted on a business basis if it is to be successful. Its constitution and by-laws having been carefully considered and approved, the association must be guided by them. All the members must have an interest in the welfare of the association. It is their duty to see that the best men are elected to office. The work of each branch is managed by a few; let those few be the best the branch can supply. Let the good of the association be the first question considered in the selection. When delegates are chosen to represent the branch let them be named because of their ability to discharge the duty with which they are entrusted.

At the meetings let order prevail. Nothing tends more to weaken an organization than irregular methods of procedure. When the hour for opening has come the sound of the gavel should be heard. By commencing on time members will always be free to return to their homes at a reasonable hour. By promptness in the despatch of business the meetings will be more interesting and enjoyable.

But outside of this material end, which is indeed of very grave importance, this association has other aims.

This is an age of associations. The Church is pleased to see her sons linked together in benevolent societies that tell for the good of the individual and the community, that rise above the temporal and hold out aims that are lofty and ennobling, aims that are imbued with a Christian spirit and sanctified by religion. Such is the C. M. B. A. It is a Catholic association. The Church, then, should declare its profoundest veneration. I would say to you men of the C. M. B. A. be proud of the Catholic Church. She is the great society founded by the Divine Master to guide men to their supreme destiny. She is the depositary of truth; she is the guardian of revelation. With her is the great sacrifice that is offered up from the rising to the setting of the sun. She has gathered into her wide fold during the eighteen centuries the nations of the earth and moulded their Christian life. To her belonged those regions of heroes, who

prodigal of their blood, died the martyrs of Jesus Christ, to her those illustrious pontiffs, who were the honor and ornament of their respective ages, to her all that immense assemblage of holy characters—prophets, princes, warriors, saints and sages, who either edified or adorned the world—either sanctified themselves or imparted sanctification to others. She preserved literature and encouraged the arts. In her magnificent temples and universities painting and sculpture and architecture found a home. Music, became her handmaid, and in no other sphere like unto that of sacred melody, did she soar to loftier heights, win brighter laurels, or pour forth more enrapturing strains.

As a Catholic society, you must give tokens of Catholic vitality. As a body you approach the altar at stated times. This is rightly regarded as a test of your Catholicity; but not found wanting. If your branch does not make a good showing on these occasions it is losing its distinctive character. Thus far your profession of faith; let it be made openly and unmistakably. It is the bright example that counts imitation, and it will not fail to produce salutary results. As a Catholic society, you should be interested in the welfare of the parish, to which your branch belongs. Members are supposed to belong to the parish branch. Whatever interest you manifest in this way, will redound to the advantage of your association.

If the pastor is engaged in some laudable undertaking, why should he not find you ready to co-operate with him. It is a golden opportunity to advance your association in the good will of the people. It will require no herald to proclaim your deeds. The people will be sure to say, "The C. M. B. A. behaved well." It is a useful society, it should be encouraged. The pastor will feel bound to applaud it, to encourage his flock to join it. You pay men to advertise your society, what advertisement would equal this. But if you stand aloof, what is the meaning of this word Catholic. As a Catholic society, men will look to you for such aid; in giving it you will gain honor, and be a tower of strength for good.

How wonderful the power of example. It is recorded in the book of Judges that Abimelech took Sechem after a contest; but a thousand of the defenders shut themselves in a strong tower and defied his efforts. Then he went to the mountains with his men, and taking his axe cut off a branch from a tree, put it on his shoulder and marched south. He cast his branch at the foot of the tower and company after company came, each man with his branch, and he cast it at the tower, till there was a great heap; then Abimelech set fire to the branches, and the flames mounted up around the tower and it was reduced. Such is the force of example. An old writer has said "verbis sonant exempla trahunt."—Words attract our attention but examples drag us along.

In the beautiful words of a poet: "Lives of great men all remind us We may make our life sublime And departing leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time."

Every man is great that does his duty; and every man may by example cheer others on to noble deeds; which is true of the individual, is true of the association.

Let it be the aim of the members of the C. M. B. A. to brighten all around them by the light of their example, smoothing the thorny pathway of life for the many; encouraging charity and good will among their fellow men, and ever as faithful children of the Church looking to the glorious recompense—the unfading joys of a blessed hereafter.

For though, as the great poet has said, "The evil that men do leaves after them, the good is often interred with their bones," it may come to pass that the good achieved by me forgotten on earth, it will most assuredly be inscribed in golden letters in the book of life eternal, and will stand in evidence on the last day.

Then the great judge will erect his tribunal, to make a solemn manifestation of the virtuous deeds of his servants; to vindicate them before the assembled multitude of every age, and crown them in heaven. For heaven, the dwelling place of the Most High, is the kingdom which has been prepared for them from the foundation of the world.

## THE BLACK VEIL.

Interesting Ceremony at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Montreal.

An impressive ceremony especially interesting to the Catholic public of Toronto, took place at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, St. Alexander street, Montreal, on Thursday, when three nuns took the black veil, and two novices the white veil. Those who took the black veil were Madame Hughes, of Toronto; Madame Lanctot, of Montreal; and Sister Dufresne, of Montreal. Miss Finn, of St. John, N.B., and Miss Mercier, of Montreal, took the white veil.

His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, officiated at the ceremony and Mass was said by his nephew, Rev. Father J. J. Walsh, of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Toronto. Among the clergymen in the sanctuary were Rev. Father Lemerle, chaplain of the Sacred Heart Academy; Rev. Father O'Bryan, S.J., Superior of Loyola College; and Rev. Father Daniel, P.S.S.



## Vapo-Cresolene.

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.  
It is from physician statements in my possession that I have found it of such great value in Whooping Cough, Croup and other spasmodic colds, that I have instructed every family to keep it on hand. It is of great value in Diaphoresis. It gives relief in Asthma. The apparatus is simple and inexpensive. Sold by all Druggists.

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## IN BUYING MATCHES



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## ASK HIM ABOUT QUALITY.

When he talks price to you

## ASK HIM ABOUT QUALITY.

When he tries to sell the matches you get in a certain box

## ASK HIM ABOUT QUALITY.

Then he will have to produce

## E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES

Madame Hughes, formerly Miss Marie Atta Hughes, is a daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, of Toronto. She is well known in Toronto, having received a degree from St. Andrews University, Scotland. The Holy Father granted his benediction to the newly professed religious, and she received numerous telegrams and floral expressions of congratulation from friends. Amongst those from the West who were present at the ceremony were Mr. B. B. Hughes and family, Mr. Patrick Hughes and family, Mr. Vincent J. Hughes, and Mr. Thomas Long and family, of Toronto; and Mr. and Mrs. P. J. O'Reilly, of Utica, N.Y.

daughter of Mr. James Hogan of the same place. The church which was profusely decorated, was filled to its utmost capacity, the vast majority present being composed of members of the various Protestant denominations to be found in the village. The music, which was of the very highest order, was well rendered by Miss Clark, the piano used being kindly loaned for the interesting occasion by the Rev. Mr. Buckley of the Anglican Church here. After the ceremony was over a select party including the Rev. A. F. K. IV, the officiating clergyman repaired to the home of the bride's father, where lassies and lasses of the proverbial hospitality of the Irish awaited them.

Irish Catholic Aggrieved.

QUEBEC, Nov. 22.—Our contemporary the Toronto Globe, after quoting the statement of THE CATHOLIC REVIEW that out of 3/4 of the more important Provincial offices Catholics hold only 22, or 7 per cent., while Catholics are 17 per cent. of the population, goes on to say, that, "putting aside for a moment the question of the accuracy of the figures, we should say that if there were any evidence of deliberate proscription of Catholics that would certainly be a grievous wrong."

In this connection it would be interesting to compare the status of the Irish Catholics of the Province of Quebec, an apologetic office holders, to-day, with what it was at Confederation. The comparison would be a revelation to the Irish Catholics of the entire Dominion in fact of the whole continent of North America.

In many of the public departments, both Local and Federal, the process of their complete extinction has made rapid progress, in others it has been completed long ago. No matter what their attainments, qualifications or claims may be the rule "No Irish need apply" is by no means so restricted as most people imagine.

Where any of them have succeeded in getting a foothold at all, they have had ample opportunity of learning to their cost, that the broad rules of equal justice and fair play, which prevail in the case of any one else, have been pretty badly narrowed down when applied to them. And this state of things dates far beyond yesterday. —Mercury.

The Parish of Midland.

The town of Midland which is beautifully situated on the Georgian Bay, or rather on a bay of that magnificent sheet of water, is the centre of a large and steadily growing Catholic population. Besides the town itself where the resident pastor has his home there are two outlying missions—Victoria Harbor and Wabausheen containing in all a total of 1,250 souls. This widely scattered congregation spread over an area, estimated by some as large as some European Monarchies, has for some years been ministered to by Rev. Father Colin, but this excellent man having recently been transferred to Montreal where he now officiates, his place is now filled by the Rev. L. A. Barcelo, D.D. Father Barcelo is a young man who made his studies at Rome, having for Professor the eminent Cardinal Stacili, was ordained priest at Montreal about six years ago, was appointed to the charge of this extensive parish about a month ago and as he is possessed of health and vigor as well as enthusiasm in his sacred calling, besides being endowed with abilities of a high order as a pulpit orator well versed in both the English and French languages, we may confidently predict that, under his jurisdiction the progress of Catholicity will be so marked as it has been in the more favored sections of the archdiocese of Toronto.—A SUBSCRIBER.

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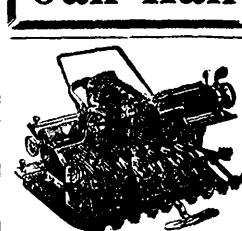
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