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The Catholic Register.

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

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THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

The particular attention of the clergy of the archdiocese and of our readers in general, is directed to the Encyclical letter of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII., on the most Holy Rosary, and to the official letter of His Grace the Archbishop which will be found on page 8 of this issue. Our readers will have the satisfaction of knowing that the Encyclical letter appears in *THE CATHOLIC REGISTER* as soon as in any other Catholic paper on this continent. We are also pleased to present to readers of the *REGISTER* an exceedingly interesting article on Mgr. Nugent, the Soggarth Aroon of the Irish in England. Other special features of this issue are a special report of St. John, of great interest not only to C.M.B.A. members but to all Catholics; sketches of Bishops Spalding and Watterson, two of the most prominent American prelates of our day; the beginning of a delightful new story, the Abbe Constantin; the continuation of the story for the young; and a very gracious letter from Lady Aberdeen as well as our usual society and editorial matter. The portraits presented are all excellent likenesses.

Register of the Week.

Cardinal Taschereau is commonly called the first Canadian prelate to enjoy membership in the Sacred College; but as a matter of fact, there was a Canadian Bishop—though he never exercised his functions in Canada—who was created a Cardinal more than half a century before Mgr. Taschereau obtained his red hat. That dignitary was Thomas Cardinal Weld, the eldest son of Mr. Thomas Weld of Lulworth Castle, in the chapel of which Archbishop Carroll, the proto-American prelate, was consecrated, and of Mary Stanley, the daughter of an old English Catholic family, now extinct. Cardinal Weld, at the time he was made a member of the Sacred College, was the coadjutor of Bishop McDonnell, the first prelate of Upper Canada, and although he never crossed the Atlantic, but resided at Hammer-smith, in London, he was, nevertheless, a member of the Canadian hierarchy when Pius VIII. created him a Cardinal in the consistory that was held May 25, 1830. To Cardinal Taschereau, though, belongs the distinction of being the first Canadian titular—for Cardinal Weld's see was *in partibus*—to attain the eminent rank which his resignation of his See will not affect.

Bishop Keane, who has just returned from Rome expresses the opinion that Mgr. Satolli will soon be made a Cardinal. He says: "I wonder at all the talk in the United States about the

question of whether Mgr. Satolli is to be made a Cardinal. Every body knows he is to be a Cardinal, but whether he will be promoted next month or next year no one but the Pope himself can know. It is customary when a man is sent out perform some special duty for the Church, which will require some years, to allow him to finish his work before recalling him to Rome and promoting him to the College of Cardinals, but it is possible he might be raised to that rank and

people assembled in the neighborhood of the seminary and the Cathedral on the closing day could not have been less than seventy thousand. Windows, roofs, trees, tops of tramcars, every available spot was taken advantage of by the North Italian Catholics to catch a glimpse of their beloved bishops. Princess Clothilde, whose saintliness is a proverb, personally attended in the Cathedral. The "Te Deum," intoned by Mgr. Riccardi, was taken up by the people both inside and outside the

largest delegation came from Franco, although the representation from Belgium, as might have been expected, was one of which the little kingdom may well feel proud. Among the American representatives were the distinguished rector of the Catholic University of Washington, and two of its professors, viz., Doctors Bouquillion and Grennan and the well-known scientist and author, Father Zahm of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Archbishop Croke of the diocese of Cashel, in an interview during the past week, said that he thoroughly agreed with the views expressed in the recent letter of Dr. Thomas A. Emmett, President of the Irish National League in America, to Mr. Justin McCarthy, in which the writer strongly condemned public discussion of dissensions which might arise in the party. The advice of Dr. Emmett seems to have been taken, for throughout the week the voices of the leaders have harmonized on most points, and internal disputes have not been heard.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmett, the president of the Irish National Federation of America, is at present on a visit in London, accompanied by his son.

A superb marble statue of Leo XIII. has been placed in the new church the Benedictines are building on the Aventine Hill. It is the gift of the Duc de Loubat, who resides in New York.

The death at Rome last week of Giovanni Battista Do Rossi removed from the ranks of the living an archaeologist who, more than any other man, perhaps, made known to the world the true character of the Roman catacombs. Commendatore Rossi has long been a prominent and honored individual in the Eternal City, and his explorations in subterranean Rome were productive of many important discoveries, all of them tending to confirm the records and traditions of the church regarding the acts and deaths of the early Christian martyrs, the remains of so many of whom were piously placed by their survivors in the catacombs.

In Holland there is no interference on the part of the state with the Catholic church, the Holy Father appoints the bishops, and they are only answerable to the Holy See for the government of their dioceses. Not only do Catholics manage their schools according to their own notions, but they receive state aid for them. Thus they are not compelled to pay taxes for non-Catholic schools. The state treats all its subjects with equal weights and measures. In the University of Amsterdam, a Dominican is teaching the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas.



THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE.

(SEE PAGE 8.)

still continue at the head of the Legation here. I feel confident that the Holy Father does not intend to recall him from this post at this time."

The annual meeting of the Archbishops of the United States will be held at Philadelphia October 16 and 17. Matters of great important affecting the Church in that country will be brought up for discussion.

"Have courage, my daughter. Your husband will become a Catholic," were the words of Pope Leo XIII. to Mrs. Francis H. Throop, of Brooklyn, N. Y., the leader of the band of ninety-three pilgrims which left Brooklyn last July to secure the Pope's blessing at Rome and present prayers and petitions to our Lady of Lourdes.

"And his words came true within a week," said Mrs. Throop, "although my husband had no idea of such a thing at the time.

Mr. Throop was the only Protestant who went on the pilgrimage.

The great Eucharistic Congress at Turin, with the extraordinary popular demonstrations which accompanied it, is the talk of Europe. The number of

church. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Monsignor Grasselli from the steps of the Cathedral outside the doors, the enormous crowd receiving it reverently kneeling. As the forty four bishops left the church they found themselves surrounded by the enthusiastic people, who seized their hands and even their cassocks, which they kissed again and again. The scene was in every way memorable. Such a revival of popular fervor in Turin, the capital of Piedmont, seems almost incredible. The bitter feelings aroused during the last twenty years owing to political events have evidently failed to root out the faith and devotion of the inhabitants of the "City of the Miracle," and the success attained by the congress is a happy augury of even more splendid results in the other great cities of Italy.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor says in the *Sunday Sun* that he learns on the highest authority that Mr. Gladstone's eyesight has been completely restored.

All the nations of the civilized world were represented at the Catholic Scientific Congress—France, Holland, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, England, America. The

BISHOP SPALDING.

No one can read Bishop Spalding's work on Education and the Higher Life without being irresistibly reminded of Emerson. There is the same striving to make men to look to what is best and to do what is best. There is the same crystal-like manner of expression. There is the same casting aside of dross and tinsel and searching for the precious metal, Truth. He will not be satisfied that a man is in high place. He must be assured of that man's real worth. He does not admit that man can go on through life without cultivating a love of the beautiful and the good, and not be the worse for it. He does not pay homage to anyone so ever whose life is not one of labor and of learning. He regards all human institutions as amenable to change, when they fail to accomplish the public good, and is prepared to consign them to destruction when they operate to the evil of man's body and soul.

"All men," he says, "whether they know it or not, have an ideal, base or lofty, which moulds character and shapes destiny." This is the sentiment of a man who regards his fellow men not as a herd of led or driven cattle, but each of them as an entity, a person responsible to higher power for the faithful performance of a task assigned; and since man has an ideal whether he will or no, he is exhorted to seek the highest of all ideals, the living God, the infinite, the perfect.

He translates the old precept "labor is prayer," into another and equally true one. "Labor is knowledge." "Knowledge comes of doing," he says. "Never to act is never to know." What we are taught of the thoughts of others, of their actions, of causes and effects, is learning; what comes of our own experience is knowledge. He is the apostle of the persevering. Dear to him are the artist and the poet, striving for ideals of beauty and grace and conquering in that pursuit the cravings of the flesh.

Pleasure he regards as but an incident of life. It is good only when it is without search. He who seeks it will fail in his effort. The Bishop would have every youth become possessed of, or perhaps by, a lofty aim, and toward that aim to strive always. With Browning he places the aim before the success and thinks the struggle rather than the accomplishment is the great glory.

The man's passion, which comes not to boys or to youth, should be the search for truth. The Bishop will have no shams, no allurements, no compromises. The petty and trivial must be brushed aside. Appearances must give way to realities. He counsels the man who would be thought worthy, to work and to wait; to despise intrigue and noise; to be great if he wishes to be thought so. One has but to look at his own deep reflective eyes, at the dome above them, at the spirit showing forth above the flesh in every feature of his face, in every line of his countenance to see that here is not only one who preaches what is lofty but who practises it as well.

Of culture, and especially self culture, he is an enthusiastic advocate. "Culture is necessary." "We need it to make our lives less unlovely, less hard, less material." How unlike the ghastly despairing ignorance of Ingersoll, the suicide advocate, is his cry: "Oh the goodness and seriousness of life, the illimitable reach of achievement which it opens to the young who have great heart and noble aims." The young! Always the young. When Emerson was congratulated upon having reached his seventieth birthday he was sad, saying "From to-day I can no longer call myself young." Youth is not of years but of thought. As Coleridge has fit,

Life is but thought: so think I will
That youth and I are housemates still.

TWO FAMOUS PRELATES,

WHO ARE LEADERS OF THOUGHT.

BISHOP SPALDING,
OF PEORIA.BISHOP WATTERSON,
OF COLUMBUS.

Living in a country avowedly the most materialistic in all the ages he yet refuses to the material the first position. "The Bedouin who, sitting amid the ruins of Ephesus, thinks but of his goats and his pigs, heedless of Diana's Temple, Alexander's glory and the words of St. Paul, is the type of those who place the useful above the excellent and the fair."

And yet, withal he is of the present, or perhaps of the next century. He knows that in the adjustment of material things there may be wrong and injustice making to crush and degrade the ennobling spirit. He will not cry "Stand thou forever" to a system which may perpetuate these wrongs and this injustice. "The social organization, which makes the few rich and dooms the many to the slavery of poorly paid toil, must cease to exist; and if the political state is responsible for this cruelty, it must find a remedy or be overthrown; society must rest upon justice and love, without which they are but organized wrong."

As becomes a great controversialist, and like so many other great men in the Church, he is devoted to the investigation of scientific truth. Like them, too, he is not to be carried away by seeming divergences. "The immature mind is eager to reduce faith to knowledge; but the accomplished thinker understands that knowledge begins and ends in faith."

BISHOP WATTERSON.

When Bishop Spalding wrote "Saloons which stand like painted harlots to lure men to sin and to death, must be closed," he touched a key note in the character of the Bishop of Columbus. He too is one of those who take high ground regarding the responsibility of the citizen and the need of liberal education.

At the Catholic Summer School he laid down the true plan of society and showed that according to the plan of our Lord, society is to be regarded as a whole, its members being distinguishable but not to be separated from one another. True to the spirit of the Universal Church he refuses to regard the wealthy, the cultured and socially refined as being separated from the body of the people. He insists that all are bound together in one living and loving union, and must move on in sympathetic concert toward one common end.

Of wealth and the other social advantages he takes the religious, and at the same time, the democratic view that they are not a mere personal right, but are a trust from God for the good of the whole people. He teaches that the forgetting or neglecting of this solemn obligation by men who are endowed with especial advantages causes them to miss their great purposes in life and to make the conditions of the world which they are in

their way able to influence not better for their presence in it but rather worse. If a mission for doing good is confided to them and they are entrusted with exceptional means for accomplishment, in refusing to do all good in their power for the amelioration of the race they not only fail in the mission but are unfaithful to the trust confided to them.

It is to this selfish disposition he attributes much of the Social danger existing and impending. Exaggeration of class privileges and forgetfulness of the common good in this way give rise to many of the dangers that threaten peace and property.

It is not surprising that one holding these views as to the obligation of all classes to make together for the greater good, should take a strong position against the liquor traffic. At a great temperance convention to be held shortly in Chicago he is to be one of the principal speakers. It requires but a glance to be impressed by the strong unflinching aggressive nature of the man in a cause he knows to be right. Another American bishop tells of his meeting with an old negro who asked him whether the Catholic Church were not the True Church. Upon being answered in the affirmative the negro wanted to be told how it came that Catholics were so numerous in a trade so palpably opposed to the practice of virtue. On another occasion the same bishop, going to a large town to lecture on the work of the Church, was confronted by a list of liquor sellers. Of more than twenty, all but one were Catholics. No wonder therefore that the Church is active, and that the brightest and most hopeful among her priests and prelates are among the foremost advocates of the limitation of the evil.

Bishop Keane said recently that if the saloon insists upon being the incentive to a horrible public evil, it must be taken hold of and put in its right place. Public houses must be regulated so that they should be kept within the limits of public utility, and until that was done, while they remain what they are he could not help asking, in the name of God, how they could remain idle and unmoved.

The policy of the Church, however, has never been pharisaical. It does not cast off the sinner into outer darkness, but seeks by making his surroundings better to give him the saving advantage of example. This is the working principle of all the temperance societies in the Church. The fallen is never an outcast. His path toward better ways is smoothed for him. He is not treated like the heathen and the publican and shunned. He is assisted into well doing. He is made welcome among the elect and he experiences the beneficence of charity.

But when in societies under the patronage of the Church the elements of evil attempt to assume the upper-

hand, when it that has been warned in the bosom raises its head to strike and shows its poisonous fangs, there arises the need for another and very different plan of action, and Bishop Watterson is not only one of those who prove equal to the occasion, but he has made that occasion the instrument of good.

Everyone knows how, not long ago, against his expressed wish, a society in his diocese, officered by men engaged in the sale of liquor, exposed strong drink for use at their annual picnic. Hence came his edict against which an appeal was entered, and this, in its turn, was followed by the confirmation of the Bishop in the exercise of his episcopal authority by the Apostolic Delegate.

The intensity of the opposition to Bishop Watterson's course is the best compliment to him in the eyes of zealous temperance men. In him is recognized an adversary like to what Father Mathew was in Ireland before the famine destroyed his organization in Ireland and scattered the good seed to the ends of the earth where the fruit is even now becoming apparent. The slave holders of the South were not afraid of Webster and Seward. But when Sumner, representing in his own person an uncompromising North, went to the Senate, the forces of evil trembled. It is something of this same quality under the purple dress of a Bishop of the Church, which gives to Bishop Watterson the prominence he now holds in the minds of the people of this continent.

MacMahon and Manteuffel.

The Cologne *Gazette* has published several letters, which explain a curious incident of the Franco-Prussian war. That General Von Manteuffel and Marshal McMahon were very near fighting a duel in the fall of 1871 has been known generally for twenty years. The circumstances of their disagreement, which have now been explained, were these:

Manteuffel commanded the German army of occupation, which was holding certain parts of France until the war indemnity should be paid. McMahon commanded the army of Versailles. "I called upon Marshal McMahon on Sept. 9th," Manteuffel reported to the old Emperor, "and he refused to shake hands with me. I went the next day to Gen. de Cissey, Minister of war, and told him of the affair. I did not mention it to M. Thiers, because he, as a civilian in his high official position, would have complicated matters. I informed Gen. de Cissey that I felt aggrieved by Marshal McMahon's behavior, and that I have from him a declaration that in refusing the hand of a Prussian General he had not intended any reflection or insult. I thought it better to call upon Gen. de Cissey, who was at hand, than to send two Prussian Generals to the Marshal."

The result of Manteuffel's demand for an apology was this letter, addressed to him from McMahon's headquarters:

"Gen. de Cissey, the Minister of War, has just informed me that you felt aggrieved by what passed between us yesterday. I regret this, and can but laud the sentiments that you expressed. I declare that under the circumstances in question my intention was anything else rather than to be offensive to you. Please accept, General in Chief, the assurance of my high consideration.

"M. DE MACMAHON,
Duke of Magenta."

This letter served to keep the peace, although it did not allay the enmity which MacMahon and Manteuffel ever felt toward each other.

The universal prevalence of scrofula is a fact well known to physicians. The only medicine that has hitherto proved a specific for this dreadful complaint is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which expels every germ of poison from the blood. You cannot begin to use it too soon.

A MODERN APOSTLE.

Sketch of Mgr. Nugent.

A Typical Soggarth Aroon.

Father Nugent is an Irishman in England. He is even more. He is looked upon as the head of the Irish in the neighborhood of Liverpool. Very few people understand the importance of this section of the race abroad. According to a writer in the *New Ireland Review*, if the old Ireland were ended tomorrow, it could almost be re-peopled in all its variety and richness from the Irish of Liverpool and Lancashire. Grand sire and vanithee, with their peasant songs and folk tales, ballad singer, ghost hunter, blind fiddler, priest's boy, ghastland chromeler, and all their kindly hearted brethren, would stream out and homeward from many a haunt between Barrow and Bootle.

A TYPICAL SOGGARTH AROON.

Mgr. Nugent, or "Father Nugent," as he is still affectionately styled, is one of the most interesting Irish personages of the last half century, one of the first figures in the philanthropic world at this juncture one with a varied and vivid record, a man of intense individuality, who has made friends and spread projects far and



MONSIGNOR NUGENT.

wide, one who is looked up to in some quarters as the worthy successor of Father Mathew, one whose noblest work has been done in the slums of a great city, but who in this, his chosen sphere, affords an admirable example of the typical soggarth aroon amongst the people. Beyond this he has been closely associated with the initial trials and the gradual growth of the popular Catholic press in Great Britain. Furthermore, he has watched at close quarters the rise of the Irish element in Lancashire from the famine time misery and obloquy to the triumph of this our decade, when it controls parties, leads municipal affairs and enter Parliament. He has done more than watch—he has aided; and it is not possible to name any one in that quarter who has helped more than he by his work to break down anti-Irish and anti-Catholic intolerance and prejudice. Last, but not least, his history exemplifies various turns in the tide of Catholic affairs in Great Britain which the past half century has witnessed.

FATHER NUGENT IN THE FAMINE.

Though Father Nugent's active work began in the city by the Mersey, yet he comes of an Ulster family. In most respects, however, he is more typical of the impulsive, kindly but stormy hearted Celt of Munster, and I believe that in later years he has traveled more in the south than in any other part of Ireland. After his ordination in Liverpool he took charge of the mission at Blundellsoods, some few miles distant, and afterwards he was connected with the Pro-Cathedral, Copperas Hill. His real labors began in the great famine period. Appalled and dispirited, peasants were hurrying in thousands from Ireland as from a land of plagues, and Liverpool was for a long time the scene to which crowds

of them turned in the hope of finding a haven of refuge. It was anything but a haven to some, the unfortunate people had to face such moral and religious hostility as may well seem incredible in these more generous days of ours.

THE CATHOLIC INSTITUTE.

In some of the ancient streets off Scotland Road one hears nowadays amazing but authentic stories of the persecutions to which the Irish Catholics were doomed in that hideous period. They recall the terror of the penal days. Ordinary life in the emigrants' quarters just then was only one degree less wretched than the life in the stricken land from which they fled. Their lot seemed beyond the pale of alleviation. Some of the emigrant element was vitiated by its surroundings, and while the greater portion went onward and upward, leaving its impress in a short time upon life and thought in Lancashire, this large fringe seemed to sink helplessly into gloom and demoralization. It was pitiable, but in view of the circumstances it was all but inevitable. Father Nugent was drawn, an intrepid and persevering missionary, to this whole area of slum life.

"Save the Boy" became his motto, and in the new cause he strove with an enthusiasm which to some seemed almost fanaticism. A boys' refuge was soon established—one, by the way, which is still flourishing—he begged and preached week after week in its behalf, had the youngsters educated and taught trades, went with a colony of them to a brighter station in North America, returned, snatched others from the morass and brought them under the sway of the teacher and the handicraftsman. Some of them are journalists and legislators to-day.

The reader may not be quite surprised to find that in the course of time Father Nugent came to think that this emigration scheme of his might be worked upon a much larger scale, and that he went so far as to seriously advocate emigration to the States and colonies as a remedy for Irish ills and grievances. For a long time he cherished the belief that judicious clearances and social propagandism would set Ireland right again, that national and legislative programmes and movements were more or less matters of mere sentiment. These ideas met with much hostile criticism in Irish quarters, and for a long time Father Nugent was not on the friendliest terms with his countrymen. More careful study of Irish questions considerably widened, even revolutionized his views, and for several years past he had advocated very progressive Nationalist ideas.

THE NEWSPAPER.

Under stress of many difficulties Father Nugent founded the *Catholic Times*. As time went on the paper progressed in good fortune.

Father Nugent had go ahead ideas, was a resolute organizer and a couple of times was highly favored by fortune in the selection of editor and staff. A time came when the paper had its Paris, Roman, Dublin, American, Spanish and Russian correspondents, its London edition and local reporters throughout Great Britain. Its proprietor, who carefully followed its fortunes, served for several years of this forward period as chaplain of the Liverpool Borough Jail, retiring a few years ago. His nature in this portion of his career received new and enduring influences. He saw so much of the ugly and vicious side of life that gradually his spirit was over-saddened at the wreck and the pity of it all. He almost expected a touch of villainy everywhere. His zeal in the cause of reformation was, however, redoubled and led him so far that a cynical friend on one occasion asked him if he ever troubled about any but the unrighteous, and if it were possible

for upright citizens to enter into his good graces. The father smiled good-humoredly, seeing, of course, the deep tribute to his labors, which underlay this cynicism. Once in a while, in his passion to get the fallen and the despised on their feet, he brought on his journalistic staff such specimens of literary flotsam and jetsam as might well plunge an ordinary editor in despair. But he soon mended matters, for as a rule he had a keen sense of what was appropriate and what would be progressive.

THE CATHOLIC T. A. LEAGUE.

In 1872 he made another new departure, when he established the Catholic Total Abstinence League, or, as it is briefly called, the League of the Cross. He had been a devoted student of Father Mathew's life work and became at length a warm advocate of his principles. He burned with the desire to see the work of the great Irish temperance reformer carried on afresh, but when he started the new organization he could scarcely have hoped to see it in a short time the success which it really became. Cardinal Manning was one of the first to accord his adhesion to the movement; in fact, in some minds the League of the Cross organization has been so identified with the late Cardinal that its origin is ascribed by them to him. This view is, however, incorrect. Father Nugent was the pioneer, and the real centre of the movement for some time was the Father Mathew Hall, Liverpool. Ever since he has labored in its cause with intense devotion and has preached its principles throughout Great Britain and even in America.

In Liverpool he gathered about him a band of men who had all taken the total abstinence pledge from Father Mathew himself and who were delighted to rally round him whom they fondly styled his successor. They formed what was known as the "Veterans' Branch" of the league, and it was at their meetings in a dingy hall of a Liverpool bye street that one could see Father Nugent at his best and simplest. In the midst of the rugged but devoted humanity that gathered about him on Monday evenings all the kindness of his nature overflowed, and he recalled the soggarth aroon of Banim's touching lyric. Father Mathew himself was never more admired by his followers than was Father Nugent by these "Veterans" and their friends. Here his addresses were more natural than anywhere else—simple, pathetic humorous and impassioned by turns. It were a hard nature, indeed, that the scene, with all its simple devotion, could not touch—there in the very heart of sordid slum life. O'Connell was king in Conciliation Hall some thirty years earlier; Father Nugent was now quite as much a king in that hall of Lancashire.

FATHER NUGENT AS EDITOR.

With a Catholic newspaper and a Catholic literary journal (the *Catholic Fireside*) under his control, his ideal is to some extent realized, for a Catholic newspaper such as his is like a centre of a world. A hundred lives and interests converge to it, tidings from Rome and intelligence from five continents proceed to it, while orders and issues have to go out from it near and far. He does not prize his papers or busy himself with their interests from any sense of literary or intellectual enthusiasm. He appreciates them, in the first place, as religious levers, and in the next from the sense of power, usefulness and expanse which they afford to him. To be a working spirit was the passion of his younger days. To be a governing and controlling spirit has now become a second nature with him. His literary and business staff is such that he need never trouble himself in the slightest degree about anything in connection with his papers. Yet he hurries in repeatedly from his

home in a Liverpool suburb (Waterloo) in as keen a state of unrest and anxiety as if he had to write every line of the literary matter and perform the whole duties of the business departments.

LIFE OF HERCULEAN TOIL.

In most quarters of the English Catholic world one hears of the work, career and individuality of Father Nugent. Meeting him for the first time, after this stream of comment on his work and power, one may experience some sense of disappointment, thinking his personality incompatible with the notable character he has won. A short, stooping, energetic little man with thin, severe features, grey hair and searching eyes, the impression he first gives is not one of greatness or force, but simply of a preoccupied spirit, and a busy, unrelaxing individuality. Gradually the sense of grit and power is felt, and when one remembers that his has been a life of herculean toil and anxiety for half a century, and that he is still hale and resolute as in early manhood, the impression is considerably deepened.

NEW FATHER MATHEW.

He is seen, perhaps, at his best during the great temperance meetings and reunions which he summons from time to time to the Picton Lecture Hall, the most spacious of its kind in Liverpool. Father Mathew in his heyday had no more interesting gatherings. The faces, the crush, the interest, the animation suggest pictures of joyous and earnest Munster gatherings in the days before the great famine. Here and there, however, one recognizes faces and features on which slum life has set shadow and gloomy care and which loom out with a spectral and warning interest amidst the general gaiety and unrestrained animation. All grades and stations troop in—the babe and the vanithee seem to make the haunt a chosen one, and the observer is sometimes startled to think that it was the wreck of Irish villages and the clearances of Irish country sides long ago that have made these gatherings possible. There is tragedy beneath them—in a grim, silent and touching way they tell the latter day history of Ireland.

Under the new skies

They bring you memories of old village faces,
Cabins gone now, old well sides, dear old places,
And men who loved the cause that never dies.

Something of all this must strike Father Nugent as he addresses these favorite gatherings. He touches chords that are pleasant to think upon. He speaks from the heart and to the heart.

POPULAR CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

His journals are essentially popular in their character and have done excellent work in the way of stirring and enlivening the Catholic masses, consecrating and consolidating Catholic energies, and going, as it were, on beneficent and pleasant missions to the homes of thousands of people. A very respectable corps of our Catholic authors have seen service from time to time with Father Nugent. Among them are the Rev. Dr. Barry, "M. E. Francis," Richard Dowling, John Augustus O'Shea, Edmund Downey and John K. Loys. A few members of the Irish party have also been connected with the *Catholic Times*, and a band of younger writers have been among its contributors.

There are cases of consumption so far advanced that Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will not cure, but none so bad that it will not give relief. For coughs, colds and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest, it is a specific which has never been known to fail. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, thereby removing the phlegm, and gives the diseased parts a chance to heal.

Sho (severely) Henry, what is a poker chip?

Ho (frankly): It's a chip of a poker, I suppose. Did I guess it?—*Detroit Free Press*.



ENCYCLICAL LETTER.

Leo XIII on the Rosary of Mary

To the Patriarchs, Princes, Archbishops, Bishops and other Ordinaries in Peace and Communion with the Holy See.

VENERABLE BROTHERS, GREETING AND ASSURED BLESSINGS!

We always look forward with pleasant expectation and elevated hope to the return of the month of October, which has, by Our exhortation and Order, been dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and, in which for not a few years now, the devotion of the Rosary has been cultivated not only and earnestly amongst Catholic people. The motive which incited Us to make this exhortation We have made known more than once. For as the unfortunate position of the Church and of States assiduously demands the most instant aid of God, We thought it well that this should be implored through the intercession of His Mother, and that it should be solicited especially by that form of prayer the efficacy of which has always been felt by Christians to be most wholesome. Such was the feeling even at the very origin of the Rosary of Mary, both in the preservation of the holy faith from the wicked attacks of heretics and in the fitting esteem for the virtues which, owing to the age's corrupt example, needed to be sustained and raised, and the same feeling has been experienced publicly and privately in a perennial course of benefits, the memory of which is everywhere immortalised by famous institutions and monuments. We rejoice to relate that our own age, labouring in many ways under dangers incidental to the times, has in like manner derived salutary fruit from the same source; but on looking round, venerable brethren, you see yourselves that there still exist and are partly increasing reasons why zeal in appealing to the Heavenly Queen should by Our exhortation be stimulated amongst your flocks. Add to this that as We fix our thoughts on the intimate character of the Rosary, the clearer its excellence and advantage appear to Us, the higher is raised the desire and hope that Our recommendation may have such an effect that this most sacred devotion, strengthened in the minds of the faithful by a more thorough acquaintance, and flourished by a more extended use, may flourish yet much more abundantly. In promoting this purpose We shall not recall the various considerations respecting the same matter which We set forth in former years; it rather occurs to Us to reflect upon and point out by what an excellent design of Divine Providence it comes to pass that through the aid of the Rosary confidence as to the result of their petitions is pleasantly infused into the minds of those who pray and the maternal compassion of the benign Virgin for men responds to appeals by affording succour with the utmost bounty.

The assistance of Mary which we seek in prayer assuredly depends, as if for its basis, upon the office of procuring Divine grace for us—an office which she continually discharges with God, being most acceptable by her dignity and merits and far surpassing in power all the angels and saints in Heaven. And, probably, in no form of prayer does this office become so manifest as in the Rosary, in which

the part taken by the Virgin in securing men's salvation recurs as if unfolded in an actually present effect, thus supplying an admirable aid to piety, whether in the contemplation of the succeeding sacred mysteries or in the devout repetition of the prayers. In the first place the Joyful Mysteries are before us. For the Eternal Son of God inclines to men and is made Man, Mary however assenting and "being conceived of the Holy Ghost." Then John "is sanctified" in his mother's womb by a special mark and is provided with chosen gifts "to prepare the way of the Lord;" but these things are connected with the salutation of Mary, who by a Divine impulse had gone to see her kins woman. At length takes place the birth of Christ, "the expectation of the nations." He is born of the Virgin, and shepherds and Magi, the



first fruits of the faith, hastening with pious disposition to His birthplace, "find the Child with Mary, His Mother." Then that He might in a public manner offer himself as a victim to God the Father, He desires to be taken to the Temple, and there by the ministry of Mary He "is presented to the Lord." When the Boy is mysteriously lost she seeks Him with anxious solicitude, and finds Him with immense joy. The Sorrowful Mysteries are equally expressive. In the "Garden of Gethsemane," where Jesus fears and is sorrowful unto death, and in the Praetorium, where he is beaten with scourges, punctured with a crown of thorns, and subjected to torments, Mary, indeed, is absent, but these things were long foreseen by her and present to her mind. For when, as a maid, she offered herself up to God for the office of a mother, and when she wholly dedicated herself in the Temple with her Son, even then by each of these circumstances she became a partner with Him in the troublesome work of expiating the sins of the human race; whence it cannot be doubted that she also suffered excessive pain, especially in her mind, at the bitter anguish and torture of her Son. And whilst she was present and looking on was to be carried out that sacrifice for which He had generously prepared Himself as a victim; a fact which at the end and in a more touching way is noticed in the same Mysteries; "Mary, His mother, stood beside the Cross of Jesus," and being moved by immense charity to receive us as children, she willingly off red up her Son to Divine justice, dying at heart with Him and being transfixed with a sword of sorrow. Finally, in the Glorious Mysteries the merciful office of the Virgin is manifested even more fully. In silent joy she tastes of the glory of the Son, triumphant over death; with maternal affection she follows Him as He returns to the Heavenly abode; but whilst worthy of Heaven she is detained on earth as the infant Church's most fitting consoler and teacher, "who penetrated the most profound abyss of Divine wisdom to a greater extent than could be believed" (St. Bernard de XII. Prærogativ. B.M.V. n. 3.). But since the promise of human redemption will not be completely fulfilled until the Holy Spirit of whom Christ gave assurance shall have come, we therefore see her in the

memorable upper room, where, with the Apostles and praying for them with inexpressible groaning, she hastens the advent of the fulness of the same Paraclete, the supreme gift of Christ, a treasure never to fail. And entering into immortal life she is to plead our cause forever, and with increased effect. Accordingly we look up from this valley of tears to the holy city of Jerusalem, crowded with angelic choirs; and we reverence her who is sublime in the glory of the Blessed, and who, crowned by the Son of God with a diadem of stars, sits with Him the Queen and mistress of the universe. All these things, venerable brethren, in which is exhibited "the design of God, the counsel of wisdom, the counsel of piety" (St. Bernard, Serm. in Nativ. B.M.V. n. 6), and in which the merits of the Virgin Mother are conspicuous, must have an agreeable influence on every mind, inspiring the sure hope of exciting the Divine mercy and compassion through the agency of Mary.

The vocal prayer appropriately fitted with the mysteries has the same tendency. First comes, as is right, the Lord's Prayer addressed to Our Heavenly Father; and, after He has been invoked in becoming words of appeal, the voice of the suppliant is turned from the throne of His Majesty to Mary by the law of interceding and propitiating of which we speak, and which is explained by St. Bernard of Sienna in this sentence: "Every grace communicated to the world has a threefold course. For it is imparted on a perfectly regular system (*ordinatissime*) by God to Christ; by Christ to the Virgin; and by the Virgin to us (Serm. VI. in Festiv. in B.M.V. de Annunc. a. 1. c. 2). These, stages, as we may call them, though they differ, indeed, in kind from one another, being laid down, we dwell longer, and in a certain sense more pleasingly upon the last, from the design of the Rosary, the Angelic Salutation being continued in decades as if in order that we may ascend the more confidently to the other stages, that is through Christ to God the Father. The same salutation we pour forth to Mary so many times in order that our weak and defective prayer may be sustained by the necessary confidence, beseeching her to pray to God for us and as if in our name. Our voices, in fact, are far more acceptable and powerful with Him if they are recommended by the prayers of the Virgin, whom He Himself urges to intercession with the gentle invitation "Let thy voice sound in My ears for thy voice is sweet" (Cant. II. 14). For this very reason are repeated by us so often the glorious names she possesses for obtaining favours. We salute her who finds favour with God, being singularly "full of grace" from him, so that it might flow in abundance to all persons; her in whom God inheres by the closest possible union; her "blessed amongst women," who "alone took away the curse and brought the blessing" (St. Thomas op. viii. *super salut. angel.* n. 8), the blessed fruit of her womb, in whom "all nations are blest;" finally we invoke her as the "Mother of God," from which lofty dignity, what is there that she does not certainly and earnestly ask "for us sinners," what may we not hope for throughout all our life and at the last agony of our spirit?

It is assuredly impossible that anyone who has devoted himself, with faith and earnestness, to such prayers and mysteries, should not be seized by admiration at the Divine counsels respecting the Virgin for the common salvation of the nations; and with lively confidence he will long to commit himself to her care and protection according to the declaration of St. Bernard: "Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary, that it was never heard of in any age that any one who had recourse to thy protection, implored

thy aid, or sought thy intercession was abandoned."

The power of the Rosary in inspiring those who pray with confidence as to the issue of their appeals is equally effective in moving the heart of the Virgin in compassion for us. It is clear that it must be exceedingly grateful to her to see and hear us whilst we solemnly weave into a crown sincere petitions and beautiful words of praise. For, that in thus praying together we pay and wish God the glory which is His due; that we are anxious that His pleasure and His will should alone be fulfilled; that we extol His goodness and munificence, calling Him Father and, unworthy as we are, begging for very high favours—all this is a source of exquisite joy to Mary, and in our devotion she really "magnifies the Lord." And in truth we address God in a prayer worthy of Him when we recite the Lord's Prayer. Moreover, to the requests we make in this prayer, so just and fitting in themselves and so conformable to Christian faith, hope, and charity, a certain charm most agreeable to the Virgin adds a special weight. For with our voice appears to be united that of the Son Jesus, Who gave us the same formula of prayer in fixed terms and commanded that it should be employed: "Thus, therefore, shall you pray" (Matt. vi. 9). Let us not doubt, then, that she will discharge towards us her office, full of eager love, when with a ready disposition we carry out this injunction by reciting the Rosary; gracefully receiving this chaplet, she will grant us in return a rich reward of favours. The character of the Rosary, in itself well calculated to help us to pray with the proper spirit, affords no small ground for feeling assured of her liberal bounty. Such is man's weakness that when he is engaged in prayer his attention is easily and frequently withdrawn from God, and he is divested from the object he has resolutely set before himself. Now, whoever properly considers the nature of the Rosary will at once see how efficacious it is for keeping the mind alert, for removing torpor, for exciting a salutary sorrow on account of sins that have been committed, and for leading the thoughts to subjects of heaven's contemplation. As is well known the Rosary consists of two parts which are distinct and yet connected together—the meditation on the mysteries and the vocal prayer. This kind of prayer then requires particular attention on the part of those who use it—that is, not only in directing the mind in a certain way towards God, but in contemplating and meditating in such a manner that examples of the higher life are taken to heart, and food found for every species of piety. Indeed, there is nothing greater or more admirable than those same things in which the perfection of the Christian faith appears, and by the light and power of which truth, justice and peace have advanced upon the earth upon a new scale and with most beneficent results. Consonant with this is the mode in which these truths are set before the cultivators of the Rosary; that is to say in a manner adapted to the intelligence even of the unlearned. For the Rosary is arranged not for the consideration of dogmas of faith and questions of doctrine, but rather for putting forward facts to be perceived by the eyes and treasured up in the memory—facts which make all the greater impression on the mind and effect it the more beneficially in as much as they are presented as they occurred, the identity of time, place, and person being preserved. When, before everybody, these considerations are marked and strongly impressed upon the mind from early years, on the mention of each mystery whoever is really inclined to prayer takes them in without any effort whatever, and by a sort of natural movement of the mind and heart he receives abundantly the dew of heavenly grace

which Mary plentifully bestows. There is another commendation which renders these chaplets more acceptable to her and more worthy of recompense. For when we piously repeat the third series of mysteries we express in a more lively manner our grateful feelings towards the Blessed Virgin, declaring as we do that we can never be sufficiently mindful of the blessings which she ensured with ineffable charity in contributing to our salvation. These noble memories, recalled again and again in her presence, must bring to her soul now and inexpressible pleasure and excite in her sentiments of solicitude and maternal beneficence. And from these recollections our prayer becomes more ardent and assumes the force of an entreaty. So that as the mysteries are severally gone through we feel that we have put forward so many appeals which will prove influential with the Virgin. For it is to thee we fly, Holy Mother of God; do not despise the wretched children of Eve. To thee do we address ourselves, O procurer of our salvation, equally powerful and merciful. By the sweetness of the joys which Jesus your Son provided for you, by your participation in His indescribable sorrows, by the splendor of His glory, in which you are enveloped, we urgently beseech you to graciously hear us, though unworthy, and grant our prayer.

The excellence of the Rosary, which we have just pointed out, being considered in its twofold aspect, it becomes plain to you, venerable brethren, why we continue to inculcate and promote the custom. As we have stated at the beginning, the age needs Heavenly aid more and more, especially as the Church has to endure, far and wide, many troubles which affect her rights and liberty, and there are many causes which are bringing ruin on the prosperity and peace of Christian States. We again openly proclaim that we have complete confidence that this aid will be obtained through the Rosary. Would that this devotion were everywhere held in honor as of old, in accordance with our desires. In towns and villages, in families and workshops, amongst the upper classes and the humblest, let it be loved and practised as a beautiful watchword of Christian faith and a most effective means of propitiating the Divine clemency.

It is daily of more urgent importance that this course should be pursued, seeing that the furious wickedness of the impious contrives and dares to adopt every possible measure calculated to provoke the anger of God and to draw down on their country the weight of His justly punitive Hand. Amongst the other sources of regret, all persons of good will will deplore with us that in the very bosom of the Catholic nations there are too many who rejoice when affronts are offered to religion in any way, and availing themselves of the extraordinary licence to publish everything whatsoever, they endeavor, with all their might, to turn its holiest things into ridicule and to call forth the contempt and mockery of the multitude for the confidence in the patronage of the Virgin, the efficacy of which has been proved by experience. Within some months past the Sacred Person of Our Saviour Jesus Christ Himself has not escaped outrage. They have not been ashamed to drag him upon the stage, now in many places sullied by the introduction of scandalous scenes, and to represent Him devoid of the majesty of His Divine nature, by depriving Him of which even the redemption of the human race is necessarily denied. Nor have they been ashamed to attempt to rescue from eternal infamy a man guilty of a crime and of treachery, for which he will ever be held in horror—the betrayer of Christ. In all the cities of Italy where such deeds have been done, or are about to be done, indignation has been universally felt,

the inhabitants lamenting the injury to the most sacred rights of religion—violated and trampled under foot in a nation which very justly takes a first place in priding itself on its Catholicism. Then, as was right, the vigilant solicitude of the Bishops was aroused, and they forwarded suitable protestations to those whose sacred duty it ought to be to safeguard the dignity of religion and country, and they not only warned their flocks of the gravity of the danger, but also exhorted them to repair by religious solemnities the shocking offence offered to the beloved Author of our salvation. The zeal shown in so many excellent ways by the friends of Christian morality has certainly deserved our warmest approval, and has softened the bitterness of the pain which that affair has caused us. On the present occasion we cannot avoid raising our voice as Chief Pastor of the Church, and we unite our strongest protestations with those of the Bishops and the faithful. And with the same Apostolic earnestness with which we complain of and condemn this execrable deed we urge the Christian nations, and especially the Italians, to preserve inviolate the religion of their ancestors, which is a most precious inheritance, to defend it strenuously and to be careful to further it by conduct always honorable and worthy of the creed they profess. We desire, then, for this reason also, that during the whole month of October individuals and religious societies should exercise their zeal by paying honor to the great Mother of God the powerful protectress of Christianity, the glorious Queen of Heaven. On our part, we renew and confirm with all our heart the sacred indulgences previously given for this purpose.

Venerable brethren, may God, Who "in his bountiful mercy provided for us such a mediatrix" (St. Bernard de XII. Prærogativ., B.M.V., n. 2.), and Who "has desired that we should receive everything through Mary" (Id. serm. in Nativ. B.M.V., n. 7), hear our common prayers through her intercession and favor, and fully satisfy our hopes. As a token of this receive the Apostolic Benediction which we impart lovingly in the Lord to yourselves and to your respective clergy and people.

Given at St. Peter's, Rome, on the 8th of September, 1894, the seventeenth year of Our Pontificate.

LEO XIII., POPE.

C. Y. L. L. A.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association have received from Lady Aberdeen her consent to address the society in the following letter:

THE CITADEL, Quebec, Sept. 6th, 1894.
DEAR MADAM— I have to thank you for your kind and courteous communication explaining the aims of the Catholic Young Ladies Literary Society. It will give me much pleasure to meet with the ladies of your Society and to take part in one of their gatherings as suggested, but I am sorry that at the present moment it is impossible for me to name any date. We are about to start on a journey to the Pacific Coast and shall not be back till the winter. If it would suit the Society it would be most convenient for me if I could attend a meeting on some occasion during next winter when His Excellency would also be visiting Toronto. If the matter can be left in this way for the present I shall be very glad provisionally to accept the invitation of the Society.

I remain yours faithfully,
ISHBEL ABERDEEN.
Miss Nora A. Hillary has been engaged as musical director. On Monday of next week Dean Egan will lecture at the society's first open meeting.

We call the attention of our subscribers to the advertisement in this issue of the Canadian Musical Agency, which has its office at 15 King St. E. this city. The Agency has the exclusive management of the majority of the leading musicians, and can supply all information regarding dates, terms etc., upon application. The book containing portraits and press notices of the different artists is now in press and promises to be the handsomest prospectus ever published in the city. We can heartily recommend all concert and entertainment givers to drop a line to the Agency and get full information.

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C. M. B. A.

Impressions from St. John

To the Editor of the Catholic Register.

Sir—Some impressions from our visit to the C.M.B.A. Convention at St. John, not already recorded in the REGISTER, may properly form the subject of a short letter. One thing forced itself on the notice of the visitor, the intensity and reality of the Catholic spirit as reflected in the Catholics of the city and their institutions. St. John is many ways a remarkable city. The configuration of its site is a pleasant departure from the flat monotony of most Canadian cities. It is built on hills and in valleys by the waters of a noble river and is watered by the tides of the majestic Bay of Fundy. Its early history is illustrated by the presence and heroism of the bravest of our Catholic pioneers, and its recent history, its marvellous recuperation after the most destructive fire that Canada ever saw, is a record of public and private virtues, exerted for the common good, that is an honor to human nature, as it is the just source of pride to every citizen of St. John. It is fitting, therefore, that from such a city there should come forth some thing of honor as a witness to the faith planted by Champlain and his Catholic successors on the banks of the St. John. And so it is. St. John has not been a shining instance of



T. P. COFFEY, Guelph.
Com. on Laws.

religious toleration, and St. John Catholics have been neither numerous nor wealthy. Consequently many tests of Catholic fortitude have come unsought. It is only a few years ago since the school question in New Brunswick roused the slumbering fire of religious prejudice, and in no place was the bitterness of the conflict more bitter than in St. John. In the first flush of victory the majority wanted the Sisters removed, as teachers, from the schools. Their religious garb was offensive. Sacred pictures, statues and crucifixes were removed from classrooms, for these reminded the pupils they were Catholics and that they were in Catholic schools. After years of concession by the majority, religious instruction was allowed to be taught in the school-room after school hours, the children having first actually gone beyond the school grounds and stood upon the sidewalk before being recalled to the school for Catechism. Regulations, petty, spiteful and annoying, went through grades of evolution until to-day the Catholic children of St. John are taught by Catholic teachers, the boys by lay teachers, male and female, the girls mostly by the Sisters, who undergo the ordinary departmental examinations prior to teaching, held for the most part, however, in the convents. Catholic taxes are paid into the same fund as those of Protestants, and while Protestants in St. John pat themselves on the back and say they have satisfactorily solved the school question, the Catholics make the most of the situation and seem satisfied. To

this happy consummation much has been contributed by the urbane but firm attitude of Bishop Sweeney of St. John, who is universally respected and beloved, the perseverance and self-respect of the Catholic people and some remains of shame and fairplay on the part of leading Protestant citizens.

Among many institutions for the relief of the sick and destitute supported directly by Catholics, other



P. J. O'ROURKE, St. John, N.B.
Trustee.

should be mentioned in particular St. Vincent's Orphanage, which is principally supported by contributions from the diocese of St. John. At our visit there were 61 girls and 75 boys in the institution, little helpless ones, receiving the kindest of treatment and the hands of the good Sisters. The Sisters of this order, the Sisters of Charity, have charge of 6 class rooms which are attached to the convent, where 200 girls from the city attend. Thanks to the ability of the good teachers, the convent school has attained a high degree of efficiency.

Everyone who visits St. John should inspect the Convent of the Sacred Heart. This is a large four storey building built on the top of a mountain ridge known as Mount Pleasant, which skirts the northern side of the city. The convent stands about 600 feet above the level of St. John. River and enjoys perhaps the most picturesque situation of any similar institution in America. It reminds one of the castles pictured us along the Rhine far above the tumult of the common world, overlooking a circuit of fifty miles or more, where the young minds of the scholars enjoy the choicest view of nature in her most beautiful form, lakes, rivers, mountains and the Bay of Fundy, with the bold coast of Nova Scotia in the distant south. The convent, long known as Reid's Castle, was built forty years ago by Robt. Reid, Esq., at that time a large ship owner, and was the theatre of the city revels when the Prince of Wales visited St. John. In 1890 the Sisters of the Sacred Heart bought it



J. J. WEINERT, Neustadt.
Grand Guard.

for \$10,000, less than one-fourth its value, and to-day the grounds, which lie mostly on the sloping hill side, are a maze of drives and flower plots, ornamented with statuary. One of our party, whose eyes are not true for long range, mistook a beautifully draped figure of the goddess Flora, a fancy of the former owner, for a sacred statue, to the great amusement of Madame who escorted us. This beautiful building in so grand a site is destined under the ladies of this distinguished order to be a centre of

usefulness and goodness for the whole maritime district.

We visited the noble Cathedral of Mary Immaculate begun in 1850 by Bishop Connolly, afterwards Archbishop of Halifax, and finished by Bishop Sweeney, who during his episcopate of 34 years has spent on it the enormous sum of \$70,000. There are five other Catholic Churches in St. John, all attended by resident pastors. At St. Peter's is a small community of Oblate Fathers, as well as a flourishing convent.

The Catholic Societies, such as the C.M.B.A. and the A.O.H. are in a prosperous condition and have the warm approval and support of His Lordship the Bishop, while the Socialities and other religious societies embrace a large and fervent proportion of the population. The Catholics of St. John are sterling men and have given a good example of many sacrifices endured for the faith, and are fine samples of the type of Irishmen who have made themselves respected by their Protestant fellow-citizens.

The visiting delegates and their lady friends were under countless obligations for many acts of special kindness as well as the general and generous hospitality which made their visit to the convention an epoch in their lives. Special thanks are due to Brothers Carleton, Burns, Judge Ritchie, Drs. Travers and McInerney, Messrs. Driscoll, Finnegan, Jas. Berry of the Sun, F. P. Curran, P. J. O'Rourke and W. Delaney of the



W. P. KILLACKEY, Chatham.
Trustee.

I. C. R., all of whom did their utmost to make our trip down East a pleasant and enjoyable occasion.

I can honestly endorse what you say of the Toronto delegates. They acquitted themselves admirably as did all our representatives from Ontario. To one of Toronto's delegation, however, you do scant justice. I mean Mr. W. T. Kernahan. This gentleman made hosts of warm friends, who admired the ability with which he discharged the arduous duties laid to his charge by the Toronto branches. If Bro. Kernahan again represents Branch 145 he will find hosts of friends to welcome him in Ottawa.

It was one of the pleasures of our visit to St. John to meet Dr. R. F. Quigley, who is best known to Ontario Catholics (and badly at that) as the author of an entertaining and learned book "Ipse, Ipsa, Ipsum," published in a new edition under the more intelligible title "Mary, the Mother of Christ, in Prophecy and its fulfillment," written as the name tells, to vindicate against misrepresentation and prejudice the attitude of the Church toward the Blessed Virgin. The Doctor is a member of the C.M.B.A. and deserves well of the Catholics of Canada as the best known and most learned among the laity of Canada. He is also a lecturer of unusual ability and popularity in the East and is the author of many good articles on Catholic and Canadian subjects. It is always interesting to know something of the personality of an author and at the risk of being considered a flatterer whose flattery would be offence, and tiresome when only a friendly interest is the excuse, I may say that Dr. Quigley is about 40 years of age, unmarried, a lawyer by profession, of less than middle height, who wears a

clean-shaven face, dresses neatly and is a favorite with everybody. A native of Chatham, N.B., and educated there at St. Michael's College, he graduated in law at Harvard and Boston universities, received the degree of Doctor of Literature from Laval, and in recognition of his services to Catholic literature and Catholic truth was specially favored by our Most Holy Father with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This honor Dr. Quigley modestly wears, and it is to be hoped that every Catholic family in Ontario will realize the merit which His Holiness so signally rewarded, by reading for themselves the learned and interesting work of this chivalrous and enthusiastic Catholic. A number of us visitors were favored with a visit to the doctor's rooms, and there saw a collection of good things, articles of vertu, statuary, pictures, relics, all pertaining to Catholic subjects, volumes on everything good in Catholic and secular literature, encyclopedias, works without end, everything, the finest private collection of valuable books we ever saw. To a man of the marvellous memory and cultivated intellect, the Catholic instinct and wonderful facility of expression, possessed by Dr. Quigley, such surroundings as we saw readily explained why the Catholics of St. John, and in fact, the whole maritime region, look up to the modest and learned doctor, as a champion whom they love and revere.

St. John was a delight to all who visited it, but we should not forget Montreal where we stayed one Sunday on our way down. The brethren then held a religious reunion with us in St. James' Cathedral, and the arrangements happily carried out Bros. A. H. Spedding, T. P. Tansey, James Coffey and T. J. Finn of the Gazette contributed in a large degree to the pleasures of our journey. W. V. LYSEN.

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LETTERS FROM BERMUDA.

LETTER IX.

HAMILTON, January, 18 —.

DEAR —

I heard that this winter in Canada and the United States is extremely cold, very stormy, and much snow has fallen. I suppose this sort of thing describes the "Lashing rains, scourging winds, numbing frosts, glaring snows, narrow searching fogs—on all those instruments Winter plays his terrible marches and solemn fugues—*Que voulez vous ?* *Monte!*" The climate of America has at least the merit of variety. While our Autumns and Springs display for a short period now and then a decent gentleness of behaviour, which makes the tender allegories of these seasons seem not altogether ironical, the times between them are generally mere brutal exhibitions of unreasonable temperature. Just after the gentle month of June there comes a rush of tropical savage Powers as relentless as an ancient Saracen invasion. While Autumn is painting all sorts of affectionate remembrances on our hills and valleys, and turning the trees crimson with her kisses, there comes a horde of invaders from about the North Pole as ruthless as Huns or as a tribe of hostile Indians, slaying and scalping all the creations of Summer, like barbarians as they are. Our land is a perfect war path of contending North and South without sufficient defences of seas and mountains, entirely unprotected and open to both forces.

However, I will defend our American climate, as every country has its faults and none are perfect. Here is an old poem which makes a fair apology for Canada's capricious climate.

THE INDIAN SUMMER.

"What is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?
Have they that 'green and yellow melancholy'
That the sweet poet spake of? Had he seen
Our variegated woods, when first the frost
Turns into beauty of October's charms
When the dread fever quits us—when the storms
Of the wild Equinox, with all its wot,
Has left the land, as the first deluge
left it,
With a bright bow of many colors hung
Upon the forest tops—he had not sigh'd.

The moon stays longest for the hunter now;
The trees cast down their fruitage, and the blithe
And busy squirrel hoards his Winter store;
While man enjoys the breeze that sweeps along
The bright blue sky above him, and that bends
Magnificently all the forest's pride,
Or whispers through the overgreens, and asks,
'What is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?'"

"Season of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom friend of the maturing Sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch'd eaves run
To bend with apples the moss cottago trees
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core."

However, the beauty of Autumn is a sad beauty, when Nature, after bringing forth her flowers and fruits, dons her russet robe. The fairest flowers have withered, the last rose of Summer has vanished, the green leaves have changed into red yellow—all is emblematic of decay and death—*Tout passe. Dieu est immuable.*

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean—
Tear from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes
In looking on the happy Autumn fields
And thinking of the days that are no more."

Our winters are quite a contrast to those of Bermuda. Only last week we accepted an invitation from Lady — (the Admiral's wife), to a garden party at Admiralty House. Then, "No tears dimmed the sweet looks that Nature wears." The day was beautiful. Many young ladies, prettily attired in light dresses and straw hats, were playing lawn tennis with the

officers. Some of the latter had taken off their jackets. "The sun above was brightly shining," and the thermometer at 70°. We strolled about the grounds, which are the prettiest in Bermuda—a perfect bit of landscape gardening done by the hand of Nature. In some places Art, imitating Nature's handiwork, has beautified and improved the grounds. One spot, enclosed with a light open fence, is planted with every kind of known fern, and is very lovely. There is also a great variety of tall and stately trees, which afford a pleasant shade. Many strange tropical plants and flowers are in a high state of cultivation.

The beauty of Nature sinks deep into one's heart and delights the soul. I felt inclined to say with the poet.

"Linger, O gentle Time; linger, O radiant grace of bright to-day;
Let not the hour a chime call thee away;
Linger, O! linger still with fond delay."

"Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all the wondrous world we see—
Its glow by day, its smile by night
Are but reflections caught from Thee."
MOORE.

The drives around Hamilton are wonderfully beautiful. We sometimes meet with a growth of cedar trees, which abound as the "forest primoval." Our wonder and admiration is excited by the beautiful tropical trees and varieties of plants which meet the eye at every glance. Banana trees, some in blossom (what a marvellous blossom!) papaws, coconut trees, coral or ivory trees, bamboo trees, siddle-wood trees, grape-fruit trees, whose fruit is similar to grapes in appearance but has only a single stone, the Calabash, the broad leaved plantains, the tall, stately cabbage-palm, and the graceful palmetto, the Metia Azedarach, Pride of India, the handsomest tree on the island, and the Loquat plum, which ripens in February. There is also a rose tree to be seen which grows as large as our apple-trees and bears roses which are pink in the morning and become white at night. Tamarinds also grow here.

I must not forget the rocky walls where the road has been excavated, and all the rugged ledges decorated by Nature with maiden-hair fern. In every crevice or cranny where there is a square inch of earth a bunch of this delicate fern is growing.

We saw an Indian-rubber tree in Par la Ville which shaded a space of 70 feet around it; also a splendid mahogany tree and some locust trees, the beans of which St. John ate with wild honey. If I had to eat them I would like a good deal of honey, for the beans are very bitter.

I must tell you about the "Five Sisters;" don't think they are five "old maids." Though they are aged yet they are in the prime of beauty. *Five tall Cabbage Palms* growing in front of a private residence, are so called, and are classed among the curiosities of the island. This remarkable tree is a native of the West India Islands, and grows on the mountains, where it rears its stately head above the surrounding forest trees. The trunk is quite smooth and round, without either branches or shoots. Just at the top grows a curious bunch of feathery foliage, which, from its slight resemblance to a cabbage, gives the tree the name it bears.

Bermuda is also full of caverns and ponds, inlets and caves.

"Gay watery grottoes, that seem like fairy baths or mimic wells,
Small excavations on the rocky shore
Richly embosomed with ferns and choicest shells,
As if her tinkets Nature chose to hide
Where nought invaded but the flowing tide."

"The course of Nature is the art of God."
There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture in the lonely shore;
There is society where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music its roar;
I love not friends the less, but nature more
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all
conceal.

While walking about in the open air, night insensibly and gradually fell upon us. The richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of Heaven was enchanting. In proportion as they faded away, the Evening Star and several other stars and planets appeared, one after another till the whole firmament was in a glow. The lovely dark blue of the other was heightened and enlivened by the fine weather and the season of the year. The Galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. Then the full moon rose in that clouded majesty of which Milton writes, and opened to our eyes a new picture of nature different but quite as beautiful in its softer lights and shades, as that which the sun had before displayed to us.

"Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars beautifully bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seemed like a canopy which love has spread
To curtain the sleeping world."

While surveying the moon walking in her brightness amongst the constellations, I thought of David's reflections on the same beauties of nature: "When I consider the heavens the work of Thy hands, the moon and stars which Thou hast created, what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the Son of man that Thou regardest him!"

When I consider that infinite host of stars, or to speak philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me with their innumerable sets of planets, or perhaps worlds, and reflect that many others exist which can only be seen by the aid of powerful telescopes, I could not help thinking on what little, insignificant beings we are amidst the immensity of Almighty God's works. Hughens, a great astronomer of the seventeenth century, in one of his writings states as his belief that there are myriads of stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us from their first creation. Hughens made the first pendulum clock ever made. In 1673 he published the "Horologium Oscillatorium," in which are found the first Theorems on Central Forces and Centrifugal Force.

O Man! All nature is but Art unknown to thee,
All chance direction which thou canst not see,
All discord harmony not understood,
All partial evil, universal good."

But we must consider that the universe is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to move and revolve in; how, then, can our minds set bounds to it. I looked upon myself with a sort of humble fear, a terror of being overlooked in this immensity of nature. But faith teaches us that God is omniscient and omnipresent; and that, in short, as the ancient philosophers believed, God is a Being whose centre is everywhere and His circumference, nowhere. Faith consolingly teaches us that He cannot be indifferent to any of His creatures; and those who will not feel Him in His love, they will be sure to feel Him in His displeasure—for though infinitely powerful and infinitely merciful, He is infinitely just. "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the Living God."

A celebrated philosopher and poet, Simonides, being asked by Dionysius the tyrant to tell him what God was, asked a day's time to consider his answer. When the day had expired he desired two days, and afterwards, instead of giving an answer, he desired still double time. In fact, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity the more he lost himself in the thought instead of finding an end of it. Locke says in his essay on "The Human Understanding," that when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we reflect upon our own souls our idea of knowledge and power of existence and duration of happiness, &c.; we enlarge every one of these with our idea of

infinity, and putting them together form one complex idea of God. The words in Holy Scripture of the Son of Sirach are sublime:

"By His word all things consist. We may speak much and yet come short: wherefore in sum He is all. How shall we be able to magnify Him, for He is greater than all His works. The Lord is terrible and very great, and marvellous in His power. There are yet greater things hid than these be for we have seen but a few of His works."

What an awful thing it must be to take the name of this Almighty Being in vain—to use such a tremendous name in frivolous imprecations by curses, or degrade it by solemn perjuries. Sir Isaac Newton always raised his hat or bowed reverently at the name of God; and Catholics are obliged to bow most reverently at the Holy Name of Jesus. For Holy Scripture says: "At that Name every knee shall bow."

Ye many twinkling stars, who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominion—planets, and central
Orbs
Of other systems. . . . Thence higher soaring
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to
Him,

The mighty Founder of this wondrous
maze—
The great Creator! Almighty God!
Though the dread Author of those glorious
works,
Say canst Thou cast on me, poor passing
worm,

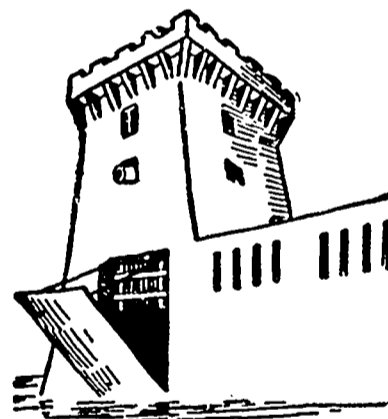
One look of kind benevolence,
Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime
How insignificant do all the joys,
The gauds and honors of the world appear!
How vain ambition! . . . Eternal God?
Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth;
Assist me so to live on earth, that I may die
in peace,
And claim a place in Thy high dwelling.

"Father of light and life! Thou good
Supreme!

O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself;
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace and virtue
pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!"
Que Dieu vous benisse, chere ami.

PLACIDIA.



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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1894.

Calendar for the Week.

Oct. 5—St. Placidus.
6—St. Bruno.
7—Most Holy Rosary.
8—St. Bridget.
9—St. Denis.
10—St. Francis Borgia.
11—Feria.

Official.

To the Reverend Clergy of the Archdiocese of Toronto:

REV. AND DEAR FATHERS:

We send you herewith an authorized English translation of the Encyclical Letter of the Holy Father addressed to the Bishops of the Catholic world on the 8th of September last. You will please read this instructive edifying Letter to the faithful committed to your care on Sunday next—the Feast of the Holy Rosary. In it, as in former Encyclicals on the same subject, the great Leo strongly recommends the devotion of the Rosary as a most effective means of obtaining the richest graces and favours of heaven, not alone for individuals, but also for the Church and society. In your sermons during the month of October you will please fully explain and develop the thoughts of the Holy Father on this important subject. You will also carry out in your churches the devotions for the month as presented by the Vicar of Christ and will point out to your people the many and rich indulgences attached to these devotions and the conditions on which they may be gained. The following indulgences may be gained during this month on the conditions prescribed:—

1. An indulgence of seven years is granted the faithful every time they assist at the public recitation of the Rosary and pray for the intention of his Holiness; the same is also granted to those who, having been prevented by legitimate reasons from assisting at the public recitation of the Rosary, will recite it privately according to the intention of the Holy Father. 2. A plenary indulgence is granted all who will have assisted at least ten times at the public recitation of the Rosary in Church, or who being legitimately prevented will have done the same privately and who will have received worthily the Sacraments of Penance and of the Eucharist. 3. A plenary indulgence is also granted to the faithful who, either on the feast of the Holy Rosary itself, or on any day during its Octave, will receive the Sacraments of Penance and of the Eucharist and will pray in some Church to God and invoke the Blessed Virgin for the intention of his Holiness.

† JOHN WALSH

Archbishop of Toronto.

Statue of D'Arcy McGee.

Fronting the main entrance of the New Parliament Building and extending for half a mile is a noble avenue susceptible of the most effective adornment. It is time that steps were taken by those in authority to give the city those aspects that so naturally appertain to large centres of population and to the seat of so many educational institutions. Our single century of Ontario history has not, indeed, left us the memory of many heroic figures. But some there are. And it is a reproach to those who hold all such in honor, that no attempt has been made to familiarize the minds of the growing generations with the personal appearance of those whose names must ever be used to conjure with.

Paris is, perhaps, the foremost city of the world in his kind of educative decoration. Wherever the youth walks, they who made France great confront him. In all other large cities the same is true. In New York there are statues at the Battery, and going on up Broadway one passes the figures of Ericsson, Franklin, Greeley, Washington, Lafayette, Seward, Lincoln, Farragut, and many others are here and there all over the city. Central Park has a row of them. Cities much smaller than ours beautify their public squares and excite the emulation of youth in the same way. How is it in Toronto?

Until now we have had George Brown in the Queen's Park and Dr. Ryerson in St. James' Square. Presently we shall have Sir John Macdonald's statue unveiled in the Queen's Park. But surely there are others who should not be suffered to be forgotten. A number of names at once suggest themselves: Governor Simcoe, Marshall Spring Bidwell, William Lyon Mackenzie, Robert Baldwin, Sir John Beverley Robinson, Matthew Crooks Cameron, John Sandfield Macdonald, William Hume Blake, Judges Osgoode, Moss and one or two others, were not these men whose lives were landmarks of our history? Surely if only as an educational experiment the outlay required for the purpose would be a judicious one.

But there is one name not among these, the very mention of which is enough to call up youth again in the minds of men long grown old. D'Arcy McGee was one of those drawn by the genius of O'Connell and Davis into the field of Irish politics during "the forties," when from every corner of the emerald isle genius echoed the trumpet call of genius. Davis, Duffy, Dillon, Mitchel, O'Brien, Meagher and McGee, these were the leaders of thought and action at that time when, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, quoting Wordsworth, says: "Joy was it in that day to be alive, and to be young was very heaven."

McGee was poet, historian, orator, statesman. He has crystalized the chief historical incidents of the old land into ballads that must ever be read by those whose eyes turn back to "the green gem of the sea." He has brought into the most readable of prose narratives the history of that country. But it is not for these that Canada owes him a statue in her queen city. It is rather because in

the fulness of his statesmanlike judgment he first advocated that Confederation which has now for more than a quarter of a century gone on its prospering way. Goldwin Smith says the father of Confederation was "Deadlock," but it must be added that it was the plan advocated years before by D'Arcy McGee that rendered a solution of the deadlock possible.

It is not probable that there will be steps taken to make the avenue the spot of beauty and instruction we would like to see it, although now that the Buildings are completed this would constitute a fitting complement. But Catholics, and particularly Irish Catholics should not longer allow the example of this great one of their own race and religion to be lost upon their children and their children's children. There are enough in Toronto alone, at an average subscription of one dollar per family, to erect a suitable statue. We hope the project will be begun at once and that it will not be long ere they who look upon the counterfeit presentments of Brown and Macdonald will read also upon the base of his statue the story of a statesman as great, an orator greater than either, the many sided man whose like, as the *Globe* said on the day after his death, it will be long ere we again behold.

Veerings.

Hosea Biglow insists that the purpose of a weather-cock is not to be consistent in pointing one way, but to faithfully indicate the present direction of the wind in spite of previous contrary indications, Hosea is of course perfectly right. At Preston Cardinal Vaughan held up for inspection a very well developed specimen and an instructive one: "The doctrines of the Catholic Church, which had been rejected and condemned as blasphemous, superstitious and fond inventions, have been re-examined and taken back, one by one, until the Thirty-Nine Articles have been banished and buried as a rule of faith. The real presence, the sacrifice of the Mass, offered for the living and the dead—sometimes even in Latin—not infrequent reservation of the Sacrament, regular auricular confession, extreme unction, Purgatory, prayers for the dead, devotions to Our Lady, to her immaculate conception, the use of her rosary, and the invocation of saints are doctrines taught and accepted, with a growing desire and relish for them, in the Church of England. A celibate clergy, the institution of monks and nuns under vows, retreats for the clergy, missions for the people, fasting and other penitential exercises, candles, lamps, incense, crucifixes, images of the Blessed Virgin and the saints held in honour, stations of the cross, cassocks, cottas, Roman collars, birettas, copes, dalmatics, vestments, mitres, croziers, the adoption of an ornate Catholic ritual, and now recently an elaborate display of the whole ceremonial of the Catholic Pontifical—all this speaks of a change and a movement towards the Church that would have appeared absolutely incredible at the beginning of this century. And what is still more remarkable is that the movement has

been stronger than the rankest Protestantism, stronger than the bishops, stronger than the lawyers and the Legislature. A spasmodic protest, a useless prosecution, a Delphic judgment, and the movement continues and spreads, lodging itself in Anglican homes and convents, in schools, churches, and even cathedrals, until it is rapidly covering the country. Has there ever been seen a more marvellous change, and this within half a century?"

Woman's Position.

Rev. L. Bronnan, C.S.B., and Rev. F. Ryan, S.J. of this city, last week assisted at a ceremony in Providence, Rhode Island, when His Lordship Bishop Harkins laid the corner stone of a new Convent of Mercy in that city.

Father Ryan preached the sermon on the occasion and in the course of his remarks having expressed the opinion that the worship of the ego is not hero-worship, nor money worship, nor pleasure worship, but self worship, he took up the question of the sphere of woman, concerning which we hear so much nowadays. As Father Ryan crystallized the only true view of the question into an excellent paragraph, we give his statement in his own words.

"We are often asked what is the idea and the attitude of the Church regarding the woman question. The Catholic Church is not afraid to answer. The Church has a true solution for every social problem, and she has a divine solution for woman problem. She does not object to woman's rights nor to woman's fullest legitimate freedom. She would open to women, she has opened to women her halls of highest mental culture, in letters, science and art. She has only blessings for the daughters of men as they take their appropriate place in the march of progress, in social, civil and national life. But she tells them that whatever that place may be, it can never be higher, never more honorable or excellent, never half so holy as the place God gave them when he made them queens of the homes and hearts of men. God gives the solution of the woman problem in three of his greatest works, creation, redemption and glorification. In creation she is made the helper of man; in redemption she is made the helper of God; in Eternal glory she comes in as mother to complete the divine eternal home. She is first and last a home maker, and between first and last home she is a heart maker, according to the divine idea of the Creator, God. She was given to the husband to found a home, to the father to form the heart of the child."

T. D. Sullivan.

Towards the end of the present month Mr. T. D. Sullivan, ex-Mayor of Dublin, a prominent member of the Irish party and the author of many songs that are sung whenever Irishmen can gather together, will begin in Boston a series of lectures. One of them is "Fourteen years in the British Parliament." It is not known, for the present, whether he will lecture upon other subjects, but this one should be reasonably certain of filling the largest hall in Toronto, and we venture the suggestion to the Toronto societies that an effort should be made to bring him here.

The New York Election.

Catholics have a particular interest in the coming elections in New York State on account of the attitude into which Catholic newspapers have been drawn, that were until now Republican in leaning. Father Cronin's open letter to the managers of the party failed to produce the desired effect, although it may have an influence in keeping personally undesirable candidates out of the field. The open question is whether the A. P. A. have sold themselves to the Republicans or vice versa.

The *Irish World*, another Republican journal, has been hammering away for months in the same way; but no explicit declaration against the conspiracy has as yet been made by that party. The nomination of Levi P. Morton for Governor seems to be a strong one. A good campaign yarn which did service for him in 1888 when he was elected Vice-President of the United States has been revived. It is told of him that in the last Irish famine he sent home a shipload of provisions, stipulating that his name should not be mentioned. He is a wealthy man, and wealth tells in these elections.

Full accounts of the convention which nominated David B. Hill go to show that the most remarkable unanimity prevailed. Hill was chairman. Boyd Thacher's name was put in nomination and seemed in a fair way to be accepted, when a wiry looking man stood up and said his delegation had only one candidate and that was Senator Hill, who had led them so often to victory. Then the crowd went wild. The chairman could not repress the tumult. Three times this scene was repeated. In the end Mr. Hill, his face ashy pale, was escorted to his room. The only time the crowd was stilled was during a five minute speech from Bourke Cockran. The orator's spell wrought a calm while it lasted, but in its close evoked a redoubled uproar.

Tammany is undergoing such a searching investigation as it has never known since the days of Tweed, and there is no doubt that this will depress the chances of the Democrats very materially. An election whisper has even been published to the effect that the Pope has expressed his concern in the matter of the investigations. His Holiness may not unnaturally be supposed to have a keen interest in such a subject, and to greatly regret the appearance therein of several nominal Catholics, whose example in making the law an abettor of crime is certainly discreditable to themselves and their city.

Our secular press is too much given to the opinion that Tammany is a Catholic organization. It is true that by pressure of nativist bigotry the Irish Catholics were in times past driven to the institution for self protection, and if they have succeeded in grasping their share of power, somewhat of the opprobrium chargeable to their methods must be placed to the account of their old Know-Nothing enemies. As the *New York Sun* said some time ago, in a free country it is impossible to keep the Irish from success in public life. But Tammany is

not all Irish. Most of the trusty henomen are average Americans. The greatest living editor in the United States, Charles A. Dana, is their spokesman. The civic government of New York is exceedingly well performed. There is much indeed that is evil, but we hear too little of their good.

Meantime, Catholic Republicans have their choice between Tammany and the A. P. A., and the *Boston Republic*, a Catholic paper in the Democratic interest, blandly asks, "What does Father Cronin propose to do about it?"

The Czar and Europe.

It seems probable that the Czar of all the Russias, whose obstinate will has by common agreement been the only curb that could keep the warlike Russian nobles from breaking out into bellicose acts, cannot be much longer counted upon to preserve the peace of Europe. He is suffering from a complication of diseases, the effect of which has been to leave him a physical and mental wreck.

As Russia wants to move east into India; as she already has complications with China; as the war between China and Japan might at any time call for the intervention of Russia or Great Britain; as France and Britain are so far estranged over the Island of Madagascar that the envoys at the Courts of London and Paris are said to be exceedingly uncomfortable; as the Germanization of Alsace and Lorraine is arousing a storm of French protest which is met by Emperor William's boastfulness; as armed nations the world over are engaged in taking stock of their armaments according to the values shown in the battles, land and naval, in the East; as Stambuloff, the plucky savior of Bulgaria, is no longer in office, there is plenty of ground to fear that once the stubborn will of the giant Romanoff emperor has been removed from control of the situation, an acute stage may be reached at any hour. The great financial houses know it, and the first report of the illness caused a marked depression in the value of securities.

Mgr. Toner.

There is at present in the city a member of the Papal household in the person of the Right Rev. Patrick J. Toner, Missionary Apostolic and Honorary Chaplain to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Monsignor Toner is an American priest who has been for some years resident in Rome and Naples. During the time when Rear-Admiral Baldwin was in command of the United States fleet in the Mediterranean, the Catholic clergy were allowed to minister to the Catholic seamen whenever the warships were in port. Since then, however, there have been less tolerant men in command, and it has been found impossible to afford the poor Catholics the ordinary ministrations of religion. Priests are told, and even interceding American consuls are told, that the paid chaplains can pray enough for all on board. This state of affairs is certainly a stain which the United States authorities showed im-

mediately wipe out, and Mgr. Toner has come from Rome to endeavor to accomplish this purpose. He holds the appointment of apostolic missionary from His Holiness.

As might be expected the Honorary Chaplain is very enthusiastic when speaking of the mental vigor and personal sanctity of Leo XIII. Discussing the qualities of others who are high in the government of the Church, he speaks in terms of great praise of Cardinal Parocchi, the head of the Congregation of the Propaganda. An incident is related in Naples upon which the good people of that city base their hopes that Cardinal San Felice, their Archbishop, will be the next Pope. According to the legend, Pius IX. once playfully placed his tiara upon the head of a little boy and said, "you will wear that yet." The little boy is now a Cardinal.

Mgr. Toner preached the sermon at High Mass at St. Basil's on Sunday, and will preach at the Cathedral at High Mass next Sunday.

Editorial Notes.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is on record against the Lords in a speech all but equal to that in which John Bright declared that their way to greatness lay through the sepulchres of their forefathers. At present he is not so sure that "kind hearts are more than coronets."

The new East Indian candidate who is about to contest a seat in the Unionist interest in England will have a hard time of it socially. Imagine the taciturn British squire growing enthusiastic over a man with a name like Mancherjee Marwanjee Bhowngree! He will simply be driven in desperation into the company of the Irish, where his fellow-countryman Naoradji had the good sense to start.

The recent outbreak in Quebec city, which has obliged Protestant citizens to seek the protection of the Dominion authority is not one which Catholic papers are called upon to excuse but to regret and to reprove. The injury to peaceable Catholics is a hundred fold greater than the damage to the buildings. The Church is a Church Militant, indeed, but glass is not the object of its attack nor are mobs and riot part of its plan of campaign.

An American exchange says that when the Union was in peril, the A. P. A. men were in Canada. That explains the remarkable sympathy existing between the society and our own P. P. A.

Mr. James E. Day, a young Catholic barrister has been elected Secretary of the Toronto Young Men's Liberal Club. This is a very practical adoption of the advice of the REGISTER that our young men should go into politics. We congratulate Mr. Day on his election.

Bishop Keane has returned from Rome, and reports the Pope to be in excellent health for an old man. Indeed he must be. It is said he spends his evenings until two a.m. at work on his encyclical letters, and rises at six a.m.

The Ideal Popular Leader.

He is one who counts no public toil so hard
As idly glittering pleasures; one controlled
By no mob's haste, nor swayed by gods of
gold;
Prizing, not courtting, all just men's regard;
With none but Mahood's ancient Order
starred,
Nor crowned with titles less august and
old
Than human greatness; large brained,
limpid-souled;
Whom dreams can hurry not, nor doubts
retard;
Born, nurtured of the People; living still
The People's life; and though their nob-
lest flower,
In naught removed above them, save
alone
In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power,
The ampler vision, the serene will,
And the fixed mind, to no light dally-
ings prone.

—William Watson.

Father O'Flynn.

Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety.
Far renowned for learnin' and piety,
Still I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sainte, and sainte, and sainte agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Follows of
Trinity.

Famous forever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad and the divile and all at Divinity,
Father O'Flynn'd make hares of them all,
Come, I venture to give ye my word
Niver the likes of his logic was heard,
Down from mythology
Into thyology,
Troth! and conclology if he'd the call.

Och! Father O'Flynn, you've a wonderful
way wid you,
All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
All the young children are wild for to play
wid you,

You've such a way wid you, Father aric!
Still for all, you've so gentle a soul.
'Gad, you've your flock in the grandest
control;
Checkin' the crazy ones,
Coaxin' onalse ones,
Liftin' the lazy ones on wid the stick.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity
Where was the play boy could claim an
equality

At comicality, Father, wid you?
Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off with the rest:
"Is it lave gaiety,
All to the laity!
Cannot the clergy be Irishmen, too?"

CHORUS.

Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Sainte, and sainte, and sainte agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tinderest teacher, and
Kindest creature in ould Donegal.
—M. J. Murphy.

Manning.

The simple souled, brave-hearted, peerless-
brained,
The pure, the good, the generous, the just,
The Knight whose lance was ever held in
trust
To put down wrong, however well main-
tained—
Whose shield no deed unworthy ever stained,
Whose strong hand lifted thousands out
the dust
To manhood's lofty throne—nor time can
ever rust
Nor envy dim the glory he has gained.

No coward he, no sycophant: he knew
That right was right and wrong was
wrong, how'er
Smooth-speaking sophists God's great sta-
tutes read;
In manhood's cause a flaming sword he
drew
And boldly in the combat kept it bare
Till vanquished by his years, himself fell
dead.

—Late Rev. R. J. McHugh.

The Poet.

Why do ye call the poet lonely,
Because he dreams in lonely places?
He is not desolate, but only
Soer, where ye cannot, hidden faces.
—Archibald Lampman.

A daily paper says Toronto will soon
be a great hog centre. Certain papers
published further up the lake have
been insinuating the same thing (with
a difference) for a long time.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He had Overdrawn his Health Account—How he met the Crisis, and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

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Mrs. Chapin was present during the conversation and said: "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching after he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself.

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"When I was a-livin' back East," said the man with the ginger beard, "I owned one of these here little woolly Scotch carriers that was one of the smartest animals you ever see.

"Mebbe he committed suicide," ventured the grocer. "I have heard of dogs havin' their feelings hurt so bad that they killed themselves."

"Not much he didn't. Didn't I jist tell you he had a whole lot of sense? He jist snaked a quarter out'n the box where we kept the small change to pay the milkman and the newspaper boy, and went down to the barber shop and had his hair cut—that's what he did."

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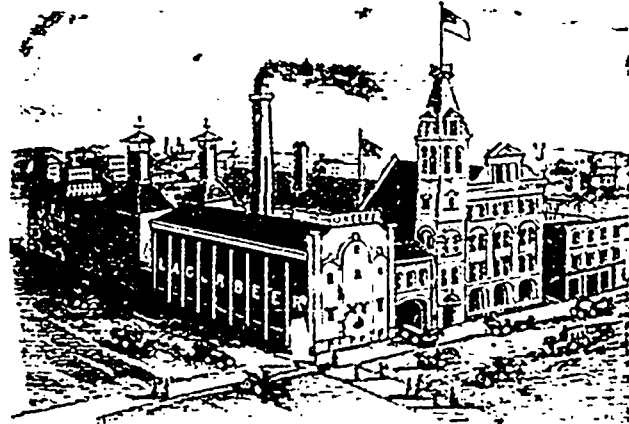
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

Recently Mr. Andrew Caruth, Jr., Coroner for Mid-Antrim, attended at Ballymena workhouse and held an inquiry touching the death of Thomas Wotherspoon, grocer, Ballymena, whose dead body was discovered in a corn-field near Dunclug. The jury returned a verdict that deceased committed suicide while temporarily insane.

Miss Lizzie Hannan of Randalstown has become a Sister of Mercy, taking the title of Sister Mary Bridget. She is in the convent of the order at Lurgan, County Armagh.

Armagh.

Thomas Wilson, residing with his niece, Mrs. Edzabeth Lavery, William street, Lurgan, was found dead in his bed during the week. Wilson was 70 years of age.

Miss Lizzie Hannan, daughter of Mr. Philip Hannan, Randalstown, County Antrim, was lately received into the Order of Mercy, Lurgan. Her name in religion was Sister Mary Bridget.

Carlow.

The Carlow Board of Guardians start on their financial year some £2,000 in a worse position than last year. There has been, however, a marked decrease in the number of inmates, and this will enable the guardians to strike a lower rate. The indebtedness of the Union is due to the large outlay under the Laborers Act.

Died Aug 30, at St. Leo's Convent of Mercy, Carlow, Sister Mary Xavier Downey. Aug. 20, at 46 Lower Mount street, Dublin, Margaret Teresa, daughter of the late Edward Burke, of Lisnaman, Tullow.

Cavan.

On Thursday was interred in Belturbet Cemetery a man named Warner, who resided at Drumalee, near Belturbet, at the advanced age of 102 years. The deceased was in good health and possessed all his faculties up to the last.

Clare.

At the Kilrush Petty Sessions lately a respectable farmer named Harvey was charged with stabbing John Lohive on the 13th of August last. Both parties live at Bresla, near Kilrush. Accused was returned for trial, but allowed out on bail.

Cork.

We deeply regret to chronicle the death of Rev. J. Barry, P.P., Lunisearra, which took place on Sept. 3. Father Barry had been seriously ill for a considerable time, and his death was not unexpected. The greater part of his missionary career was spent at Queenstown, first as curate and then as administrator, and a few years ago he was appointed parish priest of Lunisearra. He was well known as a zealous, hard-working clergyman. His death, at a comparatively early age, will be widely regretted.

Derry.

A fire which did considerable damage to the distillery run in Derry by Messrs. Watt & Co. occurred last week. Work, however, will not be suspended, as the portion of the business affected will be done by the Waterside Distillery, also run by Watt & Co.

Donegal.

On Thursday night Detective Sergt. Murray arrested John Kane, residing in Dublin, a peddler, on the charge of having stolen £100 from an Irish American tourist, Charles McAuley, a native of Kilear, this county. McAuley cashed a draft on the Bank of Ireland for £310, and proceeded to have a run through the city, falling in with the accused. On Thursday he discovered that £100 of his money was missing. There was no evidence to connect Kane with the loss of the money, but the vigilance of the detective resulted in getting him into the barracks and discovering on his person a number of £10 Bank of Ireland notes. The total amount found on the accused was £103. The immediate cause of this arrest was the detective observing that he had got a new pair of boots since a previous interview with him in the morning.

Down.

At Newry Petty Sessions recently, Sarah Anne McMillen, alias McAnuff, who is charged with bigamy, surrendered to her bail. The accused is a good-looking woman of 45 years, and is the mother of eight children. Mr. James McMillen, her husband, who returned from America, after spending four years there, a man about 50, and her latest spouse, Samuel McAnuff, a baker, were in court, the latter occupying a seat beside the accused and the former on the other side of the court. The accused was returned for trial to the next Armagh Assizes in March, and admitted to bail.

Dublin.

One of the oldest conventual institutions in Dublin, the Presentation Convent, George's Hill, has just celebrated the 100th anniversary of its foundation. The interesting event was signalized by a solemn religious function. High Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Robert F. Canon Conlan, Revs. P. Kavanagh and H. Dudley, deacons, and Rev. J. Murphy, master of ceremonies. Mr. Walsh, archdeacon, was present.

Fermanagh.

Mr. William, the popular manager of the Belfast Bank, Enniskillen, has retired, and he has been succeeded by Mr. J. G. I. Vance. The new appointment is a popular hit. Mr. Vance is the son of Mr. Hugh Vance, Inver.

Kerry.

The prosecution of the Autumn mackerel fishery has commenced by the local hawke yaws of Valentia, Portmagee, Ballinskelligs, Coumanna, etc. During last week the yaws of Portmagee, Valentia and Ballinskelligs had large takes, varying from 1,000 to 12,000 each. On Sunday night very heavy takes were effected by the Valentia, Ballinskelligs and Coumanna boats, the takes ranging from 10,000 to 17,000.

Kildare.

The Rev. Canon Bagot of Christ's Church Cathedral, and rector of Fontstown, County Kildare, had just died after a short illness. Canon Bagot, as is well known, took a great interest in dairy agricultural and industrial questions.

King's County.

The Irish Parliamentary Fund was recently augmented by a subscription of £47 from the Nationalists of Birr and Carrig parish. Remittances was effected by Rev. T. Pholan, John C. O'Neill and Hugh J. Bergen.

Lantern.

Four emergency men are located in the Drumreilly District—two on the estate of Lord Charles Beresford. The dogs of war will now be loosed upon the people, the Evicted Tenants' Bill having been rejected by the Lords.

Louth.

The new cemetery in St. Peter's Parish, Drogheda, was on Sunday consecrated. Clergy and laity were present in great numbers. Father Finlay of the Society of Jesus preached an impressive dedicatory sermon.

Mayo.

At Louisburgh recently a widow named Ketric was prosecuted for taking forcible possession of a small house on Lord Sligo's estate from which she had been evicted. Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., was present, and addressed a meeting, in which he denounced land-grabbing, and said that if Englishmen only learned the story of this poor woman they would understand why Irishmen curse and abominate the name of landlordism.

Meath.

A bazaar in aid of the erection of a new Catholic church in Trim will soon take place. The structure will cost \$50,000. While it will be named after the existing church rather than the old church of St. Mary across the river, it will have a shrine in it set apart to the Blessed Virgin, and called the "Shrine of Our Lady of Trim," in which will be placed a statue of Our Lady, the gift of the Most Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath.

Monaghan.

At the comparatively early age of 56 years died Mr. Peter Kelly of Magheraclon, Carrickmacross, on Sept. 4. His demise was sincerely and widely regretted. Interment was in Magheraclon Cemetery, to which the remains were accompanied by a large concourse of relatives and friends.

Queen's County.

Mr. Thomas Bradley, who resides within Abbeyliscio Union district, is strenuously objecting to the election of a laborer's cottage on his land, which was contemplated by the Board of Guardians. Last week the case was before the Privy Council in Dublin Castle, but was not definitely settled.

Roscommon.

A respected old member of the Roscommon magistracy, in the person of Mr. Robert French, passed away at Larchgrove, Elphin, on Aug. 24. His death caused a painful shock to his bereaved family and friends.

Sligo.

Very Rev. Prof. Manly, Mount St. Mary's, Baltimore, U.S.A.; Monsieur Charles Etward Du Bois, Lima, South America, and Mr. P. Martin, Broadway, at present on a tour through Europe, did Sligo recently. They expressed themselves highly pleased with the scenery of Lough Gill and Glencar, and were agreeably surprised with the proportions and splendor of our ecclesiastical edifices.

Tipperary.

Terrible ravages have been committed in several districts around Newagh lately by mad dogs, no fewer than twenty having been bitten by one rabid brute. Great alarm has been created, the feeling in some localities being little short of a regular panic. It is reported that a fine young woman who resided at Beleen died the other day of hydrophobia, after suffering terribly.

Tyne.

William Rutherford died at Cookestown on Saturday, aged 16 years. He had lived 100 years in the house in which he had died. On Sunday, Right Rev. Mgr. Byrne, Danganonn, made an appeal in the Catholic Church, Pomeroy, in aid of the magnificent convent and schools recently erected in Danganonn. The response was most satisfactory, the generous people of Pomeroy contributing £39.

Waterford.

Cappoquin foundry is in a very flourishing condition. Important home and foreign orders are being steadily received, and a large number of hands are constantly employed. This industry is the mainstay of the people there.

Recent accounts from the district around Cappoquin say that farmers are feeling dis-



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heartened at the constant downpour of rain. Sanguine hopes were indulged up to the late sudden break in the weather. This is a great pity, as everything was most promising. The Bishop ordered prayers to be offered up throughout the diocese for fine weather.

Westmeath.

The sterling Nationalists of Tagtinion and Turin (united parishes), per Rev. Bernard Duff, pastor, forwarded £13 to the Irish Parliamentary Fund. This is by no means an isolated act of patriotism performed by the good men and true of the district.

Wexford.

Some years ago a wreck at Cullinstown, Carrig-on-Bannow, was blown up with dynamite, and since some cartridges have remained around Cullinstown. A young lad named Wallace got some cartridges from another boy a few days ago, and Wallace hammered one with a stone, when a fearful explosion took place, splitting the lad's thumb and disfiguring his face. It was the merest chance he was not killed.

We regret to chronicle the demise of Richard Roche, Ballyboggan Lower, Castlebridge. Dick, as he was called, though a poor cripple, was everything that constituted honesty and uprightness of character, a good Christian and a worthy Irishman. A shoemaker by trade, he was the trustworthy and faithful friend of all. His home was the rendezvous, night after night, for all who took an interest in politics and the current news—in fact, it partook of the nature of a reading room. There were the daily and local papers scanned and read aloud; and to give an idea of poor Dick's keen intelligence, he was able to detect a wrong pronunciation or other error of the reader, although, I believe he did not read or write himself. He was a Nationalist to the core, upright and honest in his dealings and a faithful and consistent Catholic. His death caused universal grief throughout the neighborhood, but he has gone to a better world.



CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Sarsaparilla

"I was afflicted for eight years with Salt Rheum. During that time, I tried a great many medicines which were highly recommended, but none gave me relief. I was at last advised to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and before I had finished the fourth bottle, my hands were as

free from eruptions as ever they were. My business, which is that of a cat-driver, requires me to be out in cold and wet weather, often without gloves, but the trouble has never returned."—THOMAS A. JOHNS, Stratford, Ont.

Ayer's Only Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.
Ayer's Pills Cleanse the Bowels.

CUTLERY.

FULL LINES IN Joseph Rodgers & Sons, Geo. Butlers & Co's.

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Are supplying the Trade with their superior ALES AND BROWN & TOUTS,

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Awarded the Highest Prizes at the International Exhibition, Philadelphia, for Purity of Flavor and General Excellence of Quality. Honorable Mention, Paris, 1878. Medal and Diploma, Antwerp, 1885.

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MISS MARY THOMPSON, (Of the New College of Oratory, Philadelphia.) TEACHER OF ELOCUTION & PHYSICAL CULTURE WELLS' COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Cor. King and Church sts. For Concert engagements apply at College.

A Quebec Village.

The Village of Gentilly is a typical French village, with the exception of the fact that it is larger than the great majority of them. Usually there is little to distinguish the village from the rest of the country, for on some of the roads the farm houses are so close to each other that one would be excused for omitting to observe the village, were it not for the church and the inevitable magasin or general store. Gentilly, however, extends in the form of a cross along where two roads intersect each other. It is ambitious, too, in more ways than one. It has a wide space opposite the church, which is called the terrace, on which fine trees grow, and wherein seats are ranged in a row. The church is a spacious one, built in rubble style of masonry. But the most remarkable object in the village is the presbytere, or priest's house. This is the finest presbytere upon which my eyes have yet gazed. The building cost \$8,000, and it looks every dollar of the money. It is constructed of fine cut limestone, with ample verandas all around it, and most spacious in every respect. It would seem to me that this one house would be of as much value as a good big fraction of the rest of the village, and I would not be surprised if I were told that with the church added it would be equal in value to the whole of the remainder of the village. I have no doubt that the majority of travellers who see this gorgeous home of the cure of Gentilly put it down in their notebooks as one of the ecclesiastical outrages with which the Province is afflicted. Truth compels me to say that I found that the people of Gentilly did not feel that they had been damaged in any way. On the contrary, they seemed as pleased with their elegant presbytere as children over a new toy. It is one of the things that is first pointed out to strangers, and when I stated that there were few finer houses in the big city of Toronto the bosoms of the listening villagers swelled with conscious pride.

Sunday morning is a great occasion in Gentilly, as it is in every French-Canadian village in the Province. By 9 o'clock in the morning the first instalment of the congregation from the farms begins to arrive, and from that on until church time there is a regular procession of vehicles.

As I have said more than once before in these letters, the average English traveller in these parts dwells on the size and magnificence of the churches. He must admit, however, that they are never too big for the congregation they have to contain. That spacious Gentilly church was simply packed to the doors, and this seems to be the case everywhere. The churches are not too big for the congregations.

The hotel at which I stayed in Gentilly is kept by an old gentleman and his wife, the latter being the active partner in the concern. It was a humble little place, and appeared to have been the production of an amateur architect, who made some mistakes, notably in the stair. In spite of these defects I must acknowledge that I felt quite at home in it. The hostess is well declined in the vale of years, and had acquired that embonpoint that so often accompanies age in the gentler sex. She was nevertheless as sprightly and almost as light of foot as a girl. I will not soon forget my first meal under her hospitable roof. She did not know one English word from another, and the linguistic gymnastics which I had to perform would have made the great Mezzofanti look to his laurels. She was both cook and waitress, and was as successful in one role as in the other. After piling the table with meat and potatoes, pies, cakes, biscuits, cream, pudding, and a host of other things, she asked me to ring the bell when I wanted anything else. She doubted whether I understood her, and when I

took up the little tintinnabulator and rang it vigorously to prove to her that I did *she* laughed as heartily as if she were 16 instead of 60. I may say that I did not need to summon her at that meal, or any subsequent repast as she seemed always on hand at the right time, and even if she were not I would have gone hungry a long time before I would expect the splendid old lady to answer the summons of a sprig like me.—*John A. Ewan in the Globe.*

Obituary.

Mrs. Margaret Kelly Queen St. West died on Monday Sept 24th. She was born in the county Wicklow, Ireland. The family are well known and highly respected Catholics. Under any circumstances death generally brings with it its pangs and its sorrows but the death to which reference is now made has cast a shade of deepest gloom over a pious household. As a pious member of the Sacred Heart League, she made it a practice to approach the Sacraments regularly. Feeling that she would not recover she took the precaution to make a last preparation and thus strengthened by the rites of the Church, and surrounded by the members of her family she calmly breathed her soul into the hands of her Creator. The remains were borne to St. Mary's Church where Requiem Mass was offered up by Father Tracey for the repose of her soul. The funeral cortege then proceeded to St. Michael's Cemetery for interment.

MRS. HANORAH RIORDAN.

In the 4th Concession of Whitby, on the 17th ultimo, Hanorah Fitzpatrick, relict of the late Eugene Riordan, aged 62 years. Mrs. Riordan was born at Clonmoyle, Parish of Kilmichael County of Cork, Ireland. Some forty-two years ago she emigrated to this country, and after her arrival lived for a few years in Oshawa and Whitby. In 1858 she was married to Eugene Riordan, immediately afterward settling down at what is known as the "Devil's Den," where they largely contributed towards bringing the rough and uneven soil into smooth and arable land. After accumulating a reasonable competence by their toil they bought the homestead and its surroundings of the late Mr Murray, where they resided until the time of their death, Mr. Riordan having died on the 16th of January, 1883. Mrs. Riordan was widely known for her philanthropy and benevolence, as her door was always open to the wayfarer, to the rich and poor, and frequently was her home made the resting place of the clergy and Sisters of Charity, the latter never leaving her threshold empty-handed. She was very much attached to her church and its cause, and liberal in her contributions towards them. During the past few years she has been declining in health, but was always ready in case of emergency. She was visited by her Parish Priest Rev. Father Jeffcott two hours prior to her death, and received the last rites of the Church. On the morning of the 18th ult., her remains were taken to the Church at Whitby, where High Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul after which Father Jeffcott preached a eulogistic and impressive sermon.

Honor Roll for September.

ST. FRANCIS SCHOOL.

The following boys deserve Honorable Mention for the month of September.

Form IV.—Excellent Testimonials—Jos. Murphy, D. Drohan, J. Callagan, D. Glynn, H. Duern, W. Collet, F. McGuire, D. Kennedy, J. McDonough, J. Donnelly, D. Gavin, S. Hallett.

—Good Testimonials—C. Byron, J. Connors, R. Rocomora, W. Getch, H. el, Haines, T. Forhan, B. Grathan, J. Hanlon, J. Ryan, J. Brennan.

Form III.—Excellent Testimonials.—L. J. O'Connor, J. Glynn, L. Daern, J. Glynn, L. Daern, T. Glynn, P. McDonald, T. Lannigan, F. Walsh, F. Shea, G. Fogarty.

Special Mention Form IV.—Jos. Muphy, D. Drohan.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL.

Form IV.—Excellent—H. Boland, P. Boland, T. Molloy, Good—M. Huntley, W. Madigin, J. Tracey, M. Molloy, T. Donovan.

Form III.—Excellent—J. Flannery, A. Walsh, J. Lister, E. Huntley, R. Turner, W. Kadey, Good—J. Ryan, J. Fayle, J. McFarland, F. Ryan, J. Cosgrove, E. Kelly.

Grand Concert.

The Sisters of the Precious Blood are making arrangements for the holding of their annual Christmas sale. Ladies in the different parishes are already actively engaged in devising means of assistance in making the fair a success. We understand there will be a special programme each evening. The sale begins on Nov. 26th, and will open with a grand concert.

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

THE NEW STORE.

HEADQUARTERS FOR SILKS.

Commencing to-morrow morning we inaugurate the greatest sale of Silks ever known in Toronto. 200 pieces of the Finest Black Silks ever made to retail at \$2.00, \$1.75, \$1.50 and \$1.25 will go in this sale for a few days at 99c—Silks that you will positively jump at. See them in our windows and on our counters.

- 15 pieces of extra fine Lyons Duchess, positively worth \$1.75
 - 12 pieces of finest 22-in. Satin finish Gros Grains, worth \$1.50
 - 30 pieces of 21-in. extra fine Peau de Soie, good value at \$1.75
 - 15 pieces of extra fine new Royal Armours, well worth \$1.50
 - 25 pieces of round cord Faille, worth fully \$1.50
 - 10 pieces of new weave Gro de Londres, worth \$2.00
 - 15 pieces of Satin Saxons-Rhadamas-Crystals, worth \$1.50
- All at positively the unheard of price **99c** during this sale.

Coloured Silks.

You will find nothing to compare with these at 49 cents.

- 9 pieces of good Satin finish Gros Grains, regular price \$1.00
 - 10 pieces of extra fine Faille Francaise, good value \$1.00
 - 5 pieces of changeable Taffetas, all shades, regular price \$1.00
 - 6 pieces of beautiful Satin Figured Taffetas, regular price \$1.25
 - 5 pieces of new fall style Novelty Silks, beautiful patterns, worth \$1.00
- All at **49c** during this sale.

Tax your memory for the names of Dress Stuffs that are proper and interesting novelties, then ask for them here and you can get them. We carry a complete assortment of B. Priestley & Sons' goods. A careful inspection of them will please and interest you. A snap occasion among the lower-priced Dress Goods—quick—lively—energetic. We have started out to make the store echo and re-echo with bargain music.

- 46-inch French Serge Stripes.....25c
- 44-inch All-wool Storm Serges.....25c
- 42-inch Plain Mixtures.....25c
- 44-inch All-wool Bourette Suitings.....25c
- 45-inch All-wool Cashmeres, all colors.....25c
- 36-inch All-wool Serge Foule.....19c
- 44-inch Heavy Ladies' Cloth.....19c

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219-221 Yonge Street,
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You do not experiment when you buy

E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.

HOLLIDAY'S CELEBRATED EAST KENT

ALE AND PORTER

NOW ON SALE

At all First-class Wine Merchants, Hotels and Clubs. Try it.

If your dealer does not keep it Phone 3100.

T. H. GEORGE, Sole Wholesale Agent,
690 Yonge Street, Toronto.

E. B. A.

SAIRFIELD BRANCH NO. 1, HAMILTON. This Branch like all others have suffered from the prevailing dull times. Never the less as the Pioneers of Emeraldton they are true to the cause, and are satisfied that in near future they will increase their membership.

ST. PATRICK'S BRANCH NO. 7, TORONTO. This Branch held a very good meeting on the 24th and have a good prospect of several candidates D. A. Carey, G.P., made a short but effective address.

ST. PAUL'S NO. 8, Hold a successful meeting on the 15th and had many visitors from the various city Branches. At the close of their meeting the advisory board met respecting the coming Concert for the Industrial School, and the Society read a reply from Sir Oliver Mowat kindly promising his patronage for the Concert.

ST. CECILIA'S, BRANCH, NO. 29, Hold a very enthusiastic meeting on the 28th. The Grand Officers of the city and a large numbers of officers and members from Branch No 12 being present. After the usual routine of business had been gone through, a short time was pleasantly spent with songs and recitations.

SAIRFIELD BRANCH, NO 28, OTTAWA. At the last meeting of the Branch there was a large attendance in a great measure the result of the Grand President's visit. Five application for membership were received. An energetic committee was named by the President having for its duty, the preparing of Literary and Musical Programmes, for the Branch Meetings during the winter months, and on suggestion of Bro. J. Sullivan a highly instructive discussion took place regarding the best means of further increasing the membership of the Branch, the direct result being the appointing of a strong and active committee for that purpose.

LETTER OF CONDOLENCE. At the last regular meeting of St. Mary's Branch, No 24, Almonte the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to her eternal reward, Mrs. McGovern, sister of our esteemed Brother Timothy McAuliff and Mother of the Rev. Father, M. Govern. Be it Resolved, That this Branch extend to Bro. McAuliff and his affected relatives our sincere sympathy in this their hour of trial; and be it Further Resolved: That this resolution be entered on the minutes of the Branch and copies sent to Brother McAuliff, Rev. Father McGovern, to the local press and the Grand Secretary for publication.

C. E. LEANEY, R.S., W. LANE S. T. & O.

A. O. H. At a meeting of Division No. 3 A. O. H. held September 27th., 1894, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His all-wise Providence, to call unto Himself the beloved wife of Bro. James Kelly, therefore be it Resolved, that we as Catholics and Hibernians, tender to Bro. James Kelly, our sincere sympathy on the loss he has sustained; be it also Resolved, that a copy of the above resolution be presented to Bro. James Kelly, a copy published in the CATHOLIC REGISTER, and Catholic Record papers and inserted in the minutes of our Division.

League of the Cross.

The regular Sunday afternoon Meeting of St. Paul's Sodality of the League was held in St. Paul's Hall, Power street, on Sunday afternoon. There was a large attendance of members, and short addresses were delivered by the Rev. Father Haud, President Cahill and others. Arrangements were completed for the opening meeting of the season, which will be held next Sunday, when a very attractive programme will be presented. It is expected that all members will be present. In fact all of the men of the parish, young or old, will be cordially welcomed.

For several months, I was troubled with persistent humor on my head which gave me considerable annoyance, until it occurred to me to try Ayer's Hair Vigor. Before using one bottle, the humor was healed."—T. T. Adams, General Merchant, Turbeville, Va.

Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, P.P. of SS. Peter and Paul's Clonmel, has been transferred to Dungarvan. Rev. Thomas McDonnell will succeed Father O'Brien in SS. Peter and Paul's parish.

C. B. M. A.

The following changes have taken place in Branch 85, (St. Michael's) Toronto: Chancellor D. J. Walsh to be financial secretary, vice Bro. J. J. Burns, resigned; Bro. D.F. McCloskey to be recording secretary, vice Bro. T. B. Wluterberry, resigned; and Bro. J. H. Hall to be assistant recording secretary vice Bro. Joseph Kinman, resigned.

THE BEST PILLS—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Delicate and Debilitated Constitution these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

THE MARKETS.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Wheat, Peas, Barley, Turkeys, Ducks, Geese, Butter, Eggs, Cabbage, Celery, Radishes, Beans, Potatoes, Beets, Carrots, Apples, Hay, and Straw.

AT THE CATTLE YARDS.

The following were the prices at the Western cattle yards to day:

Table for CATTLE prices: Good shippers, Butchers' choice, Butchers' med um, Bulls and mixed, Springers, Milk cows.

CALVES.

Table for CALVES prices: Per head, good to choice, common.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Table for SHEEP AND LAMBS prices: Shipping sheep, Butchers' sheep, Lambs, choice, Lambs, inferior.

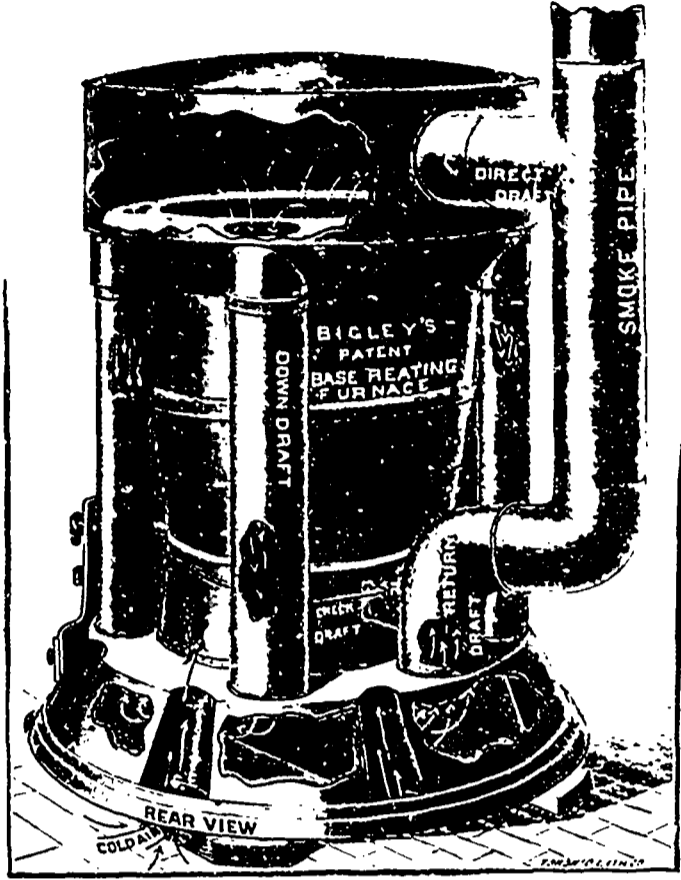
HOGS.

Table for HOGS prices: Long lean, Heavy fat hogs, Stags.

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Teachers, Students, Clergymen, Farmers, Farmers' Sons, Ladies, Girls and Boys. Will find our Splendid Art Specialties standard, reliable at sight and of the best character, and our dealings prompt, honorable and liberal. We Trust You. We send all pictures prepaid to your home. We receive back all pictures in good order, not sold. This is the most liberal offer ever made, and the pictures are the handsomest and finest selling art works ever placed in the hands of agents. You can secure without expense an honorable, legitimate and very profitable business. If you wish to become an agent for us fill out the following agreement and return it to us, and we will at once send you six samples of the pictures without our sending us one cent in advance. Most agents retail these pictures at 50 CENTS EACH, thus getting a large profit on their first order. Address GREAT WESTERN SUPPLY HOUSE, Pontiac Building, Chicago, Ill.

BIGLEY'S BASE HEATING FURNACE.



The above cut shows the rear view of the Furnace. The darts direct the way in which the heat travels down into the base and around the base and through the base and into the return flue. This is the only base heating furnace made. It is the only furnace that retains the heat and prevents the chimney carrying it off. Send for Catalogue or send plan of building. Estimates furnished on application.

R. BIGLEY, 96 and 98 Queen St. East.

By the way, Do you know we have a big sale of Trousers this week? How are your Trousers? Looking a little the worse for wear, and bagging at the knees? A new pair will add wonderfully to your appearance. We offer Good Trousers at \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 per pair. Oak Hall Clothiers, 115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto.

M. DWAN & Co., DEALERS IN BEST QUALITIES OF ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS COAL AND WOOD. OFFICE AND YARD: 78 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO. TELEPHONE 512.

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The Abbe Constantin.

BY LUDOVIC HALEVY.

CHAPTER I.

With a step still valiant and firm, an old priest walked along the dusty road in the full rays of a brilliant sun. For more than thirty years the Abbe Constantin had been curé of the little village which slept there in the plain, on the banks of a slender stream called La Lizotte.

The Abbe Constantin was walking by the wall which surrounded the park of the castle of Longueval; at last he reached the entrance gate which rested high and massive on two ancient pillars of stone, embrowned and gnawed by time. The Curé stopped and mournfully regarded two immense blue posters fixed on the pillars.

The posters announced that on Wednesday, May 16, 1881, at one o'clock P. M., would take place, before



the Civil Tribunal of Souvigny, the sale of the domain of Longueval, divided into four lots.

1. The castle of Longueval, its dependencies, fine pieces of water, extensive offices, park of one hundred and fifty hectares in extent, completely surrounded by a wall, and traversed by the little river Lizotte. Valued at six hundred thousand francs.

2. The farm of La Rozeraie, two hundred and fifty hectares, valued at four hundred thousand francs.

3. The farm of Blanche Couronne, three hundred hectares, valued at five hundred thousand francs.

4. The woods and forests of La Mionne, containing four hundred and fifty hectares, valued at five hundred and fifty thousand francs.

And these four amounts added together at the foot of the bill gave the respectable sum of two millions and fifty thousand francs.

Then they were really going to dismember this magnificent domain, which, escaping all mutilation, had for more than two centuries always transmitted intact from father to son in the family of Longueval. The placards also announced that after the temporary division into four lots it would be possible to unite them again and offer for sale the entire domain; but it was a very large morsel, and to all appearance no purchaser would present himself.

The Marquise de Longueval had died six months before. In 1873 she had lost her only son, Robert de Longueval; the three heirs were the grand children of the Marquise, Pierre, Helene and Camille. It had been found necessary to offer the domain for sale, as Helene and Camille were minors. Pierre, a young man of three-and-twenty, had lived rather fast, was already half-ruined, and could not hope to redeem Longueval.

It was mid-day. In an hour it would have a new master, this old

castle of Longueval; and this master, who would he be? What woman could take the place of the old Marquise in the chimney corner of the grand salon, all adorned with ancient tapestry—the old Marquise, the friend of the old priest? It was she who had restored the church; it was she who had established and furnished a complete dispensary at the vicarage under the care of Pauline, the Curé's servant; it was she who, twice a week in the great barouche, all crowded with little children's clothes and thick woollen petticoats, came to fetch the Abbe Constantin to make with him what she called "the chase of the poor."

The old priest continued his walk, musing over all this; then he thought too—the greatest Saints have their little weaknesses—he thought of the beloved habits of thirty years thus rudely interrupted. Every Thursday and every Sunday he had dined at the castle. How he had been petted, coaxed, indulged! Little Camille—she was eight years old—would come and sit on his knee and say to him—

"You know," Monsieur le Curé, "it is in your church I mean to be married, and grandmamma will send such heaps of flowers to fill, quite fill the church—more than for the month of Mary. It will be like a large garden—all white, all white, all white!"

The month of Mary; it was then the month of Mary. Formerly at this season the altar disappeared under the flowers brought from the conservatories of Longueval. None this year were on the altar except a few bouquets of lily-of-the-valley and white lilac in gilded china vases. Formerly, every Sunday at high Mass, and every evening during the month of Mary, Mademoiselle Hébert, the reader to Madame de Longueval, played the little harmonium given by the marquise. Now the poor harmonium, reduced to silence, no longer accompanied the voices of the choir or the children's hymns. Mademoiselle Marbeau, the post-mistress, would with all her heart have taken the place of Mademoiselle Hébert, but she dared not, though she was a little musical. She was afraid of being remarked as of the clerical party and denounced by the Mayor, who was a Freebinker. That might have been injurious to her interests and prevented her promotion.

She had nearly reached the end of the wall of the park, that park of which every corner was known to the old priest. The road now followed the banks of the Lizotte, and on the other side of the stream stretched the fields belonging to the two farms; then still farther off, rose the dark woods of La Mionne.

Divided! The domain was going to be divided! The heart of the poor priest was rent by this bitter thought. All that for thirty years had been inseparable, indivisible to him; it was a little his own, his very own, his estate, this great property. He felt at home on the lands of Longueval. It had happened more than once that he had stopped complacently before an immense cornfield, plucked an ear, removed the husk, and said to himself—

"Come! the grain is fine, firm, and sound. This year we shall have a good harvest!"

And with a joyous heart he would continue his way through his fields, his meadows, his pastures—in short, by every chord of his heart, by every tie of his life, by all his habits, his memories, he clung to this domain whose last hour had come.

The Abbe perceived in the distance the farm of Blanche-Couronne; its red tiled roofs showed distinctly against the verdure of the forest. There, again, the Curé was at home. Bernard, the farmer of the Marquise, was his friend; and when the old priest was delayed in his visits to the poor and sick, when the sun was sinking below the horizon, and the Abbe began to feel a little

fatigue in his limbs and a sensation of exhaustion in his stomach, he stopped and supped with Bernard, regaled himself with a savory stew of potatoes, and emptied his pitcher of cider. Then, after supper, the farmer harnessed his old, black mare to his cart and took the Vicar back to Longueval. The whole distance they chatted and quarrelled. The Abbe reproached the farmer with not going to mass, and the latter replied—

"The wife and the girls go for me. You know very well, Monsieur le Curé, that is how it is with us. The women have enough religion for the men. They will open the gates of Paradise for us."

And he added maliciously, while giving a touch of the whip to the old mare—

"If there is one!"

The Curé sprang from his seat.

"What! If there is one? Of a certainty there is one."

"Then you will be there, Monsieur le Curé. You say that is not certain, and I say it is. You will be there; you will be there at the gate, on the watch for your parishioners, and still busy with their little affairs; and you will say to Saint Peter—for it is Saint Peter, isn't it, who keeps the keys of Paradise?"

"Yes, is it Saint Peter?"

"Well, you will say to him, to Saint Peter, if he wants to shut the door in my face. 'Ah! let him in. It is Bernard, one of the farmers of Madame Marquise, an honest man. He was Common Council-man, and he voted for the maintenance of the sisters when they were going to be expelled from the Village school.' That will touch St. Peter, who will answer. 'Well, well, you may pass, Bernard, but it is only to please Monsieur le Curé.' You will be Monsieur le Curé up there, and Curé de Longueval too, for Paradise itself would be dull for you if you must give up being Curé de Longueval."

Curé de Longueval! Yes all his life he had been nothing but Curé de Longueval, had never dreamed of any thing else, had never wished to be anything else. Three or four times excellent livings, with one or two curates, had been offered to him; but he had always refused them. He loved his little church, his little village, his little vicarage. There he had it all to himself, saw to every thing himself; calm, tranquil, he went and came, summer or winter, in sunshine or storm, in wind or rain. His frame became hardened by fatigue and exposure; but his soul remained gentle, tender and pure.

He lived in his vicarage, which was only a large laborer's cottage, separated from the church by the churchyard. When the Curé mounted his ladder to trim his pear and peach trees, over the top of the wall he perceived the graves over which he had said the last prayer, and cast the last spadeful of earth. Then while continuing his work, he said in his heart a little prayer for the repose of those among the dead whose fate disturbed him, and who might still be detained in purgatory. He had a tranquil and childlike faith.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Coe Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was bad with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."



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LITTLE JARVIS.

A STORY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

(CONTINUED.)

Jarvis adopted Jack Bell's theory that nothing was as safe in a storm as being at sea; and the next hard blow they had, Captain Truxtun caught sight of Jarvis perched on the cross-trees, while the wind bent the mast like a reed, and the spray dashed over the fore-castle at every lurch the ship gave. The captain bawled so loud through his speaking-trumpet that he almost broke a blood vessel, and Jarvis, who thought the storm was great fun, was so perfectly terrified when he stood trembling before the angry captain, that he couldn't say a word to save his life. Here was a pretty kettle of fish, indignantly thought Jarvis, when, after a terrific wiggling, he was ordered below, if an officer can't risk his life any



time he wants to. Another one of Jarvis's troubles was, that everybody on board called him "Little Jarvis"; and when he remonstrated with the other young gentlemen who shared the luxuries of the steerage with him, he usually got a licking for it. At last this got so intolerable, especially from Brookfield—for this was before he and Jarvis became such cronies—that Jarvis fiercely resolved his honor (which he spelled with a big H) required he should put a stop to it. Therefore, one day he sat down and penned a formal challenge to mortal combat as soon as they made a port, and addressing it to Brookfield, wrathfully awaited developments. The grammar wasn't unexceptionable, and the spelling was very weak in spots, but there was no sort of doubt about Jarvis's meaning, and that he was full of fight. He also mentioned that he would not consent to fight at less than twenty paces, and ten would be more to his taste; and he hoped Mr. Brookfield would not consider this suggestion an infringement of "the code." To this alarming missive Brookfield returned the following reply:

"Mr. Brookfield presents his compliments to Mr. Jarvis, and declines absolutely sacrificing his life in the manner proposed by Mr. Jarvis. Mr. Brookfield, being five feet eleven, and weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, would be an excellent target for Mr. Jarvis at twenty paces—while Mr. Jarvis would be invisible to the naked eye at twenty paces—and if Mr. Jarvis buzzes about Mr. Brookfield any more, Mr. Brookfield promises Mr. Jarvis the handsomest drubbing he ever had in his life."

When Jarvis read this letter he fairly danced with rage. Brookfield, down in the steerage, stretched out on a locker, reading, happened to glance up, and there stood Jarvis, glaring at him, and evidently red-hot. As Jarvis was not actually five feet high, Brookfield could easily have settled him with one hand tied behind his back, so that Jarvis's ferocious air didn't frighten him particularly.

"Mr. Brookfield," asked Jarvis, in a trembling voice, which he in vain

tried to make cool and composed, "did you write this letter, sir?"

"I did, you young rascalion," calmly answered Brookfield, laying down his book.

"Then, sir," continued Jarvis, nearly bursting with wrath, "all I have to say, sir, is, that your conduct, sir—your conduct is unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, and you are a coward, sir—"

By the time the word was out of his mouth, Brookfield had jumped two feet in the air, and seizing Jarvis by the collar of his jacket, was shaking him up and down as a mastiff shakes a terrier, while he beat the devil's tattoo on Jarvis's unfortunate ribs. When Brookfield put him down, Jarvis was blind and breathless, but perfectly undaunted.

"Will you take that back?" roared Brookfield, now as angry as Jarvis, "and if you don't, by the Lord Harry, I'll—"

"N—n—no," gasped Jarvis, "I won't take it back—"

In another minute Jarvis was again dangling in the air at the end of Brookfield's brawny arm. The first shaking wasn't a patch on the second one.

"Now will you take it back?" howled Brookfield, stamping his foot.

"No—confound you!" shouted Jarvis, game to the backbone, and stamping his foot back at Brookfield.

Brookfield, breathing very hard, looked intently at Jarvis, who, with folded arms and a cool that was meant to be appalling on his pink and white face, stood awaiting his fate. Half a dozen grinning midshipman had crowded round by that time, and somebody called out, "Hooray for Jarvis!"

"Look here, you fellows," said Brookfield, turning to them, "did you ever see anything like the little beggar's pluck? Drat my eyes, but I've got half a mind to fight the 'brat anyhow'—and as this he seized Jarvis again, but, instead of shaking him, he threw the boy across his shoulder and began to parade up and down, accompanied by a crew of yelling, cheering midshipmen, all hurrahing for Jarvis, who was kicking and pounding with all his might. In the midst of the hullabaloo, a lieutenant, unobserved came running down the gangway, and, the first the howling mob of middies knew, was in the midst, shouting, angrily:

"What is the meaning of this infernal racket?"

The lieutenant was in a boiling rage. His cap was askew, and when he tried to straighten it he slammed it down so hard that the peak was nearly over his left ear.

An instant hush fell upon the crowd, every one of whom stood bolt upright at "Attention!" including little Jarvis, who, half in and half out of his jacket, had slipped down from Brookfield's shoulder, and stood red and trembling before the peppery lieutenant.

Brookfield was the first to recover his composure.

"I can not tell a lie, sir," he said, with much suavity—for nothing on earth could upset Brookfield's composure. "It was all Mr. Jarvis's fault. Mr. Jarvis objects pointedly to being called 'Little Jarvis,' and because I happened to allude to him in those terms he challenged me to mortal combat, as soon as we make a port. I declined, sir, upon the ground that the contest was unequal, Mr. Jarvis being perfectly invisible at the distance he proposed to fight, while I can be easily seen half a mile off. Then Mr. Jarvis came up and called me a coward, and, although I almost galloped the life out of him for it, Mr. Jarvis declined to apologize, and I had to repeat the operation. Mr. Jarvis still persisting in his remarks, though I nearly killed him, I and the other midshipmen present concluded that Mr. Jarvis ought to be rewarded for his gallantry; and we were testifying our respect for him, sir, when you appeared."

The lieutenant, during all this rigmarole, coughed once or twice, put his cap on straight, and managed to keep from grinning, like the midshipmen.

"Mr. Jarvis," he said, in a very meek, mild voice, "I regret very much that I shall have to report you for language unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. Meanwhile, it will give me a great deal of pleasure if you will dine in the ward-room with me to-night."

Little Jarvis could hardly believe his ears. What was it all about, any how? He had called Brookfield a coward, and Brookfield had licked him, and here were all the midshipmen hurrahing for Jarvis, and the lieutenant inviting him to dinner in the ward-room.

"Th—th—thank you, sir," he managed to stammer, when prodded by Brookfield; and then the lieutenant bowed formally and went off, and the noise began exactly where it had been before. (TO BE CONTINUED)



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O. and Q. Railway	7.45 8.00	7.35 7.40
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N. and N. W.	7.30 4.50	10.05 8.10
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C. V. R.	7.00 3.00	12.15 pm 8.50
G. W. R.	a.m. p.m.	1 m. p.m.
	noon 9.00	2.00
	6.30 4.00	10.40 8.20
	10.00	
U. S. N. Y.	6.30 12.00 n	9.00 5.45
	4.00 12.30	11.00
U.S. West'n States	10.00	
	6.30 12 n.	9.00 8.20
	10.30	

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