



# The Catholic Register.

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

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## Register of the Week.

His Excellency the Earl of Aberdeen performed for the first time, the official act of opening the Dominion House of Parliament on Thursday last. As the Chamber was more than usually brilliant with the distinguished assembly of ministers, members and invited guests who went to hear, to see and be seen. Lord Aberdeen delivered the following speech from the throne:

"Honorable gentlemen of the Senate, gentlemen of the House of Commons:—In the Queen's name I greet you for the first time since assuming the high function intrusted to me by her Majesty, and it is with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction that I thus meet you assembled for the labors of another session of Parliament.

"This feeling of satisfaction is enhanced by the opportunities which I have already enjoyed of visiting and in my official capacity renewing acquaintance with several of the chief centres of the enterprise and activity of this Dominion; nor need I refrain from assuring you that I have been deeply impressed by the heartiness of the reception accorded to me as her Majesty's Vicaroy and representative, a reception which has once more manifested the loyalty, the cordiality and the public spirit of the Canadian people.

"My predecessor was able to express gratification to you last year on an increase in trade and on the continued progress of the Dominion. It is gratifying to me to observe that the expectation which was then formed, that the volume of trade during the then current year would exceed that of any year in the history of the Dominion, has been fully realized and that Canada's progress continues with every mark of stability and permanence. It may be observed with satisfaction that a large proportion of this increase is shown to have been due to an extension of our commerce with Great Britain.

"It is a cause of thankfulness that our people have been spared in a very great degree from the sufferings which have visited the populations of some other countries during many months past, and that while the commercial depression prevailing abroad could not but affect the activity of business in the Dominion, we have been free from any extensive financial disaster or widespread distress.

"The revenues of the year have been ample for the services which you provided for, and have met the expectations on which the appropriations of last year were based.

"The peaceful conclusion, by the award of the arbitrators at Paris, of the controversy which had prevailed so long with respect to the real fisheries in the Pacific Ocean and the rights of British subjects in the Behring Sea has removed the only source of contention which existed between Great Britain and the United States with regard to Canada. There is every reason to believe that her Majesty's Government will obtain redress for those Canadian subjects of her Majesty who were deprived of their property and liberty without just cause while the controversy was in progress.

"At an early date a measure will be laid before you having for its object a revision of the duties of customs, with a view to meet the changes which time has effected in business operations of all kinds throughout the Dominion. While my ministers do not propose to change the principles on which the existing enactments on this subject are based the amendments which will be offered for your consideration are designed to simplify the operation of the tariff and to lessen, as far as can be done consistently with those principles and with the requirements of the treasury, the imposts which are now in force.

"There will also be laid before you a measure on the subject of bankruptcy and insolvency, which will, it is hoped, make more adequate provision than now exists on that subject for the increasing trade and commerce of the country, and for the greatly expanded trade between the several Provinces of Canada.

"Measures will also be submitted to you making more effective provisions for our lines of steam communication on the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

"For improving the law with regard to Dominion lands and with regard to the management of Indian affairs.

"Also a bill respecting joint stock companies.

"Another with respect to the fisheries, and several less important measures which experience has suggested with regard to various matters under your control.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons.—The public accounts will be submitted to you at an early date, and also the estimates to the expenditure which has been considered necessary for the ensuing year.

"Hon. gentlemen of the Senate; gentlemen of the House of Commons.—While it is hoped that the public measures which will demand your attention will not be very numerous, some of them will be of great weight and importance, and it is my earnest hope and prayer that the care and zeal which you will apply to the deliberation of the session may be aided by the abundant blessing of the Almighty."

The Budget occupied the Local Legislature all week. A long and eloquent debate took place when Mr. A. F. Wood moved an amendment concerning the appointment and payment by fees of Registrars.

English politics are settling down. The remarks of Lord Rosebery that England as the dominant member of the three kingdoms would have to be convinced of its justice at first caused consternation amongst the Irish members, wonder amongst the Liberals and unaffected delight amongst the Conservatives and their allies.

The Irish party under Justin McCarthy closed their three days' session on the 14th inst. The principal object of the conference was to choose a new advisory committee of eight to act with the chairman, Justin McCarthy. The new committee consists of: Justin McCarthy (chairman), Edward Blake, Michael Davitt, John Dillon, Timothy Healy, William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Thomas Seaton and T. D. Sullivan. A great deal of bad feeling has been engendered and several members of the Healy faction left for Ireland. They regard the whole business as an attempt to diminish their influence in party councils, but believing that the Irish electors are with them, several of them talk about testing the question by resigning their seats and seeking re-election. When will they heal or bury their differences?

Another bomb was thrown in Paris. Just as Vespers were about to begin in the Church of the Madeline on Friday afternoon, a man passed through the main entrance. He was about to go through the swinging doors when the door was suddenly opened from within. It struck him violently on the arm. This blow caused him to jerk his hand from his pocket, and with it came the bomb which fell to the floor. The bomb immediately exploded, killing the man instantly and mutilating him in a fearful manner.

As a result of the Holy Father's action towards the Republic of France, the French Government is adopting a new spirit towards the Church. The

St. Denis Municipal Council in Paris, aggressively secularist, issued lately an order prohibiting the use of religious emblems in general processions. A Royalist Deputy brought the matter before the Chamber, asking whether the Government approved of such petty persecutions. M. Spuller the Minister of Worship replied that the Mayor was wrong, and the Government had quashed this part of the decree.

"The Government thus signified," he added, "that in these religious quarrels a paramount principle must sway us—the principle of tolerance—tolerance enlightened and humane, which is inspired not only by liberalism of ideas but by warmth of heart."

"You may count," was his answer to cries of 'Traitor' from the Left," on the firmness with which we shall continue the policy of the independence of the civil power in its own domain, as regards the Church, and also on what I call a new spirit, the spirit which tends, in a society so profoundly troubled as ours, to bring back all Frenchmen to ideas of good sense, justice and charity."

When asked to define the "new spirit," Mr. Spuller claimed that what was possible in 1877 was now no longer so, and might even be dangerous. "Instead of carrying on a paltry, vexatious, worrying war, we want a spirit of tolerance, of renovation, quite different from that which animated the policy previously pursued.

The Count de Muns who also took part in the incident, felt a great delight in the Government's change of policy. To him it was in a large measure due. It is also due in some degree—and he confessed it with shame as a patriot—to a very different man, the wretch who threw the bomb in the Chamber. If they were confronted by Anarchists it might be worth their while to make friends even with Catholics.

When Gladstone first heard of the conversion to Rome of his two great friends Manning and Hope-Scott, he said: "I felt as if I had lost both my eyes." How strange! It looks as if the words would come home to him after nearly fifty years.

The self-appointed censor of the English speaking world, Mr. Stead, has written a book entitled "If Christ came to Chicago," wherein he gives his experiences in this great city of the West. Upon the No-Popery Fanatics he writes: "The second devil which to-day needs exorcism is one I did not expect to find in a civilized and progressive country. Of all folklore tales, the most horrible is that of

the Vampire of the Levant. The A. P. A., that strange association for the protection of the American citizens, reminds me of the restless vampire of south-eastern Europe. No Popery fanaticism died fifty years ago in England. We imagined it dead and buried. Here in Western America we find the same old demon, with its familiar hoofs and horns and tail, scaring the old women of both sexes with the bogey of intending massacre and of the dominations of sixty millions by six. Ridicule ought to be the best means for exorcising this belated survival of antiquated bigotry."

It is a pleasure to see, that there are a few of the newspapers opposed to the A.P.A. organization in the States. The *Boston Republic* speaking of the *Haverhill Gazette* says, "it has taken, from the very outset, a manly, bold American attitude against the A. P. A. It has warned the Republicans of Haverhill and the adjacent towns to keep out of the movement. It espoused the cause of a public official who had incurred the displeasure of these bigots by reason of his liberality toward Catholics. For its advocacy of toleration and fair play to all classes of citizens our contemporary is to be punished. The members of the organization have declared war against the *Gazette*."

On Saturday, the 3rd of March was the anniversary of the coronation of the Holy Father, Mass was sung *Coram Pontifice* in the Sixtine chapel. Before the ceremony the Holy Father gave an audience to the officers of the Noble Swiss and Palatine Guards, who offered him their homage, fidelity and good wishes. In the Hall of the Throne the Holy Father received members of the Noble Guard who had come for the same purpose. Crowds waited to see the Sovereign Pontiff as he was carried to the Sixtine chapel. The Holy Father assisted at the Mass from the throne.

The Notre Dame University has bestowed the Lactare medal on the eminent theatrical manager of New York, Mr. Augustin Daly. "There is no doubt," says the *Boston Republic*, "that the faculty of Notre Dame, in singling him out as the layman who had done the greatest service to Catholicity during the past year made an exceedingly wise choice. Yet had anyone predicted half a century ago that in the year 1894 a person connected with the stage would have been named as the most prominent Catholic of the country, he would have been laughed at. The complacency, or rather the acclamation, with which the news of Mr. Daly's honor was received is a striking proof of the change of feeling that has taken place toward the theatre during the past few years."

## CATHOLIC HIGHER EDUCATION.

The following reply to the article in the *New York Independent* upon the subject of Catholic Higher Education appeared in the same journal dated March 1st. It is from the pen of Dr. Shahan of the Washington University:

The sombre view, which, in the *Independent* of Feb. 15, a Catholic expresses concerning the future of higher education in his Church, is likely to draw out some lively comment that may dispel the obscurity which reigns in his mind concerning the intellectual life and attitude of the Catholic Church.

I. The facts concerning the intellectual life in the Catholic Church.

This writer, utterly unknown to Catholics, says that "the great modern thinkers, from Locke to Emerson, have, everyone of them, been without the pale of Rome." This is categorical. We humbly submit in reply a short list of Catholic men within the "pale of Rome" who have done some thinking that the world has found good, and we ask the reader to draw his own conclusion.

(a) *In the Physical Sciences.* Among the chief astronomers of this age are the Catholics Secchi, Perry, Ferrari, Denza, Leverrier, Folie and Biot. There are no greater names in modern chemistry than those of J. B. Dumas and Chevreul, while in mathematics we may cite Cauchy, Gibbs, Tortolini and Hirn; in geology, De Barande, Elie de Beaumont, d'Omalus and Lapparent, in botany, the two Jussieus, in geography, the two d'Abbadies, in biology, St. George Mivart, Pasteur, Van Beneden and Fleurens; in anthropology, de Nadaillec.

(b) *In the Social Sciences.*—No name is more familiar than that of Le Play, to which may be added Bastia, Claudio Jannet and Perrin, while in the domain of criminology Catholics are justly proud of Thomissen. The modesty of Carlo Alibrandi prevented him from being much talked of in his lifetime, but just now the great exponent of the Roman law is proclaimed as the foremost of his time, and an "epoch-maker" in his treatment of the ancient legal texts.

(c) *In Philology and History.*—Our age is especially noted for its devotion to Oriental studies. The Catholic Church can boast of such men as Ignazio Guidi, Rubens Duval and Bickell, masters of Semitic languages; De Harlez and De Lacouperie, accomplished Chinese scholars; Ciasca, Peyron, Rossi, Eugene Revillout, the Coptic savants, Abbeloos and Coriani, skilled knowers of Syriac; the Jesuits of Beirut, whose efforts for Arabic literature are known to the European and Asiatic world, and to some few on this side of the water. De Rouge, the Schaiparelli and the Revillouts are Catholics, and we hold them as good Egyptologists as Europe can show. Among the Greek and Latin philologists I may quote Valien, of Berlin, and the Jesuit Fox, whose analysis of the Crown oration of Demosthenes is the best yet published, and in constant use in the German schools. "The nineteenth century," says Augustin Thierry, himself a convert to Catholicism, "will be marked among all the ages by its devotion to the study of history." Has the Church any reason to be ashamed of her children's record in this branch of human knowledge, which is supposed to be especially fatal to her claims? Just here I will only quote the works of foreign Catholics. The father of Christian archaeology is John Baptist de Rossi, the collaborator of all the great classical undertakings of the Academy of Berlin, and a polyhistor unsurpassed in this age. He works surrounded by a school which yields to none in Europe for scientific method, full discussion of sources and origins and abundant works.

The chief of all the great modern historical schools of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome is the venerable Catholic Ecole des Chartes, at Paris, on whose plan all the others were founded. Where is there a more critical medievalist than the Dominican Donille, and who can surpass the Abbe Duchesne in the handling of the intricate and difficult texts of the early middle ages? Since the days of Mabillon and Montfaucon his like has not appeared in Europe. Potthast, the librarian of the Reichstag and editor of the most valuable medieval historical helps and collections, is a Catholic, as is Schaffer Boichois, ordinary professor of medieval history in the University of Berlin, and an incomparable critic of early European annals. I do not speak of men like Hefele, Hergenrother and Doellinger in his Catholic days (when he did his best work), nor of Cantu and Janssen: they are inferior to none of their class for any of the qualities or graces of an historian. Our sombre Catholic friend need not be downcast, we will get our Catholic professors at Washington in the same way that the above mentioned writers and teachers grew up by hard study, application and observation of whatever is good in the teaching world. And there is nothing in the Church to prevent us from saying with St. Augustine: "*Quid isti et ista cur non ego.*" I will add that men of genius, the summities of the academic profession, are no more the special product of any religion than they are of any century or any philosophy. A university may be very well conducted and furnish the very best results if it has well trained, painstaking professors and instructors, and provides for the observance of the most approved methods in the pursuance of the studies of the curriculum.

I have cited above only the names of quite modern Catholic scientists, and of them only those who recur to my mind at once. But the Catholic Church has a long list of celebrities in every department of human thought. In every century, until the rise of Protestantism, the greatest of the world's intellectual glories were her children, experiencing no restraint and recognizing no incompatibility between their religious belief and their intellectual development. The great Fathers of the Church are hers, the great missionaries of the pagan world, the great builders of cathedrals and majestic abbeys, the great artists in stone and metal, the divine Raphael and Michael Angelo, the inspired singers of the sweetest and most sublime strains. The great poets are hers, the builders of the medieval epics with Dante at their head; and if Shakespeare was not a Catholic, his plays mirror Catholic life and thought, while it would be difficult to say how much of the glorious coloring of his work is the result of his readings and impressions in a period when England was yet, confessedly, largely Catholic. The Catholic Church did not destroy classic learning, but tenderly picked up the torn leaves of the old books from beneath the feet of the barbarian war-horses; she did not wreck the treasures of art nor call the schools of antiquity "dens of robbers, temples of Moloch, synagogues of perdition," as Luther styled the great Christian universities. These universities themselves grow up under ecclesiastical influences. One must be very ignorant to think that Oxford and Cambridge and Vienna owe nothing to the Catholic Church. Their statutes, their libraries, their funds, their traditions, their very cosmopolitan influence are Catholic. *Res clamat domino.*

## II. The question of principle.

We are told that it is impossible to succeed at Washington because of the Damocles sword of Papal censure which is ever hanging over our heads, threatening us into despairing silence

or driving us out from all religious belief. If a man tells me I cannot walk, I say, "*Sollicitur ambulando.*" And so, I answer that the Catholic Church has been for centuries a teacher of the human race, that she has not only tolerated, but built up and protected all the great old universities of Europe (we are tired of repeating the splendid list), that Rome is ever anxious to open new universities and further their interests. The University of Washington has some enemies, yet from Rome this dangerous thinking establishment has so far experienced only sympathy and protection. The Catholic Church never interlopes with the methods, principles or legitimate conclusions of any science. But she holds a deposit of divine revelation, a code written by the Holy Ghost, the very truth, and entrusted to her undying and divinely protected infallible consciousness. She must, by her very nature and mission condemn whatever is opposed to those truths of which she is the depository, and which, on the assurance of God, cannot be opposed to any other real truth. But in thus acting she does not deprive human liberty of any right. The conclusions of one natural science cannot contradict those of another there can be only an apparent antilogy.

And so it is with the ecclesiastical condemnations of certain propositions. These condemnations do not always affect the doctrine of a proposition or a teaching. Sometimes they are only an exercise of the Church authority for disciplinary or prudential reasons. Even when they aim at the doctrine, there are many gradations in the notes of censure applicable to it. Nor are such condemnations issued hastily or without grave reasons. The decisions of the Roman ecclesiastical commissions, as such, are not infallible. One may believe that a Congregation might have acted with more circumspection, allowed a larger freedom, sought more information, while loyally exercising its authority and obeying. But when the Church formally condemns a doctrine, there can only be the appearance of truth about it; further study, fresher discoveries being likely to justify the action of the ecclesiastical authority. Moreover, this principle is not peculiar to the Catholic Church; it is that by which all Christian orthodox sects justify the condemnations of the heresies of Arius, Nestorius and Eutyches. They differ from the Church only in the extent and actuality of its application.

I might quote here the conduct of the early reformers, the well-known action and principles of Luther and Calvin anent any form of Christianity different from their own. If we trusted our despairing Catholic friend we would believe that Catholicism had a monopoly of the persecution of men of science. But let him peruse the works of Draper and Lecky, let him recall the history of Kepler, of the introduction of the Gregorian Calendar, of the sufferings of the Catholic Marquis of Worcester, the reputed inventor of the steam engine, of inoculation for smallpox, and of quinine, he will learn that Catholic theologians are not alone to blame for what the so-called martyrs of science have had to endure.

It is not so long ago that from non-Catholic pulpits geology was denounced as "a dark art" and no subject of lawful inquiry, while Cardinal Wiseman won the approbation of Sir Charles Lyell for his liberal and correct views on the subject. As a matter of fact, every positive religion, in which there yet exists firm faith in its principles, of a necessity bars out all conclusions opposed to them. Else why the Briggs and Smith trials for heresy? Why the condemnation of the Bishop of Lincoln by the Archbishop of Canterbury? We may differ

as to the manner of applying this innate authority, as to the extent of the punishment and the choice of victims, but as far as the principle is concerned nothing can be urged against the Catholic Church that does not rebound upon the orthodox Christian sects and upon Christianity, which if left helpless to defend itself, would soon become a mere law of life, or a fresh philosophy on the long catalogue of human aberrations.

## III. The Catholic Church and the English language.

It is true that Catholics consider that for three centuries the English language has been used as a weapon against them. But does anybody imagine that the Catholic clergy and people had nothing to do with the original making of the English language, that the genius of Chaucer is not as much to the credit of the Catholic Church as that of Hooker or Jeremy Taylor to the credit of the Church of England? On this subject we would recommend to our Catholic friend the works of Mr. Stopford Brooke and Mr. Morley on "*Early English Literature*," or the solid little volume of Brother Azarias "*On the Development of Early English Thought*." English literature owes much to Protestant writers; but it was a great and plastic instrument of speech long before the accident of the Reformation, and all the odors of the Catholic sanctuary and fireside have not yet died out of it. The splendid efflorescence of English literature in the sixteenth century was only the natural outcome of a movement whose origins lay far back of the Reformation, and in which the Catholic clergy had its proper share, as may be seen by the munificent labors of Cardinal Wolsey, who rivalled in England his Spanish contemporary Ximenes.

The Catholic Church points with pride to the names of Manning, Newman and Brownson as representatives of general English literature, whose best work was done after entering the Church; to her poets, such as Moore, Faber, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, Adelaide Proctor, R. D. Joyce, Boyle O'Reilly, Denis Florence MacCarthy, D'Aroy McTee, Mangan, Callanan and others. The Catholic Celt had infused into the English verse no small element of its ringing lyricism, its tender, plaintive melancholy, its rare, keen sense of color, its passion for the glories of nature. He gave it that pity and mild sweetness in which it was naturally wanting; he taught it tricks of rhyme and jingle odd, startling contrasts of expression; he decked out in a Christian garb the lusty pagan youngster, and watched over his now-forgotten youth until he was able to look out for himself—all of which can be seen in Matthew Arnold's *Essay on Celtic Literature*. Has our friend ever heard of Gerald Griffin, the *Banims*, and *Carleton*—true wizards of romance; or does he not know that it is the element of Catholic medieval life which makes so splendid and attractive the deathless literature of Scott's novels?

Two Roman Cardinals of English tongue have left romances that will endure as pure, sweet English as long as the language is spoken by the multitudinous races which now own it, and whose various influences upon its formation it will be one day hard to decipher. We need not be ashamed of the oratory of O'Connell, who freed a whole people by the witchery of his tongue, nor of the golden eloquence of Shiel, that modern Sedulus, the Gibbon of parliamentarians, for richness of imagery and gorgeous pomp of diction. In English history we believe that the names of Lingard, O'Connor, Lanigan, Bridgett, Bishop, Gasquet, Marshall, Moran, Brady, O'Hanlon, Malone, Healy and many other Catholics would soon be missed from any biography on the subject; while Celtic philology has yet to find

the superiors of men like John O'Donovan and Eugene O'Curry, who read between them the 20,000 manuscript pages of the vernacular literature of Ireland—an unparalleled feat in the history of archivists or paleographers!

#### IV. Loose and inexact statements.

It is grossly misleading to say of Catholic colleges *en bloc* that they use the name Catholic only to cover their numerous deficiencies. These schools labor under many difficulties; they have no endowments, their pupils come from the honest, but poor middle classes, the positions of the teachers are not remunerative, yet they are yearly progressing, and their progress and results will compare favorably with those of many similarly graded colleges. It is manifestly unfair to compare these preparatory schools, as our Catholic friend does, with such institutions as Yale and Harvard, whose central position and princely incomes make them the natural resort of studious youth. One must know little of Catholic life to think that the latter are frequented only by the cultured and aristocratic Catholics. There are certain schools and so-called universities in this country, governed by non-Catholics, which are far inferior to certain Catholic colleges, but we do not point the finger of scorn at them, for we know that it is only within the last generation that money, the great promoter of learning, has begun to flow abundantly into the coffers of even such old schools as Yale and Harvard. That there are deficiencies in Catholic colleges will be denied by no one; but they are as much chargeable to the local administration and to temporary circumstances as to a belated traditionalism. They cannot be served up as a reproach to the church in general, which certainly desires their amelioration, and is working for it as fast as her many occupations permit. In Europe there are many excellent Church schools and colleges under the control of the diocesan clergy and lay teachers which are the equals of any similar governmental institution.

It is true that in our Catholic schools and colleges we do not venerate Oliver Cromwell, for reasons intelligible to Catholics and men of heart, but if we are forbidden to lift up our eyes to Jefferson and Lincoln, why then, *pace*, our good friend, we will humbly gaze at Sheridan, Roscerans, Shields, or that green hillside of Fredericksburg, which is soaked with Irish Catholic blood poured out in the defence of the Union.

As to the sneers at St. Benedict Labre and St. Aloysius, one might imagine that they were out of place in the mouth of a Catholic writing on so high a theme as the relations of the Church and science. Nor will I stop to answer the coarse sophism which any intelligent person can discover in them. Is all the higher culture of this country in the hands of Protestants, as our friend assures us? Even if it were so, that would prove nothing. There was very little culture about the first Christian communities for several hundred years, in comparison with the pagan world about them. Culture is a purely secular thing, a matter of wealth, birth and any accidents that do not affect this question of the Church and science. Some may like to think that the Catholic element holds its own in this matter.

As to the system of training adopted by the Jesuits, I understand how objection may be taken to it, and that of Port Royal, the orator, or the German gymnasium preferred. Honest criticism of their system is one thing and a sweeping condemnation of it is another. The system trained in its day many great men, and such critics as Bacon, Grotius and D'Aembert. I felt bound to praise it. It is possible that the Jesuits do not issue brand-new editions of the classics every day.

But when one reflects on the many misfortunes which have fallen upon the order in this century, the great amount of mission work they perform in this country, and remembers that the classics are not edited on the horse-car or in the confessional, but in the quiet of great libraries by men of leisure, for whom governments or corporations frequently assume the risk, he will see that there is something to say for the Jesuits in this matter. At least their efforts in the past might provoke a word of gratitude, for, be it known, their editions *cum notis variorum* and *ad usum Delphini* have furnished no new pickings to the great giants of modern philology.

"*Prima fu Cimabue ed ora ha Giotto il grido.*"

#### V. Conclusion.

The Catholic University of Washington has been in operation for nearly five years, during which time a valuable tract of land, consisting of some seventy acres, has been secured, and buildings erected of the value of \$600,000. In the faculty of theology eight chairs have been endowed, each with \$50,000, by kind benefactors, and as many scholarships of \$5,000 each. The Year Book shows that the theological courses are not inferior in value and interest as those offered by any similar institution in Europe or America. The first years of any large school are not typical ones by which to judge its efficiency or its future, since the details of organization take up no small share of the time of the professors and the administration, while the funds must be amassed on which it shall live, a library put together, and the usual experience gathered which is as necessary for large bodies as for individuals. But if we may be allowed to follow the old scholastic saw which tells us to conclude to the unknown from the things we know, we have every reason to be hopeful of the success of the new philosophical faculty. The supposed repression of scientific research on the part of the Roman Church is not likely to be any greater at Washington than at the Catholic University of Louvain, which counts thousands of students on its registers and need not fear comparison with other first-class universities of Europe.

#### Origin of Several Fashions.

Fashions have frequently originated in endeavors of the inventors to hide some deformity. Hoops, for instance, to conceal an ill-shaped hip; ruffles, a scar on the neck, perhaps; large sleeves history does not mention, and conjecture might not be acceptable. Patches were invented in the reign of Edward VI, by a lady, who in this manner covered a wen on her neck. Charles VII, of France, introduced long coats, to hide crooked legs. Peaked shoes, full two feet long, were invented by the Duke of Anjou, to conceal a deformed foot. Francis I, was obliged, from a wound in his head, to wear short hair, and hence the fashion.

Isabella of Bavaria, was proud of her beauty, and introduced the custom of leaving the neck and shoulders uncovered. Charles V, by severe edicts, banished tight breeches; and during the reign of Elizabeth, enormous large breeches came in fashion. The beaux of that day stuffed their breeches with rags, feathers, wool, and other light stuff, till they resembled huge bales of cotton. To come up with them the ladies invented large petticoats. It was said that two lovers could not come within seven feet of each other. At one time, square toes ran to such a width, that proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes more than six inches broad at the toes.

The trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

#### Chats About Books.

There has at last appeared a Catholic writer for boys whose books are received by the youngsters with genuine delight. They are not sugar-coated pills, nor has all the boyishness and robustness of the modern youth been boiled out of them by the fire of over-refinement.

These books are the records of life in a Jesuit College done from the life by Father Finn, S.J., of the St. Louis University. They began with "Percy Wynn," and the latest is "Claude Lightfoot."

In the beginning, the critics objected to the extreme goodness and beauty of the young heroes. They even insisted that the boys talked too much slang, and shook their heads over the encouragement given to base-ball and football. The fact that Father Finn's boys played tricks might induce other boys to play tricks. In fact, some of the critics were disappointed because Father Finn did not make a set of conventional boys imitated from the pious little Savoyard and Hendrick Conscience's small boys. The critic—especially the critic who looks after the reading matter of Catholic youth—is very rigid. He condemns Dickens as "vulgar" and loves the beautiful books from the French, in which the young Count and the humble peasant take leading parts. Father Finn, however, put the real boy in his books, the consequence is that the real boy receives with joy each new book by the author of "Tom Playfair," and Christmas would lack much of its glee if there were no new book by Father Finn. "Claude Lightfoot" is published by the Benzigers, and Father Finn is as fortunate in his publishers as he is in his audience. If Benziger Bros. or some other publishing firm with capital and enterprise would print a series of books for girls as honest, as American, and as sympathetic as those of Father Finn, the audience would be found ready and waiting—as the authors are. Miss Dorsey, Miss Brunowe, Miss Crowley have done charming work for children in the *Ave Maria*—and Miss Imogene Guiney and Mr. George Lathrop, whose "Behind Time" shows what he can do for children, could be induced to enter the ranks in the interest of the young people.

Some curiosity has been excited by the series of articles in the *Catholic World* called "Adirondack Tales," and by certain very honest critiques of contemporary Catholic writers printed in the *Montreal True Witness* and other journals. The name signed to these is "Walter Lecky," this is a penname, which covers the identity of a young man whose life is that of a recluse. He lives among books in a little Canadian village in the region which he celebrates. He has travelled extensively; is at present engaged at translating some of the Antonio de Trueba's Spanish stories of peasant life.

The latest book issued from Mr. P. O'Shea's press is the "Elementary Forms of Christian Philosophy," adapted from the French of Brother Louis of Poissy. It is veritably a lucid book. One of the most valuable chapters is that on "Different Opinions on the Nature of Universals." It is not intended for the seasoned dialectician, or for the scholastic so acute that nothing but the discovery of a new heresy in an old thesis has any charm for him. If we may judge from the number of approvals it has received, it is entirely sound even in the minutest details. But what most concerns the majority of laymen—whose only test of the soundness of philosophy is the dictum of competent authority—is the fact that it tells them, without the undue use of technical terms, just what they want to know. If Herbert Spencer, if Huxley, even, if, in France, Renan is read more extensively than orthodox writers, it is because human nature prefers to understand what it

reads, not because human nature is essentially depraved. The "Christian Philosophy" of Brother Louis of Poissy has the merit of clearness.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

#### Catholic Sailors.

An Irish priest writes in the *Irish Catholic and Nation*: A short time ago I met with a Catholic sailor who complained very bitterly to me of the way in which himself and his fellow-Catholic sailors have been treated up to the present by their co-religionists, especially, he says, when it must be admitted as a sad fact that, although sailors of other religions are literally swamped with every kind of literature, both sacred and profane, by their friends for use at sea, the unfortunate Catholic seaman must either shift for himself in this matter, or else pass the voyage without a book or paper, religious or otherwise, except he reads the Salvation Army tracts, etc. I confess that this poor man's story came upon me like an electric shock, and I almost mechanically asked myself is it possible that such a disheartening state of things exist in Catholic Ireland? Are Catholics alone to bear the stigma of being the only community that has no thought whatever for the spiritual or other welfare of Jack at sea? Are there no good priests or Catholic laymen, or ladies in Dublin, Waterford or other large ports, to see that Jack will have some sort of pabulum, at least, to satisfy his spiritual and intellectual cravings when his spell of watching is over? I refuse to believe this, Mr. Editor. I merely wish to bring the matter forward and let others work out some efficient plan of campaign to meet this crying want. One thing is certain, that it is a question that cries for a speedy solution if we wish to avoid incurring a deep disgrace. Perhaps, before ending, you might allow me to suggest that a committee of charitably disposed persons, clerical and lay, be formed at once in all our large seaport towns to devise some solution. And I am sure, sir, that if such bodies were formed, that scores, ay, hundreds, of good Catholics would only be too happy to give them the means of supplying the Catholic sailors with good and wholesome religious and secular literature for use at sea.

#### Importance of a Beard.

An odd story is told in the Algerian journals concerning the late Cardinal Lavigerie and his patriarchal beard. When first appointed to his African archbishopric he observed that all his priests wore long beards, and he did not like it, and gave them orders that on the morrow they should conform to the usage of the French clergy and get shaved. They were in consternation. But the Rev. Father Girard, superior of the seminary, and the longest-bearded of them all, told them not to hurry to the barber. He was sure the Monsignor would change his mind.

The next day he went with the Archbishop on a visit to a native village. The newly shaven figure of Mgr. Lavigerie was regarded with surprise by the people, who asked Father Girard certain questions. The Archbishop inquired what they were saying. "Oh nothing," was the reply; "you mustn't pay attention to them, they are overgrown children. They cannot understand that a man should shave, and ask if you are my wife."

Mgr. Lavigerie said not a word more to his priests about shaving, and he began the culture of that magnificent beard which gave him such an imposing presence.

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

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The National Anniversary Duly Honored in Toronto.

Eloquent Address by Rev. Father Ryan.

Due honor was paid to the patron saint of Ireland on the 17th, and in a style, too, which perhaps never before has been surpassed in Toronto, as far as general good order is concerned. No hitch occurred during the parade and not a word was said against the processionists by the crowds that lined the thoroughfares en route to the cathedral, but rather, on the other hand, many were the cheers raised and words of praise as the different bodies marched past.

The time-honored rendezvous of the Irish Catholic Benevolent and other Catholic societies, St. Lawrence hall, was the place of muster, and a lively crowd it was that gathered at the starting point.

A squad of Toronto's mounted police led the parade along King street to Power, down Queen, and up Bond, to the cathedral, where the religious functions took place.

At St. Michael's cathedral the choir sang Mozart's "Twelfth Mass," and later on "Hilbernia's Champion Saint." His Grace, the Archbishop was present, Vice General McCann celebrated the mass *coram pontifice*. Rev. Father Tracey delivered an eloquent address (which will be given in our next issue in full) on the life of St. Patrick. His Grace Archbishop Walsh also spoke to the gathering.

After the religious ceremonies were finished the processionists re-formed, and returned to St. Lawrence hall, by way of Shuter, Yonge, Queen, and King streets, where they were dismissed.

At Association Hall.

The Feast of Ireland's Patron had a special interest this year for the members of the I.C.B.U. of Toronto. It was the twenty-fifth anniversary of their foundation and was worthily celebrated with a sequence, music and song, in Association Hall. After an opening address by the Chairman, Mr. C. J. McCabe, Q.C., a two part programme was splendidly rendered by the very best musical, vocal and dramatic talent in Toronto. The Hall was crowded to its utmost limits of standing room by a fashionable and most enthusiastic audience. At the end of the first part of the programme Father Ryan delivered a rather brief, but brilliant address, of which we are able to give a short summary.

Having been introduced by the Chairman in a few pleasant and appropriate words the Rev. Lecturer said in part:

Ladies and Gentlemen—My first words to you this evening must be words of congratulation. I most sincerely and heartily congratulate the members of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union in this their twenty-fifth anniversary in Toronto. I congratulate them on the splendid work they have done during the past twenty five years in the noble cause of Catholic Benevolence and Christian Brotherhood. I congratulate them on this magnificent and most representative audience, who have come here this evening to celebrate with them their silver jubilee. I congratulate the society and the audience on the rare treat afforded by the splendid talent of this entertainment, and finally, I congratulate myself that the length of our excellent programme permits me, indeed compels me, to be brief in my address.

My subject is "Ireland amongst the Nations." By Ireland here, I mean all Ireland and Ireland always: pagan, Catholic and Protestant Ireland. I mean first and specially Ireland at home, but I do not exclude Ireland abroad the greater Ireland all over the world. It may be asked, Is Ireland a Nation? I answer, most emphatically, Yes. Ireland is a nation; Ireland always has been a nation; and Ireland always shall be a nation. And what is a nation? "A nation," says Edmund Burke, "is a moral essence." That is, an organized moral compound of minds and hearts, of intellects and wills, of principles, aims and ends, of clans or communities, families and homes. "Every nation," says the illustrious and profound *José de Maistre*, "has a particular and distinctive character, which deserves to be attentively considered." "And of all nations of the world," says the erudite historian Thebaud, "none is so deserving of study as the Irish nation." And the reason he gives is that amongst the nations of the world Ireland has the most distinctive and striking national characteristics: antiquity, identity, and immortal vitality. Englishmen and Frenchmen have written, what an Irishman is almost too modest to repeat, even in a St. Patrick's Day oration, that among the nations of the world Ireland is the oldest, the bravest, and the best. The Rev. Lecturer went on to prove this rather astounding assertion from English, French and German authorities, enlivening his proofs with selections from Irish poets, admirably chosen and splendidly delivered. Historians prove the antiquity of the Irish nation, he said, from her records her Round Towers and her ruins—and having cited a goodly number of unprejudiced, impartial testi-

monies he wound up with this from the Poet Priest Father A. Ryan:

"Give me the land where the ruins are spread,  
Where the living fire of light on the hearts of the dead,  
Give me a land with a grave in each spot,  
And a name on each grave that shall not be forgot.  
Yes, give me the land of the book and the tomb,  
There to grandeur in graves there is glory in bloom.  
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,  
As after the night comes the sunburst of morn."

The Rev. Lecturer showed that Ireland preserved her identity of domestic purity against corruption from within; and by dauntless bravery against destruction from without. While her immortal vitality, he eloquently maintained comes from the undying love of Faith and fatherland united and rooted in the hearts of her people. The epiphanies of other nations has been written. It is the same for all—*Incident*, here they lie. Ireland like her martyred hero has never had her epitaph. Those who look for it will find written in letters of light *Surrexit*, she has risen! Yes, Ireland has seen her religious Resurrection in Catholic Emancipation. She shall soon see her political resurrection in Home Rule.

"The nations have fallen but thou still art young  
This sun is just rising when others are set,  
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung  
The full moon of freedom shall shine around thee yet."

Among the many testimonies to Ireland's greatness adduced by the lecturer, a few from the notorious English historian, James Anthony Froude, were somewhat startling. "Strike the Irish names from the rolls of fame in the last century," says Mr. Froude, "and we lose our foremost statesmen, scholars, soldiers, artists, lawyers, poets and men of letters!" And again he says: "Strike the names of Irishmen from our public service and we lose the heroes of our greatest exploits!" For those few truths we could almost forgive the historian of the *English in Ireland* for his many "thumping lies" as Father Burke called them. In speaking of Canadian Irishmen, the lecturer paid an eloquent tribute to the Hon. Edward Blake, whose name, he said, to sum up in himself, the splendid chivalry and sublime self-sacrifice of Robert Emmet, the stately rhetoric and sterling eloquence of Henry Grattan, and the purity of principle and determined courage of Daniel O'Connell. This well-deserved tribute to the great Canadian was received by the audience with enthusiastic applause.

In concluding Father Ryan commended Irish Canadians to prove themselves worthy of the liberty for which their forefathers fought, by their love for the old land, and loyalty to the new. That while divided in faith, they may be united in love, for God and our neighbor, and for "Canada our Home."

A vote of thanks to the lecturer, moved by Mr. Frank Anglin, Q.C., and seconded by Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, was put by the chairman and carried with much enthusiasm.

Indeed the good-natured audience was enthusiastic over every number of the excellent programme, and nearly lost its head and its heart with the brilliant elocution and the bewitching manners of Toronto's most popular public reader, Miss Marguerite Dunn. The entertainment was a credit to the I. C. B. U., and we congratulate them on their splendid success.

At the Auditorium.

The concerts given under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians are to the manner born, and racy of the soil. Occasionally, by way of change, an aria of foreign birth creeps into the programme; but, as a rule, the bulk of its numbers is embalmed in the impassioned melodies and music of Ireland. It was so on Saturday evening at the Auditorium, where the annual musical feast of the A. O. H. was held, and where a crowded house greeted with rapturous applause the pieces and the performers of the evening. The platform, above and at each side, was tastefully draped with the handsome banners and flags of the Hibernians, amongst them being a fine painting of the ancient Irish Harp, by Mr. M. F. Hyland. On the right and left of the stage were placed the portraits of England's Grand Old Man and Ireland's dead chief, Parnell. The memory of both will live while grass grows and water runs in the land of the Gael.

On the platform, besides Chairman W. J. McClean, were: Mr. John A. Murphy, County Delegate of the A. O. H. of Erie County, N.Y.; Mr. McDonogh, of Buffalo, President of one of the A. O. H. Divisions of that city; Mr. Hugh McCaffrey, County Delegate of York, Ontario; Mr. Rutledge, President No. 1 Division, Toronto; Mr. Falvey, President No. 2; Mr. M. J. Ryan, of the same Division; Mr. Glynn, President of No. 3; Dr. McShane, Mr. Alfred Jury and Mr. Patrick Boyle. The chairman was loudly cheered as he announced the opening of the programme, and the applause was repeated as Mrs. W. J. Morrow (by whom the programme was arranged and directed) took her seat at the piano. Mrs. Morrow's name is new to the general public of Toronto; but in musical circles it will become more familiar, if we do not err, before the recurrence of our national anniversary. Her solo of "Irish Airs" evidenced culture of a high order and a delicacy of execution

acquired only by the finished artist. Of the other ladies who took part we must also speak in words of praise. Mrs. J. C. Smith sang with her usual grace and charm; and Miss Mabel Glover put herself on record as a coming star in the vocal firmament.

Messrs. Cameron and Carnahan were warmly applauded—and deservedly so. They fairly captured the audience by their rattling stanzas, the spirit of which was caught up and re-echoed from pit to gallery. Mr. Smilly, too, was effective, especially in the management of the American Major's galvanized arm. He was not, however, so happy in the attempt at Irish caricature, in which we thought he failed—as indeed all do who know little or nothing of Irish character.

Between the first and second parts of the programme an address was delivered by Mr. Murphy, the County Delegate of Erie. Mr. Murphy created a most favorable impression, as well by his fine presence as by his eloquent speech. For about an hour he spoke of the old land and the old cause in fervent and glowing terms. He pictured vividly the introduction of Christianity into Ireland by our illustrious Apostle; and then he gradually drew his hearers down the ages, pointing out, by the way, the glorious struggles made by our sires for home and freedom. Coming down to our own days, he paid a generous tribute to the men who had held aloft the green flag, and closed with Grattan's grand apostrophe: "*Beato perpetua*."

A hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by County Delegate McCaffrey, and seconded by Mr. M. J. Ryan. Mr. Murphy must have been gratified as the audience rose and endorsed the motion with ringing cheers—a compliment which he acknowledged in brief but appropriate terms.

We cannot close this brief notice without saying a good word for the Committee of Management. The gentlemen comprising it did not spare themselves, nor was anything omitted necessary to success. The arrangements were ample and satisfactory, and those in attendance were well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

At St. Andrew's Hall.

The Celtic Catholic League and Branch No. 12 the Emerald Beneficial Association held a concert in honor of the Patron Saint of Ireland in St. Andrew's Hall. There was a large and appreciative audience, who enjoyed the selections given.

During intermission of the programme—which was choice and appreciated—the audience were favored with an interesting discourse by Mr. R. Glockling, well known in labor circles; and the balance of the programme was discharged in a manner creditable to the performers, and most acceptable to our friends of the West End.

The Day in St. Thomas.

High Mass commenced at 10 a.m., Rev. Father Quinlan being celebrant. At the Gospel Rev. Dr. Flannery delivered the paenegyric of Ireland's Patron Saint from the text: "Behold a great priest, who in his day pleased God and in time of wrath was made a reconciliation."

The opera house was jammed last night on the occasion of the annual St. Patrick's concert. The chief event on the programme was the presentation of the Irish drama "My Geraldine" by local talent, and the play was produced in a most satisfactory manner and showed the careful training that the performers had gone through.

The entertainment commenced with an opening chorus by about 50 school children and was rendered in a capital manner. Both the ladies and gentlemen in the cast did remarkably well for amateurs and gave a performance to be proud of. Mr. Dan Handley was excellent as *Squire Arden*, and Joseph Butler as *Phil Carroll* rendered his part to perfection. John Townsend as *Maurice Arden* was first class and Jas. Conley as *McShane* gave a finished portrayal of the difficult role of the villain. Thos. Wallace and M. Clark in their respective parts did fine. Of the ladies Miss Neal gave an excellent interpretation of the character of *Mary Carroll* and Mrs. Elgie and Misses Walsh and Finch filled their respective parts very satisfactorily, in fact, every member acquitted themselves admirably. Special mention is due little Ethel Peacock for the clever way in which she took her part.

The club singing by five or six little girls was very cleverly executed and won well merited applause. Miss McCrimmon rendered "The Irish Immigrant" very sweetly and Mr. W. P. Reynolds sang the "Thistle, Rose and Shamrock" in his usual capable manner. The instrumental duet by the Misses Chalut was excellently played. One of the best numbers of the evening was the song "Two Little Girls in Blue" by a number of little girls and it brought down the house. In fact everything on the programme was of the highest order and the large audience was delighted with the entertainment.

Father Flannery, immediately before the raising of the curtain for the last act, came forward and expressed his thanks for the large attendance present. He said he had been in the city now for twenty-four years, and hoped that in that time he had made many friends among the Protestants of the city, as well as in his own flock. The Protestants of the town had assisted him when he had asked them in times past. He had always celebrated the anniversary of St.

Patrick, and had always the good wishes of his Protestant neighbors for the success of the celebration. The Rev. Dr. gave a short sketch of the life of St. Patrick, saying that St. Patrick had evangelized Ireland several centuries ago, and had given up to a nation, eager for the worship of the true God, the one true faith, a faith that had come down the ages changeless and pure and was the same faith practiced by the descendants of that race St. Patrick preached to and which they held dear to their hearts to-day and guided their actions among themselves and their fellow citizens, a faith that made any bulwer in it a good citizen wherever he was; the faith of loving with your whole heart and soul the one true God and loving your neighbor as yourself. This was the law they followed, yet some evil minded and irresponsible parties, placing this faith behind them, had the effrontery to come upon public platforms in this city and vilify him and the members of his congregation and bear false witness against them. He was sorry such things should happen here, where Catholics and Protestants had always lived in amity and peace, but as such things have happened, it was incumbent upon him to expose the falsehood of such things and show to those who didn't know them that all such slanders were grossly untrue. He knew that the faith of St. Patrick, was the faith of nearly every Irishman this day, and so long as they lived firm and strong in that faith, they need have no fear, for that faith was to each and all of them the breastplate of justice, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of truth.

The Day in Brantford.

St. Patrick's Day was quietly observed in Brantford, there being no public demonstration. There was a good number present at 9 o'clock in St. Basil's Church to hear Mass, which was read by Rev. Father Lennon, after which he addressed the congregation, explaining to them the undying faith that St. Patrick had implanted in the hearts of the Irish people; a faith that no amount of persecution had succeeded in destroying; exhorting them not to be ashamed of their Irish origin or of the name of Patrick, a name that should be honored by all true Christians. He asked the Irish parents to instill into the minds of their children a love for that land that had been trodden by St. Patrick and their forefathers who, though they may not have left them any legacy of the riches of this world, nevertheless they left them an inheritance of Faith, which was greater, beyond comparison, than riches or titles.

"Forty Hours" at the Sacred Heart.

On Sunday last the Sacred Heart Church was the scene of more than its usual solemnity, being the opening of the beautiful devotion of the "Forty hours." Solemn high Mass commenced at eleven o'clock, there were present a thousand or more, the Archbishop, Rev. Fathers Frachon C.S.B., Toefy C.S.B., LaMarche, Rev. Father Martin celebrant. The mass sung was the Gregorian plainchant under the direction of Mrs. McKinnon and was rendered with the usual accuracy by the choir. At the Offertory Mr. F. H. Mercier sang Millard's "Ave Verum." After Mass his Grace, in a few well chosen words in French, explained the object and advantage of the Forty hours Devotion. How Christ had loved mankind and left behind Him men to teach the Gospel and prepare the path to His Kingdom. He had passed thirty-three years on earth, thirty-three years of suffering to satisfy God's justice for our sins, and at last died on the Cross to redeem mankind. His Grace dwelt on the privileges, which the Catholic Church afforded, and which were wanting in other churches.

The French Canadians have their own traditions and a history full of heroic deeds. They also have great love for their church. He asked them not to forsake the sacred rights to which they were entitled, rights which their ancestors had so bravely fought for. He then spoke of the different sacraments, and enumerated the sources whence the blessings of God lavished on Catholics in such great abundance, that God came to stay with us and was always ready to assist us in our wants. The Catholic religion differed from others, inasmuch as we had God with us.

In the evening at Vespers the "Lauda Sion" was sung by the Sacred Heart choir, and the sermon was preached by Rev. Father La Marche.

St. Paul's Fancy Fair.

The Fancy Fair in aid of St. Paul's Church will open Easter Monday night. The children of St. Paul's school will give the opening entertainment; the choir will give sacred selections on Tuesday evening, and on each following evening during the week excellent programmes will be rendered by distinguished talent. The tables for the Fair are well supplied with a large assortment of fancy articles. Mrs. Melady and Mrs. Martin are in charge of the refreshment table; the Young Ladies' Sodality, the Ladies' Literary Society and the Confraternity have each a fancy table, and will display many useful articles. The fair promises to be a grand success, and to that end the numerous organizations of the parish are working with a will.

A NEW IRISH SAINT.

At a recent meeting of the Young Men's Society of Cork, Ire., the bishop of that city, Right Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, alluded to an Irish bishop whose process of canonization is now pending. Dr. O'Callaghan said he did not wish to say much that day, but to tell them of another person whom he was looking forward to in the future to be one of their best and greatest patrons. They might be surprised to learn that he was dead. He was a young man, and his lordship thought it but right that he should tell the Young Men's Society of him first before all others. He died before he reached middle age, though he had been for ten years a bishop, eight in the diocese of Ross and two in the diocese of Cork and Cloyne. It was, no doubt, a long time ago since he lived; it was towards the end of the fifteenth century, and he had been almost forgotten then, but his lordship had reason to believe that henceforth he would be remembered as long as Cork and Catholic Corkmen would be in the world. He lived in very troubled times, as they were aware, towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the statutes of Kilkenny were in force, and these were, in fact, a perpetual declaration of war, and were the sources of disturbance both in the state and in the church.

Moreover, at that time, as they know, Cork was an Anglo-Norman city, and followed the fortunes of the House of York in the English war. At the same time Lambert Simnel was crowned in Dublin, and in the city of Cork there was great rejoicing for him, and then some time afterwards for Perkin Warbeck, who came to Cork and was received there with open arms by the people. His lordship was sorry to say that the mayor at the time was condemned to death and executed. (Laughter.) The name of this person his lordship was speaking of was Thaddeus McCarthy, and at the same time there lived in Ireland a Desmond Maurice Fitzthomas, who was described as a scourge to the Irish; Cormac McCarthy (*Laidir*), who lived in Blarney Castle, and McCarthy Reagh, who lived in Kilbrittain Castle.

In the year 1847 the bishop of Ivrea in Piedmont, sent a contribution to the archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray, and mentioned that an Irish saint had been venerated in his cathedral for nearly 400 years, and that his name was Micar. Some believed that he was a famous Irish Augustinian father, but from the records that were preserved there could be no doubt at the present moment that his name was Thaddeus McCarthy. There was a bull containing his appointment to the diocese of Ross in 1482, and other records say that he was 27 years of age, that both his parents were of noble families, and that he was a cleric of the diocese of Cork. The records showed that he was of royal house, and he must have been undoubtedly related either to Cormac McCarthy (*Laidir*) or McCarthy Reagh of Kilbrittain.

He was appointed to Cork and Cloyne in 1492, and his lordship was sorry to say Cork did not receive him. They had nothing in the history of the time to tell of his life in Cork, but they found a letter written by Innocent XIII. to Cork complaining that the bishop was not received into the city, and that he had to fly from it in haste and go to Rome. That letter, which was dated Aug. 20, 1492, threatened pains and penalties against those who persecuted the bishop, and of that letter Thaddeus must have been the bearer. The bishop travelled as a poor man on foot from Rome to Campagna, Tuscany, and Piedmont, in the guise of a pilgrim, and arrived in Ivrea in the month of October following, unrecognized, and was finally received into the hospice for the poor,

and died there on Oct. 21, with no friend and no one to console him or carry back the news of his death to the people of Cork, but God would not have him forgotten.

At the moment of his death the attendants in the hospice beheld his body enveloped in flames, and ran quickly to the bed to extinguish them, but the flames were not of earth, but of heaven. His lordship hoped his memory in Cork would be preserved as long as Cork and Catholic Corkmen would be in the world. The people came in great numbers to see the wonderful event, and brought the sick and dying to them. There were documents of the time to tell them that many miracles were wrought there. The bishop came and examined his papers, and the papers showed him to be Thaddeus, bishop of Cork, and, to the great surprise of all, his body was taken to the cathedral, and the transport was more of a triumph than a funeral, and his body was buried in the same sepulchre with St. Eusebius, the patron saint of Ivrea. From that day to the present day no year had elapsed that a commemoration had not been made of him in Ivrea.

In the year 1785 the sepulchre was opened, and remains, with the vestments, ring and mitre were found. The bishop of the diocese took the ring and had it still, and the body was placed under the high altar of the church, where it now rested. He (his lordship) happened to be in Ivrea two years ago, and received a most hearty welcome from the bishop, and his facts were so clear on the subject, that he (his lordship) asked him to undertake the drawing up of the process for the deceased bishop's canonization or beatification. The bishop and his clergy undertook the work, and his lordship had lately received letters that it had been complied with and was now before the Sacred Congregation of Rites in Rome.

Let them hope that the verdict would be according as they wished, and that he would be declared blessed, so that they might be able to pray to him, and let them hope that they would bring back his body to Cork, and that he would be the future patron of the young men of Cork. The ways of God were indeed wonderful. How true it was that the memory of the just was eternal, and how true it was that the proud would be humbled, and the humble would be exalted.

Two Pictures.

An American gentleman started in his yacht the other day on a ten months' cruise. He sailed from New York, and the newspapers published long descriptions of his departure, illustrated by pictures of his vessel, inside and out, and enlivened by much gossip about her stores and fittings and her owner's plans. A dozen people, more or less, including most of the yachtsman's immediate family, went with him. They sailed in what is probably the biggest and most sumptuous pleasure-ship in the world. So far as material appliances go, the people who went off on the yacht seemed to start with a complete outfit of delectable properties. Moreover, they seemed to be intelligent people, in good health, and there were enough of them to afford one another congenial society; so the chances seemed to be that they would have a very good time indeed. That was a striking and picturesque example of one of the ways in which human beings go about the business of getting satisfaction out of life.

A London letter published about the same time gave some particulars of another method. It told about an important council of Trappists, to which delegates came from all over the world, and incidentally it described the Trappist's habits of life. It seems that he spends eleven hours in prayer and meditation, and the rest in sleep and agricultural labor. He sleeps on straw,

and goes to bed at 8 and rises at 2, getting a little nap besides in the middle of the day. He lives on roots, herbs, some vegetables, and a little fruit, and drinks water. He is under vows of silence, broken only by Church services and the greeting "Memento mori," which he exchanges with the brethren whom he meets. To the unthinking it may seem as if he could not have much fun, yet he is continuously happy. He shows his satisfaction in his face, in the sound of his voice in public worship, and in his conversation when, on rare occasions, his Father Superior raises for a short interval the obligation of silence and lets him speak. Moreover, the ranks of the Trappists are not recruited from the poor, the disappointed, and the incapable, but largely from the persons of the opposite sort, who have tasted fame, luxury, and culture, and weaved, for some reason, of their flavor. It is the rarest thing for an intending Trappist to leave his monastery before taking his final vows. Even the beginners like the life, and prefer to go on with it. They have excellent health, and attain to a hale and cheerful longevity.

Church Announcements.

ST. MICHAEL'S.

On Thursday and Friday evenings at 7.30 the service of the Tenebrae will be solemnly chanted by full choir, in St. Michael's Cathedral. The Lamentations sung in solo quartette and chorus. This morning at 9 o'clock Pontifical High Mass will be sung and the Holy Oils blessed by his Grace the Archbishop. Good Friday, Mass of the Pro-sanctified at 10 o'clock, and Veneration of the Holy Cross. The Stations of the Cross will be held on Friday at 3 p.m., and in the evening. Holy Saturday, the Blessing of Fire, Paschal Candle, Easter Water, etc., will begin at 7.30; Mass at 8.30.

On Easter Sunday solemn High Mass at 10.30, at which his Grace will assist. Hayden's No. III. Mass will be sung with full orchestral accompaniment. The Easter Hymn *Regina celi*, will be sung at the Offertory in solo and chorus. Grand Musical Vespers on Easter Sunday evening.

ST. PAUL'S.

The Masses on Easter Sunday at St. Paul's Church, Power street, will be at 7, 8, 9.30 and 11 o'clock. At 11 o'clock Hayden's second Mass will be rendered by a full choir, with orchestral accompaniment, under the leadership of Signor Napolitana. Mrs. C. J. McGann, Mrs. I. Klein and Miss Carrol will be the soprano soloists; Miss Curran and Miss Thumpane the altos; Messrs. Mogan and Richards will take the bass and Mr. Tumney the tenor solos. Mrs. Klien will sing the "Regina Coeli," and Mrs. Campbell will sing Verdi's "O Salutaris," at vespers in the evening. Rev. Father Reddin will preach at the morning services and Rev. Father Hand in the evening.

ST. BASIL'S.

At the High Mass on Sunday the celebrant will be Rev. V. Marjion, Provincial, with the Rev. A. Martin as Deacon and Mr. A. Vaschalde as Sub-Deacon. The choir will sing Hayden's First Mass in B flat, with orchestral accompaniment, and the following as soloists: Mrs. F. A. Mouré, Miss A. Johnston, Miss Kate Moylan, Messrs. J. F. Kirk, H. T. Kelly and George Forbes. The "Haec Dica" will be sung at the Offertory. In the evening at 7.30 grand musical vespers will be given. Gloriosa Vespers will be sung, in which the choir will be assisted by Mr. Frank Anglin. The musical service will also include Hummel's "Alma Virgo" with Mrs. O'Hara as soloist, and Faure's "Ave Verum" as a duet by Messrs. Kirk and Anglin. The conductor will be Rev. Father Murray and the organist Mr. F. A. Mouré.

ST. PATRICK'S.

This evening there will be devotions to the Blessed Sacrament at the Altar of Repose. Good Friday at half-past seven a sermon will be preached on the Passion of our Lord by one of the Redemptorist Fathers. Easter Sunday the masses will be at the usual hours. At 10.30 Mozart's 12th mass will be sung.

Brantford.

I find THE CATHOLIC REGISTER to be a welcome visitor in Brantford, and so much pleased to say that, as its representation I have been received very courteously by our people. They are ready to render assistance at all times, to help along the cause of Catholic Journalism, I hoped to come among them again, and well look forward with pleasure to a renewal of their acquaintance. C. N. M.

No man can be rich while he is discontented.

Obituary.

Not for many years has an event occurred which caused such widespread regret in and around Schomburg as the death of Patrick McGuire, which took place in the afternoon of Friday 9th inst. In the full vigor of manhood, he succumbed in the brief period of five days to an attack of acute pneumonia. So healthy had he been and so unaccustomed to illness that his neighbors at first refused to believe the report of his death. When convinced, however, that the report was only too true, deep were their expressions of sorrow at his sudden taking off. Although on account of the state of the roads and the rapidity of his illness, many of his friends and acquaintances could not be notified in sufficient time, his funeral was one of the largest ever seen in King churchyard. It was not, however, the size of his funeral cortege alone which testified to the respect in which he was held; a much better evidence was the demeanor of those present. The majority of the men were not of his own creed yet no huge could be more respectful or sympathetic than their attitude. Every one had a kind word to say of him, and many eyes besides those of his friends shed tears over his grave. Gentle, refined, genial, charitable, he won the respect and affection of everyone with whom he came in contact. The congregation of King church of which he was a model member will miss his familiar face and will long continue on Sundays to pour their prayer over the sod which covers his remains.

Condolence.

At the last regular meeting of the Irish Catholic Beneficial Association, Branch No. 1 of Canada, the following resolution of Condolence was passed:

Whereas Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has been pleased to call unto Himself our late Brother, James Faranen; and whereas this Society, while bowing submissively to the divine will, has learned with regret of the demise of our deceased brother, by which the Association has lost a good member and an esteemed friend, and Holy Church a devout and dutiful son, and his family a fond and loving brother, be it therefore

Resolved that we the members of the Irish Catholic Beneficial Association extend to the bereaved relatives our heartfelt sympathy in their hour of affliction, and pray that the giver of all good may console them in their bereavement.

Be it further resolved, that the above resolution be spread upon the minutes of this Association, and that a copy be sent to the sorrowing relatives, and also THE CATHOLIC REGISTER for publication.

PATRICK SHEA, H. J. MCQUILLAN, President, Secretary. J. J. McCarthy, M. J. Ryan, E. J. McGuire, Committee.

Personal.

We are pleased to introduce to our readers this week Mr. Edward J. Hearn, Barrister, late of Barrie and Tottenham, who has removed his family to 10 Sorauraen avenue, and has opened an office at Room 47, Canada Life Building. Mr. Hearn has practiced his profession successfully for ten years and was a member of the Council of Tottenham for several years. On the eve of his departure for this city a large deputation of the leading citizens of Tottenham presented him with an address and costly ornamental clock, expressive of their high appreciation of him and Mrs. Hearn and regret at their departure. Mr. Hearn is no stranger to Torontonians, he having spent four years of his studentship in good offices here, was Secretary Treasurer of the Catholic Literary and Debating Society, and Vice-President of the Osgoode Literary and Legal Society. We wish him success in his new undertaking. Mr. Hearn's father, William Hearn, was a pioneer of the County of Peel and a Justice of the Peace for many years.

Home Rule Fund.

The amount of the collection in behalf of the Home Rule Fund taken up at St. Helen's, Toronto, which was by some mistake overlooked, totaled \$72 00.

Rev. Dr. Flannery, treasurer for the Diocese of London, acknowledges having received for transmission to Hon. Edward Blake:

From the parish of Biddulph, per Rev. John Connolly, \$ 50 00  
From Logan and Kinkora, per Rev. John O'Neill, 92 00  
From St. Thomas Branch, A. O. H. 11 00

Total, \$153 00

Sunnyside.

On Thursday, the 15th ult., his Grace the Archbishop administered the sacrament of Confirmation to a large number of children at the Sacred Heart Orphanage. Owing to press of matter we hold over full details until our next issue.

### "The First Stroke is Half the Battle."

The following paper was read before the "League of the Cross," of St. Paul's:

From the natural course of events man has deduced several maxims or proverbs. The established principles embodied in these are repeatedly brought to our notice for the improvement and advancement of our minds in knowledge and wisdom. Experience of former days, and our own personal observations, conclusively prove to us that but few of these maxims express a better known truth, or are more universally manifest than that "The first stroke is half the Battle."

A skilful architect, upon being entrusted with the construction of any large edifice, fully recognizes that the most important part of his task is to see that the foundation is substantially laid, and that, unless this is done, he will be unable to construct any great work of architecture, and that all his subsequent endeavours to do so will be but vain and useless. This fact applies to the architecture of every enterprise. The two momentous factors of any undertaking are its introduction and its conclusion. If the former is well inaugurated and the latter suitably arranged it is no difficult task to amplify the intervening space. A prudent lecturer, for instance, well understands that his popularity with his audience depends largely upon the impression he makes in his prefatory remarks. If he gains their good will and attention in the introduction of his discourse, he can with little difficulty, retain their confidence and their attention throughout the balance of his lecture. But if, on the contrary, he does not impress them favourably at the outset, he will experience great difficulty in regaining their confidence and commanding their attention, hence many of his subsequent jewelled remarks will fall, unproductive, upon the barren soil of their intellect. If the first stroke has been applied with accuracy and effect, he has won half the battle of success, but if this has not been the case, he has lost half of it, and it requires almost superhuman efforts on his part to regain it.

But accord, as the beginning of any work is the most important part of it, so also is it proportionately the most difficult. When classical students first venture upon the ocean of Latin and Grecian Literature, they are inclined to believe that they will soon be stranded upon the shoals and quick sands of the many rules and declensions of these languages, but once their little intellectual bark has braved these in safety, they sail out into the open sea, and, by expanding and unfurling their mental sails, soon find themselves ploughing through the waves of knowledge contained therein at a rapid pace. But they are also fully cognizant of the fact that their success in the study of these languages depends almost entirely upon laying their elementary rudiments low with their first stroke. If they thoroughly master these in the beginning, their subsequent course will be all downhill, but if they endeavour to wade through the classical authors without this sound basis, they soon find their task more difficult than stumbling through the jungles of Africa. Many students neglect their work at the commencement of the term, confident that they will be able to counterbalance their dilatoriness by a little extra exertion towards the close of the scholastic year. However, when the result of their examinations is made known, they find that the diligent students, who buckled on their armour of work at the commencement of the year, and whom they have frequently scoffed at for their application, have far surpassed them. Then especially is the truth of my proverb most un-

pleasantly borne in upon them, and they make a firm resolution to renew acquaintanceship with their books at the inauguration of the next scholastic year.

Again, when a physician repairs to the bedside of his patient, he thoroughly diagnoses his condition before assaying to prescribe, and upon this diagnosis largely depends the success of his treatment. If grim disease gains the first stroke of the contest for the life of the sick man, and foils the physician in this, all the latter's medicine will have no effect and the patient will likely succumb to his disease. But if, on the other hand, the physician gets at the root of the disease in his first diagnosis, he will probably be enabled, with the assistance of his medical science, to curb its ravages. The first stroke, therefore, is the all-important one and upon it rests almost the life or death of the patient.

In the same manner an author, an actor, or a painter, ensures or mars his success by the impression he makes at the outset. If he captivates the populace with his first production, or upon his first appearance, they will accept anything in reason from him afterwards, and will overlook many of his deficiencies. If an inferior poem or play should be unearthed with the autograph of Shakespeare appended to it, it would be considered as surpassing a production of greater merit from a poet of a more obscure fame. If the great and immortal Raphael had carelessly executed but a fair work of art, it would be considered of greater value than a superior production of a less-widely known painter. The plainest acting of Henry Irving or Miss Terry would be considered as superior to the better acting of some less renowned actor or actress. These eminent personages have made reputations for themselves which will last for many centuries, that of the two former ones being immortalized. Their success consisted in the popularity with which their first productions were received. But the author, the painter, or the actor who fails upon his debut before the world, requires to make almost superhuman efforts to obliterate the prejudicial feelings formed against him in the beginning of his career.

Thus we see that a vigorous onset upon the induction of any enterprise augurs well for its success. Human experience, that beacon light which illumines our earthly career, has repeatedly verified this. The younger generation, who are just commencing the battle of life, cannot have this fact too emphatically impressed upon them. Upon their first stroke depends to a great extent their subsequent life and their eternity, just as the tree of youth is inclined at its early growth. It inclines to its maturity, and so also do the habits formed in the beginning of one's career accompany him to the grave. The enemy of man knows this full well and consequently makes use of his best endeavours to ensnare us when but in the bloom of youth. When first he attacks his innocent victim he finds it a difficult task to capture the fort of his baptismal innocence. He at once enjoints his wicked followers to advance the battering-ram of base seduction. It requires their utmost endeavours to plough into the soil of his untainted purity and unimpaired integrity, in order to sow their deadly seed therein, but once their leader has succeeded in forcing in the point of his plough-share, pregnant with the small root of evil, he will soon force in the whole plough, with which he will uproot and upturn the soil of his innocence. If he gains the first stroke, and implants but the thin edge of his wickedness, the contagion is inclined to spread, and it requires the greatest diligence to prevent it from doing so. It never does to trifle with evil, because they who

do are sure to succumb to it in the end.

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,  
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Conscience is always on the alert to wage war with vice, but if the latter is trifled with continually, it loses its repugnant appearance, and, casting its conscience back for a time, gains the mastery unmolested.

We frequently meet with young men, who, upon being requested to join our Society scorn to do so upon the plea that they partake of liquor but very seldom, and that it does not require a pledge to keep them within the bounds of temperance. But alas! these young men are but trifling with the danger and "He who loves danger shall perish in the danger." They are already midway upon their journey to intemperance, now being familiar with the face of this vice, and if they persist in so trifling with it, they will soon endure, then pity, and then embrace it. Many before them have talked in the same strain and have later on succumbed to that demon, whom we are all pledged to destroy. It therefore devolves upon us, as members of the holy Sodality of the League of the Cross, to bring the young men of our fair Queen City in from the storm of temptation raging around them, and into the harbour of our protective society. It is the duty of every man to join some temperance society, a duty he owes to himself, to his family, and to his God. Many may think they are strong and proof against the bullets of intoxication flying through the air, but they forget that braver men than they have fallen, and that they must take great heed lest they fall themselves. If a young man is secure from the blasts within the harbour of a temperance sodality, he is marshalled upon the side of the victors, and is in no approximate danger of losing the contest, but if the serpent of evil has succeeded in enticing him to indulge in liquor occasionally, and even within moderate bounds, he has won the first stroke, and will gain a complete victory before giving up his advantage.

Thus we see that life is a continual contest with our arch enemy for the spoils of eternal bliss or damnation. When we Catholics come to the use of reason we have already won the first stroke of the battle by drowning and vanquishing him in the waters of Baptism, and, consequently, have half the victory of Eternal Salvation won. It only remains for us to preserve in its completion under the banner of our white Baptismal robe, and, when the contest is over, we will emerge from it in a halo of glory and then attain the triumph and bliss awaiting, at the hands of the King, his successful soldiers. A. O'LEARY.

How strange our ideas of growing old change as we get on in life. To the girl in her teens, the riper maiden of twenty-five seems quite aged. Twenty-two thinks thirty-five an "old thing." Thirty-five dreads forty, but congratulates herself that there may still remain some ground to be possessed in the fifteen years before the half century shall be attained. But fifty does not by any means give up the battle of life. It feels middle-aged and vigorous, and thinks old age is a long way in the future. Sixty remembers those who have done great things at threescore; and one doubts if Parr, when he was married at one hundred, had at all begun to feel himself an old man. It is the desire of life in us which makes us feel young so long.

Benziger's Catholic Home Annual, 1894.

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

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**A Sister of Mercy.**

*Magdalen Rock, in the Irish Monthly.*

She shares in the hopes of those that sow,  
In the gladness of those that reap,  
She smiles for the joys that the joyful know,  
And she weeps with those who weep  
She prays for the living, she prays for the dead,  
She joins in the children's fun,  
And grief-worn hearts have been comforted  
By the words of the gentle nun.

The softness of woman, the strength of man,  
And the faith of a little child  
Combined together in beauty can  
Be seen in her eyes so mild;  
And a queen might envy that peaceful smile  
Of radiant and deep content  
That tells how duty and love the while  
In her life and heart are bent.

She walks in the path she chose in youth,  
With never a thought for earth,  
Bright in her holiness, grand in her truth,  
Gay in her innocent mirth,  
In her Master's vineyard with willing hand  
She toils from the dawn to gray.  
Oh! well for her when she shall stand  
At His right on the judgment day.

**LETTER FROM FATHER FLEMING.**

BRACEBRIDGE, March 15, 1894.

To the Editor of the Catholic Register:

DEAR SIR.—Trusting that you will find space in your worthy publication for the following, I again, in compliance with the request of several correspondents, venture to give further details of this vast and encouraging district. Soil is a feature of vital interest to the farmer, and upon this important subject I shall devote this letter. Muskoka and other parts of the free grant lands as regards its soil, is composed of every variety, very light sand, sandy loam, clay loam and heavy clay, etc. The country in general is of a hilly nature with a great variety of timber, such as hemlock, pine, birch, maple, rosewood, bass, elm, spruce, tamarac, balsam, beech, white and black ash, and cedar, and in many places thick underbrush. There are large flats called Beaver Meadows, almost treeless, generally with small creeks running through them, which give a heavy crop of grass called blue point that makes excellent feed for rough stock during the winter. Some of the flats are covered with a dense growth of alder, which require clearing and partially draining before they could be of much use. There are some large flats and many smaller ones, lightly sprinkled with tamarac and small spruce, which, if reclaimed, could be worked to advantage. In travelling along one of our colonization roads the land-seeker will pass over nearly every variety of soil, rocky ridges, flat rock, swamps and marshes, extensively interspersed with fine rolling land covered with hardwood timber; extensive tracts of comparatively level land, clay loam or heavy clay, soil with scarcely a stone on it; large valleys with rich deposits of soil; flats with a growth of ash, cedar and spruce, and a slight sprinkling of hemlock and birch; slightly wet, but with a deep rich soil of sandy loam and easily drained; large tracts of level land, but easily reclaimable—for in most cases an outlet can be obtained sufficiently for draining purposes, and when drained they form excellent grazing or tillage farms. The soil, as a rule, is deep and of a superior quality, and capable of producing heavy crops. All hardwood lands where the timber is of a fine healthy growth make good farms, the soil being of a sandy or clay loam of a favorable character, mellow and rich. Its capacity for producing is a sure test of its richness, crop after crop without change and without an atom of manure is taken off and the yield still remains very fair. What would a proper rotation of cropping do? The returns would be wonderful. In the lowlands a heavy clay or clay loam is generally the soil. Where much beech grows the land for the most part is of a gravelly nature. Some spots have a great deal of rolling stone, but the soil is very often good and rich, and, when cultivated, in a great many cases has good results.

As an instance of the value of this kind of land, which came under my notice last summer, I shall let the settler speak for himself.

"What do you think of my field of vegetables, do you think they can be beaten anywhere around?"

"They are really excellent and in good healthy condition."

"Yes, considering the amount of attention I have given them, I have no reason to complain."

"But doesn't so much rolling stone impede the growth and cause much annoyance in the cultivation?"

"No, I don't mind that especially as you see, when I got good crops out of the ground."

Rich deep soil often runs up to the very foot of high ledges of rock. Rocky land, when cleared into the valleys, gives good pasture for sheep, because the small deposits of soil on its surface grow a delightfully sweet grass. When passing through different townships, and conversing with settlers on the varieties of soil and general features of the several clearings, some having a very rocky frontage, leaving me under the impression that such were not encouraging to the settler, I remarked on one occasion to a farmer, having planted himself to all appearance in an unprofitable clearing that I thought he had a very poor lot. "Not at all." But it is nearly all rock. "What you see is not good, but I have a fine flat of sandy loam several feet deep at the back, which I have commenced to clear, and when cleared I shall be all right, and be able to get on well." This is the case, I'm told, all over the free grant land. There are very few lots, if any, without considerable available land; some are nearly all good, and again there are whole districts of good farming land, splendid tillable and grazing land, a prize to get hold of considering land at its real value. There is in many places in Muskoka as good land as over plough entered, and when cleared and seeded down the results are exceedingly promising. Hay is a first-rate crop of good quality and abundant, and the grass is most succulent and meat producing. Cattle thrive well here, even in the woods. I have seen this and heard its praise sounded in many quarters. Potatoes, too, both as regards their size, quantity and quality, are fully as good, if not better, than I have seen in the old countries. Oats is a grand crop. One place in particular drew my attention last summer, where I noticed a fine field of oats of a uniform height, vigorous in growth, with a full, plump, bright and heavy yield of grain, and my surprise was the greater in consequence of its locality not being by any means one of the best in Muskoka, but it strongly convinced me that even in poor looking places the capacity of soil is not to be despised. Peas and barley, and all roots, yield well, both in quantity and quality. The soil, in a word, is fruitful, and at the same time so diversified as to suit the most fastidious. Let good husbandry be bestowed upon it; let the tiller put his hand energetically to the plough, and with a will, and a bountiful harvest will reward him for his toil. Do not be in too great a hurry, let a proper and judicious selection be made, and good results are sure to be obtained. There are many clearings well known to me in and around Kearney, and in many other townships, where, either from observation in passing them, or by knowing the settlers, or from inquiries made of those in a position to inform me correctly, I can safely recommend to any deserving settler, and of the virtue of the soil of many of those places, I have had ocular demonstration, seen crops put down, grown and gathered, and I say candidly that it has been a pleasure to me to witness such fruitful results.

Yours truly,  
T. F. FLEMING, Priest.

**A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.**

How a Maidland County Lady Regained Health

*She Suffered Excruciating Pains from Sciatica—For Four Months was forced to Use Crutches—Relief was Obtained After Many Remedies Failed.*

From the Selkirk Item.

There have been rumors of late in Selkirk of what was termed a miraculous cure from a long illness of a lady living in Rainham township, a few miles from town. So much talk did the case give rise to that the Item determined to investigate the matter with a view to publishing the facts.

Mrs. Jacob Fry is the wife of a well known farmer and it was she who was said to have been so wonderfully helped. When the reporter called upon her, Mrs. Fry consented to give the facts of the case and said—"I was ill for nearly a year and for four months could not move my limb because of sciatica, and was compelled to use crutches to get around. My limb would swell up and I suffered excruciating pains which would run down from the hip to the knee. I suffered so much that my health was generally bad. I tried doctors and patent medicines, but got no help until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost from the outset these helped me and I used six boxes in all, and since that time have been a well woman, having been entirely free from pain, and having no further use for medicine. I am prepared to tell anybody and everybody what this wonderful medicine has done for me, for I feel very grateful for the great good the Pink Pills wrought in my case."

The reporter called on a number of Mrs. Fry's neighbors who corroborated what she said as to her painful and helpless condition before she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. M. F. Dorby, chemist, of the firm of Derby & Derby, Selkirk, was also seen. Mr. Dorby said he knew of the case of Mrs. Fry, and that what she said regarding it was worthy of every credence. She had herself told him of the great benefit she had derived from the use of Pink Pills. He further said that they had sold Pink Pills for a number of years and found the sale constantly increasing, which was due beyond a doubt to the great satisfaction the pills gave those using them.

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# The Catholic Register,

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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1894.

## Calendar for the Week.

March 22—Holy Thursday.  
23—Good Friday.  
24—Holy Saturday.  
25—Easter Sunday. The Resurrec-  
tion of Our Blessed Lord  
26—Easter Monday.  
27—Easter Tuesday.  
28—Easter Wednesday. Commem-  
oration of S. Xystus, Pope and  
Confessor.

## Holy Week.

We cannot let this issue of THE REGISTER pass without presenting a few considerations upon the great religious events which the week commemorates. The most sacred memories of Christianity cluster around its hallowed days and precious hours. As the plots of His enemies thicken about Him after the triumph of Palm Sunday, so our Lord's unbounded love for His disciples and those who believe in Him shines out more and more, until on Holy Thursday He brought His Apostles together where He might celebrate the Paschal Lamb, and establish that greater mystery which would be an everlasting memorial of His life, death and resurrection. "Having loved His own He loved them to the end." He gave them what they would not have ventured to ask for, His own abiding presence in their midst. He offered for them the chosen Lamb of God, by which we are in very truth delivered from that bondage and darkness heavier and deeper than the bondage and darkness of Egypt. He gave them to eat of that Bread that came down from heaven, and drink of that Blood, of which if any man eat and drink He shall not taste death forever. All this the Blessed Master did with the bitter morrow heavy and sad upon Him. Then with a hymn of thanksgiving He went forth to suffering and death.

While the Redeemer was establishing the Holy Eucharist and ordaining the priests of the new law the plotting Sanhedrin presented a different picture. In the Upper Room, all was simplicity, sadness, resignation; in the council of priests and Pharisees all was duplicity, cunning and false reliance upon self, money and human power. They send their mob out as it were to a robber—who find their Victim beneath the shade of the olive trees in holy prayer, and deathlike agony. With a kiss He was betrayed by one of His newly ordained priests. Then He was taken bound as a culprit from Caiaphas to Pilate thence to Herod, and back again to Pilate, whence he stumbles in weakness and loss of blood to the hill of Calvary. Here He consummates the Master-act of love by dying for the world, and wiping out the handwriting upon the wall against us. We turn to the Cross,

dear reader, with compunction of soul, and gratitude of heart, and hope of life; for its memories and the Blood of Him who hung there must be on us in time and eternity. Strange mystery of man's perversity, stranger still of God's wisdom and love!

Can there be joy after such sorrow, triumph after such defeat? Aye, in very deed. There comes from out the shadow of the Cross a light that burns with undying brightness. Easter morning with its cry of exultation, "Alleluia, He is risen as He said," follows quickly upon the darkness of the eclipse and the silence of death. Where is the plotting now? Where the human prudence? Every circumstance has only added to the glory of the risen Saviour. What lessons for His humblest disciple! What hope for His lowliest follower! Many a time the world seems triumphant, the Shepherd stricken, the flock scattered. A little while and all is changed. In the glory of Easter morn He riseth from the tomb, conqueror of sin and death.

To all of us there is a Good Friday with its humiliation and sorrow. To all of us there will be an Easter morn of resurrection from a dead past, victory over self and earthly pleasure, and worldly hatred, if only in faith and resignation, in hope and love, we share the Cross with Him "who was delivered up for our sins and who rose again for our justification." May it be thus, is our sincere wish at this coming Easter tide!

## Church Attendance.

For several years the Bishop of Southwark in England has been devising plans to remedy the negligence of so many of his people in attending Mass and other religious services. He first reduced considerably the payments for seats in the nave, and made admission to the rest of the Cathedral quite free. This experiment, although satisfactory, was by no means adequate to the greatness of the evil. He, therefore, in May, 1892, made the Cathedral entirely free.

From the main purpose in view the experiment is judged to be a success. The congregations present at Mass during the year have increased by three hundred every Sunday. Nor has the experiment proved a financial failure. A loss of £2 a week or about £100 a year is the only deficit—a small loss when we consider the gain of over 300 at Mass.

This is a subject upon which Cardinal Vaughan has thought very seriously and spoken, but which he never as yet has tried to carry into action. At one of his visitations his Eminence desired the free Church as it would remove all excuse from certain poor and languid Catholics from not attending the services. Furthermore, he thought that the churches would be much more largely attended by those outside the fold who wish to see Catholic worship and hear Catholic preaching. The *Tablet* expresses the gratitude of Catholic England to the Bishop of Southwark "for having pioneered the way in a movement that will always be associated with his name."

With us in Canada the case of attendance or rather non-attendance

at Church is not the same. There are very few in our cities, and none in the country, who are kept from Church on account of their inability to pay. Those who are careless upon this important subject are the pleasure seeking young people, whose first and last thought when not actively engaged in the duties of life, are bent upon self-gratification. Much of their faith and religious sentiment are sickened with poisonous literature or the sneers of their fellow-laborers in the shops. What is the remedy? Better early training with more prayer from pious mothers. Surround them with Catholic associations which will bring them together and which will give that strength of mutual support. Teach them the dignity, the glory of being edifying members of the great Church of God. Give them the means of rendering an answer for the hope that is, or should be, in them. Solve the difficulties which frequently spring up in their own soul, giving them such literature as is issued by the Truth Society which will enable them to meet the objections urged on all sides against that faith which through human weakness they are apt to throw aside as a burthen not to be carried by men of the world.

## The New Premier.

The interpretation given by the *London Times* to Lord Rosebery's plain enunciation of Home Rule principles and convictions were misleading as they are untruthful. All those journals both in England and Canada that snap up with avidity every thing said or written against the honour or interests of Ireland, were only too anxious to copy the malignant asseverations of the *Times*. The *Toronto Mail* even improved on the Thunderer's perverse calculations and declared that the new Premier would be exceedingly "undesirous to be hampered by the legacies of the past, and it is very unlikely that he will feel bound to carry out either Mr. Gladstone's ideas of Home Rule, or every plank in the Newcastle programme."

Great indeed must be the chagrin and disappointment of those oracles of ill-omen on reading the most important passages of the eloquent speech and official pronouncement delivered by Lord Rosebery on Saturday last in Edinburgh. It was on St. Patrick's Day—when more than fifty thousand people had gathered at the Exchange to greet the new Premier. Truly the noble young statesman has come in the spirit and power of his predecessor. It was considered a few months ago that but one man in all England could stir up a whole city by his presence. Cheering crowds and welcoming thousands were reserved for the Grand Old Man, nor could his opponents (or enemies he had none) withhold their admiration, or not join in the general ovation accorded to the Nestor of British politicians and statesmen.

From the dispatches received this week, however, it is very evident that it was not so much the personality, after all, as the liberal policy of Mr. Gladstone that touched the hearts of the populace in Great Britain. In all his days of triumph he was never accorded a more hearty welcome or a

more unanimous expression of public endorsement than greeted the entry of Lord Rosebery on last Saturday to the grandest and most capacious hall in the city of Edinburgh. Thousands filled the streets, it is said, on his route from the railway station to the Corn Exchange. More than 50,000 Liberals had gathered to listen to a public declaration of his policy, and of the programme laid down by him and his colleagues for the people and for the general interests of the Empire at large.

How utterly confounded must the *London Times* feel and all its Canadian copyists when the words rang out—"that his policy and Mr. Gladstone's policy were identical in regard to Home Rule for Ireland, and that any assertion to the contrary was maliciously untruthful and misleading. When I spoke in the House of Lords," he said, "I declared with frankness and perspicuity my attitude to Home Rule. Unfortunately the interpretation which my opponents put upon my words was not what I meant when I uttered them. If rightly interpreted my words must have carried conviction to the heart of England that what I said was a truism. The present Parliament have carried the Parish Councils Bill for England with the Irish vote. I tell you it is not necessary to demand an English majority to carry a Home Rule Bill or to beat the English vote in order to convince the English people of the justice of Irish Home Rule."

The argument of Lord Rosebery is that the Bills affecting the interests of the English people themselves—must be carried by an Irish vote and against a majority of English members of Parliament—why should people make an outcry against Home Rule being carried by a similar vote in the House?

His attitude to the House of Lords is quite as clear and out-spoken, as it is on the question of Autonomy for Ireland, "The House of Lords might be said to have England at its back—yet in ordinary circles just now the people had risen ten to one against the upper chamber."

It is to be hoped that in future our Canadian dailies shall wait for explanations before venturing leaders on improbable and untruthful statements coming from such bigoted and unscrupulous sheets as the *London Times*. In the present instance Lord Rosebery declares publicly in the presence of 50,000 people—that "the organ of this party, the *London Times*, had wilfully misrepresented his utterances."

## Catholic Higher Education.

In our last number we touched very lightly upon this subject in reply to an attack made by the *Evangelical Churchman*. The occasion which aroused what little knowledge our contemporary has of Catholic literature and philosophy was an article in the *New York Independent*. A Professor of the Catholic University of Washington, Rev. Dr. Shahan, answered the *Independent* in its own columns, which we now reproduce as well deserving the attention of our readers. In justice to our side it should appear in the *Evangelical Churchman*. We will see.

### The Temporal Power.

A pamphlet concerning the temporal position has been published by a Count Soderini which is attracting a good deal of attention at Rome. The illness which has attacked Italy is according to the author, unto death, unless the only efficacious remedies which remain are applied. These remedies are threefold—a strong government which will command respect in, and out of, Italy; a Christian spirit to replace Freemasonry; and the restoration of the Temporal Power of the Pope over the city of Rome.

This publication is meant to forestall Crispi who has frequently declared that he is willing to do all in his power to put an end to the antagonism between the Italians and the Holy See. After earnestly promoting the present state of affairs, he realizes the injury he has done Italy. He constantly says: "Let them speak. If reasonable propositions be made, I shall meet them half way." The question therefore arises whether Count Soderini has made what Crispi calls "reasonable propositions." If the Italian Premier sticks to his reiterated opinion that the absolute renunciation of the Temporal Power is a condition *sine qua non* of an arrangement, the Count's pamphlet will not be a very acceptable addition to Crispi's library.

What part the Temporal Power acts in the welfare of Christianity is not well understood and still less taken to heart by people to-day. Rossi spoke truly when he said: "The independence of the Pontifical Domain is guaranteed by the conscience of all Catholics. The treasures of the whole of Europe have raised the monuments of Rome; and Rome, head and centre of Catholicism, belongs much more to Christians than to Romans." The great Napoleon rejoiced that the Pope resided neither at Paris, Vienna nor any other of the monarchical capitals of Europe, but in the ancient city of Rome—"far from the hand of the emperors of Germany or of France, or of the King of Spain, holding the balance between the Catholic sovereigns. For the government of souls it is the best of most beneficial institution that can be imagined."

### Catholic Congress of Italy.

This is the age of congresses, and no one appreciates them better than the Sovereign Pontiff now happily reigning. Wherever they have been held, Leo XIII. has watched them with paternal interest. He has directed them by the light of his genius, his experience and his authority. To him they are the life of Catholic revival, so deeply needed in our day.

The latest was the eleventh Congress of Italian Catholics whose sittings formed a suitable close to the Papal Jubilee year. Their number was not large. They were a band of Spartans in the Pass of Thermopylae—good men and true—staying by the truth and firmness of their principles the attack of countless, unknown thousands who are over sweeping down upon the fair plains of Christian civilization and religious right. In their telegram to the Holy Father the

Congress claimed its inauguration "in the glorious name of your Holiness, which is the pledge of salvation to our Fatherland, of new life to society, at present in sore labor. Secure in the consciousness of Christian patriotism, we hail you Father, Master, and Leader." The undivided union of the Papacy and the true destiny of Italy was made the subject of several addresses, and was hailed with enthusiasm on all sides.

At the closing session which was presided over by the Cardinal-Vicar of Rome, Sir Stuart Knill, late Lord Mayor of London, was presented to the Congress, and received a splendid welcome. In speaking of the Social Question the Cardinal-Vicar said:

"It includes every question. Politics have lost their teeth—they are senile and foolish by the side of that. And yet the world is busier with politics than ever. Since 1848 politics have been the rage; no one has troubled much about the well-being of the peoples: they have been told of a good time coming—and it has yet to come. At the present moment politics have the first place in the public mind—the true interests are neglected. So it was in Constantinople when the Turk was at the gates. So it is with the music of the countless crowd which distracts them from the low growl of angry Etna. We see around us the literal coming to pass of Henry George's words: 'The rich are getting ever richer, the poor getting ever poorer.' And the crowd, with axe and torch in hand, are shouting: 'We will be the rich, and you shall be the poor.' The Anti-Clericals should not take it amiss. They are reaping what they have sown. In philosophy, Materialism; in religion, Atheism; in morals, Fatalism; in the family, its ruin by civil marriage; in the Church oppression of its liberty—these are their principles, and Ravachol, Vaillant, and Henri are their conclusions. We Catholics might view this with an even mind were we bound to care only for ourselves. But we have traditions to hand on: we must take thought of the younger generations. Priest and layman have a deposit to preserve, and both must go down together to the lists to solve the Social Question. Stern resistance will assuredly be offered us, but even from martyrdom we must not flinch. For my part, I prefer the pyre of Joan of Arc before the throne of Monseigneur of Beauvais. We must bring charity to the solution of the Social Question. Not the charity of pen and ink, but of the purse, given with forethought and to the best advantage. I may be trusted to know something about charities. You have heard a well-nigh endless list of the good works of Rome. I assure you that these do not form a hundredth part of Rome's organized charities. Well, if all these have to be sacrificed to or absorbed into one, that one should be the school. I quote with approval the saying of the American, that 'The battle of religion will very soon be decided in the school rather than in the pulpit.' So if economics must be practised, let it be anywhere rather than in the school. For the only solution of the Social Question is Christ and His law; and when this is taught to each generation as it arises, the problem will not be far from solving itself. But while we thus provide for the future, our present strength is in the Magna Charta of the Social Question, the Encyclical *Recurram Novarum*."

### The Catholic Truth Society.

We are very glad to learn that The Catholic Truth Society is again to receive new life in St. Basil's Parish. Under the zealous management of the Rev. Father Brennan, and by the attention of the gentlemen in charge, viz., Messrs. Crotty, Kernahan and Moore, satisfactory results will be forthcoming. No better field in America is to be found for the working of this admirable society. The centre of education and of the prejudice now so rampant, Toronto presents to the devotion of those engaged the task of removing many of the obstacles which have lain here for generations in the shape of misunderstanding, ignorance, and the like. By spreading amongst non-Catholics as well as Catholics the little pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society of England, by publishing similar tracts when necessary, and

only when necessary, untold good will be done. We wish St. Basil's Branch of The Catholic Truth Society increased prosperity and a long career of usefulness in the great work of instructing others unto salvation.

### Latest from Mr. Blake.

The friends of Ireland felt encouraged by the splendid confidence expressed by the Hon. Edward Blake, during his late visit, on the assured success and final triumph, in the very near future, of the Home Rule cause. With profound political sagacity, and the accurate knowledge of personal experience, Mr. Blake declared that no matter who led the Liberal party in the Imperial Parliament, the Gladstone programme should be strictly followed. Lord Rosebery's latest public pronouncement confirms the correctness of Mr. Blake's forecast.

The only thing to be feared for the Home Rule cause, said its Irish Canadian champion, is lack of interest and support from Irishmen abroad. The generous response given by Canada to Mr. Blake's appeal sent him back to his place in the Irish party with renewed strength and courage. But time presses, and the practical aid so liberally given, or promised, is now urgently and immediately needed. Mr. Blake writes to friends in Canada urging remittance to him of funds collected as soon as possible. In the present condition of the Irish parliamentary party, and the critical state of English politics, time is money, and "he who gives quick, gives double." Sums collected may be sent by cable to—Blake, House Commons, London.

### Literary Notes.

*Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints.*—No reading better fosters a spirit of piety than the legends of the Saints, and no period of life is so susceptible to impressions of piety as the season of youth. It follows from this that no more precious book can be written than a "Lives of the Saints," adapted to the requirements of the young. Precisely such a book is the "Little Pictorial Lives of the Saints," edited by the late John Gilmary Shea. Its sketches are brief and well written; the reflections added to each life, brief also, and to the point, and the whole rendered attractive by beautiful engravings. Though intended especially for the young, it will prove delightful reading to adults also, and even to the old; and cannot fail to become a favorite in every household fortunate enough to possess it. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

*Explanations of Gospels and of Catholic Worship.*—This work from the Italian of Angela Cagnola, and the German of Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D., has been translated into vigorous English, by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D., the clever author of "Notes on Ingersoll," "Tactics of Infidels," etc. The names both of authors and translator are a pledge of the practical utility of the work. Though a volume of but moderate size, it contains a complete analysis of the Gospels of every Sunday and Festival of the year, with a full explanation of the ceremonies and sacraments

of Catholic worship. It is sure of a hearty welcome from all sides. To the missionary priest, who is at a loss for time to collect his thoughts before entering the pulpit: to the Catholic layman anxious to be well instructed in his faith, and to those outside the fold who would enquire into the Church's interpretation of the Scriptures, or learn the significance of her ceremonial, it is alike acceptable. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

*A Republic or a Colony*, by Joseph Royal, late Lieutenant-Governor of the North-west Territories.—We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Enselme Senecal & Fils, of Montreal, a copy of this interesting pamphlet. As far as a somewhat hasty perusal enables us to judge, the writer's object is to call attention to, and invite discussion of, dangers that at the present moment threaten the stability of the Confederacy. That these dangers are not wholly imaginary admits, we think, of no doubt. Signs are not wanting of a disposition in controlling parties to ignore utterly the rights of minorities. The treatment of the Catholics of Manitoba on the school question is a startling example of this illiberal spirit, nor do the articles of confederation seem to have provided the weaker with adequate means of protection against the tyranny of majorities. There is a growing feeling also that confederation has not accomplished all that was expected of it in the way of material progress, and that dissatisfaction is spreading in consequence, can scarcely be denied. Whether the remedy lies in separation from the mother country, and the assumption of the responsibilities of nationhood, as the writer seems to think, or in some less extreme course of action, are questions on which we express no opinion here. We agree with him, however, in this: that no taint of disloyalty attaches to the freest discussion of the subject. It is not only the right but the duty of every Canadian to study the best interest of Canada, let these interests be in what direction they may.

*Transactions of the Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto.*—We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of report of proceedings issued annually by the above named society. The volume for the past year contains interesting information about the personnel of the society, and is embellished with a portrait of the founder. To the student of astronomy and physics the articles will be found of absorbing interest, and even by the non-scientific many of them will be read with pleasure. The society, though only in the fifth year of its existence, seems to have made encouraging progress. We wish it every success, and are glad, therefore, to learn that its application for assistance to the Ontario Government has not been wholly unsuccessful.

### Answer to Correspondent.

In reply to E. J. C. we do not think it proper to wear the palm as a mer-ornament. The palm is blessed by a special ceremony of the Church. After being carried home it should be kept in a respectful manner. In religious houses the palm is carefully preserved till the following Ash Wednesday, when it is burned to provide the ashes for the ceremony of that day.

Weekly Retrospect.

We all rejoice when we hear the first robin, that harpinger of spring. No matter how fine and mild the weather may have been, if we have not heard his cheerful notes, we feel that we are still in mid-winter. John Burroughs, in his charming little book, *Wake-Robin*, speaks of him as "one of the most native and democratic of our birds; he is one of the family, and seems much nearer to us than those rare, exotic visitants, with their distant, high-bred ways. Hardy, noisy, frolicsome, neighborly and domestic in his habits, strong of wing and bold in spirit, he is the pioneer of the thrush family, and well worthy of the finer artists whose coming he heralds and in a measure prepares us for."

With the robin's pleasant song ringing in our ears, one morning, we felt so very spring like that we thought we would like to look spring like too. Alas! slim purses are always in the way, and don't we often wish they would grow suddenly heavy by magic? But putting all covetous thoughts aside, we visited the millinery department of W. A. Murray & Co., and if we could not indulge in any of the pretty things there, it would do us good to see others do so. Through the kindness and courtesy of Miss Morrison, we were initiated in all the technical names used into the latest fashions. One combination of colors, which to the mind's eye might seem rather sombre, is black and brown; a brown straw trimmed with black *moiré*, really looks well and the effect is very pretty, quiet and lady-like. The bonnets are of a very becoming shape, fitting close to the head. The hats are more sensible than last winter, the English walking hat being still a favorite, a little modified to suit the trimming. A pretty bonnet to be seen in this show-room was trimmed with black violets, and black ostrich tips, sprinkled with jet; wide geranium ribbon tied under the chin, finished this effective little head-piece. A very stylish hat was brown, trimmed with green ribbon and green roses. The old-fashioned curtain is coming in vogue again, but is much more graceful than the stiff curtain our great grandmothers had to their bonnets, it now being of pretty, soft lace, falling over the hair. The artificial flowers are very beautiful this season; it seems incongruous to see black roses and violets, also green flowers of every description, but such is Dame Fashion's whim.

The favorite rose is the "American Beauty," and those seen in Murray's would rival Dunlop's finest. A great many new shades are worn; there are the tomatoe shades, which are very bright. A pretty feature in the millinery this spring is the introduction of Irish lace in the trimming of both hats and bonnets. Lady Aberdeen, who has been indefatigable in her interest in the Irish lace making industry, may be thanked for this handsome addition to the decoration of the female head. Large buckles set with Rhine stones are very much worn and are effective with the Irish lace. The children's hats are lovely; how sweet the wee things would look in the wide brims with soft falling lace over their little baby faces. Want of time made us tear ourselves away from these beautiful rooms filled with everything to please the eye of the most fastidious, but not to forget them.

We are sorry to be so late in noticing a very interesting article by Mrs. D. A. O'Sullivan in the February number of the *Ladies' Journal*, on "The life of a Sister of Charity." We thought the *Journal* had forgotten us in our quiet little corner, as it did not reach the Sanctum till March had far advanced. Mrs. O'Sullivan gives a pleasing description of the different orders of Sisters, who devote their lives to charitable work. Some of these orders are familiar to

Torontonians, such as the good Sisters of St. Joseph and the Sisters of Our Lady of Charity of the Refuge.

Groping Their Way Back.

"Father" Brown is the rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, in New York. He and his congregation are very high church. He has introduced the service of the Stations of the Cross, and conducts it as in the Catholic churches during Lent. At each station he reads a description of the event represented, after which he recites the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Gloria. While moving from station to station the "Stabat Mater" is sung. The people remained on their knees until Father Brown and his attendants had passed into the robing room. Then all crossed themselves before rising from their knees and bowed to the altar as they turned to leave the church.

Catholic sympathy goes out to those good people, who are groping their way back to the true church from which their ancestors wandered.—*Catholic Times*.

Wit and Humor.

"Don't lean so heavily on the down strokes," said the teacher during the writing lesson. That was what Tommy said also, only more emphatically, when, five minutes later, he was wriggling over the master's knee.

After Deacon Smithers had finished his call on the pastor, the latter's little daughter said: "Papa, didn't the deacon say he didn't believe in Santa Claus?" "That's what he said, love." "Then, papa, won't we have to try him for heresy?"

Mrs. Dobson: "Bridget told me she saw Mr. and Mrs. Hobson going to church this morning. I wonder what's the matter." Mr. Dobson: "Why, either Mr. Hobson has had another attack of his heart trouble, or Mrs. Hobson has a new hat!"

"Yes," he said, "I am all alone in the world, and no one to help me." "So much the better," replied the philosopher; "the world owes you a living, and as you say you have no competitors, the more reason for believing that you will get your due."

"What's in a name?" Well, that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard.

Someone says you might read all the books in the British Museum, if you could live long enough, and remain an utterly illiterate person.

Inactivity of the Stomach.

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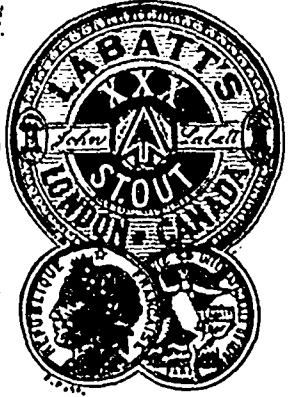


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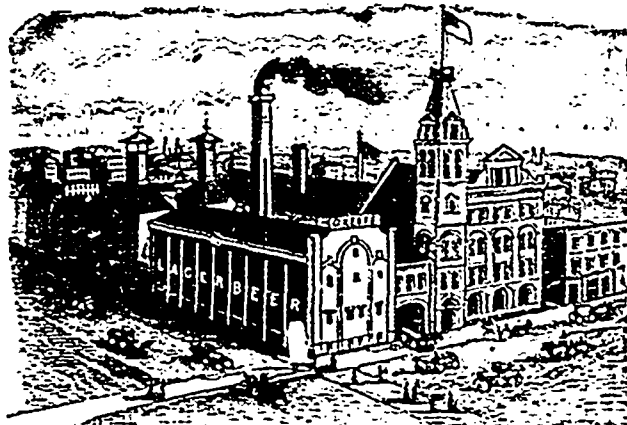
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SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Carlow.

In Dublin, on February 20th, before the Master of the Rolls, Mr. John Roche, Q.C., and Mr. Daniel Mahoney applied on behalf of Mrs. Catharine Hogan, Superiress of the Convent of Moroy, Carlow, for payment of the sums of £331 3s., New Consols, and £25 2s. 10d., cash standing to the separate credit of a Convent of Moroy, with an orphanage, to be established in Graigue, within five years after the death of Mr. Wright Carroll. No convent had been established, and the Superiress of the Convent of Moroy, St. Leo's, now applied to be declared entitled to the fund. Mr. P. L. Smith appeared for the executor, and Mr. George Collins, solicitor, for the Attorney General. The Court declared Mrs. Hogan entitled to the funds in court, for the benefit of the orphanage, and directed that in pursuance of a clause in the testator's will an altar should be erected in the convent chapel, and an order was accordingly made to that effect.

Clare.

At Kilkeo, a few evenings ago, a family named Quinn had an extraordinary escape during a thunderstorm. While assembled around the fire, the lightning entered the apartment. One child was thrown into the fire and badly burned, while another was flung senseless on the floor. A third was struck on the foot, the side of the shoe and stocking being burned off. The father, who was also seated at the fire, was thrown down and stunned, and the cat lying between his feet, had its head burned off.

Down.

The Rev. Peter Magorrian, Parish Priest of Ballygalget, near Portaferry, in the diocese of Down and Connor, died on February 22d, after a short illness. Deceased was a brother of the Rev. Hugh Magorrian, P.P., of Randalstown, county Antrim, and of Mr. Matthew Magorrian, J. P., Ballykinlar House, Co. Down.

Kerry.

We regret to have to announce the death, on February 16th, of Mr. Patrick Neligan, which took place at his residence, Ballinvoynig, at the age of 69, after an illness, of heart disease, extending over a period of 12 months. Deceased was highly respected by all classes. He leaves a wife and twelve children. His interment took place on the 18th, remains being followed to the family burial place at Garfany by a large and respectable concourse of people.

Kilkenny.

On February 17th, the remains of Mrs. E. Duggan, (who died on the 15th), were conveyed from her residence, Blunden Villa, Castleblunden, to St. Patrick's Church, where an Office and High Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul. The deceased lady was highly respected by all classes in Kilkenny. The poor will miss her sorely, because she always hearkened to the call of charity, and to those whom she considered deserving.

Leitrim.

During the second week in February, Mr. Harris, Sub Sheriff for county Leitrim, evicted five families, in all twenty-eight persons, none of whom were re-admitted, in the parish of Drumrielly, county Leitrim.

Limerick.

Mr. Patrick Raleigh, of Dunbylaque, Galbally, Chairman of the Mitchelstown Board of Guardians, has been appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the Commission of the Peace for the county of Limerick.

On February 22d, the interment took place in Mount St. Lawrence Cemetery, of the late Mrs. Margaret Corbett, who died at her residence, Upper William street, Limerick, on Tuesday morning, February 20th. Mrs. Corbett was in her 89th year, and being in feeble health of late, her demise was not unexpected. The funeral cortege was very large. Mrs. Corbett was mother of the Most Rev. Dr. Corbett, Archbishop of Tasmania, who, it will be remembered, visited Limerick in the summer of 1891, and received the compliment from the Corporation of the freedom of the borough.

Mayo.

On February 21st, a sad boating fatality occurred on the coast, a short distance from Ballycastle. Eight men named Sweeney, Langan, Bell, Blanch, Hefernan, Winters, McHale and Ross went out to fish in a small row-boat a short distance from the shore. Owing to the high sea that was running they determined to return. In doing so the boat capsized, precipitating the crew into the water. One of the coastguards of the Ballycastle station, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Foley, of Ballycastle, who witnessed the occurrence, at once pushed off to the rescue, and were able to save seven of the men, who had clung to the oars and the upturned boat. The eighth man, Sweeney, perished, despite all their efforts.

Sligo.

The Most Rev. Dr. Lyster, Bishop of Athlone, has made the following clerical changes:—Rev. E. H. Conington, C.C., Curry, to be Parish Priest of Kiltymor, in room of the late lamented Rev. Edward Meohan, P.P. Rev. P. Filan, C.C., Ballymote, to be C.C., Curry. Rev. P. J. O'Grady, C.C., Ballaghaderreen, to be C.C., Ballymote. Rev. M. J. Devine (late of the Irish College, Paris), to be C.C., of Killasnoo. Rev. James O'Connor, who had been doing

temporary duty in Kiltymos, during the absence of Father Meohan, has returned to Ballaghaderreen, as C.C. of the Cathedral.

Tipperary.

The Sheriff's bailiff, Mitchell, with some assistants, proceeded, on February 16th, accompanied by a protection party of twenty police, under the command of District Inspector Rogers, to the townland of Ballycahill, about two miles from Nenagh, and evicted two tenants named Thomas and John Ryan, on the property of the Corville minors. Mr. Roe, of Dublin, is receiver over the place, and he was personally in attendance. Emergency men were put into possession, and are guarded by police from the town. Thomas Ryan it appears, only owed two years' rent, half of which, £19, he offered to pay down, and give security for the payment of the balance within a certain time. The evictions aroused deep and widespread indignation. Next day the emergency men seized the tenant's stock, which strayed back on the lands, and had them lodged in the pound.

Waterford.

The Inspector-General of Police has appointed County Inspector A. E. O. Hayes, of Waterford, to the charge of the County Westmeath force, vice County Inspector H. G. Cary, retired. It is rumored that County-Inspector Lynch, of Fermansagh, will succeed Mr. Hayes as County Inspector at Waterford.

Michael Hannigan, who was knocked down by a bread van at Fanningstown, near Piltown, some short time ago, died a few days after, in the Carrick-on-Suir Workhouse Infirmary. Being an "old sport," he was interred at Clonegam Churchyard, in Curraghmore demesne, near his old master, Lord Henry. "Mick," in his young days, was a rider of some fame.

On Sunday, February 18th, the ceremony of consecrating the recently acquired addition to the Catholic side of the burial ground at Ballynaneeshagh, was carried out by the Bishop of Waterford. Some time ago, owing to the overcrowding of the Catholic ground, a committee of the Guardians was appointed to see what could be done to remedy it; and on their recommendation about half of the ground apportioned to Protestants was allotted to the Catholic portion, the Protestant burials there since the opening of the cemetery not exceeding half-a-dozen. The Bishop was assisted in the ceremony by the Rev. William Browne, Adm., St. John's, and Rev. Father Cadogan, C.C., and there was a large number of the citizens present.

Wexford.

We announce with much regret the death on February 23d, of Mr. James Malone, merchant, Market Square, Enniscorthy, who had been ailing for a considerable time. Of a man so widely known and highly respected, it is needless to say much; suffice it to state that, as a leading man of business of undoubted capacity, he earned for himself a deserved reputation in the locality, while his personal qualities endeared him to everyone. He was a consistent Nationalist, and was esteemed by members of all classes and creeds.

We record also with much regret the death of Mr. William Royce, draper, Slaney street, Enniscorthy, who after a long illness passed away on Sunday evening, February 18th, at the age of thirty-eight years. As an honest and straightforward citizen, Mr. Royce was much esteemed by his fellow-townsmen. He might be justly regarded as one of the leading Gaels in the County Wexford, being one of the founders and first officers of the Enniscorthy Gaelic Club, the secretary of which he was for a considerable time. He also acted as treasurer to the Enniscorthy Coursing Club. His funeral took place, on the 20th, his remains being followed to the place of interment at Blackwater by a very large cortege. On the 23d a Solemn Requiem Office and High Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral for the repose of his soul.

Wicklow.

On February 17th, Mr. John H. Parnell arrived in Arklow, from Avondale, and drove out to visit his quarries at Arklow Rock. He made a very minute inspection of the works, and was highly pleased at how the operations had been conducted since his last visit. It appears that "sett" making will go on at once on a large scale in consequence of a supply of orders received. This, of course, will mean employment for many hands. On February 18th, the brig Handclip of Arklow, from Ghent to Dublin, with phosphates, was wrecked on the Goodwin Sands. The Ramsgate lifeboat picked up four of the crew, only two being able to help themselves, their names being John Tyrrell (captain) and Isaac Hackott. A third, Michael Colvin, cook, aged nineteen, was lifted into the lifeboat, but died shortly afterwards from exposure. The fourth man, John Loughton, able seaman, was already dead. Both men belonged to Arklow.

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

They Bear the Curse.

There is one class of workers for temperance that ought to be, and in the main is safe from gibes and rancour. It is the woman upon whom the curse of drunkenness rests most heavily, and when women unite to protect their homes from its blight their provocation and their aim should secure for them at least the respect of silence from those who do not believe in their remedies for an evil that none can deny. Woman's suffering from drunken husbands, fathers, sons and brothers gives her a right to call for all the protection that society can justly give.

Two Different Motives.

It seems that Miss Sparrow, a London journalist, took it into her head to sweep a crossing, just to see what it was like. It was Lady Georgiana Fullerton who once performed the same act, in order to allow the regular sweeper to attend Mass.

Rev. P. King, who is a native of Adams-town, and, who, it will be remembered, was raised to the dignity of deacon, a few weeks ago, was, on Sunday, February 18th, in the chapel attached to the Sisters of Mercy Convent, Wexford, ordained priest by the Bishop of Ferns, who was assisted by the Rev. Luke Doyle, President of St. Peter's College; Rev. W. Codd, S.P.C., and Rev. T. Clonoy, S.P.C., Father King, who is a nephew of Rev. M. O'Gorman, P.P., Kilmore, has been appointed Professor of Modern Languages in St. Peter's College, Wexford.

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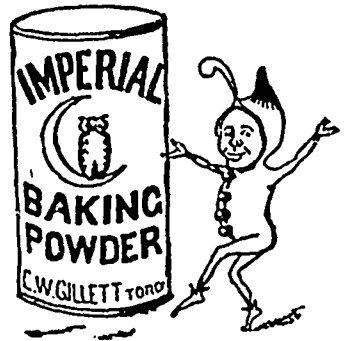
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## Mater Dolorosa.

Written for the Catholic Register.

Mother of Sorrows I make my heart,  
Melt in compassion's tears;  
And in thy dolors bear a part,  
Tho' the thick mists of years  
May hang 'twixt this eve and the day  
The last sword to thy soul found way.

## DOLOR I.

Recall, my soul, the Temple grand;  
Behold the Holy Parents stand  
While Mary, Virgin Mother mild,  
Presents to Heaven's Infant Child.  
But mark a hoary sage draws nigh  
With reverence to the Company.  
Inspired of God, he then records  
Her future sorrows in her Lord's.

## II.

Now change the scene to that dread night  
Whose shadows hid the weary flight,  
Again we see the Mother fair,  
Clasping her Son with tender care,  
While Joseph guides to far-off lands;  
From men who seek with blood-stained hands  
The life of Him who came to give  
His heart's last drops, that they might live.

## III.

The years roll on; what see we now?  
Our Queen again, of saddened brow,  
As, with her spouse, she seeks in vain,  
Her Son and Saviour to regain—  
"Oh! have I let my Child, my Lord,  
Thro' fault of mine in deed or word?"  
In anguish to her heart she cries,  
And humbly seeks what a ill there lies.

## IV.

The clouds frown dark in Calvary's steep  
Again we see in sorrow deep,  
The mother's heart now bleeds anew—  
That heart of all on earth most true,  
She shrinks not now, but turns to meet  
Her Son, who tolls with bleeding feet  
Beneath His cross, the while the crowd  
Urge on with blow and insult loud.

## V.

But yet a sharper pang must pierce;  
And now she sees those demons fierce  
Nail to the cross, with ringing blow,  
The Saviour whom they would not know.  
Each stroke re-echoes in her soul;  
Each wound adds still another dole,  
Until the spear hath rent His side,  
And heart-drops form the eaving tide.

## VI.

Then next, beside the cross she stands,  
While men take down, with loving hands,  
The Body, now all stiff and cold,  
And place it in her arms: Behold!  
How every wound in her renews,  
As those of her dead Son she views:  
And bitter, pent-up tears now flow  
To lave the form so dear below.

## VII.

Yet must the sword again pass through,  
The Mother's heart, now proved so true.  
Joseph and Nicodemus lay  
The body in the tomb away;  
Then roll the stone that seals the place,  
And homeward all their steps retrace,  
Ah! she is left in grief alone,  
Her Son, her Lord, her all is gone.

Mother of Sorrows! on this eve  
Thy children fain would tell  
Their love for thee, who didn't receive  
Thy seven-fold grief to quell  
The wrath divine; for by Thy Son  
Was death laid low, Salvation won.

## Selected Receipts.

**APPLE SHORTCAKE.**—If you have never tried apple shortcake, try it now. Prepare it exactly as you would strawberry shortcake, using apple sauce in place of the berries; and by the time apples grow again you may consider an apple shortcake as great a treat as strawberry shortcake.

**EGG CROQUETTES.**—Boil eighteen eggs, separate the yolks and whites and cut them in slices; pour over them sauce a la creme; add a little grated bread, mix all together, and let it get cold. Put in some salt and pepper, make them into cakes, cover them well on both sides with grated bread, let them stand an hour, and fry them a nice brown. Dry before the fire, and dish quite hot.

**FRESH FISH BAKED.**—Clean the fish well and wipe it dry (not to cut of the head); prepare a forcemeat of bread and oysters chopped fine and moistened with their own liquor, salt it and season with parsley and pepper; fill the fish with this, sew it together and lay it in a dripping pan; pour around it some warm water, and sprinkle with pepper and salt, and bake often. If a good sized fish, bake one hour.

**SOUP A LA JULIENNE.**—Divide two medium sized carrots in two, then cut

into very thin slices of about an inch long; take the same quantity of turnips, leeks, onions and a few pieces of celery, all cut into thin slices, and put them into a saucepan with a piece of good butter. On a moderate fire stir slowly until the vegetables begin to color slightly. And three pints of consommé or stock and boil gently one hour. Ten minutes before serving put in three or four leaves of lettuce, the same of sorrel, a little onion chopped up; boil a little longer, adding a pinch of sugar and a tablespoonful of green peas previously boiled.

**TROPICAL SUNS.**—Four sweet oranges, half a grated coconut, three bananas, strained juice of two lemons, and powdered sugar to taste; peel the oranges and remove seeds and white membrane; put a layer of oranges in the bottom of a greased dish, sprinkle with sugar, add coconut and then bananas, cut into thin slices; pour over some lemon juice and repeat the process, using orange, sugar, coconut, etc., as before; the top layer is to be heaped high in the center, and sprinkled thickly with coconut and sugar, and garnished round the base with slices of banana; other combinations of fruit may be arranged to suit the taste.

## The Forget-Me-Not.

Everybody knows the pretty little forget-me-not, and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the banks of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, and, owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor, was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out, with his last breath, *Vergiss mein nicht!* (Forget-me not). And ever since the flower has been looked on as the emblem of fidelity.

## A Solution of the Labour Problem.

Workmen must stand up against the evil of intemperance. The manufacturer of intoxicating liquor represents but little of productive labour, and its consumption does nothing but clog the wheels of commerce and progress. Remove the curse of drink, and the workmen and all the people are raised to a higher level, in which all men are thinkers and workers. The sequel is clear, and prohibition will do more to adjust the difference between labour and capital than all the strikes and conflicts of past years.

The habit of doing work well is not difficult to attain, and is invaluable when attained; whereas the slovenly, careless, indifferent habit ruins alike employer and employed. While this should be always held in view, it is better not to interfere too minutely in the methods of work. There are many different ways of producing the same results, and the one which the worker himself prefers will generally be the best for him.

I find earth not gray but rosy,  
Heaven not grim but fair of hue,  
Do I stoop? I pluck a rose;  
Do I stand and stare? All's blue.  
—Browning.

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

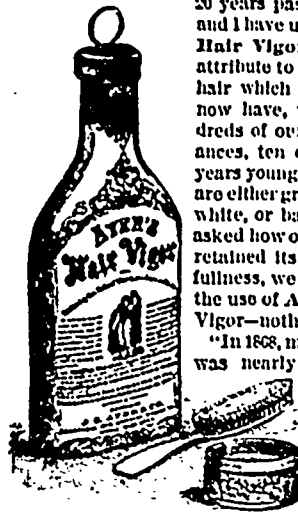
The deepest gulf known is the one sin has made.

Law in all its forms indicates an eternal law and points to an eternal Law-giver, whose being is truth and goodness itself.

Rev. Dr. Joseph McCormack, Protestant Canon at York, and formerly Vicar of Dunmore East, County Waterford, has accepted the vicarage of St. Augustine's, Highbury, New Park, London, worth £2,000 a year.

## A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'" "In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarun, Bastrop, Tex.



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1-y REV. J. R. TEEFY, President

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Are supplying the Trade with their superior  
ALES AND BROWN STOUTS,  
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## BAILIFF'S OFFICE

Chattel Mortgages, Rents, Notes and  
Accounts Collected. Prompt Returns.

Notes Discounted and Money Loaned.  
F. B. MORROW,  
61 Victoria Street.

Catholic News.

A Catholic International Scientific Congress will be held at Louvain in September.

Four nuns at the convent of St. Joseph Port of Spain, Trinidad, died in January of fever.

The New York St. Francis Xavier branch of the League of the Sacred Heart has over 17,000 members.

The Christian Brothers in Paris have opened a restaurant for their former pupils and for workmen, where good wholesome food may be bought at very moderate prices, and where young people will find themselves in none but honest and respectable company.

Mgr. Richard, Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris, has ordered a special service to be solemnized in the Cathedral of Notre Dame on Sunday, April 22, to celebrate the honor paid to Joan of Arc, and he has headed a subscription for a fac-simile of her banner, which is to be placed at the foot of the Blessed Virgin in the historic church.

At a meeting of the Loyola Club of Chicago at the residence of the Hon. W. J. Onahan, Prof. Maurice Francis Egan lectured on Shakespeare's Influence on the Modern Drama. Among the invited guests were Archbishop Feehan and a number of prominent priests, including Father Agnew, the Dantean lecturer. Prof. Egan is an ideal lecturer and is said to be one of the most delightful talkers.

At a State Council of the Iowa association of the A.P.A., the president in his annual address, said: "The average expriat is simply a leech sucking the life-blood of the councils for his own enrichment. We claim in our principles that we attack no man's religion and make no warfare on the religious tenets of the Roman Catholic church, yet we hear these hermaphrodite priests abuse all the peculiar observances of this church and villify and make fun of these observances." The council adopted a resolution in favor of the plan of the president.

Cardinal Gibbons while preaching at the Cathedral, Baltimore, recently, referred to the attendance of Christians at the theatres during the holy season of lent. He said: "I am far from being opposed to innocent recreation or healthy enjoyment. I know that they are necessary to the generality of mankind, for the bow cannot be kept bent too long. But I would draw the line at theatres during lent. But you will ask me if it is sinful to attend the theatres during lent. I will not say that it is. I believe that the witnessing of a Shakespearean play is instructive and ennobling, provided the performance is not marred by certain interludes which are calculated to gratify purient tastes. Christian life does not consist only in avoiding sin, but practicing virtue."

Judaism of the English.

Turning over the pages of Michelet in search of a date in the life of Joan of Arc we come across the following judgement upon the character of our countrymen which is not without interest at the present moment: "They are the only people who have been unable to claim the authorship of the 'Imitation'; a Frenchman might have written it, a German, an Italian, never an Englishman. From Shakespeare to Milton, from Milton to Byron, their beautiful and sombre literature is skeptical, Judaical, Satanic, in a word anti-Christian. 'As regards law,' as a jurist well says, 'The English are Jews, the French Christians.' A theologian might express himself in the same manner as regards faith. The American Indians, with that penetration and originality they so often exhibit, expressed this distinction in their fashion. 'Christ,' said one of them, 'was a Frenchman whom the English crucified in London; Pontius Pilate was an officer in the service of Great Britain.'" This extraordinary judg-

ment was delivered some fifty years ago, and we are incidentally reminded how transient such expressions of international sentiment are apt to be by an expression which occurs in a foot-note a few pages further on. After commending the industry of Guido Gærres, the historian writes: "This chivalrous devotion of a German to a French Saint does honor to Germany, to humanity. Germany and France are two sisters. May they ever beso."—October, 1840.—London Tablet.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You!

THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried

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—Of Lime and Soda.— IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

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47 Canada Life Building, 46 King St. West, Toronto; Bond's Block, Tottenham.

EDWARD J. HEARN, JOHN LAMONT, B.A. Residence, 10 Sorauren Ave., Toronto. Toronto Telephone, 1840.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

To Creditors of MARGARET DORAN, late of the City of Toronto, Spinster, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, pursuant to R.S.O., c. 110, that creditors and others having claims against the estate of the above named Margaret Doran, who died on or about the eighth day of February, 1894, are required to deliver or send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned, the solicitors for the executors of the said deceased, a statement in writing, containing their names, addresses and full particulars of their claims, with vouchers, if any, duly verified by a statutory declaration on or before the twenty third day of April, 1894, after which date the said executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate amongst the parties entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have notice, and he will not be liable for any claim of which he shall not have had notice as above at the time of such distribution.

FRANK A. ANGLIN, Cor Bay and Richmond streets. Dated at Toronto, 12th March, 1894.

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS.

Laboratory of Dr. R. Bryce-Gemmel, Consulting and Analytical Chemist, 225 Baylton Street, Boston, Mass.

I hereby certify that I have carefully examined the sample of K. D. C. submitted by the K. D. C., Ltd., Feb. 10, 1893, and have been unable to detect any objectionable or injurious ingredients therein. It is a compound prepared from pure drugs, and it is my opinion that, if properly administered it will give ready relief to sufferers from the different forms of the disease for which it is intended. It is a perfectly safe remedy.

Respectfully, R. BRYCE-GEMMEL, "Late Analyst Surgeon's hall," Edinburgh, Scotland.

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109 pp. 5th Edition. Written and sold by a farmer and Poultryman of 50 years experience. A plain, practical system, easily learned. Describes their diseases, how to make hens lay. Cholera, Diarrhoea, Roup, and other diseases. Price, 25c. (stamps). A Free Catalogue, A.M. LANG, Cove Dale, Ky.

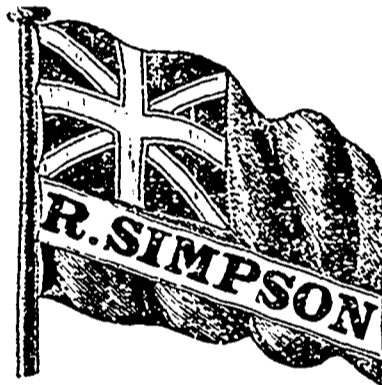


IT SHARPENS

the appetite, improves digestion, and restores health and vigor; all the organs of the body are roused to healthy action by Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. More than all, the liver—and that's the key to the whole system. You have pure blood or poisonous blood, just as your liver chooses. The blood controls the health, the liver controls the blood, the "Discovery" controls the liver.

You can escape just about half the ills that flesh is heir to, by being ready for them. Brace the system up with this medicine, which prevents as well as cures. For all diseases caused by a disordered liver or impure blood—dyspepsia, biliousness, the most stubborn skin, scalp and scrofulous affections, the "Discovery" is the only remedy so certain and effective that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get.

Catarrh is cured by using Dr. Sage's Remedy.



South-West Corner Yonge & Queen Sts.

BUILDING SALE.

TASTY and stylish describes in a word the new mantle stocks we're putting on the tables to-day.

Pretty Shoulder Capes in black, navy and fawn, \$1.25. A line of Capes, very tasty, large size, \$1.50.

Colored Dress Goods—

- 45-in. Henriettas, all colors, regular price 45c, sale price 32c
- 44-in. Navy Flapsacking, regular price 65c, sale price 35c
- 46-in. Cheviot, regular price 50c, sale price 30c
- 27-in. Costume Cloth, regular price 15c, sale price 8c
- Table Dye Goods, worth from 50c to \$1 a yard, sale price 25c
- Table Dress Goods, worth from 75c to \$1.35 a yard, sale price 50c
- 45-in. Sebastopol Cloth, regular price 75c, sale price 60c

Prints—

- Fast Color Prints, all shades, regular price 10c, sale price 5c
- 32-in. Fast Color Prints, regular price 12c, sale price 8c
- 32-in. Indigo Prints, guaranteed, regular price 12c, sale price 10c
- 32-in. French Prints, light delaine effects, regular price 15c, sale price 10c
- Dark Prints, in best delaine effects, regular price 15c, sale price 12c
- Cambic Prints, sale price 8c
- French Dress Satens, regular price 75c, sale price 17c

Ladies' Underwear—

- 150 Flannelette Night Dresses, worth 65c, sale price 45c
- 400 White Cotton Night Dresses, lace trimmed and laced, worth 50c, sale price 35c

R. SIMPSON,

S. W. corner Yonge and Queen streets, Toronto. Entrance Yonge at Entrance Queen at W. New Annex, 270 Yonge street. Store Nos. 170, 174, 176, 178 Yonge street, 1 and 3 Queen street West.

Beranger's Death.

Father Jean, historiographer of the Society of Jesus, supplies an account of the conversion of the French poet, Beranger, which will be read with an engrossing interest by his many admirers. The singer of Napoleon's ballads had a sister in the Convent of Les Oiseaux, Marie des Anges. She knew of the multitudinous acts of charity which he had manifested, therefore she never doubted that he would finally come to the better way. On the 16th of July Beranger died. On the 10th Mother Sophie and Sister Marie des Anges received a letter, ordering them to go to the couch of the poet. They went, but a whistle was heard as they entered the house, as if by accident, and immediately they saw three men pass successively into the salon. They were pretended "friends and brothers" who were anxious that the patient should not have a visit from any people connected with religion, and they had been at dinner at the moment the nuns had come in. Mother Sophie boldly walked into the room where the genius lay, although two of the strange persons endeavoured to stop her and uttered some offensive words. "Messieurs," she said "I am ignorant of what right you have here, but I doubt if any exists. You cannot hinder a sister from consoling her dying brother." They answered that the invalid, being feeble, he must be spared every emotion. "The emotions we shall create," she continued, "can injure him neither in soul nor in body." They did not dare to offer further objections. A few days afterwards the nuns had the satisfaction to learn that the penitent had been fortified with the cheering confidence in the faith and had been admitted to the sacraments by the Abbe Joussetin, pastor of the parish.—London Universe.

Situations Wanted.

We are requested to announce that several young girls are desirous of obtaining situations as general servants, housemaids or nurse girls. For further particulars apply to the Monastery of Our Lady of Charity, city.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 21, 1894.

Wheat, white, per bush.....	\$0 62	\$0 06
Wheat, red, per bush.....	0 61	0 62
Wheat, spring, per bush.....	0 60	0 00
Wheat, goose, per bush.....	0 58	0 00
Oats, per bush.....	0 40	0 41
Feas, per bush.....	0 62	0 63
Barley, per bush.....	0 42	0 43
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs....	5 75	6 00
Chickens, per pair.....	0 45	0 60
Geese, per lb.....	0 06	0 07
Turkeys, per lb.....	0 10	0 12
Butter per lb., in tubs.....	0 19	0 21
Butter, per lb.....	0 20	0 22
Eggs, now laid, per dozen....	0 15	0 15
Parsley, per doz.....	0 15	0 03
Parasimp, per bag.....	0 45	0 55
Cabbage, new, per dus.....	0 25	0 35
Celery, per doz.....	0 45	0 65
Onions, per bag.....	1 10	1 25
Rhubarb, per doz.....	0 90	1 25
Turnips, per bag.....	" 30	" 40
Potatoes, per bag.....	0 50	0 55
Beets, per bag.....	0 65	0 75
Carrots, per bag.....	0 30	0 35
Apples, per bbl.....	2 50	4 00
Hay, timothy.....	9 00	10 50
Straw sheaf.....	7 00	8 00
Straw, loose.....	5 00	6 00

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO March 20—In butchers' cattle, trade was quiet and the market dull. Most of the sales were made at from 2 1/2 to 3c per lb.

Good lambs brought from 4 to 4 1/2c per lb. Sheep from \$4 50 to \$4.75.

Calves sold at from \$6 to \$8 each. Hogs fetched \$4 60 to \$4 70 per cwt., weighed of cars. Heavy fat sold at 4 40 to \$4.50.



? Why? Look Like This

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM STOPS TOOTHACHE INSTANTLY (GUARANTEED). Don't Take Imitations. All Dealers. or send 12c to A SWELL AFFAIR. C. S. DENT & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

## THE ARTIST'S PRIZE.

The last rays of the setting sun penetrated the heavily draped windows of a large and spacious apartment and fell aslant the half exposed canvas upon which was pictured in fresh and glowing colors a newly finished Madonna and child. Before the easel sat the painter Rubens—an old man of some fifty-five summers—with his eyes fixed intently upon the warmly-tinted picture his arms folded complacently across his breast, and his whole soul, as it were, revelling in the flood of golden light which seemed to invest the heads of both mother and son with a soft and heavenly luster. The shadows of evening were already deepening into twilight, when a faint tap at the door aroused the artist from the long and abstracted reverie into which he had fallen. Rubens started, and in a low voice said:

"Come in."

The door opened, and a tall and graceful youth, who had numbered some twenty years, entered, bearing in his hand a portfolio and sketch book. With a modest mien and faltering step the young man advanced towards the artist, who had risen from his seat and stood quietly surveying the intruder. For a moment silence was preserved by both parties, at last the former ventured to speak:

"I have come in to request the great favor of becoming a pupil of the illustrious and world-renowned Rubens."

"May I ask by what means you have become so well acquainted with my labors in the field of painting, that thus you eulogize and extol me?" said the old man, calmly.

"Sir," replied the youth with enthusiasm, "are not the galleries of Brussels freighted with the rich productions of your skillful pencil?"

"You have been in Brussels then?" said Rubens, with an inquiring glance.

"Yes I have sojourned there for the past ten years of my life. My history is a short one, and if I am not encroaching upon your patience, I will give it you at once," said the young man, with a sorrowful glance.

"I pray you do relate it. My ears are most attentive listeners," said the old man, becoming momentarily more and more interested in the strange youth before him.

The two being seated, the younger one commenced the recital of his tale.

"My earliest recollections of home were in Rome, that glorious city of the past. My father, Alexandre del Sarto, was an artist, professing ever a strong love and attachment for his favorite and chosen profession. But in Rome his efforts were but slightly appreciated, and the trivial sum received by him for the sale of his pictures was quite insufficient for the daily support of his family. Discouraged and vexed at his want of success, my father conceived the somewhat rash idea of visiting Brussels to try once again his luck in painting. Accompanied by his wife and two children, he embarked for Brussels, with many hopes and visions of future success. Arriving there safely our little family had hardly established themselves, before my little and only sister was seized with a terrible fever. The day which dawned upon her burial witnessed, also the complete prostration of my father; and ere two weeks had flown, the inanimate body of my loved father was laid beside that of my sister."

At this point of his life's sad history the young man paused, while tears coursed slowly down his cheeks.

"And your father's property?" said Rubens, his heart's deep sympathies fairly aroused.

"Alas! the only inheritance left to his orphan child was a natural taste and inclination for that same profession in the pursuance of which fortune had only tempted but to frown upon him."

I will not further detail the particulars of that long and protracted meeting between the great master and the poor strange youth in whom he had become so suddenly yet deeply interested. Suffice to say, that the next morning after their interview found Andrea del Sarto an inmate of the studio of the painter Rubens, notwithstanding the latter had long since openly avowed his determination to receive no more pupils in his profession as an artist.

Months passed by, and the young student had made rapid progress in his studies. Rubens himself was fairly delighted with the fertile genius and wondrous talents of his protegee. Al ready had he entrusted Andrea del Sarto with the execution of many family portraits, for which he had received orders, and although such pictures were supposed by the public to be the genuine productions of Rubens's skillful pencil, it was sufficient compensation in the eyes of Andrea to know that his style was so near the counterpart of his master's as scarcely distinguishable from that artist's works except by the most fastidious and critical eye.

On entering his studio one morning, Rubens found his pupil apparently so much absorbed in the contemplation of a miniature which he held in his hand as to be entirely unconscious of the existence of all outward circumstances. Perceiving that his entrance had been unnoticed by the youth, the old master advanced noiselessly behind the chair of the young man and glanced at the miniature before him, which was one of great female loveliness. It was executed upon ivory, and was a work of rare merit. But as the old man's gaze rested a second time upon it, he started back and uttered an exclamation of surprise, which caused Andrea to turn quickly around to ascertain the cause of such a sudden and unlooked-for intrusion. For a moment, Andrea stood dismayed and overwhelmed with confusion, as his eyes encountered the stern gaze of his master. The latter, however, instantly recovered himself, and said:

"You will doubtless wonder at the emotion betrayed by me when my eye fell upon the miniature with whose great beauty you seemed lost and rapt in admiration. It was the striking resemblance which the picture bore to the face of my only daughter, which arrested my attention and surprise; for never before have these eyes so accustomed to look upon the human face in its greatest variety, behind a face so ethereal in its perfect loveliness as is that of Clara Rubens." A smile passed over the face of the old man, as turning to his companion he quickly added: "I trust you will pardon an old father's vanity in having thus frankly spoken of the beauty of his child."

"Most assuredly, sir," said Andrea, respectfully, "it would give me much pleasure to know the daughter of my honored and beloved master. In regard to the original of the miniature which you found me examining," said the youth, slightly coloring, "I must tell you that I know almost as little concerning her as yourself, the miniature having come into my possession under very peculiar circumstances."

"Indeed! Perchance it is some ideal creation of the painter's fancy," said Rubens, good naturedly.

"O, no! You are mistaken," said Andrea, quickly; "for it was from the hands of the original that I received it, some three years since."

"Some lost friend, perhaps?" queried Rubens.

"Listen, and I will tell you the circumstances which made me its happy possessor," replied the young artist.

"It was early one summer evening, some three years since, that, heated and fatigued by the extreme sultriness of the day, I strolled into the country for the purpose of recruiting my enfeebled and weakened energies preparatory to the labors of the following day. Indifferent to both time and

distance, I wandered on, scarce known where I went, until I found myself in the midst of a large tract of woods, some three or four miles distant from the city. I was just on the point of retracing my steps homeward when a loud shriek rang through the woods. At first, I supposed it to be the scream of some night bird, making still more desolate the usual solitude of the place. I paused. Again that cry of distress fell upon my ear. Half breathless, I hastened forward toward the spot which the sound proceeded from. But all around me was darkness and gloom, while a gentle breeze sighed through the thick and overspreading foliage. The ground beneath my feet was cold and damp, and a chilling sensation began to creep through my veins. But still I hastened on, while the sounds, which I now supposed to proceed from some human voice, seemed growing fainter and fainter. Suddenly a dim light, as from a lantern, attracted my attention. The feeble light served as a beacon to guide me onward in the path of duty. With increased velocity I sprang forward, and ere many moments elapsed I had reached the spot of action. As I neared the thicket I heard the pawing of hoofs upon the ground, as of a steed impatient to be gone. At this moment, a stream of light issuing from the lantern revealed to my sight the slight form of a female figure, apparently a girl of some fifteen summers, struggling in the embraces of a large and swarthy looking man. I could bear no longer. Seizing a broken bough which lay near by, I cautiously advanced from behind a tree and aimed a blow at the head of the monster before me. With a muttered curse upon the author of his injury, the villain fell senseless to the ground. It was but the work of an instant for me to spring forward and release the horse which had been tied to a neighboring tree; then lifting the fainting form of the girl from the ground, I sprang into the saddle, and we were soon out of reach of all human harm. I had not rode far before my companion began slowly to revive, the heavy night dew acting as a restorative to her senses; and from her trembling lips I learned the particulars of that fearful adventure from which, stripling as I was, I had rescued her."

"A stranger in Brussels, she had ridden forth, towards sunset, into the country; but being suddenly overtaken by night, she had lost her way. Passing through the woods, her passage was arrested by the strong and powerful arm of a man, who seized the reins of her horse and in a loud voice demanded her purse. The young girl, terrified with fear, obeyed; but even that did not satisfy the heart of the ruffian, and tearing the weak and powerless girl from the saddle, he began to strip her person of the few jewels which she wore. Having succeeded in gaining all but a small diamond cross, it was in her struggle for the keeping of that precious relic that Providence appointed me her deliverer. The next day I received a note from the fair unknown, expressive of her heart's deep gratitude, and urging my acceptance of this little miniature likeness of herself until time could better reward me for the service rendered her."

"And have you never seen the lady since that eventful night?" said Rubens, as Andrea concluded his narrative.

"No; as she steadily refused disclosing her name, and was not a resident of Brussels, it was in vain that I sought to find her out; and though three years have passed, thus far success has baffled all my efforts to obtain a clue to her whereabouts."

"A strange bit of romance, truly," said Rubens, rubbing his hands smartly together, and taking his hat to leave.

It was not many weeks after the above conversation before the youthful

artist was called away from the scene of his labors to attend the bedside of his dying mother. With mingled feelings of sorrow and regret, Andrea del Sarto bade adieu to one who, out of the boundless charities of his heart, had done so much towards shaping the future career of the young artist. Rubens, with tears in his eyes and a prayer upon his lips for the success and prosperity of the untiring student, witnessed the departure of Andrea for Brussels.

One month from the time of his return home the old master received a letter from his protegee announcing the death of his only surviving relative. Impressed by the bitter loneliness of his situation, now that all who were dear to his heart had been taken from him, he was determined to seek his fortune in some distant quarter of the globe, when, God grant, him success, he would return to Antwerp, there to lay his hard-earned laurels at the feet of his respected patron and master, and in his charming society spend the remaining years of his life. Such was the bright picture of the future which the young enthusiast beheld in his day dreams. Would to God that the reality were always as beautiful and truthful as the ideal!

In a luxurious apartment of one of the most beautiful hotels situated upon the Rue de la Francie, behold the lovely and accomplished daughter of the artist Rubens. The somewhat slight, yet fully developed form, the rose-tinted complexion, the pale and lofty brow, over which a shower of golden ringlets cluster in rich profusion, the deep and azure blue of her eyes, together with the sweet and radiant smile which ever illumines her countenance, combine to make Clara Rubens a vision of almost angelic loveliness.

Four years have past since the opening of our story, and as the youthful bud of promise has gradually developed into the full-blown rose, the old father has watched with tender solicitude the daily expansion of the charms of both soul and body of his idolized child. Yes, Clara Rubens was fair to look upon. All Antwerp rendered her homage. Sonnets were indited to her, musical ballads were dedicated to her, while her fairy-like portrait graced not only the walls of the gallery of fine arts but was found embodied in many a sculptor's group in the various and numerous studios of Antwerp.

The daughter of Rubens was in the twenty-second year of her age; and though she had never failed for lack of admirers and suitors for her hand in marriage, yet up to that time the fair girl had courteously declined all proposals. Her father, conscious of the decay of nature and his declining years, was anxious to see his only child the established wife and partner of some person worthy her position in life. Having communicated this desire to his child one morning, to his great surprise he found that Clara, who had ever been set and immovable on that point, now yielded a ready assent to his wishes. The following plan, by which to make choice of a husband, was conceived and proposed to his daughter, which having met with her acceptance, ran as follows.

As Clara Rubens, besides possessing wondrous beauty, was also a reputed heiress, she would doubtless receive numberless offers from both the wealthy and matrimonial speculator. To prevent any ambitious and unworthy motives on the part of the lovers of his daughter, it was publicly announced in journals of the day that to him who should be artist enough to cut from a solid piece of iron an elaborate and beautiful wreath of roses only by the aid of the hammer and chisel, in an allotted space of time, should be given the hand of the daughter of Rubens in marriage.

As the list for competitors to the prize was open to both old and young,

poor and rich, of the opposite sex, you may readily believe its columns were not long in filling. Three days only was the above list to be kept open, at the end of which time it was to be closed and sealed, and they who had enrolled their names thereon were to be granted a week's time only for the success or failure of their work. Sculptors who had gained many laurels in their profession embarked with new zeal upon this exhibition of skill, while many hands that had never been accustomed to the use of the chisel were none the less anxious to compete for the rare prize offered them.

It was near the close of the last day for which the list for candidates to the hand of Clara Rubens in marriage was to be kept open, that a stranger sauntered along through the principal thoroughfare of the splendid city of Antwerp. A close observer would at once recognize in the tall yet finely moulded man before us the once poor student of the artist Rubens. There was the same degree of enthusiasm which manifested itself in the early part of his studies still gleaming from the depths of his large and expressive eyes, but the few lines of care visible upon the broad and expansive forehead, showed plainly that Andrea del Sarto had been unremitting in the toils and labors of his profession. It is true, he had gained riches; but what did that avail him, since they with whom he would gladly have shared his last franc were one by one snatched from his grasp? For years he had wandered the earth, like an Orpheus, in search of his loved yet lost Eurydice; and although he had long since despaired of ever seeing again, on the face of the globe, the original of the miniature which he still held sacred, he looked forward with all the faith of his spiritual nature to the time when he should meet in heaven at last the ideal of his soul.

His first thought was to call at once upon his former teacher and reveal his intention of contending for the prize, but when he recollected that the effort he was about to make was an entirely new feature in his profession, his small chance of success dwindled into entire nothingness; and with a degree of pride peculiarly his own, he resolved to conceal himself from his friend's sight until the day appointed for the awarding of the prize. So taking lodgings in an obscure part of the city, Andrea procured a large piece of iron, although it was at an exorbitant price he purchased it, the price of iron having been raised at that time on account of the unusual demand for it, and steadfastly set about his new work.

A week was but a short time for the execution of so elaborate a piece of workmanship, and with only such rough tools as were allowed; but still the young man toiled from daybreak till near midnight, allowing himself but little or no time for sleep and refreshment. One would have thought, to have seen him bending so constantly over his task, that his very life's blood depended upon his success or failure. At the end of five days Andrea had the pleasure of seeing his work completed; and it was with no slight degree of satisfaction that he beheld the triumph of genius over so many obstacles. Attaching no name to his work of art, Andrea had the chiselled wreath boxed up and sent to the hotel of Rubens.

The first day of the ensuing month was the one appointed for making known the name of the successful candidate. At an early hour in the morning the hall in the hotel of the artist Rubens was densely filled with people, many of whom were led thither by curiosity, for such an important matter afforded to those not interested, at least, no slight degree of food for gossip in the circle of society. Andrea, too, was there; but it seemed as though he shrank from public gaze and contact, for he had chosen a seat in the extreme corner of the hall.

Few, if any, recognized him, for during his brief stay in Antwerp, Andrea had devoted himself so exclusively to his studies that he made but a slight acquaintance in that well-filled city. He had not even seen the daughter of his master, although he now remembered that the latter had spoken of the striking resemblance between the daughter and that of the miniature he possessed; but that was years ago, and now that Clara had grown to be a woman, even that faint resemblance must certainly have faded away.

Buoy with such thoughts as these, Andrea remained silent and motionless for some moments, until the whisper of "she comes" ran through the crowd, and falling upon the youthful artist, recalled him to a consciousness of things about him. Looking in the direction of the door, it swung slowly open, and Clara Rubens entered, attired in a robe of snowy white, and leaning upon the arm of her father. Andrea cast one look upon the almost angelic being before him, and murmuring a few incoherent words, sank back into his seat, and drawing the miniature from his breast, sat wildly gazing upon it.

Rubens stated that out of the many hundred who had enrolled their names as competitors for the prize, but some six or eight had succeeded in accomplishing the designed work of art. Each of the wreaths was then submitted in turn to the view of the assembly. All eyes rested upon Rubens as he said:

"The single wreath upon which my choice has fallen, as being the great masterpiece, has, unfortunately, no name affixed to it."

The eyes of the crowd were now diverted from Rubens to one another; each one seeking, if possible, to discover the successful victor. But the deep scrutiny reached not the little obscured corner in which our hero sat, although his trembling frame and heaving breast were guilty tokens of his impending fate. At last, Rubens said, in a very loud voice:

"If the author of this elaborate piece of workmanship be present, I conjure him at once to make himself known, for upon him has my choice fallen."

For a moment all was breathless silence in that vast throng. With an unsteady step and swimming brain, Andrea del Sarto emerged from his obscurity and advanced towards the stand occupied by Rubens. As he approached, with his eyes bent towards the floor, Clara uttered an exclamation of joy, and sprang forward and fell upon the neck of the artist-sculptor.

"Clara," said Rubens, addressing his daughter for the first time in his life somewhat sternly, "what does this mean? Explain the mystery, my dear child."

"This is the preserver of my life, father," said Clara, seizing the hand of the young artist, and presenting him to her father. Then with a sigh, the fair girl turned aside and murmured: "Alas, how poor the reward of such a noble act!"

Andrea raised for the first time his eyes to the faces of both father and daughter. Rubens started. The words "Andrea, my pupil, my child!" escaped from the lips of the old man, who would have fallen powerless to the ground but for the strong and manly arm of Andrea, which supported and led him to a seat. The excitement which such a scene produced throughout the crowd was great; and though all seemed to joy in the happiness of the united trio, but few knew the circumstances of the case.

In a short time the old master recovered himself, and having proclaimed Andrea del Sarto the successful aspirant for the hand of his daughter in marriage, the crowd quickly dispersed, lost the idle conjecture, as to who the stranger was and what particular claim he could have on the affections of Rubens and his daughter.

When once left to themselves, Clara explained to her father how the noble youth had rescued her from the arms of a ruffian when she was benighted in the woods near Brussels, many years ago, while visiting an aunt in the city. She told him, also, that but for the timely aid of Andrea she would have lost the diamond cross, so valuable to her as being the dying gift of her mother.

"No wonder, then," said Rubens, as Andrea drew forth the miniature from his pocket and gazing first upon the real and then the ideal, "that even my dim eyes discovered a resemblance between the original of that picture and my own Clara."

"Yes, father, that likeness was designed as a gift to yourself, but impressed with a deep sense of gratitude towards my deliverer, I sent it to him the next morning after my escape from peril, begging him to accept it as a slight token of my never-failing regard and respect towards one who had proved himself so worthy my remembrance and heartfelt esteem."

"Since you are now the rightful, and soon will be the lawful possessor of the real Clara, you will probably surrender the imaginary one to my safe keeping," said Rubens, smiling; "for you know I cannot be left wholly childless in my old age."

A few days after witnessed the marriage nuptials of the happy pair; and though time has long since obliterated the lives of that once joyous and devoted household band, still are the names of Rubens and Andrea del Sarto familiar to prosperity by the mighty efforts of their genius, which ages can never efface. And to this day may be seen the bronze statue of Rubens, near the site of the Hotel St. Antoine; while at a short distance from the cathedral where repose the remains of that illustrious master, is the identical wreath of chiselled iron, raised on a pedestal at a slight height from the ground, the sight of which has led to the recital of the story of The Artist's Prize.

#### A Brave Little Confessor of the Faith.

A little colored girl who had been attending a Catholic school in Virginia was for some unexplained reason, withdrawn by her parents from the kind Sisters' care and sent them to a non-Catholic institution. On the first morning, when school opened, she was seen to make the sign of the cross, where upon she was laughed at and ridiculed by the other children.

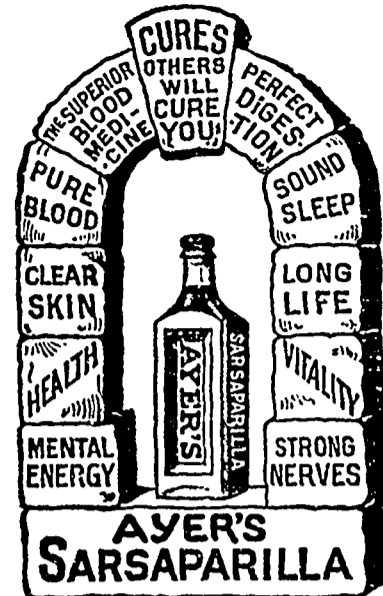
Indignant, but nowise terrified, the brave little heroine of nine years stood up and cried defiantly: "You should be ashamed of yourselves to laugh at me for making the sign of the cross. He in whose honor I make this sign died upon the cross as much for you as for me, and you dare to laugh at that which our Saviour was not ashamed of!"

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

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LETTER FROM LONDON.

Weekly Correspondence of the Register  
LONDON, Eng., March 9th, 1894.

Mr. Gladstone is no longer Prime Minister of England. On Saturday last he resigned the seals of the Treasury into the hands of her Majesty, and passed away for ever from that position of authority and power which, since the death of Lord Palmerston, and whether in office or in Opposition, has made him the most interesting of living Englishmen. Since the death of Lord Beaconsfield he has hardly had a rival. His resignation has been for weeks together the chief topic of the breakfast table and the last subject of the supper room. We have lived with him, so to speak, as we live with few great men. Lord Beaconsfield, to the last, was something of a "Mystery Man," and we caught glimpses of his inner nature only when he made cynical jokes, or composed epigrams or struck an attitude for the sake of effect. Sir Stafford Northcote was, outside his public life, known to the world as the amiable teller of the very best Devonshire stories. Lord Salisbury immerses himself at Hatfield. But everybody knows Mr. Gladstone. His talk always overflowed. We have grown so used to him, that the political world will not be the same for many a long day, now that he ceases to be the chief figure in it. A remarkable fact is that his disappearance from leadership has been received with every display of good feeling by his political opponents; in a way, indeed, purely English. We cannot forget the personal pathos of the situation; in his declining years he gave himself to the gigantic enterprise of reconciling the antipathies of two hostile nations, and he finds himself obliged to retire with his task unaccomplished. What a splendid fight he has made. He has shrunk from no ordeal, and stopped at no obstacle. In the dire straits he has held his head high, and preserved a splendid courage. Nothing has daunted him. Three times, at least, the cause would have suffered complete shipwreck but for this unquailing captain, heedless of storms. But now the end has come. The fourth Gladstone Ministry, the second Home Rule Ministry, has fallen, and Mr. Gladstone will soon become little more than a political memory. Probably he will not sit in another Parliament. After this year possibly we shall never hear his voice at Westminster again. For more than sixty years he has been, whether as the "rising hope of the stern and unbending Tories," or as the unflinching champion of Irish rights, one of the most picturesque of Parliamentary figures. He has to say farewell to what was almost more to him than his home, and we have to say farewell too.

"Time had achieved where foe had failed,  
Subdued a glance that never quailed,  
Dimmed the bright eye that flashed its fire,  
On tyrant foes in many a well-fought field  
"This age, not man, that makes thee yield—  
Unconquered by aught else,  
Conquered alone by Time!  
Farewell, a fond farewell!"

Let us worship the rising sun! Lord Rosebery is the man of the moment, and he receives the universal acclaim. Everybody praises him, and hopes he will justify the trust in him, save poor Mr. Labouchere, who is left piping alone on a hillock which he mistakes for the Mountain. Most of the Radicals accept him, notwithstanding his peerage. The agitation against him comes to naught, so soon as it is realised that a small body of the Radicals are trying to dictate to the Queen, the Cabinet, the main body of the Liberal party, and the entire Liberal press of the country representing the almost unbroken voice of the masses. Mr. Labouchere has made himself the champion of Sir William Harcourt, and in doing so has taken away Sir William Harcourt's last chance of gaining the Pre-

iership, whose laurels now will never be his. Moreover, the Municipal Radicals are delighted with Lord Rosebery. He dominated the first County Council of London, and has since helped its development. He will unify London, and gradually increase municipal powers and privileges. It was said that the Irish Party was dissatisfied with his appointment, but that turns out not to be the fact. They have forgiven his persistence in the debate on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill in consideration of their remembrance that after Mr. John Morley, Lord Rosebery was the first statesman after Mr. Gladstone's conversion to go down to Scotland and bid the folk there think and think again of Home Rule. In short everybody is pleased with the new Premier. His difficulty will be to live up to the hopes that are formed of him.

The Conservative and Liberal Unionist hopes, so jubilantly expressed in their organs, that a Rosebery ministry spell ruin to Home Rule have been sadly dashed within the past day or two. Every single one of their predictions has been completely falsified by the development of the situation. At Cork, the other day, Mr. John Morley declared that he had "nailed the green flag to the mast." This was not a mere rhetorical expression, for he has given point to it by declining Cabinet promotion, "which might at this juncture separate him from the cause of Ireland." For the sake of Ireland he has been content to efface himself. With Mr. Morley still Chief Secretary, how can Lord Rosebery's Cabinet be said, with any plausibility, to be contemplating a betrayal which, for mingled infamy and imbecility, would have no parallel in political history?

Another incident is not without significance in this connection. One of the strongest and most devoted of Home Rulers is Mr. Thomas Ellis, and it is Mr. Ellis who succeeds Mr. Majoribanks as chief Whip of the party. Irish Nationalists can need no better assurances than have been afforded by Mr. Morley's self-denial and Mr. Ellis's promotion. And so another great Unionist bubble is incontinently burst.

The Home Rule Party, though reticent as to details, are delighted with the sympathetic charm of Mr. Gladstone's conversation with Mr. Justin McCarthy, when, as their spokesman, he went to express their affection and gratitude to the venerable statesman for his heroic efforts in the cause of Ireland. "God bless you all!" was the concluding benediction of the retired leader.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of Headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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

	Close	Due.		Close	Due.
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R. East	8.00	7.20		7.15	10.40
O. and Q. Railway	7.45	8.00		7.35	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	8.25		12.40pm	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.50	4.20		10.05	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30		10.55	8.50
Midland	7.00	3.35		12.15pm	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.00		12.15pm	8.50
	a.m.	p.m.		a.m.	p.m.
G. W. R.	noon	9.00		2.00	7.30
	6.15	4.00		10.30	8.20
		10.00			
U. S. N. Y.	6.15	12.00		9.00	5.45
		4.00		10.30	11pm
		10.00			
U.S. West'n States	6.15	12 n.		9.00	8.20
		10.30			

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10 p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.00 p.m. Supplementary mails to Mondays and Thursdays close on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for March: 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 16, 17, 19, 20, 22, 23, 24, 26, 27, 29, 30, 31.

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