

# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIV.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

NO. 680.

## DIOCESE OF LONDON.

Special to the CATHOLIC RECORD.

### CONFIRMATION IN WOODSTOCK PARISH.

His Lordship the Right Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Bishop of London, during October honored the parish of Woodstock, by visiting the three churches of the parish, and administering in them the holy sacrament of confirmation.

On Sunday, the 4th inst., after blessing the cemetery of Tilsonburg, in the parish of La Salette, His Lordship was met by a deputation from Norwich, consisting of the pastor of Woodstock, Mr. J. Brady, Mr. Owen McNally, Mr. John Sheehan, reeve of the township, and others, and was accompanied by them to the church of Norwich, in Woodstock parish. On his arrival he began an examination of the children who were presented for confirmation. His Lordship was well pleased with their proficiency in Christian doctrine, and highly complimented the young lady, Miss Clara Duffy, who had taken great pains to instruct them in a thorough knowledge of their religion, as it was possible for the rev. pastor to visit them only occasionally during their preparation, owing to the distance of the church from Woodstock.

An address was then read to His Lordship by Mr. Michael Furlong on behalf of the congregation. In the address they promised that they would soon undertake the building of a new church. They also congratulated His Lordship on his elevation to the episcopate, and expressed their devotion to him as their chief pastor, and their loyalty to our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. They made allusion also to the fact that His Lordship is a native of Canada, and that this gave them great pleasure, as it is an assurance of the Catholic spirit which is being nurtured in our Canadian youth.

His Lordship, in his reply, thanked them for their kind expressions of devotion to the Church and to himself personally, and commended their resolution to erect a new church, which is much needed in the locality. He also said that one of the chief reasons which gave him pleasure that he was elected to the episcopate is precisely that which was mentioned in their address, that his appointment is an evidence that Canada is producing her own priests, and that the progress of the Church in Canada was thus recognized by our Holy Father.

On the next day, Monday, at 8 o'clock a. m., early Mass was celebrated by His Lordship, who also administered to the children their first Communion. High Mass was celebrated at 10:30 o'clock by Rev. Hubert J. Traher, P. P. of Simcoe. Rev. M. J. Brady, the pastor of the parish, and Rev. J. P. Molphy, P. P. of Ingersoll, assisted the organ, and was assisted by his sisters and the choir of the church. The Rev. H. J. Traher led the choir, and took the part of tenor; the Misses Minnie and Bessy Murphy sang soprano and the younger sisters, Josephine and Maggie, the alto, and Mr. Kerns the bass. The music was of a high order. Rev. Father Traher's violin obligato at the offertory, was much admired, as was also Millard's "Veni Creator" sung during confirmation by the choir.

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received. To the boys he also administered the temperance pledge, which they promised to abstain from all intoxicating drinks until they reached the age of twenty-one years. He then addressed the congregation on the importance of protecting the children, and of instructing them in their religion.

Eight gentlemen of the parish then advanced, and on behalf of the congregation, Mr. Maurice Egan read the following address:

To the Right Reverend Denis O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of London.

My Lord—We, the Catholic people of Woodstock parish, take the opportunity of your visit to us to make known to you our heartfelt pleasure at your presence to confirm our children, and to express our unbounded respect for you, our chief pastor.

We have long been aware of the ability which you discharged the functions of your high and important position while you were laboring as a priest in this diocese in the noble work of educating the youth of the diocese, and of the same time devoted children of the Church; and so successfully your duties performed that to place these very children in the hands of a priest in a most flourishing condition here, the old church, which had served for many years the small congregation of our parish, has been replaced by the present brick building, which is a most beautiful and commodious structure.

We are pleased to be able to say that through the zeal of your illustrious predecessor in this diocese and the devotedness and energy of the priests who have had charge of this parish, the religion is in a most flourishing condition here. The old church, which had served for many years the small congregation of our parish, has been replaced by the present brick building, which is a most beautiful and commodious structure.

We know that under your Lordship's able administration we shall continue to progress much greater with time, and circumstances being equal.

In conclusion, while tendering to you our homage we desire to express the hope that you may be able to rule this portion of the Lord's vineyard for many years, and as often as you may have any duties which will allow you to come among us imparting your episcopal, and heavenly-commissioned blessing.

Signed on behalf of the Catholics of Woodstock parish.

The Bishop, in reply, thanked the congregation for their words of welcome, which he knew were heartfelt. He complimented them on the progress which had been made in parish works, owing to their zeal and the energy and devotedness of their pastor. The debt of the church is not yet paid; but he recommended that they agree with their pastor to pay the amount still due within a reasonable time, each person agreeing to pay a fixed sum, rather than to resort to picnics and bazaars for such a purpose.

The church, which is a large, commodious and elegant structure was filled to overflowing, and it was noticed that about half of those present were members of the various Protestant denominations. They all listened with attention to His Lordship's eloquent discourse, and were highly pleased therewith.

Miss Minnie Murphy presided at the organ, and was assisted by her sisters and the choir of the church. The Rev. H. J. Traher led the choir, and took the part of tenor; the Misses Minnie and Bessy Murphy sang soprano and the younger sisters, Josephine and Maggie, the alto, and Mr. Kerns the bass. The music was of a high order. Rev. Father Traher's violin obligato at the offertory, was much admired, as was also Millard's "Veni Creator" sung during confirmation by the choir.

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CONFIRMATION IN INGERSOLL.

After the administration of the holy sacrament of confirmation at Woodstock on Sunday, 25th inst., His Lordship the Bishop of London left Woodstock for Ingersoll to administer the same sacred rite. He was driven to the last named town by Mr. James Brady, Sheriff of the county of Oxford, in his handsome carriage.

At Bancroftville, half way between the two towns, His Lordship was met by Catholic citizens of Ingersoll in their carriages, who escorted him to the church of the Sacred Heart; and on entering the town he was met by a great concourse of people who had assembled for the same purpose.

Here a line of procession was formed in which the two Catholic societies—the C. M. B. A. and the Emeralds—took a leading part. Mr. Michael McDermott taking charge as Grand Marshal. These societies, with their beautiful badges, were a most interesting and pleasing feature of the occasion.

The band of the Foresters headed the procession to the church, playing appropriate airs. They were followed by the societies already named and by the citizens, numbering altogether over two hundred. His Lordship came next in Mr. Sheriff Brady's carriage, and other carriages followed, to the number of sixty. This welcome extended to His Lordship on the occasion of his first visit to Ingersoll, which has ever been extended to a visitor to that town, though it came without any elaborate preparation, it being a spontaneous manifestation by the people of the respect in which the sacred office of the episcopate is held.

Vespers were announced for 7 o'clock p. m., but before Vespers His Lordship examined the candidates for confirmation for some time. They were found to be well grounded in their religion, having been prepared for some weeks in advance by Rev. J. P. Molphy, P. P., and Rev. George R. Northgraves, editor of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who were also assisted in their work by the Sisters of St. Joseph,

who teach the Separate school of the town.

Seventy children were admitted to Confirmation. These had made their first Communion at 8 o'clock Mass in the morning; and it was an interesting spectacle to witness the neat appearance of the boys with their memorial rosettes and the girls in their snowwhite dresses, emblematic of purity, approaching the table of our Lord to receive for the first time His sacred Body and Blood.

During the Mass the children chanted hymns appropriate to so solemn an occasion.

After the confirmation His Lordship addressed the congregation, which was the largest ever known to assemble in the town, every aisle of the beautiful and spacious church of the Sacred Heart being filled to its utmost capacity. Indeed, numbers were greatly disappointed at being unable to effect an entry.

His Lordship's address, after administering confirmation, was a moral exhortation to the children to persevere in making good use of the graces they had received with the sacrament, which had made them perfect Christians.

The following address was read by Mr. Jas. Enright on behalf of the congregation:

To the Right Reverend Denis O'Connor, D. D., Bishop of London.

Your Lordship—On this occasion of your first visit to the parish of Ingersoll since your consecration to the high dignity of the episcopate, we, the people of the parish, desire to express our most cordial welcome, and to express our pleasure at this visit—a pleasure which is shared by all our children.

We are happy to be able to state that in our town the greatest friendliness exists between all sections of the people, our fellow citizens, and all denominations being unmoved by any party spirit, and all united in the best of feelings towards Catholics; and the Catholics on their part, as well as ourselves, towards their Protestant neighbors—that great commandment of charity reigns in our midst.

There is also the greatest harmony existing between priests and people, all working together for the common good. In fact, in every respect the parish of Ingersoll is in a bright and prosperous condition.

It is due to the ability of your illustrious predecessor, and to the self-sacrificing zeal of the pastors who have successfully labored in the parish, that a beautiful church has been erected, a comfortable residence for the priest, and a comfortable school, office and well furnished Catholic hall, and a well equipped and well staffed school, and a well equipped and well staffed school, and a well equipped and well staffed school.

We hope your Lordship may long be spared to govern the diocese of London, and that you may witness a continuance, as well as elsewhere in every parish under your rule. We also wish you to prosper in all your undertakings, and that God's richest blessings may be yours for ever.

In conclusion, we beg to ask your Lordship's blessing for ourselves and for our families.

Signed on behalf of the Catholic congregation of Ingersoll.

Thos. Clear, Michael Clear, Alex. Crawford, Peter Carling, S. P. Dunn, Edwin Dohy, Michael Dunn, Jas. Enright, J. J. Frazee, Abraham Hillson, J. S. Heiders, D. Heiders, Peter Kennedy, M. J. McDermott, J. S. McCarthy, John O'Callaghan, Richard Ryan, John S. Smith, Michael Dunn, Chairman of C. M. B. A.

In reply to this address His Lordship thanked the congregation for their manifestation of respect, which he regarded as intended more to signify their love for the Church of God and their veneration for the Head of the Church than for himself personally, and in this spirit he accepted it gladly.

He remarked that the address referred to the harmonious relations which exist in Ingersoll between Catholics and Protestants. He was glad to hear that this is the case. We are bound in conscience to adhere firmly to our faith, but we should respect the liberty and religious convictions of others, and we must show charity towards them, after the example of our Lord.

He expressed his pleasure that the Ingersoll congregation are at harmony also with their pastor. When there is no co-operation between the priest and the people religion is kept backward, and there can be little progress. It is a consolation too that the debt upon the church is almost cancelled. His Lordship hoped that it would be shortly cancelled entirely; and it pleased him that while in the address which had been read to him due credit is given to the present pastor for his labors in the cause of religion, they had not forgotten to give credit to former pastors for what they had done in the parish.

His Lordship was also gratified at the allusion made to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who are laboring so earnestly in the great cause of Catholic education, and of Catholic Separate schools. But this does not mean that we are enemies of the Public schools. We have not a word to say against the good work which the Public schools are doing; but it is on account of what they do not do that we wish for Separate schools, in which our Catholic children may be educated in a branch which the Public schools omit, namely, Christian doctrine.

The Vespers were sung by Rev. M. J. Brady, *coram Pontifice*. Rev. J. P. Molphy, pastor of Ingersoll, assisted the Bishop at his Mass, and was assisted by his sisters and the choir of the church. The Rev. H. J. Traher led the choir, and took the part of tenor; the Misses Minnie and Bessy Murphy sang soprano and the younger sisters, Josephine and Maggie, the alto, and Mr. Kerns the bass. The music was of a high order. Rev. Father Traher's violin obligato at the offertory, was much admired, as was also Millard's "Veni Creator" sung during confirmation by the choir.

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Neither should we forget to pray to the souls in Purgatory. Time is no more for them. They cannot help themselves, but it is given to them to help us, and we require their help.

Many a wayward youth owes to the prayers of a deceased parent, or to those of a loving sister, their safety from dangers and perils that they will never know in this life.

Prepare, then, for All Souls' day. Be ready with your offerings, and be ready to approach the holy sacraments. You may not live to see a recurrence of the day, and this may prove to be the last opportunity offered you.

On Monday, 28th, His Lordship visited the Separate school of Ingersoll, and found it in a most flourishing condition with over one hundred children in attendance. As usual, the children were read by Miss Fanny Daumy, a song of welcome from the children was sung in a manner which showed careful training, and a floral offering, representing the cross, anchor and hearts—symbolical of faith, hope and charity—was presented by Miss Rose Keating.

His Lordship made a happy reply, speaking of his great affection for children, especially as he had been accustomed to give his services for their improvement during his whole life. With the consent of the trustees, who were also present, His Lordship granted the children a holiday, in memory of the occasion, and it was highly appreciated. Fathers Molphy, Traher and Northgraves accompanied His Lordship on this visit, and besides the trustees there were also present some of the parents and guardians of the children.

ALL SOULS' DAY.

Catholic Columbian.

The days wear on apace and those who have gone before us are anxiously waiting for the approach of that day when the Universal Church of God will unitedly send up to heaven petitions and prayers for the souls departed—that great day when the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up everywhere for the relief and the release of those souls that are undergoing their purgation.

All those who have friends departed this life—and who amongst us has not?—will bring forward with anxious hearts for the dawn of that day that will bring eternal consolation to many.

To pray for the dead every day of our lives is our bounden duty. To have Masses offered up for them is also our duty—the greatest duty that we can discharge in this life; but one that, alas, is too often neglected.

It is a sad, a sickening thought, that while we are engaged in the ways of the world—engaged in the pursuit of its empty pleasures—the souls of those nearest and dearest to us—nearest to us in blood and kindred, dearest to us for the affections they bore to us in life—are undergoing their terrible purgatorial sufferings, without a thought or aspiration to God in their behalf from those who should be ever mindful of them.

If, heretofore, we have been derelict in our duty towards our deceased relatives, let us take heart of grace and be no longer unkind to them. By praying earnestly for them we will soon come to understand something of the value of Masses offered in their behalf, and once we have arrived at that stage we will endeavor to continue the practice as long as we live, and the sweet consciousness of duty discharged in this way will rob death of its terrors when God's summons reaches us at the hour of death.

True, there are many good people who offer up to God every prayer, every meditation they make, every Communion, every Mass assisted at, every alms given to the poor, every indulgence hoped to be obtained; in fine, every spiritual act and every corporal work of mercy they are capable of performing, for the benefit of the poor souls. There are many such, but they are widely scattered over the face of the earth, hence they are few in our immediate circle.

The Church of God is ever mindful of them, but on All Souls' day she is specially mindful of the dead.

Oh, what a Church! and what a priesthood we possess! The Church lays its sacred hands upon us as soon as we come into the world. In the laver of holy baptism we are cleansed from original sin, then on through life at its every stage she directs our footsteps to God. She stands by us at the hour of death, which, in reality, is the hour of our greater birth, and sends us blessed and anointed into the presence of God. When her ministrations in our behalf, and never will that Church forget us while time lasts. The Church ceases her prayers and sacrifices for her children only when time shall be no more.

Do we often think of the Church in this light? If we did our reverence for it and for its sacred priesthood would gain upon us day by day until our love for our holy faith and for the Church would absorb every hour of our existence.

The blessings, temporal and spiritual, that flow upon those devoted to the holy souls of Purgatory are in proportion to their devotion.

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## ANTI-POPEY LECTURE IN TROUPE.

In the London correspondence of the Buffalo Union and Times occurs the following reference to a no-Popey lecturer. In all parts of the world we think it would be a good plan to bring the law to bear on these scamps.

"I am very glad to say that there is at last some prospect of our seeing one of the scoundrels of our times punished by a court of law. These gentry usually shelter themselves from the law of libel, by making their abominable charges, not against this or that convent in particular, but against some vaguely described convent which it is impossible to identify with any certainty. Last week, however, a veteran slanderer of convents, the Rev. W. L. Holland, a clergyman of the Church of England, ventured upon a definite statement in a letter to the Scotsman newspaper. Replying to a letter addressed to that paper by a Mr. Condell, a Catholic who has taken up the defence of the nuns, the Rev. Mr. Holland wrote:

"I do not wish to hurt unnecessarily the feelings of Mr. Condell as a Roman Catholic, but my firm conviction is—a conviction as deeply rooted as any—that it is in me—that Mr. Condell and many of the Roman Catholic laity are not aware of the true character of convent life. The use of drugs is by no means uncommon. I know in the case of a young girl who went to a convent in Paris as a probationer, and I heard on the highest authority of a case at the Rochampton convent, in both of which drugs of the most noxious character had been administered."

"A more disgraceful charge could not possibly be made. The Rochampton convent is the house of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at Rochampton in the Southwestern suburbs of London, the most distinguished convent school in England. The nuns have decided under proper advice to bring an action of libel against this 'reverend' scoundrel, and I can only say that I hope it will be brought into criminal courts, and that the result will be to send Holland to a cell in one of Her Majesty's prisons."

Latest Catholic News.

In consequence of the desecration of the Pantheon by popular demonstrations against the pilgrims who have been visiting Rome, the Pope has decided to reconsecrate the Pantheon, but the ceremony will be performed in the quietest manner possible commensurate with such a solemn proceeding.

A Papal order just issued announces that it is the decree of the Pope that no further pilgrimages to Rome be undertaken for the present. The Catholic associations which have been engaged in the work are invited to remit to the Pope the funds they have collected for the assistance of needy pilgrims to the Holy See.

Archbishop Casanova, of Santiago, has issued orders to his clergy not to interfere in any way with the elections this month, which are to be held with Wladislaw and Ramon Barros Lucas, form the Federal Junta de Gobierno. The victorious party is composed of a number of political factions, which, while differing widely on many subjects, were united by a common, firm determination to drive Balmaceda from power. No one could be selected who could satisfy all these factions as Admiral Montt would.

WEDDING BELLS.

HANLON O'BRIEN.

A pleasing event occurred at Mount Carmel on Sunday, the 13th inst., the marriage of Miss Minnie, daughter of Mr. J. O'Brien, of this place, to Mr. Patrick Hanlon, of Stratford, son of Mr. F. Hanlon, of Eaton. The bride looked charming, in a very pretty fawn travelling suit, with hat to match. She was assisted by her handsome sister, Miss Teresa, who was becomingly attired in a neat grey suit. Mr. Felix Hanlon of Dun-Kirk, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by the highly esteemed pastor, Rev. J. Kelly, after which all repaired to the bride's father's, where a sumptuous wedding breakfast was prepared. Among the numerous beautiful presents the bride received was a handsome plush parlor suit, presented by her father and sister, the Conklin family. The bridal party left on the afternoon train for a trip eastward. May they enjoy a life of unalloyed happiness is the wish of their best friends.

CHARLES DICKENS.

To any one sending us seven dollars we will give credit for one year's subscription to the CATHOLIC RECORD and a set of Charles Dickens' Works, bound in cloth. The books will be sent by express, charges to be paid by purchaser. This is a rare offer, and an opportunity to get the works of this great author, in library form, at a figure never before offered.

The Bennet Furnishing Company of London, Ont., have received an order from Rev. Father Kenny, S. J., of Guelph, for a handsome carved pulpit for the church in that city. The Bennet Company have earned an enviable reputation for church furnishings of all kind, both as regards quality and price.

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of Bennett's Home Almanac for 1892.—1105, COFFEE, London, Ont.

THE DEACON'S TRIAL.

S. M. H. G., in Catholic World for September.

A clear, cold November day was drawing to a close, and giving promise, through a peculiarly brilliant sunset, of warmer weather on the morrow.

The country roads were seamed with deep grooves worn by the heavy wheels of numerous stone-wagons bearing away great gray slabs from a celebrated quarry.

The noise of one of these burdened vehicles almost drowned the voices of two men who had stopped on the highway to exchange salutations.

One of them bestrode a fine colt, that he held in check with a quiet exhibition of good horsemanship; the other was an elderly man seated in a narrow buggy, hung upon high springs. The leathered top was flung half way back, and the large, ruddy face of the driver was thrust beyond the cavernous enclosure, in order to catch the words of his neighbor. "I do not suppose," said the horseman, "that the deacon's trial will come off before the middle of the month; Squire Pierson's been sick."

"No, I ain't heard no date fixed; thought maybe there might be somebody down to the office to-night that would be likely to know. I declare for it, it's hard on the deacon to be fetched up afore folks at his age along o' that blamed cow. I never see her, but Wells and Walters both say she's a first-rate milker and they're suppoened to testify that she wa'n't no kicker when deacon had her."

"Yes, I feel sorry for him, very sorry; but it was a poor trade for Mrs. Baldwin. I don't quite understand it. The cow—Deb, they call her—was warranted to be all right, and Mrs. Baldwin says she went straight over and told the deacon about it; but he was short with her, and she made up her mind that he knew something of the trick before. Going to get our Indian summer yet, I guess; that will help us out on our husking. Good-night."

Mr. Whitridge sat quite still for a moment after his companion had left him, and then, swinging the reins across the back of his pony-built horse, jogged slowly forward. Half a mile further on he halted before a big, square frame structure, whose front was liberally belettered—the most effective decoration being the announcement in large type, that Samuel Tibbets, proprietor, was also "Postmaster of the U. S."

There was a motley group gathered about the red-hot stove within, and as Mr. Whitridge entered some of the men nodded familiarly. But a topic of great interest was on hand. Several voices were discernible in the dispute, and more than one of them rang out in angry tones.

Ordinarily the distribution of the mail absorbed the whole attention of the persons present, and no greater altercation arose than might arise over the anchoring of a letter allotted to the box of a rich spinster; but to-night this curiosity of the bystanders had received a counter-blow. In a moment of comparative sobriety and order in the discussion, a tall, thin man with a sallow face and a piping voice strode across the store, and with peering into the square glass compartment supposed to contain his correspondence, he said, with great earnestness: "Cheatin' a woman is a low-down, low-lived trick; and I don't care who does it, I'm for havin' him hung." This bold sentiment provoked a smile, and it was a second or two before any champion of the abused deacon gathered courage to attack the speaker.

"Nobody denies the meanness of cheatin' a man or woman—specially a woman—but what I say is, that it don't stand to reason a man like the deacon is goin' to risk his reputation—leavin' out his soul—for a few dollars."

"He didn't count on Mrs. Baldwin suing him," said another. "You know just as well as I do that Deacon Wilder's as close as the bark on an apple-tree, and such folks takes a good many chances. For my part, I was always suspicious of the true convertin' of several of our church pillars. Some of 'em are hollow—you can stand by that."

Mr. Whitridge, whose mind inclined toward the innocence of the accused, was not a man of independent thought. He was rather weakening now in his defence, and as the door opened to admit Deacon Wilder he shrank back from the light emitted by the glowing stove, and crept into the gloom of the back store, whose darkness was intensified by the dingy oil lamp on the counter.

Deacon Wilder came irresolutely into the circle. He was a small man, with thick, iron-gray hair and full beard. His head was bowed, not by years, but habit, as if a continual consciousness of physical inferiority had humbled him.

One or two of his defenders rose and shook hands with him, and he saw fit to lengthen his grave face and speak in a funeral voice; but no one alluded directly to his misfortune.

Meantime the postmaster and his wife, whom he had called from the dwelling in the rear of the store to assist in distributing the mail, had finished their task, and now announced it to the assembly by vigorously thrusting aside the "show-winder" that shut them off from the view of the public.

Mr. Whitridge was among the first to receive his weekly paper, and was well on his way to the door, congratulating himself that he had not been recognized by the deacon, when a woman's hand was thrust outside the square opening, and, as she waved it

wildly, she cried: "Mr. Whitridge, if you're a-goin' by the North road, wisht you'd take this postal card to Miss Jones. It come yesterday, but none of 'em an't been in; and as it says her mother's comin' to-morrer, I reckon likely she'll want to make some extras beforehand."

He turned slowly around and grudgingly received the card, which he deposited in his pocket and through the stress of the uncomfortable circumstances connected with it, utterly forgot to deliver it!

Some of the men lingered to do a little "trading," and among these, when the deacon had circumspectly departed, the subject of his "counsel" was approached.

"Mrs Baldwin'll beat him sure as you live, whoever he gets; for she's goin' to have that young chap from the city, Peaseley. They do says he's a buster. He's been to college and to law school, and now he's just carryin' everything before him."

This information rather abashed the other side, who knew that Deacon Wilder had already put his case into the hands of the old town stand-by, John Snell. They contented themselves with that comfortable assumption of the triumph of the "right" which lends a bold front to many an unpopular cause.

The little company next decided that it would be far better for all concerned to delay the trial until Squire Pierson's health would permit him to "sit," rather than let the case fall under strange jurisdiction. The cost was canvassed, some present declaring that the losing party would have to fork over to Peaseley not less than fifteen dollars and carfare, while Snell was always reasonable in his charges, and possibly his service could be secured for five.

"Who's suppoened?" asked the thin man. "I ain't heard much about the particulars afore to-night."

"Wells and Walters is on for the deacon. They'll both swear Deb was all right when he had her."

"She's that slim-tailed, yallerish brown cow he bought at the vandoo over to Lysander, an't she? I bid on her myself, but I soon see the deacon meant to have her, so I drew in my horns."

"Lucky you didn't get her; the suit might 'a' been on your hands."

"No, I don't never law much. It mostly costs more'n it comes to, I calculate."

The thin man, who had a semi-judicial cast of mind, now came forward again, both arms laden with packages, and added: "There's one question that pesters me. I'd like to have some of you tell me why, if Deb was all right and a good milker, the deacon ever come to sell her to Mrs. Baldwin. He an't made of the stuff that don't hold on to the good things of this world when once he gets 'em. Now, there was a reason somewhere for the sellin'."

Batter's high; Deb come in in September, and will give her full stint up to Christmas, fallin' off then, perhaps, till fresh feed along in the spring. Them as had owned her told to the vandoo that she don't dry up but a little while afore calving. Them things works in my mind."

A dead silence ensued, and it seemed a clear case against the deacon until one of his defenders, unable to turn the tide of argument, resorted to strategy.

"Haw, haw!" he laughed, as he shook his shaggy head, "you ought to have been a lawyer; you've got some of your big points. You can hint and look mysterious, and wink away a good man's reputation without even waiting for the trial to come up. Deacon Wilder will clear all this circumstantial evidence away, now I tell ye, when he comes to be put on the stand."

He then arose and walked off, leaving his hearers as thoroughly convinced of the reasonableness of lawyers in general, and of the innocence of the accused, as if the verdict of the Supreme Court had been published in all its length and breadth.

Mrs. Baldwin, too, had her sympathizers. She was an exceptionally tidy housekeeper, and in the early afternoon sat down to complete a garment upon her sewing-machine. Scarcely, however, had she filled the bobbin and oiled the driving-wheel, when the click of the gate latch aroused her curiosity, and she looked up in time to see the minister's wife hurrying toward the house. She smoothed her tightly-drawn hair, tied the strings of her white apron a little more precisely, and opened the door.

"I do declare, Mrs. Brown, this is kind."

The visitor, who was a plump little body, with a pale face beaming with smiles, and curling hair fast growing gray, did not at once reply, but put into the hand of her hostess a large can of Bartlett pears.

"There's just a sample of what our tree did last year, or rather of what the tree and me did together. They an't done up pound for pound, so they won't hurt any one."

Mrs. Baldwin duly admired the gift and complimented the well-known skill of the giver; then she sighed.

"It does me good to have you come, for I don't rightly know just how you and dominie would take this lawsuit betwixt me and the deacon, but I couldn't do elsewise than sue him in justice to myself, for of all the kickin' creatures Deb's the very worst."

"Now don't tell me a word of it," said the cheery new-comer. "I told Elisha this morning that I couldn't stan' it another day without comin' over, and just speakin' out plain and sayin' that I can't possibly understand how such a thing came round between two such good folks as you are—two worthy soldiers of the Cross."

Mrs. Baldwin interrupted her: "I can soon tell my side."

"Not a word, not a breath!" protested Mrs. Brown.

"All I have got to say is that I believe in you both, and nobody can make me think that either of you started out to do wrong. There's a misunderstanding somewhere. Now, Elisha, he mourns over the trial comin' on; for, says he, 'it's a positive disgrace to the church; but I tell him, Would you have had feelin's goin' along year after year, breedin' un-Christian thoughts in secret, when through a public suit the real truth may be brought forward, and we shall all see that Deacon Wilder is the same good man we always believed him to be, and Mrs. Baldwin has only made a very common mistake in prejudgin' him. That's what I told him when I was pourin' tea, and he quite chirped up. So now, it's all over between us two, and we can visit to our hearts' content."

Mrs. Baldwin was surprised into acquiescence, and they chatted away over mite societies and grab-bags, the prevalence of measles and the missionary box, until the advent of other callers warned the little peace-maker that she might not be able to hold her own in face of the enemy's reinforcement, and therefore it would be wise to beat a hasty retreat.

Mrs. Sylvester and Martha Jones, her step daughter, had no such scruples as the minister's wife. They entered boldly upon the subject close at heart, and as the plaintiff proceeded to state her wrongs, with an ardor increased by recent forced suppression, they repeatedly expressed their conviction that Deacon Wilder was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

"Nobody'll ever make me believe he could have milked Deb twice a day for two months and more, and not found out that she was up to tricks. No more do I think, as I told other comin' over—no, it was whilst we were fryin' the ham for dinner—that he won't shy out of it all when he's up before the justice."

"I don't see how he's goin' to git round the actual facts," said Mrs. Sylvester in a deep bass voice. "Justice is justice in these United States; tant as if it was in Germany. Elmiry Goodsell was tellin' me, last time I see her, about some of their doin's over there, and it beats all! Hermissin' a woman up with a cow to drag fodder! As for me, I don't want to travel in benighted parts. New York State's good enough for the Sylvesters, and the Janeses, too, I reckon, where a woman's word o' mouth can stand law like any man's."

"You are quite right; but I worry myself awful, sometimes, thinkin' of the trial. How am I going to get up on top of the witness box and tell how mean one of the pillars of our church has been, and to a sister in Christ, too? It's a nightmare to me."

"Well, now I wouldn't allow myself to fret over it. Jones says you have got a high-up lawyer, one that can pull you through if anybody can."

This point of view was entirely new to Mrs. Baldwin. The absolute truth of the statement she expected to make in public was to her sufficient warrant for what she was about to do. There was nothing else. Deb kicked; and she had told the deacon about it, and he had refused to make it right, notwithstanding the fact that he had warranted the cow to be a first-class animal. The idea of her lawyer "pulling her through" savored of corruption. She absolutely blazed with indignation. "Do you think I'm goin' to lie over a little thing like Deb, or put the deacon to shame just to favor a spleen against him? Why, what are we coming too? I'd rather be hitched to a cart with kickin' Deb than to hurt a hair of anybody's head, let alone bein' pulled through." Her visitors were less sensitive beings, and marvelled much at this reluctance to "beat" the deacon in whatever way it might be accomplished. To them a verdict was like a written character—endorsed by the powers that be, and therefore able to sustain one through life. They felt uncomfortable in Mrs. Baldwin's presence after her outburst, and with many assurances of good will they departed, leaving her a wiser but far less contented woman.

She had entered upon the lawsuit from a firm conviction that she had been imposed upon—"cheated," as she plainly worded it—but now there crept into her mind a suspicion that there might be those, other than the fierce partisans of the defendant, who thought it possible for her to be mistaken, or—and this was still worse—those who deemed her action instigated by malice.

While she was yet thinking about the matter a paper was served upon her, stating that the trial would come off on the "tenth day of December."

"Well, I s'pose there's no stoppin' it now unless I give folks a chance to think I'm a thief more'n an ever. And I reckon the best way is, as Mrs. Brown says, to let the lawyers get at the truth, and then the public will know it." She sighed again and returned to the oiling of her sewing-machine, perhaps dimly wishing that the wheels of life could be kept running smoothly with as little trouble.

The tenth day of December brought the first snow-storm of the season. In the early morning Mrs. Whitridge had examined all the signs through whose consultation she had established a certain local reputation as weather prophet, and she announced to her husband at breakfast-time that if he intended going to the deacon's trial he had better fix up things at the barn in winter shape.

"I hadn't thought of this bein' more'n a squall," he replied.

"I say, two foot o' snow will be on the ground before the deacon's freed."

"That an't tellin' we'll be snowed under to day nor to-morrer," he

laughed. "When once a man gets into the hands of the lawyers there's no knowin' when they'll let up on him. But I reckon you'll see me back before midnight. I'm goin' to get Hiram to do my share of the chores, so as not to bother you."

This arrangement seemed satisfactory, and Mr. Whitridge started off soon after 9 o'clock with a clear conscience.

The "justice office" was in a small building detached from the Pierson homestead, but standing very close to the old house, as if afraid to venture from under the shadow of its progenitor. And yet the little structure had a certain independence of its own. Its architectural proportions were not at all in harmony with the parental edifice, for it had a flat tin roof bordered with an enormous weight of cornice and a "stoop" that dwarfed the suggestive little entrance to the large gabled building. This stoop was, on this auspicious occasion, tenanted at an early hour by men from the far and near farms, grouped under the head of "neighbors." They chiefly were dressed in the garments reserved for Sundays and holidays, which gave something of a festive look to the assembly.

The door stood open and the squire within was making welcome those who had summoned courage to approach "His Honor."

"Cold day for the deacon," suggested the man who had volunteered to "fix the fire." "I hope not, sir," answered the justice, quite forgetting, in his perception of the double meaning of the phrase, that any suspicion might attach to his reply. Then, suddenly remembering his relation to the event, he stammered: "Leastwise for neither him nor Mrs. Baldwin, nor none of us, since you're fireman." Having thus restored his injured dignity, he peered among the people outside and exclaimed:

"I declare for it, the dominie and Mrs. Brown's a-comin'! Fetch two rush-bottomed chairs—the wooden ones sit hard—and kinder help me to straighten out. I had no idee ladies would be here; but this is a case—Howdy do, dominie? Goin' to see Mrs. Baldwin through, Mrs. Brown? Well I guess it's comin' out right all round. Here's a couple of seats engaged for you—reserved seats, as I might say."

His embarrassment was great, and he sought to relieve it by being as jocular as possible. The minister misinterpreted his humor.

"Ah! it is true, then, the story I heard last night—that the parties in the case have come to an agreement; that is well."

"No, no, no! Suit's called in ten minutes. Here comes the plaintiff and her council now."

When Mrs. Baldwin entered Mrs. Brown whispered to her husband and he politely offered the lady his chair, his wife urging it upon her with the suggestion: "You will feel more like home havin' a woman next you."

Mrs. Baldwin smiled a very forced smile, and bethought herself to introduce her lawyer to the minister.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Peaseley," said the latter gravely. "But I regret that it should be under the present circumstances."

The other, who was quite young, well-dressed, and with abundant self-possession, made answer pleasantly: "We lawyers do not regard our duties so seriously. Indeed, I feel that we are virtually peace-makers, for oftentimes our clients are simply blind to certain facts that are brought out in the trial, and even if one party has the costs to pay they are better friends ever after."

He moved away and arranged his effects upon a small table near the judge's desk.

Within a moment his example was followed by John Snell, an ungainly man, whose slow motions were unequal to the impatience of the throng that now swept in a disorderly way into the little building.

No one paid any attention to the formal opening of the case, so absorbed was the general attention upon the appearance of the respondent. He seemed to have aged in the past month, and his gray head drooped lower than ever upon his breast. He did not even notice the friendly effort of Mrs. Brown, who conscientiously endeavored to distribute her sympathies without fear or favor.

When, however, Mr. Peaseley had finished his short statement and the name of Mrs. Mchitable Susan Baldwin was called, every eye was fixed upon the plaintiff. She was a sturdy woman, but now it almost seemed as if she would faint, so white and tremulous did she instantly become. The voice of the justice recalled her:

"Step right forward, Mrs. Baldwin; don't be afeared; you're among friends and goin' to speak the truth."

Certainly nothing could have inspired her with more daring than this illy conceived salutation. She walked firmly forward, dropped her shawl on the bench beside her, and began:

"I don't know as there's any call to say beforehand, squire, that I'll tell the truth. I ain't givin' to lyin'."

Her counsel interrupted: "One moment, if you please. Mrs. Baldwin, after you are sworn, you will kindly say nothing but in reply to my questions."

The oath was administered and the ordinary formula requiring personal identification.

"You are an unmarried woman?"

"No, sir; I'm a widow."

"You are at present, then, unmarried, and managing the farm and dairy on Springhill, where you live?"

"Yes; me and Mr. Smothers."

your farm. Has he anything to do with the dairy?"

"No, sir; I han't got but two cows besides Deb, and I do my own milkin' and churnin'."

"When did you buy the cow, Deb, from Deacon Wilder?"

"On the second day of November last, and I wish to gracious I had a-done as I wanted and milked her right afore his eyes."

"Slowly, if you please. Did Deacon Wilder tell you she did not kick?"

"I never said he did."

Visible excitement now amid the spectators.

"What did he tell you?"

"He said she was a first-class animal, gentle an' kind, and he showed me the mornin's milk with cream on it an' the butter she made the week afore; an' I told him it was about milkin' time, an' I'd try her if he'd fetch a pail, an—"

"Slowly, madam. What did the deacon say then?"

"Why, he said that it wa'n't worth while, since I had my good clo's on."

"Then he did not seem willing to have you milk her?"

"No, sir, he didn't. I can't say that it wa'n't just goodness on his part for my clo's, but it looked kinder strange to me when I got home and talked it over with Smothers."

It evidently looked strange to the assembly also, for they whispered and nodded without regard to the deacon's proximity.

"When you agreed to take Deb there was nothing more said about her habits?"

"Not a word. I had asked all the questions I wanted to; and I will say for the deacon that he did not stretch it a bit about her butter-makin'. She's a first-class animal there."

"How did you discover that she kicked?"

"Land alive! I reckon it didn't take me long to know. Why I was jam up agin' the fence, and the milk pourin' all over me out of the pail, upot."

Everybody save the accused began to laugh. Even good Mrs. Brown shook behind her handkerchief.

The justice had leaned back against his tall chair with his eyes shut, as he had once seen a distinguished judge in the Supreme Court do; but at this point Mr. Peaseley called his attention by saying with severity: "I must remind your Honor that there is too much levity here."

His honor looked wildly around, and, reaching for his pen, stammered: "I'd—I'd a seen that point if there hadn't been so much noise."

Only a few of those present understood why it was a moment or two before the case was resumed. Then the justice nodded as if to announce that the objection was noted, and Mr. Peaseley went on. "Did you ever attempt to milk Deb again?"

"Of course I did. Smothers can't do it; he's got his own chores to tend to. 'Tain't pleasant," she added, submissively; "but it's got to be done, and if a widder woman keeps cows she must milk 'em."

"Did Deb ever kick again?"

"Of course she did. I wouldn't have complained to the deacon about one, but she kep' it up. So I reckoned it was a way she had."

"But—but—the young city lawyer was a little bewildered here—"

"but how could you manage to milk her if she knocked you over every time?" This seemed like improbability, and he was nonplussed. Not so the audience, who laughed loudly at his discomfiture. Even the witness was scarcely able to restrain her merriment.

"Why, I tied her down. I guess you never see a kickin' cow; but if you'll come home with me, I'll show you how to fix Deb. I strap her hind legs too."

"That will do," said her interrogator sharply.

And now the figure of the deacon was seen edging through the crowd. He held up his hand and spoke with decision: "I don't know but it's agin' the law, squire; but if you and these gentlemen can fix it so as it'll stan', I wisht you would. I want to tell my story right here and now, an' leave it to you to lay the penalty."

"Hold on, deacon!" cried John Snell. "Your turn's comin'; first let them get through with their witness."

"I don't keer for no witnesses. When you hear my statement you won't, I've hated to talk about my folks; but that what's laid on my mind is all gone now. I guess I can tell it straight."

There was something so pathetic in the whole bearing of the speaker that the young lawyer was touched. He leaned over the table, and a whispered discussion took place between court and counsel. Then Mr. Snell arose and announced, in a wandering way, that it had been agreed between the parties to refer the case directly to the court without argument or further examination of witnesses. The sole evidence to be presented would be a verbal statement from the respondent.

The interest of the spectators was quadrupled. Mrs. Baldwin forgot to sit down, and, in fact, remained standing throughout the recital.

"I had Deb," said the deacon, slowly stroking his rough beard, "just nine weeks afore the plaintiff bought her. Deb's a good cow; a little nervous, three-quarters jersey, gives six quarts to a milkin', and rich at that. I hated to sell her, but—(here there was a slight movement in the throng) now I didn't call'te to tell this, nor to bring Elizabeth Snyder's name into court at all. I thought maybe I could manage to answer the questions so as to satisfy the justice without that. I didn't know nothin' about Deb's kickin', but night afore last I was up

CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE.

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to Snell's office, an' I see plain enough that it had got to come out...

ANNIE DEVLIN.

A Heroic Irishwoman's Devotion to Emmet—Neither Bribes, Threats nor Torture Could Force her to Betray Him to England.

When the annals of Ireland's heroes are written the name of Annie Devlin will far outrank many of our wide fame.

Annie Devlin was a poor Irish girl, whose heart was proof against temptation, and whose patriotism was as pure and dauntless as that of her master, Emmet.

She knew probably as much of Emmet's plans as did any of his followers. She was in charge of one of the very few who knew his place of refuge after the failure of his attempted revolt.

When Emmet rented the warehouse in Butterfield street, she was sent by her father to assist in taking charge of it, and to act as servant to Robert Emmet.

When the news came of Emmet's failure, Annie Devlin was just sending off a man on horseback with a sack filled with ammunition.

In a few days she was arrested by the infamous Major Sirr, and the most fiendish tortures inflicted on her to make her betray Emmet's hiding-place.

Blended:—"Me! take the money—the price of Mr. Robert's blood! No! I spurned the rascal's offer."

WINDTHORST'S CHRISTIANITY.

The Great Statesman's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Ellis Schreiber has contributed to the *Age* a most delightful reminiscence of Windthorst. He says, at the outset, of the great German statesman:

"We may make two general remarks in regard to his career. The first is that, although he had many political and religious adversaries, he had not one personal enemy. That this could be possible reflects immense credit upon him, and proves at once his self-restraint, kindness of heart, and freedom from bitter or rancorous feeling;

"The second point is not less striking. No one who studies his life can fail to observe that he owed his elevation entirely to his own talents and force of character. With the axe of his bright, keen intellect he hewed each successive step in the rock he climbed with so sure a cut. Unaided by wealth, by aristocratic connections, or by influential patrons; short of stature, plain of face, unpretending in manner, Ludwig Windthorst made his way to the foremost rank among the men of his day.

When at length he stood in the Reichstag the acknowledged leader of the Catholics of Germany, and, with all eyes fixed upon him, gallantly headed the fight which ended in a signal victory, he never became puffed up, or suffered himself to be carried away by the breath of fame; but remained modest, simple, humble to the end.

"How dear her honor was to his pious heart is proved by the fact that when his Catholic fellow-countrymen wished as a mark of their gratitude for his great services to the cause of religion, to purchase and present to him an estate, he declined the offer, expressing his desire that the sum subscribed should be devoted to the accomplishment of his cherished project—that of erecting in Hanover a church dedicated to Our Lady. He had the satisfaction of seeing this work completed during his lifetime. The church was consecrated in May of last year. It is a simple and graceful structure, built in the form of a cross, of brick and glazed tiles, in Saxon-Gothic style, with a slender, tapering spire. The nave and adjoining aisles are lofty, and all three of equal height.

"The high altar, a magnificent specimen of wood-carving, adorned with paintings of a high order, was the gift of the jubilee gifts of the Holy Father, and presented by him to the church. In the side choir on the right is an altar of Our Lady; on the left, one dedicated to St. Joseph. The pulpit is beautifully carved in oak, as are also the altar rails. All the fittings of the church are in perfect correspondence, although they come from every part of the continent.

"It is in the centre of this building, at the entrance to the choir, that Dr. Windthorst's remains have been laid. His own idea was to be interred in Osnabruck, where the happiest years of his life were spent, and where he owned a vault in which his children are buried. But on his death the public voice with one accord declared that no fitter resting-place could be found for him than the beautiful Marienkirche he had himself erected in Hanover.

CATHOLIC MISCELLANY.

The First Anti-Slavery Preacher.

On Columbus' third voyage, in 1498, to Hispaniola, he was accompanied by a young man of great ability and as noble as he was able, who was destined to impress himself most beneficially and ineffaceably on the fortunes of the New World, Bartholomew Las Casas.

This same Father Anthony de Montesino is, as far as we can learn, the first priest who, with his companion, Father Cervantes, is known to have offered the Holy Sacrifice within the limits of the United States. This first worship of Almighty God took place at the settlement of St. Lucas de Guanape, founded by Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, on the spot where the English some eighty years afterward founded Jamestown, on the James river in Virginia.

Death-Bed Repentance.

After living the greater portion of their lives in the unbridled indulgence of sin, many men when they feel the hand of death is upon them, return to God, and ask for the assistance of a priest to reconcile them to their Maker.

Catholics in Berlin.

Berlin now contains no less than 135,000 Catholics. What is more, the Catholic population is rapidly increasing—more rapidly than the members of any other religion. According to the last census, but one has been 20 per cent. for the Evangelical, 23 per cent. for the Jews, and as high as 36 per cent. for the Catholics.

Catholicity in England.

The *Catholic Union and Times*, Liverpool, says that the pessimistic views of Father Powell as to the immense leakage from and gloomy outlook for the Church in England are not justifiable. Our contemporary admits the leakage, but says that it is not greater than might be expected amongst migratory laborers in a Protestant country.

"We have not yet reached the days of harvest; we are only ploughing the field. And no one, not even Father Powell himself, can deny that in this necessary work great progress has been made. The sentiments of hatred, fear and contempt which the great majority of Englishmen looked upon the Catholic Church forty or fifty years ago have all vanished. Catholicism is now regarded as a religion that is entitled to respect. The hideous mask which concealed the face of the Church from the people of this country has been torn away. This is, of itself, a very great work, and in future years the Church will reap the fruits of labors which now seem to be all but wasted."

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EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, INCLUDING ITCHING, BURNING, BLEEDING, CRUSTS, PIMPLES, BOBLES, WITH LOSS OF HAIR, FROM PUPPLES TO THE MOST DISTRESSING ECZEMA, AND EVERY HORN OF THE BLOOD, IS SPEEDILY AND ECONOMICALLY CURED BY CUTICURA.

WE MUST SEEK THE WAYWARD.

Archbishop Ireland on Labor Day.

The business of the Church is to save souls; this first and before all else. Therefore must she take most active interest in social matters. The body is too intimately united with the soul to permit us to care for the one without caring for the other. The Christian who is to be saved lives in the world, and cannot escape the influence of his surroundings; if we would gain him over to grace, those surroundings must be made favorable to the conquest.

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Persons writing for a change of address should invariably send the name of their former post office.

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CATHOLIC RITES.

A recent article which appeared in a Canadian Presbyterian paper, reproaching the ceremonies and rites of the Catholic Church, recalls to our minds that there is nothing more persistently maintained by Protestants than that the sacred rites which are used by Catholics in the celebration of the divine mysteries, in the oblation of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in the administration of the sacraments, etc., are superstitious, and unsuitable to the divine service.

The paper in question, the Halifax Witness, has even the temerity to assert that the "Roman Catholic Church is a compound of "Judaism, Paganism and Christianity."

It is certainly unnecessary to prove that the Catholic Church, which, alone, and before Protestantism was invented, planted the faith of Christ in all the countries of the world, is any compound of false religions. She alone preserved the true faith amid the storms and persecutions of the fifteen centuries which followed the establishment of Christianity.

Judaism, however, was not a false religion, as it was established by God; and it is no discredit to the true Christian Church to have retained such similitudes to those sacred forms of the old law which she deemed to be appropriate under the New dispensation. Hence Holy Scripture itself declares that under the New Law there should be "from the rising of the sun even to the going down" offered to the name of Almighty God "sacrifice and a clean oblation." (Malach ii. 11.) We are told also by St. Paul (Heb. 13, 10.) "We (Christians) have an altar (thusiastion) whereof they (the Jews) have no power to eat who serve the tabernacle." The altar (thusiastion) means the structure on which sacrifice (thusia) is offered to God.

In 1 Cor. ix., 13, and x., 18, the existence of a Christian altar is again asserted. It is the Presbyterian practice, therefore, which is unscriptural and un-Christian: that practice which was inaugurated in Scotland by John Knox—to destroy all Christian altars, and to brand the sacrifice of the New Law as an act of idolatry.

A sacrifice is essentially a religious rite or ceremony, and it was, from the very earliest period of man's existence on earth, regarded as the first and most necessary act of religious worship to be offered to Almighty God. It is an acknowledgment by an outward symbol that God is our Supreme and Sovereign Lord and that we are totally dependent upon Him.

God, by instituting this rite under the Old Law, makes it manifest that it is not displeasing to Him that He should be honored by means of sacred rites—not, of course, such as are "superstitious," but by such as are calculated to impress upon our minds His greatness and the outward as well as the inward respect due to Him.

The lesser ceremonial forms which were prescribed under the Old Law are abrogated, but the essential features of sacrificial offerings remain, as we have seen by the texts above quoted. The oxen, sheep, lambs, etc., of the Old Law are no longer to be offered up; but constant sacrifice and clean oblation mentioned by the prophet Malachi must endure forever. The victims of the Old Law are replaced by Christ the Lamb of God, who is offered in the great Eucharistic Sacrifice, and whose death is therein "shown forth until He come." (1 Cor. xi., 24.)

Under the Old Law the ritual prescribed when the high priest was fulfilling his sacred office was grand and impressive, and it is observed in the Jewish synagogues to this day. The Paschal Lamb was to be eaten with solemnity and respect. The Lamb itself was to be selected with the greatest care: "a Lamb without blemish, a male, of one year." Moses was ordered to commune with God on Mount Sinai, with ceremonial observances which

the modern Presbyterians would certainly call heathenish and superstitious if they were in use in the Catholic Church. Their more outspoken collaborators in the work of dechristianizing the world call them superstitions as the case stands. Directions are given for the making of the tabernacle, the ark, the seven-branched candlestick, the lamps, and even the snuffers which were to be used in the service of the altar, according to a pattern which was given by God Himself. The incense was also to be made as God directed, and no one was allowed to make incense for his personal use after the same recipe. The vestments of the priests were to be made "of gold, and violet, and purple, and scarlet twice dyed, and fine linen," remarkable "for glory and for beauty." These vestments consisted of "a rational, and an ephod, a tunic, and a straight linen garment, a mitre, and a girdle." The full details may be found from Exodus xii. to the end of the five books of Moses.

We can well imagine how indignantly a rigid Presbyterian, who is accustomed to regard all "Ritualism and Formalism" in religion as but superstition and idolatry, would declaim against these ecclesiastical dresses, as calculated to draw attention from the true purpose of religious worship; only a cut-away coat and white choker being consistent with what they are pleased to call "Apostolic simplicity."

But it is clear from all this that God, knowing man's weakness, and his tendency to forget his duty to His Creator, preserves him in it by insisting that he shall honor him by exterior acts of homage; and this is the reason for which sacred rites are not merely useful but necessary in religious worship. These rites preserve in man due respect for God and move him to worship and love God, and thus lead us to eternal life.

We sometimes hear it said that these rites may have been necessary under the Old Law, but that they are not so for Christians. But human nature, with its weaknesses, is just what it was in the days of Moses, and we need the same aids to virtue which were needed then; and so our Blessed Lord vindicated St. Mary Magdalene from the reproaches of Judas, when she proved her love by humble and respectful manifestations. For the same reasons St. Paul opens his epistle to his disciple Titus by telling him: "For this cause I left thee in Crete that thou shouldst set in order the things that are wanting, and shouldst ordain priests in every city, as I also appointed thee." (i., 5.) St. Titus was appointed to rule the Church of Crete, and to take care that order and decorum should be observed in its ceremonies.

There is no doubt that, in spite of the common Presbyterian pretence that "Apostolic simplicity" led the apostles to administer the divine mysteries in the ordinary dress of their trades, they used garments implying their priestly office, though their style would necessarily be limited, in proportion to the poverty of themselves and their hearers. Christ's words of commendation of St. Mary Magdalene, who anointed His feet with "precious spikenard," "right spikenard of great price," would not be lost upon them. It was Judas who made the objection that her devotion was against "Apostolic simplicity." He was tainted with the Presbyterian notion, and made pretence that the ointment should have been sold and given to the poor; but the loving and beloved apostle takes care to tell us: "Now he (Judas) said this, not because he cared for the poor, but because he was a thief, and having the purse, carried the things that were put therein."

But Christ sufficiently vindicated St. Mary Magdalene's conduct, saying: "Let her alone; why do you molest her? She hath wrought a good work upon Me; for the poor you have always with you, and whosoever you will you may do them good; but Me you have not always. What she had, she hath done. Amen I say to you, whosoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memorial of her."

There is abundant historical evidence that from the beginning of Christianity it was the practice of the early Church, even in the Apostolic times, to celebrate the divine mysteries with as much outward respect and decorum as could be afforded out of the means of the various churches; and, indeed, having in their minds the words of our Lord in reference to Mary Magdalene, the Apostles and early Christians could not do otherwise. We shall, however, content ourselves here with adducing some scriptural evidences that such was actually the case.

The splendor of the Jewish temple is known to have been great. The vestments of the priests were of a magnificence proportioned to the wealth of the people of the land "flowing with milk and honey," and giving their titles to increase this magnificence year after year: and their ritual was carried out exactly. Yet there is not one word from our Lord condemnatory of all these practices. On the contrary, while blaming the Pharisees, and denouncing against them God's wrath because they oppressed the poor, and in other ways violated the weightier rights of the law, He told them that the things of the law which they observed, among which was the payment of the tithes for the purpose above mentioned, it was indeed their duty to do, but they should not have left their other duties undone.

Again: in the Apocalypse (Revelation) St. John declares his vision of heaven on "the Lord's day." It is so accurate as a description of the mode of celebrating the Mass from the earliest period, down to the present time, that it must be considered as a picture of the celebration of the divine mysteries in Apostolic days. We are therefore justified in the conclusion that they were celebrated then with a decorum and a grandeur which has its parallel in the solemn High Mass as celebrated in all Catholic cathedrals.

Of some other matters dealt with by the Witness we shall treat hereafter.

THE POPE AND THE PILGRIMS.

The Holy Father is preparing a statement concerning the recent disorders at the Pantheon on the occasion of the visit of the French pilgrims to that edifice. The anti-Catholic party in Rome have made a mountain out of the matter, which was originally but a molehill, it having been the act, at most, of a single hot-headed and indiscreet individual. The readiness with which it was exaggerated so as to be made the occasion for anti-Papal demonstrations, and for attacks upon pilgrims wherever they appeared, is a proof of the annoying position in which the Holy Father stands—a position in which his liberty of communication with the Church is liable to be restricted at any moment on the slightest pretext. Where so many thousands are gathered together it is not very surprising that some annoying and disagreeable incidents should occur; and it cannot be expected that every one will conduct himself under all circumstances as if he were assisting at some sacred function. The very palliative offence of the pilgrim, if he were really one of the pilgrims, is not the slightest excuse for the indignities to which the Holy Father, the Bishops, and the Catholic visitors to Rome have been already subjected.

Another cable despatch informs us that His Holiness has written to M. Harmel, organizer of the French workingmen's pilgrimage, which recently visited Rome, expressing bitter grief at seeing the French pilgrims "abandoned without provocation to the attacks of an ungovernable populace." The Pope adds that he is deeply grateful to the pilgrims who came to Rome, and to those who are prevented from coming by violence and iniquitous hatred he sends his blessing.

The whole episode shows that the position of the Pope is intolerable; and though the anti-Catholic press have constantly asserted that his liberty is complete, this occurrence shows in a strong light that he is exactly what he has been styled by Catholics, "the prisoner of the Vatican." The anti-Papal demonstrations which succeeded the incident at the Pantheon may yet have a more beneficial result than was anticipated by their promoters, for they will, to a certainty, call the attention of Catholics throughout the world to the precarious position in which the Holy Father is placed, and all the powers under whose dominions Catholics are numerous, may be brought to see the importance of making him free from the control of a Government always hostile to him, and which may at any time become hostile to any of the powers themselves.

There is not one of these powers to which it is not a matter of importance that the Pope should be placed in a position of independence.

Mgr. O'Brien, who was the bearer of the biretta to Mgr. Taschereau when the latter was created a Cardinal, is again on a visit to Canada and is at present in Montreal. Speaking of the reported trouble between the Vatican and the Italian Government Mgr. O'Brien says: "There is no doubt that the Pope's present position is a very uncomfortable one, and it is hard to say what the result of the trouble will be." One thing, however, is certain, he says, and that is that the Pope will never leave Rome unless he is compelled to. Mgr. O'Brien is a member of the Papal household, and is therefore in a position to speak with some authority.

CATHOLICISM AND THE VARIOUS FORMS OF GOVERNMENT.

The Scranton (Pa.) Truth, in a recent issue, takes to task those bigots and know-nothings who, like Bishop Cleveland Coxe (Protestant Episcopal), of Buffalo, persist in asserting and maintaining with their virulent pens that the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the head of the Church constitutes a danger to the State, and especially to democratic institutions.

The Catholic Church has no preference for any particular form of Government. She has been persecuted alike by monarchies and republics, and she has flourished also under both. Nowhere has she been more prosperous than under the flag of the United States, so there can be no reason why she should be disloyal to that flag. It is very true that even in the United States she has suffered, and is still suffering, injustice in the matter of Catholic education, where her enemies have up to the present time succeeded in practically imposing upon Catholics a heavy penalty because they educate their children in their duties to God, their neighbors, and themselves; but the benefits they derive from being otherwise free to practice their religion according to their conscientious convictions are so great as to counter-balance this injustice to some extent; and so none are more loyal to American institutions than the Catholics of the United States. They endure patiently the injustice inflicted on them; entertaining the hope, however, that in the course of time this evil will be remedied. We believe that it would have been remedied long ago, were it not that an active hostile faction has hitherto succeeded in persuading, by plausible though sophistical arguments, many whose desire is to deal fairly with all, that there is no injustice done by the existing laws.

Catholics have the right to endeavor to improve these laws by peaceable and constitutional means; and this they will undoubtedly endeavor to do; but their religion does not require them to prefer a monarchy to a republic. There is no article in the Catholic creed expressing such a preference; and they will therefore continue to be loyal to the republic, while trusting to the influence which they may be able to exercise, for a future redress of grievances.

The Scranton writer reminds the bigots that a large percentage of those who fought in the War of Independence were Catholics, and that the American patriots were aided in their struggle by the Catholic armies and fleets of a Catholic king. He relates, also, on the authority of the Comte de Paris, an incident which occurred during the civil war, at the battle of Gettysburg. The Count was on General McClellan's staff when "The day of death near the Devil's Den had reached its final fury. Hood's Texans were aflame, and just about to seize the last defences of Little Knob. A regiment—the 79th—was hurried up from the Baltimore Road. The way was a way of death. The regiment stopped to straighten its line. At that instant a priest strode to the front and held up a crucifix. The soldiers knelt reverently, and the next instant plunged into the gulf of flame and won the day."

Thus the writer in Truth shows that as well in the Civil War as in the War of the Revolution, Catholics were as forward in the defence of their country as were their non-Catholic fellow-citizens; and it is indeed a demonstrated fact that in the army there were by far more Catholics than Protestants as compared with their respective ratio to the whole population.

It is time that the Know-Nothing denunciations which are so frequently made against everything Catholic as being anti-American should cease. They can only effect one purpose, that of creating dissension; and the same is true of Canada. The efforts of the Canadian bigots who are constantly endeavoring to excite the inflammable element, especially in Ontario, against the Catholics of the Dominion, can have only one result, the weakening of the ties which bind the Dominion together, and finally its dissolution.

There has been some discussion going on in the United States press recently on the question "Could a Catholic be elected President?"

Truth points out that notwithstanding the share which Catholics had both in founding and preserving the country, there is still so much bigotry and prejudice that it is very probable that a Catholic would not be elected, whatever might be his merits on the score of patriotism.

It is a fact that several Catholic names have been from time to time spoken of as candidates for that high

office, amongst whom we may mention Generals Philip H. Sheridan, Wm. H. Rosencranz, and Charles O'Connor, but in every case they themselves refused to become candidates. The late General Wm. T. Sherman was also named in this connection. The General was not a Catholic, but perhaps the well-known earnest Catholic piety of Mrs. Sherman would have made him just as obnoxious to the Know-Nothings as if he had been himself a Catholic. Of course we cannot tell positively what would have been the result if any of these gentlemen had become candidates; but many who were nominated for high offices in several States have been defeated by the votes of their own party, for no other cause than their religion. It is refreshing under such circumstances to find a nobler sentiment entertained by many Protestant Americans who are like the editor of Truth. Another of these utterances was expressed a few days ago by General James S. Clarkson, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Replying to an opinion which had been expressed that "the next civil war in America will be against the Catholic Church, for the maintenance of American institutions," General Clarkson said: "I am of Puritan origin and Protestant faith, but I have as much faith and confidence in the patriotism and loyalty of the members of the Catholic Church as of any other denomination in America. Every battlefield in America is wet with Catholic blood, shed in loyal defence of the Republic."

These sentiments do honor to the General; and there is reason to believe that they express the general sentiment of the people, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain faction to propagate among them a sentiment of hostility against Catholicism.

THE ANARCHISTS "SECEDE."

From the meeting of the Socialist Congress, which took place last week in Berlin, it does not appear that the German Socialists are so extreme in their views as was generally supposed by outsiders.

The progress of the Socialist party during the last few years throughout the empire had caused considerable alarm, and the Government was also disposed to think that this party, sending at every election a larger number of deputies to the Reichstag than before, represented the principles of Anarchy. There was some apparent ground for this alarm, as the party included a number of members who were outspoken Anarchists, and at the elections these extremists received the party vote.

But the Congress has made it evident that the extremists form but a comparatively small section of the party. At its opening on the 19th inst. Herr Auerbach made a violent speech in favor of Anarchy. He denounced all forms of existing government and the principles upon which modern society is founded, all of which he desires to see overturned.

The enunciation of these principles, however, was received with little favor by the Assembly, and those whose object is the amelioration of the condition of the people generally, protested so strongly against the red revolutionary sentiments of Herr Auerbach that a great uproar was the consequence of the discordant views of the two sections.

The moderate delegates proposed the expulsion of those members who supported Herr Auerbach's views, and the proposition would have been carried were it not that the Herr himself arose a second time and announced his own secession from the party, and that also of Herren Werner, Wilburmer, Schultz and Brethge. The five seceders then left the hall, and afterwards the Congress received a letter from them wherein they declared that "they would no longer belong to a party which called itself the Socialist party while it renounced democratic principles."

It is in the large cities that the Socialists have made most progress, and that the extremists have the largest support; yet it can scarcely be supposed that the latter would be able to carry these cities with them without the co-operation of the moderates, which will now fail them, as the Congress answered their letter by adopting a resolution to "render abortive any further action by the extremists," whose chief reliance for support is upon their comrades in Berlin.

If we are to judge the Anarchists of the empire from those who committed the Haymarket outrages in Chicago, exploding dynamite bombs against the police, the civilized world will be thankful that their party is so much weaker than it has hitherto been sup-

posed to be, and that the Socialists as a party have thus disclaimed them and their methods.

It is needless to say that the Catholic Germans are not to be found at all in the ranks of the Anarchists, nor, indeed, to any considerable extent in those of the Socialists. The Centre, or Catholic party, which is the most powerful, compact body in the Reichstag, support the present general policy of the Government, maintaining, however, a firm attitude in their demand for the abolition of the last vestige of Bismarck's Draconian May Laws. The Government, also, on its side, is favorable to the Church, especially because the rulers are aware that she is the greatest bulwark in the empire against Anarchy.

So great has been the progress of Socialism within the last few years that though in 1871 only a few more than 100,000 votes were cast for the party, in 1884 the number had increased to 549,990, but in 1890 the total number reached 1,341,587. The effect of the secession of the extremists will probably, in the end, be favorable to the spread of the principles of the Moderates, whose hitherto existing close connection with the Anarchists caused patriotic Germans to look upon the whole party with suspicion.

THE MEMBER FOR MONTREAL CENTRE.

In this issue will be found an article from the Montreal True Witness, having reference to Mr. J. J. Curran, M. P. for Montreal Centre.

The construction of the Cabinet, which every one believes must soon take place, our rulers will doubtless look about them for the best and most suitable material. This must be their programme if they desire to retain the reins of power, for the electorate will now, particularly because of recent events, demand that our destinies be placed in the keeping of politicians whose characters, morally as well as politically, are without a blemish. The men of scheming—the men who are justly tabooed by the virtuous and the noble—the men who have entered the political hunting-grounds for the sole purpose of bringing down game for their own pouches, should be given a perpetual close season so far as at least as public life is concerned. We hope we will never again hear the excuse given for promotions that this man or that man is strong in influence. What the country demands, and will insist on demanding, is to be represented by men who are strong in goodness—strong in honesty—strong in nobility of character—strong in an indomitable resolution to spurn the advances of the dissolute and oily-tongued knaves who are ready at all times to play the vulture on the public purse and on the public domain. If our rulers at Ottawa will reconstruct the Cabinet on these lines they will perform a duty which will gain the confidence of the people and promote the best interests of our country. We know of no man in public life whose elevation to the Cabinet would give more universal satisfaction than Mr. Curran. In the prime of life, gifted with rare talent and possessing a rectitude of character of which he may justly feel proud, his presence in the Cabinet Council would add strength to his party and honor to his native country.

AN INVITATION.

An incident as extraordinary as it was amusing took place at the Ecumenical Council of the Methodist body recently held in Washington. Many of the reverend gentlemen expressed themselves as being very desirous to see some attempt made at a union of all Christian denominations. While some held that Catholics should be considered a Christian body others advanced the opposite view, and the accustomed storm arose as the contending elements raged and clashed. One pious soul, not to be outdone in love for all mankind, very considerably and with all goodness and kindness of heart suggested that nothing should be placed in the way of Catholics enrolling themselves under the banner of John Wesley; and, in fact, formally asked them to do so. Catholics will, we feel sure, feel grateful to the rev. preacher for his invitation, and will appreciate the lofty motives which fired his soul with the lovely idea; but will feel sorry they cannot accept his kind offer; and that they may not be accused of coarseness, will likely send regrets that they cannot come into the fold because of a previous engagement. It were, indeed, a rather inconvenient thing for the mountain to move towards the mouse. The reverse would be more in harmony with the fitness of things.

DUBLIN.

The cable paper in London intended to deny the irrecognition of the Rule party some time ago mendable majority of any of them as to commiseration has given no crimes and denizens of unholy uni might be garrison in abominable astonish us tion were a outrage who The promot in Ireland, gerated, amongst the be a profita the landlord doubtless more deceiv and retain t pire. Such feel assured, discomfiture, been abroad people are n place a pro roorbacks.

EDINBURGH.

Mr. Joseph a political sp week which able Mark T. verdiet rend three kingd which have ment are everywhere, not believe will give Mr. the members He is evid "jolly" un stances, for in political p than the an combination Balfourism at tions. Mr. C almost wish majority in o might again he would mak pretty sure t wish" gratifi his heart's de

The Salva Detroit, on Je turned into proprietor, M ago a liquor d but being su created quite the liquor in ditch. He i barrack build and, later, to As the "Arm no success in been turned t indicated. M declared that t derived from t ing another b sidered how d we may well will accept as the profits ca Satan.

THE R.

For the There is somet "convent" n of the day have n if his a charm, drawn from the w God's creatures; with the charm And even in this, century, there a would be suppose to think it impos vents do so from God. The very i been allured by t life, the lighted t the peaceful hom a man implies a agination could b religious life. T on the point it is of what the moti man. It is not b so much of the r with them; nor world has nothing one could be guid ing themselves b God and Creato called them, and i resist. The bright life beyond the s hearts with the t of love. What ar to them, then? may be encha they are also i they find more for Him and fo If the convent life what appears to strip it of all its something more there is intellect



Columbus the Inspired.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt. Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue: A steeled, reckless of the world's vain taunt, And steeled the path of honor to pursue.

TO SAVE IRELAND.

The Bold French Invasion During the Rising of '98.

Early one afternoon in August, 1798, writes George L. Kelmer, three large warships suddenly rounded a promontory on the coast of county Mayo, Ireland, and cast anchor close to shore in the harbor of the town of Killala.

In a few minutes the town was astir awaiting with mingled curiosity and anxiety the result of the visit of the volunteer envoys to what could well be supposed a contingent of England's majestic and invincible navy.

A SPRINKLING OF YOUNG FELLOWS of rebellious tendencies more or less avowed. As time passed and no assuring message was received, Captain Kirkwood handed his spyglass to one after another of the bystanders known to be experienced in naval matters, and asked them to scan the mysterious vessels.

The vessels were French in disguise. The civil envoys were promptly made prisoners when they jumped on the ship's decks, and boatloads of men in the blue coats of the new republic of France, with extra arms to equip the insurgent peasantry, were put on shore without a moment's delay.

Under cover of twilight a body of stalwart grenadiers, led by sharpshooters and guarded by flankers, charged through the streets of the town from the enemy's lines, and Kirkwood's men, offering but a weak reply, broke and fled to the shelter of the castle walls.

Seeing that the British did not follow up their fortunes Humbert took hope and ordered an assault along the whole front, spreading his men to cover the ground so that he had but one thin line, in all about five hundred bayonets.

THE FIRST DECLARATION on Irish soil of the purpose of the hostile array, came from the chief of the expedition himself—for such the speaker was—John Joseph Humbert, a general of France.

But if General Humbert and his gallant grenadiers, ambitious to flaunt the banner of liberty and equality under the very throne of the Georges while their brilliant countryman, Napoleon, carried it with more than patriot zeal in search of conquest in the English realms of the Orient, had effected a surprise on the coast of Ire-

land, within striking distance of the seat of power, the British lion was not dozing. The insurance was no new thing, nor the French co-operation a surprise. Three times within two years the hearts of the insurgents had been killed and their opponents depressed by the outfitting of formidable expeditions by the French directory to invade Ireland.

THE INVADER AND DUBLIN. Meanwhile Humbert did not sit down and enjoy his cheap success. His task was not alone difficult, it was bordering upon the impossible, not to say the quixotic. He had brought in his three ships but 1100 soldiers—the rest were to come from the insurgent ranks.

On the eve of battle General Hutchinson was succeeded by his superior, General Lake, an imperious and hard-headed commander, and about daylight Lake stood ready with 6000 men and eighteen cannon to sweep the sans culottes and their rebel allies, the "croppies," off the earth.

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THE BRITISH RESERVE to wipe up the fragments at the close of the melee. The British army was, in fact, so formidable that Humbert and his staff gave it up at the outset, and the daring leader decided to fight solely for honor's sake.

Seeing that the British did not follow up their fortunes Humbert took hope and ordered an assault along the whole front, spreading his men to cover the ground so that he had but one thin line, in all about five hundred bayonets.

With difficulty Humbert prevented a massacre by his Irish allies in revenge for atrocities previously done by Lake and his followers. To conciliate the people, Humbert proclaimed a republic in the province of Connaught, wasting valuable time in organizing a Government, and then headed for Dublin.

the path with a large force, Humbert set out on Sept. 3 to make a detour through Sligo and Leitrim and avoid his opponents for the moment.

On the 8th of September he was brought to bay within a day's march of the goal by Lake's reorganized army, Cornwallis being at hand with another strong column. The French saw the hopelessness of their case, but Humbert again preferred honor to life and ordered an attack.

THE PARISH PRIEST OF OBER-AMMERGAU.

The Reviser of the Passion Play—An Accomplished Scholar—His History of the Parish.

Mary Porter Brace describes in the Christian Union the villagers of Ober-Ammergau. She says: In speaking of the village life of Ober-Ammergau it is difficult to say whether the Passion Play is the cause or the effect of the usual daily occupations of the people.

The hereditary influences of village life have culminated in the character of Joseph Daisenberger, the parish priest of Ober-Ammergau. As every one knows, the great work of his life was the revision of the Passion Play.

DEAR SIR,.—This is to certify that my husband had asthma for about 8 years, combined with a bad cough, and that his lungs also were badly affected, so that he could not rest or work.

"German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup.

his history of the parish the names of certain families among whom art traditions—especially those of the carver—have been most constantly preserved. Among them we recognize the well-known names of Lang, Twing and Mayer. Representatives of these families have long been prominent among the dramatic persona of the Passion Play.

So energetic and realistic was his action, and so seraph-like his voice, that the villagers whispered, "Little Mayer will surely some day play the Christus!" At the next representation of the play, Mayer, as one of the chorists, attracted much attention for his noble declamation and his beautiful voice.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep—but to possess and preserve a beautiful skin, pure, vigorous blood is essential. It is best secured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla in small but frequent doses. It is the most reliable of blood-purifiers.

DEAR SIR,.—This is to certify that my husband had asthma for about 8 years, combined with a bad cough, and that his lungs also were badly affected, so that he could not rest or work.

"German Syrup"

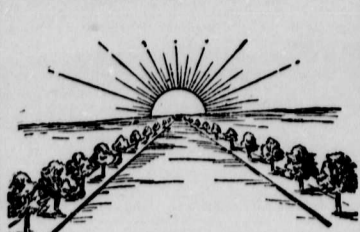
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A BROAD AVENUE.



There is a broad avenue to Success using "Sunlight" Soap on wash-day to lighten labor, to do away with hot steam, to save the hands and clothes from injury, and to bring everything sweet and clean.

THE HURON AND ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital, - - - 1,300,000 Reserve Fund, - - - 581,000

Try a Roberts Ozonator For dispelling any and all disagreeable and unhealthy odors. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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BELLS! BELLS! PEALS & CHIMES FOR CHURCHES.

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BURDOCK BILLS

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS.

D. LOW'S WORM SYRUP

DESTROYS AND REMOVES WORMS OF ALL KINDS IN CHILDREN OR ADULTS SWEET AS SYRUP AND CANNOT HARM THE MOST DELICATE CHILD

MASS WINE. WILSON BROTHERS

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Should be used. It is desired to make the Finest class of Cakes, Biscuits, Buns, Pastes, etc.

McShane Bell Foundry.

Finest Grade of Bells, Church and Peals for Churches, Colleges, Towns, Schools, etc.

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

Bells of Pure Copper and Tin, Church Bells, Fire Alarm Bells, etc.

PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

WIVES & DAUGHTERS IMPROVED ALL

NO SIDE STEEL TO HURT NO SIDE STEEL TO BREAK NO SIDE STEEL TO CRUST

THE KEY TO HEALTH. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions.

Reliable Agents only wanted for export

BENNET FURNISHING COMPANY LONDON, ONTARIO.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY OF CANADA.

The Direct Route between the West and all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and Baffin Bay, Province of Quebec.

The Popular Summer Sea Bathing & Fishing Resorts of Canada

are along the Intercolonial or are reached by that route. The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 29th June, 1891.

GEORGE C. DAVIS, Dentist. Office, Dundas street, four doors east of Richmond. Vitalized air administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

FROM THE... There stood, high and low glanced it... Around about the flowers, Amidst them... There dwelt a... Gloomy, with... For all his... And wrote... Once journeyed... One with bright... The old man... The king in fe... Northern Iri... The lady add... The old man... Then richer, ev... Then burst, w... A distant spiri... Forget their se... The monarch's... The queen, her... Takes the rose... "Ye have bewi... Thrall you no... Shouts the pro... He draws his sw... And from the s... crimon-st... As if by storm... The sudden you... He wraps his clo... Then turns to... bleeding co... Before the lofty... And takes his h... far him ever... Against a marble... Then cries, whi... acula: "Wee to thee, mi... or song Ring with melo... walls and cry... Naught to desp... decay. Thou art to dri... doomed to die... "Bright cardon... light wood... Unto that desolat... Beholding, none... a I run dry, a... and so, in days... die. "Wee to thee, m... ministris! Thy strife for th... vail for thy... Thy very name t... pair Be like a flying... die. The grey-haired... have heard... The mighty bulls... low. Only the lofty ec... One shaft, half h... fall at last. And lies within th... land: No tree its shade... the sand. The monarch's... second kn... The ministris' et... and forg'd."

The Minstrel's Curse.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UNLANS. There stood, in days long vanished, a castle high and grand; Low glanced it down to the ocean, wide looked it over the land; Around about it crested bright beds of fragrant flowers, Amidst them sprang fresh fountains in sparkling rainbow showers. There dwelt a haughty monarch by wealth and conquest known; Gloomy, with pallid visage, he sat upon his throne. For all his thoughts were Terror, Fear trembled where he stood. And when the spake was Fortune, and what he wrote was Blood. Once journeyed to this castle a noble minstrel fair, One with bright golden ringlets, and one with thin grey hair; The old man, hazy on shoulder, did greet him with a smile, The while his youthful comrade walked briskly by his side. Spoke the graybeard to the stripling: "Now valiant be my son; Think of our fondest ballads, sing in thy sweetest tone. Of love, and joy, and sorrow, with all thy wondrous art; Be thou today to soften the monarch's stony heart. Now stand the twain together in the lofty audience hall, The king and queen in grandeur enthroned above all— The king in fearful splendor, like the bloody Northern Light; The lady mild and gentle, and as the full moon bright. The old man sweeps the harp-strings so grandly and so well; That richer, ever richer upon the ear they swell; Then bursts with heavenly clearness the young voice from its thrall; A distant spirit-chorus it seems to rise and fall. They sing of love and spring-time, of happy, joyous youth; Of freedom, manly valor, of boldness and truth; They sing of every sweetness that stirs in human breast; They sing of all ambitions by human heart confessed. Forget their scorn and mocking the cirelling couriers round; The monarch's fiercest warrior bends, humbled, to the ground; The queen, her soul dissolving, half sadly, half in joy; Takes the rose that decks her bosom, and gives it to the boy. "Ye have bewitched my people; my wife and I shout the proud monarch, rising with dark and angry brow. He draws his sword; it glitters with treacherous, deadly gleam. And from the singer's bosom bursts forth a crimson stain. As if by storm winds scattered fell all the courtier swarm. The sudden youth has fallen upon the grey-beard's arm; He wraps his cloak about him, fast binds him to his horse, Then turns to leave the castle with harp and bleeding corpse. Before the lofty portal he halts, that minstrel old, And takes his harp so priceless, more precious far than gold; Against a marble column he shatters it in twain, Then cries, "white hall and garden re-echo him again: "Woe to thee, mighty castle! May never harp ring with melodious sweetness thy blighted walls among; Nought but despair and sorrow, and desolate decay. Thou art to grief and ruin by vengeance doomed to decay. "Bright gardens sweetly blooming in the May-light, woe to thee; Unto that desolation shalt thou witness be; Beholding, mayst thou wither, thy fountains a'run dry. And so, in days to follow, unceasing, fade and die. "Woe to thee, cruel murderer, accursed of minstrelsy! Thy strife for bloody wreaths of fame be all in vain for thee; Thy very name forgotten, the cry of thy despair. Be like a dying heart-groan, lost on the empty air. The grey-haired man has spoken; the heavens have heard his woe; The brightly halls are ruins, the walls are lying low. Only one lofty column, tottering of grandeur past— One left, half broken, to tell of grandeur past— to fall at last. And lies within that garden a waste and desert land; No trace its shade dispenses, no fountains pierce the sand; The monarch's name has vanished; song, legend known is not. The minstrel's curse has fallen: "unhonored and forgot."

AN IDEAL HOME.

A well-kept house and well-trained children are but results of nature, and are attained by methodical heathens. From a Catholic family more is expected. The atmosphere of the house should be Catholic, an air of innocence, modesty and reverence. Catholic emblems should meet the eye, pictures, crucifixes, holy water, and maybe a family altar. Nothing conduces more to imprint a sacred character, and nothing knits more closely together the members of a united family than common prayer. If not convenient in the morning, there are few houses where night prayers could not be said together. There is something peculiarly touching in the father offering prayer with and for those whom God has committed to his care, and with those who are nearest to him around him asking the blessing of the Father of all on his little flock after another day's toil. Nothing could better secure reverence for himself, and peace and concord amongst those who thus pray together. If at the same time he reads some short instruction, or chapter of the New Testament, he would take part in teaching his little ones, which his daily labor hinders. It is the mother's duty to train the young children in virtue, to correct their wayward tendencies, to breathe into them that personal piety and simple devotion that children acquire so aptly. For often the work of the school is completely lost by the absence of any co-operation at home; and moreover, the numbers at school restricted individual training, or adjustment of instruction to the wants of the individual. What lessons of piety come back with greater force than those that were learned at the mother's knee? As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills excel all others. They are suited to every age and, being sugar-coated, are easy to take. Though searching and thorough in effect, they are mild and pleasant in action, and their use is attended with no injurious results.

"FATHER PROUT."

Those Silvery Bells of Shandon are Ringing Yet.

Chicago Herald. He was born in sweet Killarney. One day when he was young; And that's the reason, don't you see, The blarney's on his tongue!

More than half a century ago the world was informed that The bells of Shandon Sound so sweet and grand on The pleasant waters Of the River Lee.

The old chimes are ringing still, and the ivy-clad tower in which they toll casts a shadow like a projecting pall over the grave of the man who keeps on whispering, as it were, to this day the echoes of the familiar notes in the ears of Irish exiles all over the earth. Everybody has heard at some time or another "Shandon Bells" played or sung or whistled. Nearly everybody sets down the authorship of the quaint old lilt—kept alive mayhap by the spirit of home love which it breathes—to the credit of some obscure rollicking Irish rhymer. But few know that it was "Father Prout," who cracked bottles and jokes at the merry board of the Frasersian circle in London town with Dickens, Carlyle and Thackeray, who penned the droll ditty. And "Father Prout" himself? Why he wasn't himself at all. Many a "character" has the Emerald Isle supplied the world with, but assuredly none more interesting ever had the touch of the brogue on his tongue than Frank Mahony, who, as "Father Prout" in Fraser's Magazine, as "Don Jeremy Savonarola" in the appendix to Dickens' "Pictures from Italy," as the "bright boy from Barney" at the Frasersian symposiums, took rank among the brilliant band of bohemians who used to spend their evenings in the beginning of the century in the English capital after the manner of a famous body known as the Shamrock Society of Philadelphia, which once upon a time, paid a visit to Chicago and left the scent of clover blossoms in the air for a month. "Father Prout" was in reality a priest, but an unattached and unemployed one, who discovered after his ordination that he had missed his vocation. He was described by one of the scholarly wits of his time as "an Irishman by birth, an ecclesiastic by profession, a journalist by occupation, a cosmopolitan by habit, whose productions in Fraser, sparkling with wit, humor, scholarship and classical illustration, at once obtained for the author a foremost place among those who were contributing to the lighter and more elegant literature of the times.

His genius cosmopolitan. Essentially Hibernian, the wit and genius of Mahony were of the soil which gave him birth, but were acclimated and polished in foreign schools. If the garb was of homely frieze, it sparkled with gems from the mines of Greece and Rome, and the shamrock of Erin alternated with classic parsley in the buttonhole. He invited you to a stroll in the groves of Barney, and you found yourself, "unbeknownst," in those of the academy.

Here is the sketch the bohemian drew of himself: "A combination of the Triumvir and the Irish bagpipe; of the Ionian dialect blending harmoniously with the Cork brogue; an Irish potato seasoned with attic salt." Now as to who Mahony was and whence he came: Francis Sylvester Mahony was born in 1801, on the banks of the Lee, within a hop, step and jump of the Lakes of Killarney and almost within kissing distance of the blarney stone. For twelve years after he first heard the sound of the bells

Whose sounds so wild would In the days of childhood Fill my young ears with Their magic spells.

He is said to have "flourished at Cork," growing up there into a shrewd, bright-eyed, saucy-faced gossamer—picking up with about equal readiness the rich accent which never altogether forsook him and the rudiments of an education which later on was to ripen on the continent into a brilliant and comprehensive scholarship. In his twelfth year he left Ireland for France, as was the custom in those days for Irish youths who had to seek, as they have to-day, for advantages denied them in their native land. The goal set for the Irish boy by his parents was the priesthood. Their fondest expectation was to see Frank taking his place as a "soggarth a roon" among the people from whom he sprung in the smiling valleys of Munster. Frank became a priest, but as a priest he never set foot on Irish soil. No sooner had the beretta been placed upon his brow than he realized that he had made the mistake of his life. During his college course, however, he had taken a deep draught at the font of general literature, and on his return to London from France, in 1822, he joined the Frasersian club and soon won a name for himself by his contributions, which were spoken of as a "fascinating mixture of Toryism, classicism, sarcasm and punch." The number of Fraser in which

MAHONY'S FIRST ARTICLE appeared contained the last portion of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," which by the way, had been rejected at the time by all the leading publishers of London and was printed in dribs and drabs in the Frasersian organ. In this connection it may be noted that it was in America this now admittedly wonderful creation of Carlyle was first published in separate form, a creation which is characterized as being unequalled in English literature for depth and originality of thought, dry humor and tender pathos, and as

having, "with the wit of Sterne, the fantastic spirit of Richelieu and the power of Rabelais, propounded a system of philosophy as profound as that of Fichte."

With "Father Prout" holding his own in the pages of Fraser's Magazine among a galaxy of the brightest minds of the epoch; with Daniel Maclise, the Royal Academician, whom Sir Walter Scott, on the occasion of a tour through Ireland, lifted to the path of fame, as its sketch artist; with William Maginn, the "versatile Celtic genius," in the editorial chair, Cork's own town was assuredly in those days well represented in London, for all three were born in the city by the Lee. What "Father Prout" was to Fraser with his pen Maclise was with his pencil. In 1830 appeared in the magazine the first of a series of sketches entitled "A Portrait Gallery of Illustrations Literary Characters," the peculiarities of the leading bohemians of the day were hit off with such faithfulness in the gallery that the sketches became the leading and most attractive features of Fraser. Renowned as they were even then in the field of literature, the Frasersians sought not the lordly halls or gilded palaces of the rich in their hours of leisure. In the true club spirit they jingled glasses, chopped logic and banded wit in out-of-the-way dens and mysterious holes and corners. Under the names of the "Fraserians," the "Eccentrics," the "Hooks and Eyes" and the "Tumbler's" their custom was to meet in free and easy good fellowship; in the historic haunts known as "The Coal-hole" and "The Widow's in St. Martin's Lane."

The painter, the actor, the reviewer, the critic, the journalist, the barrister, the author, and even the divine, fraternized, we are told, in these coteries, and one of the most prized sketches of Scott's protege Maclise represents the choice spirits of one of the famous gatherings. The Fraserians were described later on as "being there depicted, to the number of twenty-seven, with marvellous verisimilitude. Glasses and decanters are scattered about the fruit-laden board; Dr. Maginn, the editor of Fraser, has just risen to give the toast of the evening. Upon either side of him, in the background, are the two nameless attendants—one a Sydney Smith-like butler in the act of decanting an especial magnum of port, the other an assistant flunkey extracting with an all but audible cloop the cork from a fresh bottle. Coleridge, Carlyle, Thackeray, Lockhart, Southey, D'Orsay are among those who are

THE MOST READILY DISTINGUISHED. Immediately at the left of Maginn, as he stands there delicately resting the tips of his fingers on the table, are seated three clergymen, Edward Irving of the Unknown Tongues; Gleig, the army chaplain, and between the two, shrewdly peering at you from under his eyebrows and over his spectacles, Frank Mahony himself." On the first page of the initial number of Bentley's Magazine, in the second year of its publication, appeared under the name of Frank Mahony, "A Poetical Epistle from Father Prout to Boz." It is worth giving:

Write on, young sage! Still e'er the page Pour forth the flood of fancy; Dively draw! Weave over the soul Wit's wand of necromancy. Behold thy brood! Around thy brood The undying laurel thickens! For Swift or Sterne Might live and learn A thing or two from Dickens!

In 1837, "Father Prout," tired of London life, roved through Germany, Hungary, Asia Minor, Greece and Egypt, all the time contributing to Fraser and Bentley. After a time he settled in the south of France, whence he returned to London in 1845. In the latter year Dickens started the Daily News and invited the Frasersian to take up his abode in Rome and become the foreign correspondent for the new paper. It was during Mahony's occupation in this capacity that Garibaldi established his bivouac in the Grand Piazza of St. Peter's. Father Prout's letters were afterward published as an appendix to Dickens' own Italian sketches.

That the admiration of "Father Prout" for "Boz" was reciprocated by Dickens is shown by a note where the latter says, speaking of the boy from Barney: "Every chip from so brilliant an old block may be said to possess a lustre peculiarly its own, hence we may not fear to disperse them up and down our miscellany. They are gems of the purest whiskey." At the age of sixty-six the priest, poet, essayist, humorist and bohemian died in Paris. Although he laid aside, not long after his ordination, his functions as a priest, he always adhered to the faith of his early manhood. "There is nothing, after all," said Prout, shortly before his death, "like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimneys of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and, perhaps, happier countries."

This "chimney of his own parish steeple," the bells of Shandon, tolled his funeral dirge on the morning of May 27, 1866, when he was laid to rest in the Shandon churchyard.

A neglected case of cold in the head may cost you your life. Why run the risk when Nasal Balm offers you a speedy relief and certain cure. Sold by all dealers. Try it.

Would you like to exchange your sorrowful cheeks for those glowing with health's roses? Then try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the system and make life as bright as childhood's dream.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother's Graves' Worm Expeller gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Talked and Acted Like a Man.

The young man had been with the party some time, and he finally rose to go. The others vetoed the proposition. "O, sit down!" cried one.

"What do you want to break up the party for?" said another. "Be a good fellow," said the third. "Now that 'be a good fellow'—well, every man knows what that means. Every man has done something he did not want to do and ought not to have done for fear some one might think he was not a 'good fellow.'"

The young man hesitated. "No; I guess I had better go," he said at last.

"Nonsense! It's early yet!" protested one.

"Sit down! Sit down! We'll all be home before 12," added another. The young man sat down, rested his arms on the table, and said:

"Well, I'll submit the case to you. You are talking of going to the theatre, or having a game of cards at the club, and you want me to be one of the party. Now in a cozy little home on the North Side there's a little woman—"

"Children sick?" put in one of the party. "No; there's only one, and he's in good health."

"Wife sick?" "No, well—"

"Wait a minute, interrupted the young man. 'I'll leave it to you, but you must hear the case. The little woman is alone in the house. The baby is in bed, and she is sitting there reading or sewing, and listening to the steps of those passing the house. I left home at 9 o'clock this morning, and since then she has been alone with the baby. Now she hasn't even the baby to occupy her time.'

He paused a moment to give them an opportunity to speak, but no one said a word. Then he said:

"Boys, if you think you want my company to-night more than she does I'll stay."

There was another pause, and then one of the party took a sip of champagne and said:

"I'd rather you'd go home." The others nodded their assent, and the young man said:

"I'd rather go." It was some time later in the evening when one of the members of the party said:

"There's a man." And every one knew to whom he referred.

You've No Idea How nicely Hood's Sarsaparilla hits the needs of people who feel "all right out" or "run down," from any cause. It gets to the whole mechanism of the body so that all moves smoothly and work becomes a positive delight. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, arousing it from torpor to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion. Mr. W. R. Lazier, Bailiff, &c., Belleville, writes: "I had Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind-puffs and cuts, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, lumbago, and as a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally."

Turn the Rascals Out. We refer to such rascals as dyspepsia, bad blood, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, etc., infesting the human system. Turn them out and keep them out by using Burdock Blood Purifiers, the natural foe to disease, which invigorates, tones and strengthens the entire system.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$20.00; 2nd, \$10.00; 3rd, \$5.00; 4th, \$2.50; 5th, a Handmade Book; and 25th, a pretty picture. Those who send more than 12 wrappers, send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 12 Scott St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Cure for Chapped Hands. DEAR SIR:—I think it is a privilege to recommend Hayward's Yellow Ointment as a sure cure for chapped hands, swellings, sore throat, etc. I recommend it to all.

Mrs. Geo. W. W. W. Josephine, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

Why suffer from disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery? It removes Pimples and all eruptions of the skin. Mr. John C. Fox, Ohio, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

Minard's Liniment is the best.



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Frost Bites, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Etc.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. City Agents & Sole Importers in 11 Languages. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md. Canadian Depot: Toronto, Ont.

IN A RUSH. Stop! To stop the hard work of wash day—to stop the rub, rub, rub and tug, tug, tug, to make the clothes clean? Of course you are. Then send for "SURPRISE SOAP" and use the "SURPRISE WAY" without boiling or scalding the clothes, and save half the hard work. Have comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper. Coal Cameron's. Our business is to import the BEST quality of Coal that can be got—NOT the cheapest; to deliver it to you thoroughly screened; to store it away in your bin in a tidy and satisfactory manner, and to fill your order, large or small, promptly. We aim to give the best possible value and the best satisfaction.

CONSIDER THE LILIES! Also consider whether it is best to use a GOOD OIL, or a POOR ONE. If you decide on the former you should not fail to get a supply of Lardine Machine Oil. Which is guaranteed the best wearing Oil in Canada. Take no stock in those who say they have an Oil just as good. Keep an eye on dealers who sell a poor Oil, calling it LARDINE. They may sell it a little cheaper and make larger profits; even then it is the dearest Oil. McCOLL'S FAMOUS CYLINDER OIL SHOULD BE USED IN EVERY ENGINE CYLINDER. McCOLL BROS. & CO. TORONTO.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE. Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1921—Nov. 4th and 15th and Dec. 2nd and 14th. LIST OF PRIZES. 3134 PRIZES WORTH - \$52,740.00 CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH - \$15,000.00 TICKET - \$1.00 11 TICKETS FOR \$10.00

THE GREAT STRENGTH-GIVER. One pound of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF contains as much real nutrition as fourteen and a quarter pounds of Prime Beef Steak. A valuable food for ATHLETES when training. HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. FOR CHILDREN and the aged they are priceless. THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORES, THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 538 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s., 20s., and 30s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Regular Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not OXFORD STREET, LONDON, they are spurious.

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