



# The Catholic Register.

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

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## Register of the Week.

The following account of the Pope's Jubilee is taken from the special report of *L'Univers*:

Rome, Feb. 19.—The ceremony of this day in St. Peter's, for grandeur, nobility, majestic simplicity and hearty outburst, passes all imagination; and those alone at a distance can form an idea, approximate, not adequate, who had the pleasure of assisting at the sacerdotal jubilee of our Holy Father the Pope some five years ago.

But what was new was that the Pope was five years older, and yet appeared younger, resplendent with glory and with majesty, and surprised the whole world by his grace and activity. He was no longer an old man of 88 years, but a man of mature age, with a quick and penetrating eye, of rapid and majestic gesture, of brisk and vigorous step. But let us not anticipate events.

The doors of the great Basilica were thrown open at six o'clock to receive the throng of faithful who were crowding on the threshold, and from five o'clock in the morning all the thoroughfares leading to the bridge of Saint-Angelo, or rather to the iron bridge that lies provisionally at that place, were crowded with carriages. The line extended more than a thousand yards within the interior of the city, and thus they remained until half past nine.

The large nave of the Basilica was divided into two parts, separated by a broad corridor, through which the Pope made his entry. The Italian pilgrims and those of other countries were seated on the right, the faithful of Rome, on the left. At the four corners of the Confessional, beside the pillars of the cupola, were galleries, of which one was reserved for the Grand Master of Malta, and his officers; a second for the chanters of the Sistine chapel; and the two others were for distinguished personages.

The two transepts at the right and at the left were likewise crowded with people as far as the interior of the chapel. Finally, the part from the altar of the Confessional to the Chair of St. Peter had been reserved for the distinguished officials and the Pope's retinue. At the base beside the Chair a large gallery was reserved for the invited guests. On the right was the gallery for the diplomatic body, with all the ambassadors, all the illustrious deputies, and the *personel* of the embassies and of the orders, in full uniform and covered with decorations, also the ladies of the diplomatic body.

On the left were all the Roman nobility: in front the Prince Orsini, assistant Prince at the Throne, with his family. In the centre, between the two galleries of the diplomatic body, and of the Roman nobility, were

seats for the prelates, for the bishops, who numbered more than 150, and finally the cardinals, 87 in number. The armed officials, Palatine Guards and beadles formed a line and guarded all the exits, while the Chamberlains of the Pope and the young gentlemen of Saint Peter's took tickets and assigned the assistants their respective places. Around the Confessional were grouped a large number of distinguished personages.

At 9.45 there entered a large detachment of the Royal Guards in holiday attire, who, having arrived before the Confessional, parted in two lines to take their position on the right and on the left of the altar. Soon the (Sacred) trumpets sounded and the pontifical procession entered the Basilica by way of the altar of La Pietà, the first on the right on entering St. Peter's. The following was the order observed. The prelates of the pontifical ante-chamber; the canons of St. Peter's, one canon bearing the Papal processional cross and another the tiara; the clergymen of rank chosen from the chapter of the Vatican to assist the Holy Father at the altar; the second prefect of the pontifical ceremonies, and then the bishops and cardinals.

The Holy Father, in chasuble and mitre, was carried in the *Sedia gestatoria* with the two great ostrich fans and peacock feathers, *fabelli*. On all sides stood the officers of the Royal Guards, beadles, and the Palatine Guard in their rich regalia; the Pope's chamberlains in their magnificent Spanish uniforms, the priests, and next the major-domo, the assistant prince at the throne, and all the priests, the laity of the pontifical court; while the beadles, carrying their large, glittering swords on their shoulders, formed the line. The head of the procession had already reached the Confessional when the Pope appeared in the Basilica. The spectacle then became magnificent. From one end to the other of the church there were, wavings of handkerchiefs, clapping of hands, and enthusiastic shouts, while the Pope, glowing with majesty and youth, on every side called down blessings on his faithful children, rapt in admiration, deeply moved and weeping with joy and consolation. It would be impossible to describe in words so grand a sight. Such a spectacle did not seem earthly: it was a glimpse of paradise; and, like the divine Lamb, the Pontiff, resplendent with majesty and kindness, attracted to himself all hearts, and saw tears sparkle in every eye.

When they had arrived before the altar from the right side of the Confessional, the Pope descended from the *Sedia gestatoria* and knelt on the balditorium placed at the foot of the

steps, and soon after the holy Sacrifice was begun, while the Sistine chapel choir sang various anthems. The Holy Father was assisted at the altar by four canons of Saint Peter's, and the second master of ceremonies, Mgr. Riggi, at the *Lavabo* and the postcommunion the Cardinals Ricci, archpriest of the Vatican church, and Verga and Mazzella, deacons, mounted the steps and assisted the Sovereign Pontiff in the ablutions.

At the elevation the silver trumpets poured forth from the dome their sweet symphony, which re-echoed through the Basilica like an angelic murmur, and immediately after a chorus of children stationed on the lower balcony of the dome, and the Sistine chapel choir sang in solos and in unison the magnificent anthem composed for the occasion by the celebrated Mustafa. Nothing could be more beautiful or touching than this music: *Jubilate Deo omnis terra cantate et exultate et psallite, etc.* It was the whole world that were praying and rejoicing, and the angels mingled in these rejoicings and prayers, bearing them to the heavens and laying them before the Eternal Throne.

The Mass finished and the usual prayers of thanksgiving said, the Holy Father withdrew an instant behind the gallery of the choir to partake of a light collation. Then His Holiness returned and, kneeling down at the foot of the altar, intoned the *Te Deum*, which was sung alternately by the chapter of St. Peter's and the large multitude that filled the church. Nothing can be conceived so grand as these 50,000 voices repeating in chorus the sublime verses of the Ambrosian hymn. The prayers over, the Sovereign Pontiff again ascended the *Sedia*, robed in a cope. No longer having the mitre, but the tiara, he was carried, preceded by the same retinue as on his arrival, this time passing along the left side of the Confessional until they arrived before the grand nave. Here, rising in the *Sedia* the Holy Father recited the *Confiteor* and the accustomed prayers, and in a clear and resonant voice gave the solemn benediction, *Urbi et Orbi*, which did not fail to drown the enthusiastic bursts of applause and the cries of *Long live the Pope*, that came from the thousands of faithful, delirious with joy and emotion—bursts of applause and shouts that afterwards continued for more than ten minutes, until the figure of the great and much loved Pontiff disappeared behind the *Pieta* altar.

*Ad multos annos*, very Holy Father, and may God deign to preserve you for many years for the love of your faithful children, for the greater good of the Church and of the world, and for the confusion of your enemies.

The remembrance of this splendid and touching ceremony will ever remain stamped in indelible letters in the hearts of all those who had the happiness to assist at it.

What can be said of the magnificent spectacle of this enormous multitude quitting slowly the large Church of St. Peter, and unrolling itself, like an endless spiral, to the Bridge of St. Angelo, and from thence over the whole city of Rome? In order to have an idea of it, one would have to be an eye-witness, for the crowd were fully two hours in making their exit.

On Saturday last the ceremony of the induction of the new President of the United States took place at Washington. President Cleveland in delivering his inaugural deemed it proper "to refer to the existence of certain conditions and tendencies among the people which seem to menace the integrity and usefulness of their Government." The first of these points upon which he touched was the Silver Question, for "nothing is more vital to our supremacy as a nation and to the beneficent purposes of our Government than a sound and stable currency. Its exposure to degradation should at once arouse to activity the most enlightened statesmanship, and the danger of depreciation in the purchasing power of the wages paid to toil should furnish the strongest incentive to prompt and conservative precautions." Another danger confronts us. "I refer to the prevalence of a popular disposition to expect from the operations of Government especial and direct individual advantage." After setting forth the evils arising from "this progeny of paternalism" President Cleveland considered that this waste of the people's money by chosen servants was attended by prodigality and extravagance in the home life of the people. Good Government requires that public expenditure should be limited by public necessity. He then touched upon the question of official appointment which he considered should be made not on account of partisan activity but to those whose efficiency promises a fair return of work. To secure this, "Civil Service reform has found a place in our public policy and laws."

The question of combines and monopolies was next touched upon, which interfered with legitimate strife in business, and which really constitute conspiracies against the interests of the people and are opposed "to our American sense of fairness." "Loyalty to the principles upon which our Government rests positively demands that the equality before the law which it guarantees to every citizen should be justly and in good faith conceded in all parts of the land." The Indians until they are led into the civilized paths of self-sustenance should now as the nation's wards be promptly defended against the cupidity of designing men, and shielded from every influence or temptation that retards their advancement." The people of the United States have by their vote given the control to those who in the executive and legislative branches are most positively pledged to tariff reform.

## OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

WRITTEN BY FATHER CRUISE FOR THE  
CATHOLIC REGISTER.

From time to time, since the day of her Assumption into Heaven, the Glorious Mother of God has deigned to refresh this weary earth of ours with her beautiful presence; and names of the sanctuaries founded to commemorate these various apparitions are famous throughout Christendom. Dear to the hearts of the faithful are the shrines of Our Lady of Gennezano, of Savona, of Monte Pulcova, of the Garde, and of La Salotte; nor have these favors of the Queen of Heaven been confined to any single nation. The love of the mother embraces all her children. As we should expect, Italy, the home of the vicar of Mary's Son, holds the first place in the recorded number of these celestial favors. Then comes France—the oldest daughter of the Church. But Germany can boast of its shrine of Our Lady of Kevelaer; Switzerland, its Einsiedlen; Spain, of Montserrat; Mexico, of Guadalupe; and even poor England has had its shrines of our Lady. The faithful of that heresy-darkened land can recall, with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, the fact of the apparition of Our Lady of Mount Carmel to St. Simon Stock, and of the consequent wide-spread adoption of the Brown Scapular.

But Mary reserved for France and for our own day her crowning favor, in the apparition, or rather series of apparitions which she designed to vouchsafe at Lourdes in the year 1858.

Let us listen to the majestic simplicity with which the Roman Breviary tells this wondrous story. It may be almost called the official account given by the Catholic Church of those prodigies, and it will be so read in the ages to come by the clergy yet unborn, when, please God, we shall be gazing upon her glorious countenance, whose praises are here recited. Perhaps in the centuries that are to follow the faithful will envy us who lived in the time when events so wonderful occurred and will think—surely God and His mother seemed nearer the earth in those days, than in common-place later times.

In the fourth year after the dogmatic definition concerning the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, the Virgin herself appeared many times at the grotto of Massabielle, on the bank of the river Gave, near Lourdes, in the diocese of Tarbes, to a very poor, but honest and pious child, named Bernadette. The Immaculate Virgin was of youthful and kind countenance; she was clothed in a snow white robe, over which was a veil of the like whiteness. She was girdled by a blue cincture, and golden roses adorned her bare feet. On the first day of the apparition, which was the 11th February, 1858, she taught the child by her example to make the sign of the cross correctly and piously, and to recite the holy Rosary, passing through her fingers a chaplet, which at first was suspended from her arm: this she also did in the succeeding apparitions. On the second day of the apparition, Bernadette, fearing a diabolical illusion, sprinkled holy water upon the Blessed Virgin. But Mary, smiling slightly, looked still more kindly upon her. When for the third time the Virgin appeared she asked the child to go to the grotto every day for fifteen days. During these days the Immaculate Virgin frequently conversed with Bernadette, exhorted her to pray for sinners, to kiss the ground for them, and to do penance. She commanded her to tell the priests that they should build a chapel for her there, and go thither in solemn procession. She directed the child to drink of the water of a fountain which as yet was hidden in the earth; but was soon to be burst forth, and to wash

therein. Finally, on the feast of the Annunciation, Bernadette, having most earnestly begged to know her name with whose presence she had been so often favored, the Virgin, joining her hands before her breast, and raising her eyes towards Heaven, answered: "I am the Immaculate Conception."

This is the first of the historic lessons of the office of the feast, and contains a brief account of the apparition. The next two lessons relate the results of these marvels.

The Breviary continues: "The report of the grace which the faithful were said to have received at the sacred grotto, spreading widely, increased daily the multitude which the sanctity of the place had already summoned. Accordingly, moved by the report of the miracles wrought, and by the innocence of Bernadette, the Bishop of Tarbes, four years after the events related, having made a judicial enquiry into the circumstances, declared the apparitions to be supernatural, and permitted the veneration of the Immaculate Virgin at the grotto. Soon a chapel was built; from that day almost innumerable multitudes of the faithful go thither yearly, in fulfilment of vows, or to obtain favors, from France, Belgium, Italy, Spain and other countries of Europe, as also from the distant shores of America, and the name of our Immaculate Lady of Lourdes is celebrated throughout the whole earth. The water of the fountain brought to all parts of the world restores health to the sick. The Catholic world, mindful of such great benefits, has built a magnificent temple there. Innumerable banners, tokens of favors received, sent thither by cities and by nations, decorate the Church of Our Lady in a most splendid manner. Here, as if on her throne, the Immaculate Virgin is continually honored; in the daytime by prayers, by hymns, and solemn ceremonies; at night by those sacred processions in which vast crowds of pilgrims walk with lighted tapers and torches, singing the praises of the Blessed Virgin.

It is evident to all how pilgrimages of this description have increased faith growing cold in this century; how they have given courage to profess the Christian law, and how marvellously they have promoted devotion to the Immaculate Virgin—in which wonderful profession of faith the Christian people have had as their leaders priests, who conduct their flocks to the shrine. Bishops, too, frequently go to the sacred spot, are at the head of the pilgrimages, and preside at the more solemn functions. Nor is it rare to see even Cardinals going to Lourdes in the humble guise of pilgrims. The Roman Pontiffs themselves, in accordance with their devotion to the Immaculate Lady of Lourdes, have enriched the Church with most noble gifts. Pius IX. gave to the Church at the grotto the privileges of an Arch-confraternity, indulgences, and the title of a minor Basilica. By his Apostolic Legate in France he crowned with solemn rite the image of the Mother of God venerated at Lourdes.

Leo XIII. gave innumerable privileges to the Basilica, such as indulgences in the form of a Jubilee on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the apparition, promoting by his words and his authority pilgrimages to the shrine, and causing to be solemnly dedicated in his name the Church of the Rosary. These favors he further amply increased when, at the request of many Bishops, he permitted that a solemn feast, with special office and Mass, should annually be celebrated under the title of the Apparition of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary.

Such is the account of the apparition of our Lady of Lourdes as given by the Roman Breviary.

When we realize that the ever Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God,

did actually appear upon this earth in our own day, with what emotions we are filled! On that morning, 11th February, 1858, this world bore the same toll-worn appearance which it has now. Men talked in Paris of the policy of the Emperor, of wars, or of new operas. Gloomy London's streets were busy as at present with traffic. In New York stock-broking and speculating went on as on other days, and yet the greatest of God's creatures, the Queen of the Universe, was upon our earth. Perhaps at this Mass that morning the holy Pontiff, Pius IX., felt some unusual thrill of joy, not divining the cause, not knowing that the sweet mother whom he, of all the Popes, had most highly honored was about to confirm with her own blessed lips the infallible oracle pronounced by him but a few years before.

Oh how dull this world seems when we think of the bright Paradise where Mary reigns as Queen. How we long for the time to come when we shall see that vision of loveliness, not for a few minutes, as Bernadette saw her, but for a long and glad eternity. How often are spiritual beings near us, and we are unconscious of their presence. Absorbed in our work, our pleasures, or our cares, we heed not, we do not think of the unseen world which is all the while so close to us.

It is now at the beginning of Lent, that our Mother appeared at Lourdes. She told the little Bernadette to pray for sinners—to do penance, and to kiss the ground for them. If we cannot fast or perform great austerities, we can at least do so much. Our Lady did not exhort to heroic deeds of penance. Can we not do what she desires? If small acts of penance seem too trivial, why, then, try great ones, but let us not altogether put away from us the spirit of penance. Pride is at the root of so many sins, if not of all. Little acts of humility—humility carried to what would seem to the proud intellect childishness—contain within them a mighty antidote against the power of the evil spirit. Whose cry has been from the beginning: "I will not serve."

## Personalities.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked, because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man;" but when there is no need to express an opinion, let poor Bouncer alone. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And, as far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciation, assigning motives and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows; but it is not the mission of every young man or woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—Dr. John Hall.

## From the Far North.

In northern climates people are very subject to colds, but the natural remedy is also produced in the same climate. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c. and 50c.

A marriage will shortly take place between Mr. Thomas M. Burke, son of the late Sir Thomas Burke, Marble Hill, and Miss Catherine Burke, second daughter of the late Major-General Burke, R.E.

A dreadful gun accident occurred on the night of January 28th, in a field adjoining Bamford House, by which Captain Kerneff F. Rickman, of the 18th Royal Irish Regiment, Adjutant of the Kilkenny Militia, lost his life.

## Not So Here.

Watson's cough drops will give positive and instant relief to those suffering from colds, hoarseness, sore throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. R. & T. W. stamped on each drop. Try them.

## Irish Items.

William Norton Ferras, Esq., of Roxborough, Loughrea, has been appointed a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County Galway.

On the evening of January 29th, a procession to celebrate the release of Mr. James Egan, took place in Dublin, and afterwards a meeting was held at Boreford place, which was addressed by Mr. Pierce Mahony, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., and Mr. Egan.

Captain Uredale Corbet Singleton, R.N., of Adare House, has been sworn as High Sheriff of Meath, with Mr. Joseph Lowry, of Bachelor's Lodge, Navan, as under Sheriff. Mr. John Clark, solicitor, 37 Westmoreland street, Dublin, has been appointed returning officer.

The announcement of the death of Mr. James Nash, J.P. Limerick, which occurred on Sunday, January 29th, has occasioned much regret. Mr. Nash was an extensive house and land agent. He was one of the oldest members of the local St. Vincent de Paul Society, and for 28 years held the position of honorary secretary to the Limerick Council.

On the night of Jan. 29th, when the Navan Nationalists were returning from the Gormanlough meeting they were attacked by a gang of Remondite rowdies. Father Flynn was struck with a stone, and several others were struck in like manner, including policemen, who came to protect the Nationalists. Additional police were drafted into the town.

The following changes have been made in Achonry Diocese by Most Rev. Dr. Lyster: Rev. J. McKoon from Keash to Bonnyconlon; Rev. J. Morris from Swinford to Ballymote; Rev. D. Gallagher from Bonnyconlon to Swinford; Rev. A. Callaghan from Foxford to Keash; Rev. P. Conlon from Ballymote to Foxford. The Bishop fixed the 2d February to ordain the Rev. Patrick Morrisroe, Deacon, Mynnooth, a distinguished student on the Danboyne establishment.

An inquest was held at Fermoy, on Feb. 2d, on the body of a child named Newton, who had died suddenly during a football match at Fermoy Protestant College the previous day. The evidence showed that the child had been subject to fainting fits, though no one but his mother knew it. He fell and died after a run during the game. It was stated that no rough play of any kind was indulged in. The boys played voluntarily. A verdict of death from failure of the heart's action was found.

In the Board of Governors of Omagh District Lunatic Asylum for the current year, an infusion of new blood has been made by the appointment of four Nationalists, viz.:—Edward Boyle, J. P., Omagh; Michael Devlin, J. P., Omagh; James Hamilton McKelvey, Protestant Home Ruler, Omagh; and Edward Gallagher, Strabane. They are selected in lieu of the following gentlemen:—Colonel L. M. Buchanan, Edenfall, Omagh; Colonel M. Brown, J.P., Mullaghmore, Omagh; Rev. William Charters, Drumagh, Omagh; and Rev. C. K. Toland, Strabane.

Father McFadden's description of the condition of affairs in North West Donegal, (which we print in another column,) demands serious and instant attention. The Poor Law has entirely failed to grapple with the necessities of the people, and they are in a most pitiful plight. Disease has now added its afflictions to destitution, and the poverty of the people clears the road for its ravages. Such is Father McFadden's picture. He appeals to Secretary Morley "to cheer his friends and confound his enemies by a message of encouragement to West Donegal." Fail as are the Chief Secretary's hands he can not allow this appeal to pass unconsidered.

A representative meeting of the tenantry of the Coolmooney estates of Sir Edward Synge Hutchinson, was held, recently at the Glen of Imaal, to consider the grave agricultural crisis. The following resolutions were adopted:—"That inasmuch as the judicial rents fixed by the Land Commission have now become rack-rents in consequence of their having been fixed on a wrong basis and not in accordance with the spirit of the Land Act—for we are paying rent on our own improvements—and that the continual fall in the price of sheep and cattle and farm produce generally forms a strong reason for our urging on the Government to reduce the present judicial rents by at least one-half. That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Right Hon. John Morley, Chief Secretary for Ireland and to the Press."

Rushville, Schuyler Co., Ill., U. S. A., Feb. 14, 1889. "I have been afflicted with dyspepsia over twelve years, and I know I have found nothing that has benefited me like Diamond Vera Cura. The first few doses relieved me of fullness and soreness of the stomach and shortness of breath. I was also troubled with palpitation of the heart, which it has relieved, and I feel better in every way since I commenced using Diamond Vera Cura, and cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from dyspepsia or indigestion." JOHN W. HAYES, Elder, Union Baptist Church. At druggists or sent on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address E. A. Wilson, Toronto.

**Kosciusko's Grave.**

By K. S. L. Thompson, in *Woman's Work*.

The "Mound of Kosciusko" stands on a hill a few miles distant from Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland. For a thousand years this was the cradle, the stronghold and the cemetery of the old monarchs. All its surroundings even now proclaim its former greatness. The citizens were four years in the construction of this strange yet appropriate monument to the gallant Kosciusko. From its summit one has a view of historic and enchanting beauty. The spires of Cracow; the towers of the old palace rising upon the rock of Warrell, like the castle over Edinburgh. The Vistula winding away among the valleys, and the distant ranges of the Carpathians presenting a most enchanting prospect. Standing by his mound to Kosciusko, we exclaim: "Could there have been a better monument than this raised to the patriot of Poland, composed of earth brought from all the battlefields and set in the midst of so many great and glorious associations?"

O, son of Valor, sweetly sleep  
 Ho! ho! Vistula's murmurs deep:  
 Hero Cracow keeps her watch with thee,  
 Thou dauntless spirit of the free.  
 The very earth that guards thee clay,  
 Tells all the battles glorious day!  
 Ah, yet the "blue Carpathians thrill"  
 For thee—the son of Poland still!

Hero in thy lowly sleep beside  
 The Christians rest of Poland's pride!  
 Arise now her crowned ways,  
 And all her famed and glorious days!  
 Sobieski and Casimir,  
 And all that died for love of her.  
 Here in the dim Cathedral's light,  
 Their laurels sunk in endless night!

When Warrell rocks are crowned with fire,  
 When sunset rests on church and spire,  
 The lances seem once more to flame,  
 In exclamations for thy name;  
 From strongholds old the monarchs rise  
 To brave the fate of fateful skies;  
 In losing yet thy losing won;  
 Brave soul—the friend of Washington!

**Tasso's Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.**

The great Italian poet Tasso, was like Dante, profoundly devoted to the Blessed Virgin, and sang her praises in some of the most beautiful verses ever written. It happened that he was once journeying from Mantua to Rome; and although weary and without money, he, having made a vow to Our Lady of Loretto, turned out of his way to visit her shrine. He might have fared badly if it had not been for a friend—one of the princes of Gonzaga—who happened to be visiting Loretto at the same time, and who ministered to the poet's wants, and enabled him to fulfill all the duties of his pilgrimage. That done, and the body and soul refreshed, Tasso wrote an immortal canticle in honor of Our Lady, and then proceeded on his way to Rome.

When the poet was about to die, he called young Rubens, son of the great painter to his bedside.

"I once gave your father a little silver statue of the Blessed Virgin," he said, with much difficulty.

"And I have it with me now," exclaimed Rubens.

A look of happiness came into the face of the dying man, and he held out his hand, into which the young man reverently placed the precious little statue.

"Take it back when I am dead," whispered Tasso. And then, clasping the sacred image tightly in the hands which were fast growing cold, he prayed fervently until the end came. Young Rubens was profoundly affected by the scene, and while the body of his father's friend was being borne to its last resting place, he, instead of occupying an honorable position in the procession of mourners which followed it, was prostrate before an altar of the Blessed Virgin in quiet corner of St. Peter's at Rome, holding the little silver statue and praying for the soul of Tasso.

**Baron Howths Rat.**

The story of the luck of the Howths is well known, and down to very recent times no member of that family would permit a rat to be put to death. It was said that about the year 1750 the 26th Baron Howth was giving a banquet to his friends when a rat rushed into the hall followed by several dogs and jumping on the table sat up before Lord Howth as if appealing for protection. He saved its life, and from that moment it never quitted him. At last he set out on a foreign tour accompanied by his brothers who persuaded him to leave the rat behind.

Sitting in a hotel at Marseilles, the door suddenly flew open and the rat, dripping wet, came crawling in and went straight to the fire to dry itself. Lord Howth's brother enraged at the intrusion, seized the poker and dashed out the rat's brains. "You have murdered me!" exclaimed Lord Howth, and instantly fell down and expired.—*The Bells*.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.



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**GIVES REST TO CHILDREN, AND QUIET NIGHTS TO MOTHERS AND NURSES.**

Prepared according to the original formula of the late John Howarth. Manufactured and sold by

**S. Howarth Druggist 243 Yonge St.**

**A Mysterious Coincidence.**

The following strange experience happened to one of the best known Fathers in the Brompton Oratory, and the accuracy of the facts stated may be relied upon. Father X, was one day urgently requested by a strange woman to come to a certain house in South Kensington, to administer the Sacrament to a man who lay there dying. Hurrying thither with all possible speed, the worthy Father was astonished to find that there was no sick person at that address at all. While conversing with the servant, the owner of the house came downstairs, and on learning who the inquirer was at once offered him his hospitality, while one of the attendant priests should proceed down the street and endeavor to discover the real house where the last rites of the Church were required. In the meantime his host informed Father X, that it was a curious coincidence that he should have singled out this particular number, as he was himself a Catholic, though he was somewhat ashamed to admit that he had not been to Mass since his mother died, and was now afraid to go. Father X assured him he need have no apprehension, and finally persuaded his friend to resume his church-going on the following day. The messenger at this point returned, and declared he had been totally unable to find anyone lying at death's door in the neighborhood. The search was accordingly abandoned, and the Father returned to the Oratory, his mission unfulfilled. The following day Father X was again summoned on the same errand. This time there was no doubt concerning the mansion, but the owner lay dead ere the little procession entered the portal. It was the very house where the Father had sat on the previous afternoon, and the lifeless body stretched on the bed was that of his late entertainer. Standing on a table near at hand was the miniature of his mother; and Father X was startled and amazed to recognize in her features those of the strange woman who had fetched him to her son the day before!—*Cassell's Saturday Journal*.

**The Arena on Know-Nothingism.**

The editor of the *Arena*, Protestant though he is, touches up those who attempted to establish the A P A in Lowell, Mass., in manner as follows

"The organization of such a society means a warming over of the ashes of discredited Knownothingism; a transplanting of miserable Canadian and Irish Orangemen, and an acknowledgment that 65,000,000 Protestants are afraid of 5,000,000 Roman Catholics. Little-brained fanatics and bigots hug their bogeys to their miserable little hearts; but the American nation has long got past that sort of thing. Fellows that circulate that sort of literature and organize that sort of lodges are unfit for American citizenship and should be inconspicuously ducked in the river.

"If the organizers of the societies of revivified Knownothingism can find any warrant for their conduct either in the Scriptures or the conduct of their fellow-citizens of Catholic faith, we will cheerfully take back our words; if they can't they should go to the end of the earth and get somebody to push them off."

"Oh, papa! I know what makes people laugh in their sleeves!" "Well, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny-bone is!"

"Keep the door of my lips is a prayer which most people need to offer continually, if they would be free from sin in this regard. Save in the few instances when duty clearly requires one to make criticism upon the character and conduct of others, it is a good rule to talk of those who are absent in the same manner as though they were present. No doubt such a rule would look up many tongues at times when they have most to say, but this is just what many a man and woman needs who is now creating heart burnings, and even quarrels, by uncalculated-for untimely, unjust and slanderous gossip and criticism of others in the neighborhood around. Let all such pray God to keep the door of their lips, and determine, with the help of God, to answer their own prayers."

"REMARKABLE CURE OF DROPSY AND DYSPEPSIA."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes:—"In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well-known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

LETTER FROM ROME.

Discourae of the Holy Father to the Irish Pilgrims.

Special to the Catholic Register.

Rome, Feb. 21.—Joy filled our heart when we heard how the Irish Nation, with one accord and pious rivalry, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of our episcopal consecration, were offering incessant prayer to God to preserve us during these troublous times. We are also gratified that God in His mercy has answered our prayer, and permitted you, after a toilsome pilgrimage, to take part in the solemnities. Your devotedness and that of your fellow-countrymen to the Holy See is made manifest, and you have given one more conspicuous proof of the zeal with which you are animated. Those noble qualities have long been recognized and approved by us, and our heart has been secretly gladdened by your ready submission to our will in a matter of grave importance. On this happy occasion you have testified to us that Holy Ireland—the sacred offspring of St. Patrick—is still mindful of his teaching, that the chief mark and safeguard of the Christian faith is an intimate union with the See of Rome.

This noble heritage of the Faith, so jealously guarded by your forefathers and handed down intact, has been preserved by you with equal fidelity, and has oftentimes won from us well-merited praise. To-day we renew and confirm that praise and commend to you that golden precept of your Apostle: "Ut Christiani, ita et Romani sitis." There is more than one reason to sustain its appropriateness. In the first place, be ever of one mind and one heart with us, and likewise regard not only our commands but also our wishes and advice as coming from Christ Himself, and for this reason fulfil them with willing hearts.

Beware of the craftiness of perverse men who distort the teachings of the Church and strive to lessen our authority. Let priests and people show honor and deference to Bishops whom the Holy Ghost has set over them, for by adhering to and obeying them the bond of union with the Chief Pastor—the Roman Pontiff—is strengthened. When you expressed your thanks to us for raising the Archbishop of the illustrious See of Armagh to the Sacred College on account of his eminent merits, you interpreted correctly this act as a proof of our love for the Irish people. The advantage of this closer union of the Irish Church with the See of Peter will be that one in immediate relation with the person of the Roman Pontiff will represent and advance your interests.

As a practical proof and sacred monument of our earnestness we have approved and aided the erection in this city of a church in honor of St. Patrick. The building is begun and will be worthily completed when the necessary funds are provided, and we doubt not that all Ireland, following our example, will generously contribute.

And now, beloved children, we again exhort you to be ever constant in that attachment to Rome and to the Successor of St. Peter, of which you have given such a splendid example. Unite with the Pontiff in his joys, share his increasing sorrows, and like faithful children solace and succor him in his need.

When you return home, carry back to your hearths the spirit of faith, quickened by the memories of the Apostles and Martyrs whose tombs you have so sedulously visited. Tell your fellow-countrymen that we embrace them all with the affection of a loving Father, and that we desire for all that in reward for her faith, through the intercession of St. Patrick, Ireland may be blessed in her domestic and public affairs with abundant prosperity.

As a pledge of our paternal love we impart to you, beloved children, to your families and to the whole of Catholic Ireland our Apostolic Benediction.

Catholic Authors.

It is too often asserted, with a reasonable show of truth, that Catholic authors are not supported and encouraged sufficiently by the Catholic public. The Church suffers much in this country from a famine of writers, historians and poets. In order to obtain a market and make a living Catholic authors are not unfrequently compelled to relinquish Catholic topics and embark on the broad sea of profane literature. The non-religious magazines offer a better price for their contributions and secure a larger circle of readers. This fact is not creditable to the Catholic reading public.

Catholic literary societies have been recently growing up amongst us with the avowed object of arousing interest in Catholic works and encouraging Catholic authors. With this object in view the St. Paul's Catholic Literary Society has been doing a good work amongst our young people. The Society has secured Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., one of our few Canadian Catholic authors and poets, for a lecture on the evening of the 13th inst. Mr. O'Hagan is already known to fame as the author of a "Gate of Flowers and other Poems." This modest work of the talented young O'Hagan has been welcomed by the most distinguished poets of the day. "The poems," said the lamented John Boyle

O'Reilly, "are marked by a feeling of thoughtfulness and a keen sense of melody." J. G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes commend them for their true poetic instinct. The late Daniel Wilson of Toronto University was pleased with "their genuine poetical feeling and graceful utterances of warm patriotic sentiment." In addition to the spirit of the muse, Mr. O'Hagan is endowed with rare powers of elocution, which he has carefully cultivated under the most excellent masters. A rare treat is therefore in store for those who attend the entertainment of the 13th inst., and St. Paul's Literary Society are to be congratulated for bringing Mr. O'Hagan before a Toronto audience. Mr. O'Hagan has many staunch literary friends in Toronto, who will be glad to welcome the young Catholic poet to town.

St. Patrick's Parish.

The Forty Hours devotion began in St. Patrick's Church, Sunday last. It was solemnly opened by a High Mass, which was sung by Rev. William Hogan, with Rev. Father Krino as Deacon, and Rev. Father McCarthy as Sub-deacon. The Church was completely filled with worshippers anxious to be present to receive the blessing of their Sacramental Lord. The usual procession of the Blessed Sacrament took place after Mass within the walls of the sacred edifice. The married and unmarried men of the Holy Family and the school children took part in it. Nothing was left undone, no trouble was spared to render this celebration as magnificent as possible. The Altar was very beautifully decorated. The candles were arranged in pyramidal form, which when lit gave the Altar the appearance of an immense blaze of light. Callalilies, broad-leaf begonias, geraniums, palms, were artistically arranged and interspersed among the numerous and varied colored lamps and lanterns in such a way as to heighten the effect very much. The musical portion of the ceremonies was ably and devotionally rendered, thanks to the great zeal shown by the members of the Choir, and the careful training and able management of the organist, Miss A. Le Maître.

In the evening Vespers was given, after which Rev. C. McCarthy ascended the pulpit and spoke very feelingly on the love of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist.

Monday evening, after the public recitation of the Rosary, Rev. Father Hogan addressed a few words to the assembled worshippers on Holy Communion. The closing sermon on Tuesday evening was preached by Rev. Father Krino. The Rev. Father spoke very feelingly on the joys and sorrows of our Lord in the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar.

It was closed on Wednesday morning by High Mass sung by Rev. Father Krino, with Revs. J. J. McCarthy and Hogan as Deacon and Sub-Deacon.

The Rev. Fathers have every reason to rejoice at the numerous attendance of the faithful during these days of grace and benediction. From early morning till late at night crowds of pious souls came to visit and adore their Lord and God exposed for their sakes on the altar. During the different Masses and evening devotions the sacred edifice was filled to its utmost capacity—a fact which very plainly shows that there exists in the hearts of our Catholics a tender devotion and a burning love for their hidden and adorable Lord of the altar.

Bravery Rewarded.

The shareholders of the Home Savings and Loan Company were not slow in recognizing the three employees who defended their interests when attacked by robbers in January last. Two of them (Messrs. Street and Wallace) received cash awards, and James C. Mason, who, the chief of the gang says, was the pluckiest fighter he ever met, was presented with a fine gold watch bearing the following inscription.

PRESENTED TO JAMES C. MASON

By the shareholders of the Home Savings and Loan Company Limited in recognition of the brave and gallant manner in which he successfully aided in defending the office and funds of the company when attacked by an organized gang of armed robbers on the afternoon of 27th January 1893.

Following is the reference in this connection made by the Directors at the annual meeting of the H. S. & L.—The Directors desire to place on record their admiration of the courage and fidelity displayed by Messrs. Richard B. Street, Wellington Wallace and James C. Mason, members of the staff of the Company, in the manner they met and successfully resisted the attack of an organized gang of armed robbers, who, on the afternoon of 27th January ult., made a desperate attempt to plunder the office of the Company. The Directors also ask the concurrence of the Shareholders to some substantial recognition being made to the gentlemen above named for their gallant conduct.

Have You Asthma?

After trying every other remedy in vain, thousands have been cured by using Schiffmann's Asthma Cure. Trial package free of druggists or by mail. Address Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn. Mention this paper.

Condolence.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 1, A. O. H., held on Feb. 19th, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove by the hand of death Mrs. Rowan, the beloved mother of our esteemed Brother, P. Rowan: Resolved, that we tender to Brother Rowan and other members of his family our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Brother Rowan, and spread on the minute book, and also published in THE CATHOLIC REGISTER and Catholic Record. T. M. KEAGUE, Rec. Sec.

At the last regular meeting of Branch No. 49, C.M.B.A., Toronto, held Feb. 24th, it was moved by Fin. Sec. Kierwan, seconded by Chan. Clancy, and carried unanimously:

Whereas, on Sunday morning, 19th instant, after a short illness, it pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst Brother P. J. O'Malley of Newmarket:

Be it resolved that this Branch give expression to its deep feelings of regret at having lost one of its most worthy Brothers; and that we supplicate an all-wise Providence to give his family strength to bear the loss of so kind a d loving a husband and father.

Be it further resolved, that our Charter be draped for the period of thirty days, and that copies of the above resolutions be forwarded to our late Brother's widow and family, and to the official organs of the C.M.B.A. for insertion. WM. M. VALE, Rec. Sec.

At the last regular meeting of St. Peter's Branch, E. B. A., Peterborough, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to call to her eternal reward the wife of our esteemed Brother, Jaa. J. Sheehy:

Be it therefore resolved that the officers and members of this Branch extend to Brother Sheehy, his relatives, and also to the relatives of his deceased wife, our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this the hour of their severe affliction; and we pray that the Great Giver of all good gifts may strengthen them and give them the grace to bear with Christian fortitude the sad and severe loss sustained. By her death Brother Sheehy loses a loving and accomplished young wife, and her parents a loving, kind and affectionate daughter.

Be it further resolved that the above resolutions be spread on the minutes of our meeting, and a copy sent to the Catholic Record, CATHOLIC REGISTER, and to the local press. WM. HOGAN, JAS. DRAIN, Committee on Resolutions.

Acknowledgment.

To the Officers and Members of Sacred Heart Court, No. 201, Catholic Order of Foresters.

GENTLEMEN—I acknowledge receipt of New York draft, No. 31,722 for the sum of \$1,000, covering death claim No. 18,297 of my husband, John J. Sylvas, who died on the 5th instant.

I must confess that I was more than surprised to receive the above amount at so early a date. I was aware that your Order was prompt in paying these claims, but not for one moment had I anticipated it so soon. I fully expected that it would be some time yet to come, as it is but 23 days since I met so great a loss.

I certainly consider the Catholic Order of Foresters one of the grandest and noblest organizations in existence to-day; and I trust that, with the will of God, every good Catholic man who has at heart the welfare of his family will join your Order.

I am also forced to admit that I feel somewhat embarrassed in expressing to the members of your Court my sincere gratitude for all the courtesy and kindness shown me during my sad bereavement.

Believe me sincere in expressing myself as above. I remain yours respectfully, ELIZABETH SYLVAS.

The Catholic Order of Foresters pay a sick benefit of \$5 per week a funeral benefit of \$25, and a death benefit of \$1,000—all for about \$1.10 monthly.

Honor Roll.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

The following boys figure on the Honor Roll for February—Form First—Martin F. Hegarty, George Humphrey, Oliver Smillie, James Lehane, William Dooling, William Murphy, John Barff, Chas. Byron. Form Second—Chas. Zaegman, Theo. Hegarty, John Drohan, H. Greene, John Marvyn, D. Brody, H. Harding, F. White, W. Kennedy. Form Third—F. Casey, L. Dunseath, W. Evans, Jos. Harrington, M. Kane, W. McGuire, E. McGarry, J. Prindible. Form Forth (Senior) F. Donovan, L. Deo, Chas. Chute, A. Flynn, O. Orr, J. Kennedy, Chas. Gillooly, J. Collaton, P. Ryan, J. Malone, R. Falton. Form Fourth (Junior) P.

Henry, Chas. Fraser, James O'Brien, F. Carlan, F. McGraw.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL, GIRL'S DEPARTMENT. Highest number of marks for the month of February:

Senior 4th—1st, Maggie Forhan; 2nd, Minnie O'Neill; 3rd, Teresa McGarry. Junior 4th—1st, Mary Feeny; 2nd, Teresa Horan; 3rd, Maud Kelly.

3rd Class—1st, Florence English; 2nd, Annie Gallagher; 3rd, Mary Griffin.

Senior 2nd—1st, Annie Murray; 2nd, Minnie Smith; 3rd, Louisa Armstrong.

Junior 2nd—1st, Addie Bigley; 2nd, May Kennedy; 3rd, Lizzie Montgomery.

Senior 1st—1st, Antoinette Brown; 2nd, Lily Whalen; 3rd, Rose O'Neill.

Junior 1st—1st, Louisa Donaldson; 2nd, Emily O'Neill; 3rd, M. Giroux.

Primary—Evelyn Uttorwaller.

ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL, GIRL'S DEPARTMENT. Highest number of marks during the months of January and February:

Form 4th (Senior) T. Phalen, W. Gentleman, A. Markle, R. Radey, R. Murphy.

Form 4th (Junior) K. Gentleman, E. Powers, F. Boland, A. Collins.

Form 3rd (Senior) Maud Herron, M. Pegg, M. Fayle.

Form 3rd (Junior) S. Wardo, M. O'Leary K. Gray.

In Aid of St. Vincent de Paul Society

A crowded congregation thronged St. Michael's Cathedral, to hear Rev. Father Hand lecture on behalf of the local conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, last Sunday evening. Father Hand avoided the beaten rut of charity preachers and delivered a telling discourse of an hour's duration upon the "Wealth of the Church." The subject was ably treated. The preacher traced the history of the acquisition of property from the time of the apostles down to the present. He showed that the Church possessed her riches and wealth in trust for the poor. He incidentally referred to the confiscation of the property of the Monasteries in England and France, and showed that the proceeds were applied to purposes of bloodshed and lust; and yet, said the preacher "modern historians will dare to justify the spoliation of the poor of their patrimony and excuse the sacrilegious robbers who defrauded the little ones of Christ."

The sermon was followed by a fine musical service by St. Michael's choir, and a large collection was taken up by the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Entertainment at St. Michael's College.

The students of St. Michael's College will hold their annual entertainment in honor of St. Patrick's Day on the evening of the 17th instant. It is under the auspices of the College Dramatic Club. The play selected this year is "The White Horse of the Peppers," and is replete with stirring incidents and interesting situations, while the dialogue abounds with just sentiments, genuine wit and natural pathos.

The musical part of the programme is under the direction of Mr. F. A. Moore, the talented organist of St. Basil's Church, who has composed for the occasion the music of the songs which intersperse the play. A good orchestra will be in attendance. We bespeak for the boys a bumper house.

I. N. L.

Meetings of the Toronto Branch of the Irish National League are being held weekly, and the public in sympathy with the cause of Home Rule everywhere are cordially invited to attend. A call for funds is made to the Sons of the Gael, and all who feel that the Irish struggle should be supported, whether Celt or Saxon, Dane or Gaul. It is the last call, and that it will be generously responded to there is not the shadow of doubt.

The League will honor the National Anniversary on the evening of March 16th by a banquet at Webb's. It promises to be a gathering "racy of the soil," and worthy the hallowed occasion.

A Cure for Headache.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia or liver complaint. As B. B. B. cures all these complaints it is naturally the most successful headache cure existing. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

TORONTO PUBLIC LIBRARY.

TO CARPENTERS AND PAINTERS.

THE Public Library Board are prepared to receive tenders to 12 o'clock noon on Monday, March 13th, 1893, for alterations to the Reference Library. Particulars may be obtained on application at the Secretary's office, corner of Church and Adelaide streets.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. JOHN DAVY, Secretary. MILES VOYLES, Chairman of Building Committee.

**A Legend**

By ADELPHIN A. PROCTOR.

The monk was preaching; strong his earnest word,  
From the abundance of his heart he spoke,  
And the flame spread in every soul that heard  
Sorrow and love and good resolve awoke.  
The poor lay Brother, ignorant and old,  
Thanked God that he had heard such words of gold.

"Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone,"  
So prayed the monk, his heart absorbed in praise:  
"Thine be the glory: if my hands have sown  
The harvest ripened in Thy merry's rays,  
It was Thy blessing, Lord, that made my word  
Bring light and love to every soul that heard.

"O Lord, I thank Thee that my feeble strength  
Has been so blest; that sinful hearts and cold  
Were melted at my pleading—knew at length  
How sweet Thy service and how safe Thy fold:  
While souls that loved Thee saw before them rise  
Still bolder heights of loving sacrifice."

So prayed the monk, when suddenly he heard  
An angel speaking thus: "Know, O my son,  
Thy words had all been vain, but hearts were stirred,  
And souls were edified, and sinners won,  
By his, the poor lay Brother's humble aid,  
Who sat upon the pulpit stair and prayed."

**Obituary.**

CHEVALIER MACDONELL.

On Saturday morning last, March 4th, there passed away one who, though not very well known to the younger generations of Toronto Catholics, was for years a prominent character in the earlier history of our religion in this city, and who was, through his whole life, remarkable for unobtrusive piety and unostentatious charity. William John Macdonell, being in his 70th year, partly on account of his advanced age, partly on account of his failing health, had withdrawn for some time from taking any public share in work of any kind, and had made his home at the House of Providence, where the good Sisters of St. Joseph cared for him in his declining health and watched by his dying bed with all their tender charity. Last summer he received a slight sunstroke, and was scarcely able to go out afterwards. But the immediate cause of death was an attack of bronchitis, which his feeble strength could not resist.

He came of a Scotch family, and was born at Boston, Mass., on Nov. 14, 1814. He received his preliminary education in Boston High School and completed it in Montreal College with the Sulpicians. In his early life he was first in business at Brockville from 1831 to 1838, during which time he put a new floor in the church there at his own expense. He spent the next ten years at Kingston, where he was engaged as forwarding agent. When, afterwards, he came to Toronto, he was Manager of several banking and loan institutions, being for ten years President of the Toronto Savings Bank, and ten more its Manager. For thirty nine years he was on the Managing Board of the House of Industry, during eleven of which he acted as Secretary, and was latterly First Vice-President. He held the distinguished position of French Vice-Consul for twenty-six years, and resigned through ill health. In recognition of his long services the French Government conferred upon him the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Some few years ago he was also honored by the Holy Father, who, through the intervention of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, created him a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre.

But it was with the St. Vincent de Paul Society that he was especially connected for the last forty years, of which charitable association he was the foster-father and devoted friend. The first Conference in Toronto was formed in Nov., 1850, and Mr. Macdonell was named Secretary. He took the Presidency when, in 1851, the late Mr. Muir removed to Quebec. The Particular Council of Toronto was established Feb. 26, 1854, with Chevalier Macdonell as President. From this position he never retired until death called him to his reward. And although the duties of

his office have for some time devolved upon the Vice-President, Mr. J. J. Murphy, still the venerable subject of this sketch never lost his interest and always kept himself posted upon the state of the Society, at whose cradle he had watched, and in the formation of whose growth, activity and spirit of charity he had a great share. A man of wonderful memory, deep faith and piety, he was in the world but not of the world. His taste for literature caused him to gather, in the course of his long career, a very fine library. Amongst these valuable books he used to spend his leisure hours, and cultivate a refined mind with a learning which was both varied in its subjects and deep in its research. A few years ago he donated his library to St. Michael's College, where it is preserved and known as "The Macdonell Library."

"Take him for all in all,  
We never shall look upon his like again."  
May his soul rest in peace!

MRS. M'INTOSH.

We wish to extend our special sympathy to Mr. H. F. McIntosh on the death of his wife last week. It is all the sadder as two very young children are left to mourn a mother's loss, without being old enough to feel that loss or know hereafter a mother's love, sympathy and guidance. Mr. McIntosh was associated with the earlier years of the *Catholic Weekly Review*, and for this reason also, as well as for the appreciation we have of our friend, we sympathize with him in his hour of trial. The funeral Mass was sung last Thursday in St. Basil's Church by Father Bronnan, C.S.B., with Father Goudreau as Deacon, and Mr. Carberry as Sub-deacon. The burial took place at Guelph, the former home of Mrs. McIntosh, when she was Miss Marie Josephine Hazelton. R. I. P.

MISS LAMPHIERE.

Death has been busy this last week amongst our friends; for it is our painful duty to chronicle a third. Miss Frances Lamphiere of Grahamsville, died on March 1st. Although never strong she gave no sign of serious illness until the morning of her death, when those near her became alarmed. But it was too late, the heart failed, and her life suddenly closed. Two of her sisters are in the Precious Blood Convent in this city. Her cousin, Father O'Donohoe, O.S.B., sang the funeral Mass on Friday last, while Father Murray, C.S.B., and Father Trayling, the pastor, formed the choir. She was buried at the Fifth Line Church in Toronto Township. A large number of friends showed their respect for the dead and their sympathy for the relatives by assisting at the obsequies. R. I. P.

**The Excelsior.**

We publish in today's edition of the REGISTER the second annual report of "The Excelsior Life Insurance Company." Being as yet in its infancy, the "Excelsior," of course, cannot boast of the phethoric purses earned and saved by its older and bigger brothers; but for a youngster in its second year, it must be said that the progress made by the "Excelsior" is most gratifying, and promising of still more profitable results. President Clarke, in his address to the shareholders remarked: The large sum of \$16,902.00 had been added to the reserve during the year, which now amounts to \$31,781.00. The total available assets for the protection of policy-holders amounted to \$382,710.52. The rate of interest earned by the Company on its invested assets was considerably higher than that of any other company doing business in Canada, and the security of the investments was unsurpassed. The REGISTER wishes the "Excelsior" a prosperous run, not only for the current year, but in the years succeeding; and if things go on as they have been for the few months it has been in existence, the time is not far distant when the "Excelsior" will be one of the insurance companies at the "top of the heap."

The consecration of the Conductor Bishop of St. Hyacinth, Mgr. Decelles, will take place in the St. Hyacinth Cathedral on March 9th.



**For the Blood**

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE

Purify it correctly and no disease can live in it.

This remedy is guaranteed to be an absolute Blood-Specific and death to all disease germs.

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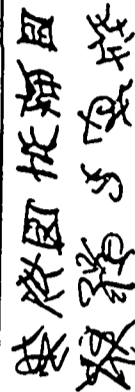
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will need to have before another 30 days. Save these advertisements, as they will all be worth 25c. on the dollar to you in trade. In the meantime, send your address for further information, of undoubted value to you, to

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Beware of substitutions and imitations.  
**SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.**

**NOTICE OF MEETING.**  
NOTICE is hereby given that a Special General Meeting of the Shareholders of "THE CATHOLIC REGISTER Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited," will be held at the residence of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto, Number 510 Sherbourne street, Toronto, on MONDAY, the 20th day of March, A.D. 1893, at the hour of 7.30 in the evening, for the purpose of enacting and confirming By Laws, and in particular a By Law empowering the Directors of the said Company to borrow money upon the credit of the Company; and to issue bonds, debentures and other securities of the Company therefor; and to sell the said bonds, debentures or other securities at such prices as may be deemed expedient or be necessary, but no such debenture shall be for a less sum than One Hundred Dollars; also empowering the Directors to hypothecate, mortgage and pledge any real or personal property of the Company to secure any sums to be borrowed for the Company. And for the transaction of any other business that may come up before the meeting.  
Toronto, March 17th, 1893.  
J. D. MACDONELL,  
Secretary, pro tem.  
Denis R. O'Callaghan, Esq., Brackentown House, Swords, has been sworn in as High Sheriff of the County of Dublin, and John A. C. Ormsby, Esq., of 2 Morgan place, Dublin, as Under Sheriff.  
A preliminary meeting has been held at Newcastle West, Mr. George L. Sheehy, Moviddy House, presiding, for the purpose of initiating a movement to get up a memorial to the late Dean O'Brien, founder of the Catholic Young Men's Societies in Ireland.

## CATHOLIC SOCIAL LIFE.

Some Pertinent Remarks About the True Vocation.

(From the Catholic Mirror.)

Ruskin and Emerson and Carlyle and all those modern philosophers who spent their lives in demanding more of mankind than they would give themselves, and other transcendentalists asked for it, insist that vocation is a real thing. They all preach it. They all insist that the spirit of good work is vocation. "Teach a young man to do what he can do best, teach him to follow his bent intelligently, and you will have done your best for him," they say, in substance; "each human creature has his vocation."

At the same time, none of these men recognized the meaning of the word "vocation" as the Catholic, as St. Ignatius Loyola, as Father Faber recognized it. With the Catholic, vocation is not merely a natural gift, it is supernatural. Carlyle would have men work for the sake of work, no matter what it is. Ruskin approves of work so far as it helps to produce the beautiful, and Emerson, because it keeps a man from idleness. With all of them work has not the sanctity which it derives when it is directed to the greater glory of the God of the Christians, and, consequently, Carlyle's shrieks, and Ruskin's appeals, and Emerson's self-conscious rhapsodies have only a temporary effect of stimulus.

Now, we Catholics of the laity, while we understand the inadequacy of the merely natural point of view, do not give enough practical importance to the practical application of vocation in its true sense. There would be more happiness in life, fewer instances of hopelessly ruined careers and greater peace for our children if we did not neglect to give vocation its true place. Spiritually speaking, the loss of a vocation is a curse. In French the words "cure manque" mean a great deal, and in English "spoiled priest" has an ominous signification. Most of us would say that we believe that the most exalted position one of our sons could attain would be that of a good priest. But how few of us take the trouble to find out whether a young man has an such vocation or to help him to find out.

Similarly, there are many girls who miss fulfilling their religious vocations because fond parents (I use fond in its good, old Shakespearean meaning of foolish) throw all sorts of obstacles in the way. Why does the fond parent think it a shocking thing for a young girl to enter a convent, while in spite of the light sprinkle of tears from parental eyes on the wedding day, a marriage, which separates her more effectually from her father and mother than cloistered walls, is looked on with satisfaction? Why? The old proverb about a married daughter being a daughter all her life is nonsense. She, if she is loyal to her husband, must give him the most of her interest; her life is his. She must take many risks. Often the parents know very little of the man she has married. "She has been brought up so carefully; it is too horrible to think of her accepting poverty in a convent." Is there no poverty in married life? Are fortunes and human lives so stable? And, besides, voluntary poverty is a light yoke compared with involuntary poverty. A girl wants to enter a convent! how sad, how awful! What have these amiable and self-sacrificing parents done to deserve a girl so heartless? "She might wait till her parents are dead, at any rate." But if it were a question of marriage, even to a man that drinks too much and who needs reforming, what would you say? Wait until her parents are dead? Not at all. It would be cruel to suggest such a thing.

The truth is, we have become materialized—"bestialized," Dante call

it—by the influences about. We are hypocritical, too. In our hearts we recognize only one aim for our sons—to make money, and for our daughters—to marry. We pretend to be more spiritual than the non-Catholics about us, but we are not until we find ourselves facing death. There we have the advantage of being able to grasp the real spiritualities, even, as it were, with our human souls. But, as a rule, we are not more spiritual than other people. We have more faith, it is true, but it only becomes practical in the most supreme crises. The making of money and the making of marriages are the only vocations we acknowledge. We give much attention to the making of money; the marriages make themselves.

For instance, we shudder at the idea of a young woman's entering the Order of the Carmelites. It is medieval, darksome, narrow, Spanish, out of date, useless, not *fin de siècle*, un-American; therefore it has no reason to exist. We forget that St. Teresa, its founder, was the broadest-minded woman of her time. She was of the same nationality of that Queen Isabella, whom all America is claiming now, and a much cleverer woman. St. Teresa, who has, like St. Francis de Assisi, come into a favor with us since cultivated Protestants, like George Eliot, professed a cult for her, believed in prayer, honestly and with her whole heart. We, in comparison with her fervor and that of St. Francis and Columbus and Isabella, vaguely believe in it. If prayer is *real*, the Carmelites are the first of all orders, as the spirit is above the letter and faith above works without faith. As the Church is a real community of people and not an abstraction to be recalled languidly every Sunday to our minds, so the vocation of the priest, of the nun, of the Sister, of the Brother is the highest of all vocations, and we ought to act in our families and to our relatives as if we considered it so.

There are "mute, inglorious Milton's" who are eating their hearts out, but far more wretched than the artist or the poet who has found no power of expression are those women and men who have lost their way, who have hesitated through undue regard for opposition, or who have accepted the verdict of the world that vocations to the religious life are delusions.

Every man and woman has a vocation of some sort. It is well that Carlyle and Emerson and Ruskin have taught that; it has made life easier for the artist and the poet, whom British Protestantism was driving, with the Carmelites, into the Middle Ages. It is one of the first duties of every man to find it; and the first duty of every parent, after he has begun to give his child a Christian education, is to treat a marked vocation as a sacred thing.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

## Bad Blood Cured.

GENTLEMEN—I have used your Burdock Blood Bitters for bad blood and find it, without exception, the best purifying tonic in use. A short time ago two very large and painful boils came on the back of my neck, B.B.B. completely drove them away. SAMUEL BLAIN, Toronto Junction.

At the meeting of the Belfast Corporation on February 1st, it was decided by 12 votes to 11, not to give city contracts to any contractor who does not pay trades union wages to the employees engaged on the work.

Mrs. Loughlin. "Tired! Oh, so tired all the time!" Mrs. Smart. "Well, so I used to be until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a spring medicine, and now I don't know what it is to have that tired feeling. Try it, my dear; only be sure you get Ayer's."

The Roman Anti slavery Committee has had a solemn service celebrated for the repose of the soul of Cardinal Lavigerie. Mgr. Volpin, of the White Fathers, chanted the Mass, and Cardinal Parocchi gave the absolution, assisted by the pupils of the French Seminary. There was naturally an immense concourse of French notabilities, ecclesiastical and lay. Cardinal Vaughan was conspicuous among those present.

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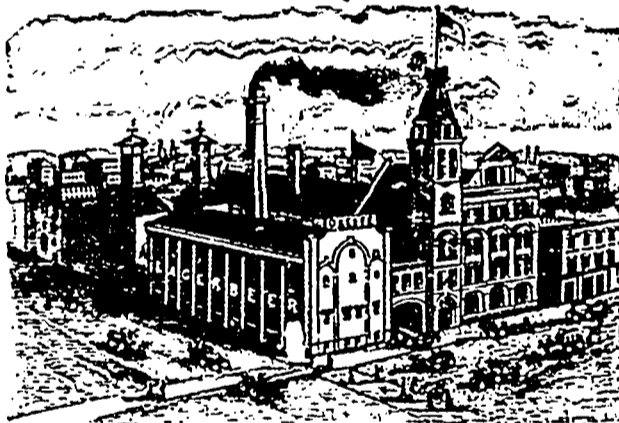
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**LENTEN THOUGHTS.**

By a REGISTER CONTRIBUTOR.

There is a beautiful and wholesome philosophy underlying the Catholic practice of fasting and abstaining. The benefits derived from this form of mortification are numerous and manifold. In the first place, abstinence teaches us that in which true practical virtue consists—a means between two extremes. Human nature, in its fallen state, is over prone to excess. Now abstinence fortifies the will in its government of the passions. The objection sometimes raised by those who are unwilling to accept the teachings of the Church, that fasting and abstaining are unreasonable, injurious to life and health, is all visionary. There have been more premature deaths, more painful and dangerous sickness brought on by excess in eating and drinking than those produced by all the famines which have swept over this earth from the time of Jacob to the present day. Let us but look around us and note, in our own localities, the harvest which the monster Drunkenness alone is reaping. Perhaps we never remarked this fact before; nevertheless it is real and startling. The sickle not only fills the glutton, but also lays in its swath too often an innocent wife and wretched children. See the offspring of such parentage, who are eking out a sad existence in the hospital of pain and disease, as well as in the awful horrors of the lunatic asylum. Again abstinence is a grand practical lesson on the divine virtue of charity. How many are there who, strangers to the pangs of hunger, like Dives, turn Lazarus from the door. It is an old and trite saying, all the men commendable for being so, that the half of the world does not know what the other half suffers. While the bowl is filled to the brim and tables groan beneath the load of luxuries in the refectories of the rich, how many hunger for the necessaries of life in the cabins of the poor! Now even a short privation naturally reminds us of the bitterness of want, we become more sympathetic. When we know what it is to hunger and thirst we are brought face to face with many stern realities in life. And where is the heart, alive to the pangs of want, that will not warm to the needs of those who groan beneath the burden of suffering? There is another phase of voluntary privation whose motive is charity in a still higher, more heroic sense. It is a charity which regards not only the poor and wretched but which brings a message of love to the homes of the worldly rich, who are spiritually poor.

The late prince of charity—prince of the Church—Cardinal Manning, expresses the idea I wish to convey, in words more potent than any I can command. In his introduction to Father Bridgett's Discipline of Drink, he wrote: "When I see around me every day, the wreck of men, women and children, from the highest to the lowest class, the utter desolation of homes once happy and innocent, the destruction of the domestic life of the millions of our great working class, upon whom the whole fabric of our commonwealth must rest, I feel that temperance and total abstinence ought to be familiar thoughts in the minds of even those who have never in all their life been tempted to excess. If they would all conscientiously unite, by example, by word and by influence, to save those who are perishing in the dangers from what they themselves are happily safe, many a soul, and many a home, now fearfully wrecked, would, I believe, be saved." This is the keynote of a sublime anthem of love. The slight privation or abstinence from what is not necessary for health or real pleasure—and such is the use of intoxicants—is a strong aid, as an example of conduct, to many

who are on the downward path to ruin. In the banquet hall how many of our public officers, business men or hopeful youths, turn their glasses downward and say: "I do not drink." In this Lenten season all cannot fast; all are not obliged by the law of fasting; but all should learn the practical lessons imparted by the Church and put them into practice.

When this abstinence is marked with the golden stamp of a divine virtue, ennobling the soul, exalting the mind and invigorating the body, why are we not up and doing?  
T. D.R.B.

**A Mid-Winter Luncheon.**

The "winter table" was all white in decoration, with the exception of its centre-piece of holly, the dish concealed by a wide white satin ribbon, writes Mrs. Burton Kingsland in a charming description of a luncheon representing the four seasons in the February *Ladies' Home Journal*. Many thought this the prettiest table of all in its chaste simplicity.

The name-cards were white, glistening apparently with frost work, the effect produced by mica, and painted in one corner of each was a sprig of bright holly berries. On the backs were quotations about the season; for instance:

"Fair Winter, clad in bridal white  
Chaste virgin of the year!"

"Bluff old Winter, brisk and jolly,  
Bringing Christmas in his train;  
Crowned with spruce fir and holly  
Welcome back again!"

The ice cream represented snow-balls, perfectly round, and coated on the outside with colorless, lemon ice.

The favors were round boxes, white and glistening, surmounted with sprigs of artificial holly.

**Byron's Daughter.**

A pathetic little story about the ignorance of Lady Lovelace, Byron's only daughter, of her father's poems, which we find in one of the volumes, has already produced an explanation that before her death she became a constant student to them and conceived an intense admiration of the father whom she had been brought up to dislike. Here is the story:

She was an invalid for some time prior to her death and seldom left the house, though her three children—Lord Ockham, Lord Wentworth and Lady Anne—rode out daily on their ponies. I have been told by the medical man who attended Lady Lovelace that he had from her own lips the astonishing statement that even after marriage and up to a comparatively late period of her short life she had never read a line of her father's poems.

Little did Byron dream of such filial dereliction when he wrote the many tender passages scattered through his works, and to which he doubtless trusted to rehabilitate him in the estimation of the child he loved so dearly, for surely those touching words, had they met her eye, should have counteracted any adverse impression made upon her infant mind by his calumniators.

**Noble And Brave.**

There are thousands of noble women who are bravely fighting life, a battle alone and far better is this than to give way to despair, or sacrifice themselves in unwise marriages. Many of the fairest pages in Time's history will be given to those whom the world calls "old maids," for their unselfish deeds of love have brought joy to many homes. These usually have buried deep in their hearts thoughts that are too sacred for utterance—thoughts of dear days that have long since passed. These are usually surrounded by fond ones who love them for their real worth, and all are happy together.

But the woman who goes out from home to march in the lines of battle so long allotted to our brothers, must find it a weary pilgrimage, and feel that her feet are in strange and stony paths. How welcome would be the turning that leads the way to home! Domestic cares may often chafe, but woman's truest welfare comes through the home and its attachments.—*New World Chicago.*

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THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1893.

## Calendar for the Week.

Mar. 9—S. Frances, Widow.  
10—Five Wounds of Our Lord.  
11—Ferial Office.  
12—Sunday, Fourth of Lent.  
13—S. Gregory I., Pope and Confessor.  
14—Ferial Office.  
15—S. Zacharias, Pope and Confessor.

## Philosophical Talks.

### A USEFUL DIGRESSION.

"What did you think of that last philosophical talk?" asked one of our learned listeners of another last week in our hearing. "Rather high and dry and heavy," was the reply. "I do wish," quoth the gentleman, "that our Catholic papers would give us something besides sermons. A newspaper should give news. We want something crisp and bright and sparkling—something with a snap in it—and we get only religion, Home Rule, and advertisements." "Yes," said the other; "and this philosopher talks too much like a book. Just think of his telling us that happiness is an act of the speculative intellect! That must be Latin or Greek. Why can't our papers treat practical questions in good, plain English?"

This honest criticism interested us much; for, after a clear definition and a convincing proof, there is nothing a philosopher enjoys more than a good objection. The Catholic newspapers are quite able to take care of themselves. We have only to defend our philosophical talks; though, incidentally, we may put in a plea for the excellent paper that gives us a prominent place in its columns.

That last talk of ours was "high and dry and heavy." Indeed? And pray tell us, gentle sir, or madam, will you have only a talk that will do for a champagne supper or a tea-party? Are you not for the "higher culture?" We give you the very highest culture that comes from the thoughtful consideration of the first and final cause. But that speculative intellect and its act: who can understand it? Everyone can and does. You say you want news; something fresh and bright and sparkling. Of course you do. But pray, why do you want news, and for what? Is it for reason of health or wealth or practical utility? No, indeed; it is simply because you have a speculative intellect, which means that you want to know for the mere sake of knowing.

Do you think you run over the cablegrams and telegrams, local iteras and personal gossip in your morning paper, because of the deep interest you take in the Irish peasant or the English politician, the Queen of Hawaii, or even the coming of the crinoline? Not at all? You read about these things because you want people to think you know something of current events. You wish to know

and you wish to be known. To know, is a need of the mind: to be known, the desire of the heart. We wish to know, because we are intellectual: we wish to be known, because we are human. And the first thing we wish to know, and be known, is ourselves. Everyone is plural, like an editor. And each one, in his merit and heart, says "we." The Autoocrat of the Breakfast Table says every man has at least four distinct "selves;" and, of course, every woman has more. There is the self we wish to be in the estimation of others; the self we are in our own estimation; and the self we really are. If we attend a little to our thoughts we shall catch our intellect speculating always about one or other or all of these "selves."

The only self worth knowing about is the real self: and this is the self the philosopher talks about. Surely, gentle and patient listener, your real self should not be a high and dry and heavy subject to talk about. But, you say, you are not selfish at all, especially in the matter of happiness. You think of others, and almost only of others. You are a philanthropist, rather than philosopher. Your principle is "the greatest happiness of the greatest number." Not so, kind friend: you must be a philosopher first; you are made that way. You may talk about the greatest happiness of the greatest number, but you really think about the greatest happiness of number one. That thought is the act of your speculative intellect, which only wants its proper object to make you truly and eternally happy.

But you do not care to be talked to in your weekly papers about the Eternities. You want to hear more about the times, about subjects of practical interest; for you are a man of the age. Quite right. But has not the infallible New York *Herald* said that this is an age of religion; that religious subjects interest everyone? It is true, indeed, that the religion of the age is telepathy or theosophy, Christian science, or psychical research, or worship of the silent sort before the altar of the unknown and the unknowable. But if secular papers find it pays to talk daily about religions that are false, may not a Catholic paper say something weekly about the one only "religion that is true?"

Philosophy seeks the causes and gives the reason of things. The reason why religious topics interest all is not because this is a religious age, but it is because man is a religious as well as a reasoning animal. And the reason why the subject of religion is not out of place in a philosophical talk is, that the conscience of man is naturally Christian. The speculative intellect will look for news, till it rests in the truth and beauty that is ever old and always new.

### The "Guy Fawkes" Lecture.

When rogues fall out honest men may expect their due. A very good case in point has arisen out of a lecture given by one Dr. Campbell at Ottawa last November, and reported by the papers of that city. The "Catholic Truth Society" took up the subject, and now Dr. Campbell denies saying what he is reported to have said, and

the *Evening Journal* of Ottawa, dated Feb. 25, reviews the facts as follows;

The reporter of the *Journal*, who was present at Dr. Campbell's lecture on Nov. 6 is unshaken in his belief that Dr. Campbell did not mention the Pope in connection with the quotation. In this belief he is today sustained by others who were present on that occasion as well as by other reports that then appeared in the press. Dr. Campbell was endeavoring to show that Roman Catholics, by virtue of the doctrines of their church, could not be good citizens; he referred to the writings of Cardinal Manning, an eminent authority in that church, in support of his contention; and he was reported as saying that "Cardinal Manning says so and so," without mentioning or explaining the qualifying utterances preceding the quotation (as he did on Thursday evening) showing that Cardinal Manning was merely placing in the mouth of the Pope imaginary terms in which the Pope might fittingly address another earthly potentate. Now, the *Journal* reporter, like the reporter of another city paper, may possibly have been mistaken on Nov. 6. Anything is possible. But the reporter is confident that he was not mistaken, and the *Journal* is interested enough in Dr. Campbell's denial at this late date, of its accuracy, to analyze the matter further.

The reporter's recollection and notes of the matter on Nov. 6 are that Dr. Campbell did not read the quotation from the book direct, but that he said: "I have not the quotation with me, but I can give the effect. Cardinal Manning says," etc. And this was the report that was published in the press. The Catholic Truth Society, in commenting on Dr. Campbell's utterances, admitted that Cardinal Manning used the words quoted, but denied that he used them as his own, showing that the cardinal was supposing a reply by the Pope to the King of Italy over the latter's claim to the Pope's allegiance to him as an Italian subject. The Catholic Truth Society, in taking up the matter, accepted the press reports and proceeded on the assumption that they were correct. Representatives of that Society wrote to Dr. Campbell who made no response to them. Should he not at once have notified them that all the published reports of his remarks were so grossly incorrect? Or, if he did not wish to notice the Catholic Truth Society, should he not in simplest justice to the public, so misled, have immediately asked a correction from the press? Dr. Campbell did neither. After much delay, several weeks indeed, he made a statement. This statement was only to the effect that he would vindicate the assertions he had made on Nov. 6. He did not say that he had never made the assertions credited to him; he simply said that he would vindicate his assertions. If he had never made the assertions, why not say so? If the assertions he made on Nov. 6 were simply those admitted by the Catholic Truth Society, where was the need of the vindication? But Dr. Campbell reserved himself until Thursday night, nearly four months after his original deliverance, and then instead of the proof which the public reasonably expected of a supposed statement that Cardinal Manning said so and so, Dr. Campbell, for the first time, informs the public that the reporters had been wrong four months before.

Dr. Campbell should in his next public utterance show where the value is in allowing a very serious general mis-report affecting a large proportion of citizens, and repeatedly questioned and attacked, to go uncontradicted by himself for several months, during which the community is showing interest in the matter.

We congratulate the "Catholic Truth Society" of Ottawa upon the whole affair. Had they allowed the lecture to go unnoticed, both Dr. Campbell and the *Evening Journal* would have congratulated each other on proving the disloyalty of Catholics. As it is we have Dr. Campbell giving the lie to the reporters, and the *Evening Journal* putting the blame upon the lecturer himself. What business had the *Evening Journal*, or any other paper making the first claim to respectability, reporting such a man as Dr. Campbell? If he wishes to talk, to his little coterie on the disloyalty, the superstition of Catholics, or anything else he likes, let him do so. But the *Evening Journal* for the sake of its own friends should not have given his dishonest purpose, his narrow minded bigotry, and his crass ignorance to the four winds of heaven. Had they done it for the cause of truth it would be different; but if they

did that, they would not wait till Dr. Campbell denied the report, to attack him. The *Evening Journal* looked for no such result as has happened. We dare say that the next time Dr. Campbell lectures around Guy Fawkes' day he will be more careful, the reporters will be more careful, and the *Journal* will be the most careful of all.

This subject calls our attention to the Truth Society in Toronto. In one of our early issues we mentioned the matter, but no fruit has yet appeared from the seed then cast into the ground. This does not discourage us, for, judging by the snow around, it is far from harvest. But in all seriousness we hope to see the Truth Society revived in Toronto, even if it is only to disseminate the interesting and cheap Catholic literature which issues from the Catholic Truth Society of England. As a practical solution we would suggest that the St. Vincent de Paul Society have a special committee devoted to this purpose. The details could easily be arranged, and that energy infused into the praiseworthy cause which would insure its continued and increasing usefulness in his great centre.

### Closing Up the Ranks.

It must be a subject of intense gratification to all who take an interest in the honor and welfare of Ireland, to notice the daily reapproachment of the two Parties, and the beginning of the end of factionism. People who entertained grave suspicions as to the motives and means of the Parnellites, have reasonable grounds just now for believing that although unwilling to coalesce with the majority and abide by its decisions, they are still actuated by honest motives and pure patriotism. Mr. Gladstone's liberal legislation, and all the unexpected provisions favouring autonomy in his Home Rule Bill, have silenced all opposition and forced all the Irish leaders into one camp.

Before the assembling of the Parliament now sitting in Downing St., many both in Ireland and in this country were heard to say: "Put no trust in the English Liberals": O'Connell never obtained anything from them but disappointment. He was wont to call them in his public speeches "the huge brutal and bloody Whigs. Who can foretell what Gladstone is going to do?" Most fortunately all such croakings are at an end. Both Redmondites and McCarthyites are loud in their praise both of the Grand Old Man and his Bill, and of the persistent adherence of the English Liberals to every promise made at the hustings.

During the debate on the many provisions of the new Bill, it was easily seen that the beginning of the end of Factionism had arrived. In all essentials both parties agreed in pronouncing it most satisfactory on the whole as far as it had been explained. One of the main things that Mr. Sexton tackled the moment he rose to speak was the question of organizing and controlling the Police. Mr. Redmond followed in the same strain, and obtained from Mr. Morley that gradually the actual police force

would be diminished and disappear altogether in six years. When the Irish Legislature would have its own men organized and ready to serve under an Irish Executive.

Mr. Sexton called for statistics of Ireland's revenue and insisted upon a proper understanding about the pecuniary resources of the Dublin Parliament. Mr. Redmond made a similar insistance. Both parties also are determined in having a full, Irish Representation in the British Parliament until the Land Question is disposed of, or remitted to, an Irish Parliament. Of course in this important matter all agree that a finality should be reached by an English Parliament. The land difficulty, as the Dublin *Freeman* says, is one that the English plutocracy ought not to ingenuously throw upon the shoulders of a young Irish Parliament. All these common grounds of mutual agreement between the leaders of both the Irish parties are in the highest degree matters of self-congratulation for all the friends of the Irish cause; and we have much reason to believe that from them, will proceed that harmony and good will among Irishmen, that alone have been wanting of late to give completeness to the hope that their cause was approaching a final and splendid triumph.

Our anticipations of a probable closing up of the cleavage at an early day, and of a general shaking of hands all round by the Irish parties, are confirmed by the words of the irreconcilable John Redmond "If the Bill had been presented to the leaders assembled in Committee Room No. 15, it would have saved two years' strife in Ireland. In the course of his speech on the Home Rule debate, the same leader dropped his former viciousness of manner, in speaking of Mr. Gladstone and declared that "during the last seven years Mr. Gladstone had maintained his position on the Irish question, and by the introduction of so Liberal an act, he was repeating his efforts to emancipate a long suffering people." So complete a conversion from suspicion to admiration, from opposition to adhesion tells very much in favor of the honesty of the convert who a few weeks ago denounced all those who trusted in him as "wretched Irish whips." In Friday's despatches it was related how another of the irreconcilables elicited the applause of the whole House, by denying the outrageous calumnies of the Orange member, Col. Saunderson, and daring him to repeat them outside of Parliament. It seems very evident that both parties, no matter how divided, are anxious for the speedy settlement of Ireland's difficulties, and that public opinion at home and abroad, if not their own personal convictions, must very soon, if not immediately, close up the gap that for two years kept their forces divided, and weakened their strength.

The opinion that is given freely by pessimists in Irish affairs should not be tolerated however, viz. that because the Irish Representatives are split up into opposite and opposing forces, therefore they are unfit for self-government. Should this proposition be made general and applied to

other Nations, which of them would be fit for Home Rule? The Politicians and people of England are equally split up into adverse parties most rancorously opposed to each other. Are we not divided in Canada? But with the pessimists, and non-believers in "anything good coming out Nazareth," what is natural to other countries and even good and wholesome for them, would be fatal to Ireland. What other countries thrive and flourish on, a healthy loyal opposition, would be most damaging and disgraceful in Ireland. Fortunately there are enough of ardent patriots and well-wishers hopeful of Ireland's glorious future, to overwhelm by their numbers and determination all such would-be extinguishers of

The flame that burns in every Patriot's breast  
Of Peace the harbinger—of Virtue's home the guest.

Religious Unity.

The World's Fair at Chicago is to be made the occasion of a meeting of all the great historic creeds. The *Empire* of March 2nd informs us that "Buddhist scholars from Japan, China, India and Siam, and the leaders of the Sinto, Moslem and Jewish faiths," will take part in the Conference, as well as the foremost men of Christianity. "The arrangements for this remarkable congress have been placed in the hands of an advisory council, composed of the chosen leaders of each great religion." His Grace Archbishop Walsh of Toronto, in answer to a request that he should act as member of this council, sent the following reply to Rev. John H. Burrows, D.D.:

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR—I beg to acknowledge with sincere thanks the high honor done me by my appointment as a member of the Advisory Council on religious congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893.

The divided condition of Christianity at the present time is one of the saddest facts in the religious history of the world. It is high treason against the cause of Christ and a grave danger and menace to Christian civilization and the welfare of states and peoples.

To bring thoughtful religious men together, to give them an opportunity to explain their respective tenets, to discuss their differences with moderation and charity, to clear away the mists of misrepresentations and to get a clear view of their points of agreement, as well as of the causes of their separations—such a movement must commend itself to all who love the Christian religion, and in my humble opinion cannot fail to be fruitful of lasting and far-reaching good. It, therefore, gives me great pleasure to accept the appointment assigned me as a member of the Advising Council on Religious Congress. † JOHN WALSH, Archbishop of Toronto.

Book Notices.

*Leaflets from Loretto.*—The third number of the "Leaflets" has been placed in our hands, with a gentle request that we would notice, not criticize it, in the columns of the REGISTER. We cheerfully accede, not only on account of the respect we have for Loretto, but also because of the intrinsic literary merit of the articles. We offer our congratulations to the young ladies who have thus placed before their many friends an excellent collection of well written essays upon well chosen subjects, which the writers themselves will in years to come be delighted to read and remember once more. When all are excellent, praise must be bestowed equally. And all deserve the commendation of careful preparation, admirable comprehension of the matter, and a style of composition which, if it has a fault, is too exalted. We think also that a lengthening of the essays will develop the thoughts more fully, and give the

writers better opportunities. Half a page is hardly long enough to criticize Diokons. And the young writers are less timid when the possession of some of the confidence which they should have in themselves, and which we have in them, they will give to ever increasing circles not Leaflets, but Leaves, beneath whose shadow readers and lovers of literature will be pleased to rest. We feel quite proud of the mechanical appearance of the book, since it issues from our office.

*The Canadian Magazine.*—The first number of a monthly devoted to politics, science, art and literature has been issued under the above title. It is "intended to fill in some measure, for Canada, the purpose served in Great Britain and the United States by the great Reviews of these countries." With this purpose before it, the *Canadian Magazine* opens its volume with an article on "The Manitoba Public School Law," by Mr. D'Alton McCarthy, followed by one on the "Anti-National Features of the National Policy," by Principal Grant of Queen's University. But these articles are not a proof of the political leanings of the Magazine: on the contrary, "the pages are open to the expression of a wide diversity of opinion." It contains a sweet little poem by Miss Pauline Johnson so well and favorably known throughout Canada, upon "The Birds' Lullaby." This class of periodical literature has had in this country a very checkered career. But if the Board of Directors is a guarantee, if the names of the present contributors is a criterion, and the style of the articles a hope of its future, we feel quite confident that the *Canadian Magazine* will fulfill the expectations of all its well-wishers, amongst whom THE CATHOLIC REGISTER, as a Canadian journal, hopes ever to be numbered. Its success and long career of usefulness cannot be greater than we wish.

We have received a number of pamphlets from the *Catholic Truth Society* of England, Lives of several Saints, Lectures on the early Anglo Saxon Church by Vicar-General Brownlow of Plymouth, and a lengthy Essay on Tatian's Diatessaron by Father Maher, S.J., which deserves something more than a mere mention. In the year 1868 there was published from the Vatican Library an Arabic work with Latin translation, claiming to be Tatian's Diatessaron. The work, as the name suggests, is a harmonized narrative compiled out of the four canonical Gospels, and was written by Tatian, who was born between A.D. 110-120. It is therefore of very great value as corroborative evidence of Christianity. Tatian was for a time a disciple of St. Justin; but soon after the latter's death he began to advocate certain errors. Father Maher traces the history of this work until the present time, when, on the occasion of the sacerdotal jubilee of Pope Leo XIII., the Arabic version with a Latin translation was published and dedicated to his Holiness.

*Hoffmann's Catholic Directory* for 1893, is hereby acknowledged with thanks. A new feature and valuable improvement is the map marking the various ecclesiastical provinces in the United States. We think Vancouver should be placed properly. It gives the Catholic population of the United States at 8,806,095, with 14 Archbishops, 75 Bishops and 9,888 Priests. The second part is devoted to the Church in Canada. Price, 50 cents.

*Sadler's Catholic Directory* has also been kindly sent us. This is the oldest of all the Catholic Directories in America, being in the sixty-first year of its publication, and is replete with reports from, not only the United States and Canada, but also Ireland, England and Scotland. For the

British Possessions in North America and West Indies it gives 7 Archbishops; 20 Bishops; 2,000 Priests; and a population of 2,288,481. In Ireland there are 81 Archbishops and Bishops, and 3,860 Priests. Price, \$1.25.

*The Nineteenth Century* for February is to hand, which has for its first article a criticism on Home Rule, so far as the retention at, or exclusion from, Westminster of the Irish members of Parliament is concerned. Amongst the other articles is a rejoinder by Sir George Mivart on "The Happiness of Hell." This was the title which this learned critic had given his first article, and he was surprised to find it appear as simply "Happiness of Hell."

Another interesting article in a review of St. Thomas a Becket by Miss Lambert, arising out of her review of Tennyson's Poem upon this saintly Archbishop of Canterbury. This as a tragedy Miss Lambert considers to be the noblest work of the late Poet Laureate, because "it reinstates in the affections of the English people the memory of one of England's greatest men, after centuries of alienation caused by an act of royal tyranny that for pottiness and malice cannot be matched in history." The allusion is to the enactment of Henry the Eighth, who, four hundred years after Thomas a Becket's death, summoned him to answer the charge of high treason. Then, touching upon the various views which have been held concerning St. Thomas, she draws out the character of the Chancellor and Archbishop, and shows successfully by extracts from Tennyson's poem the high stand which this should take amongst the purely of one who sang so sweetly, so purely and so justly, but who, alas! will now sing no more.

*The Globe*, a quarterly published at Chicago and conducted by Mr. W. A. Thorne, is also on our table. "This Magazine," the Editor tells us, "is not, and shall not be a mere doctrinal, philosophical or speculative Magazine." It is practical. The title of the first article, "The Stupidest Man on Earth," gives a key to the practical character and style of this rather too spicy periodical. The Editor is strong enough without descending to such a mode of criticism as that in which he indulges in his article on "Ingersoll in a New Light." Magazines have always maintained a dignity which commands attention, and we should like to see the *Globe*, conducted as it is by a very keen, deep thinker, adopt expressions which are more polished and just as forcible.

The *Owl* for February is bright with a frontispiece of Leo XIII. and excellent articles on the Papal Jubilee, "Attempted Justification," "De Maistre," and other subjects. We thank our College friends at Ottawa for their very flattering word of THE CATHOLIC REGISTER.

Bishop O'Mahony's Will.

The estate of the late Right Rev. Bishop O'Mahony, which amounts to \$10,550, of which \$10,000 is in money, is all left to charity. The following bequests have been made: \$2,000 to the House of Providence; \$1,000 to the Sunnyside Orphanage; \$1,000 to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Parkdale; \$1,000 to the Sisters of the Precious Blood; \$1,000 to the St. Michael's Hospital; \$500 each to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, to the fund for sick priests; to the Macroon Convent, Ireland, and to the Convent of Mercy, Bridgetown, England. His library he willed to St. Michael's College. The will provides that should the law prevent these bequests, the Bishop's relatives shall, none of them, benefit by the estate, but it is to go outside the family. There is also a provision that none of his money shall go to St. Paul's parish, where he labored twelve years and spent \$20,000.

Thirteen new members were initiated into the League of the Cross (St. Paul's, Toronto,) during the last week.

## The Russian Church.

Dulm Review, January.

The question of the Russian "Orthodox" Church, as regards its eventual union with the Holy See, is one which at the present moment is agitating the minds of all the really thinking portion of that vast empire, and certain works which have lately appeared in Paris and in Rome on that subject merit, we think, the most careful and earnest consideration. We will give some extracts for our readers from Vladimir Soloviev's last book, published in Paris to escape the censorship of the Russian press.

He begins by the true assertion that there is a great difference in the religious ideal of the Eastern and Western Churches. "Oriental Christianity," he states, "is identified with personal piety, and prayer is looked upon as the main object of religion. The 'Western' Church, on the other hand, while looking for individual piety as the germ of all real religion, wishes that that germ should be developed and bear fruit in active social work for the glory of God and the universal good of humanity. The Oriental prays, the Occidental prays! and works."

Soloviev continues. "Jesus Christ has founded His Church not merely to contemplate heaven, but also to work on earth, that the gates of hell may not prevail against her. . . . We have in the East a Church which prays, but where is the Church which acts?" The only solution, according to Soloviev, is the recognition of this great truth, that the East is only a portion of the universal Church, and that having no centre in herself, she must join the great centre, which Providence has placed in Rome.

The Russian peasant is by nature deeply, even profoundly, religious. If you ask one of them, "What is meant by Orthodoxy?" he will tell you that it consists of the following things: to be baptized a Christian, to wear on the breast a cross or holy image of some sort, to adore Jesus Christ, to pray to the Blessed Virgin and all the Saints, to keep the feasts of obligation; to fast at the appointed seasons; to venerate the priests and religious order, to receive the sacraments and attend to one's religious duties. All that is holy and sacred with us, is equally so with them. Not only is the worship of the Blessed Virgin that distinctive mark of Catholicism, the special devotion of the people, but they have certain miraculous images of her, venerated by them and by the Catholics alike; at the Virgin of Ozenstochovo in Poland, for instance, and many others. "Therefore," as Soloviev adds, "if we have all the main points of our faith in common, we must recognize our solidarity with the Catholic Church in all that we consider most essential." What, then, is the main difficulty in the wished-for union? Soloviev answers: "The Sovereign Pontiff. All their so-called 'orthodoxy' and 'Russian ideas' are only a protest against the universal power of the Pope. Look at the position of the Russian National Church. Forced to submit without reserve to the secular power, this Church established by the Czar arrogates to itself an absolute authority, which can belong, by right, only to the Universal Church founded by Jesus Christ." Hence the revolt of what are called the *raskols* or *staroveres*, whose position is a most painful one; yet whose belief and assertion, that "there is no real spiritual government in the Russian Church" is undeniable. In spite of the bitterest persecution and endless martyrdoms, millions of peasants have remained faithful to these principles; and Cardinal Reischach, who had hoped to bring their condition before the Vatican Council (had he lived to do so), asserted that they could in no way be looked upon as schismatics, inasmuch as their liturgical books

were identical with those used by the Greek Catholics before the schism of Photius.

The most eminent of Russian theologians, Monsignor Poilareto, the Metropolitan Archbishop of Moscow, whilst apparently desiring a change of some sort, laments the possibility of calling together an Ecumenical Council to rectify abuses as long as the Eastern Church is separated from the Western. In one of his most important works he thus speaks.

"The true Church embraces all those who believe in Jesus Christ made man. The doctrine of the various religious communities is founded on the divine truth, although it may be mixed with human error. . . . The Eastern Church is undoubtedly the purest. . . . Yet, as all other Christian denominations pretend to a like purity of faith and doctrine, it is not wise to judge others, but rather to abandon all definite judgment to the spirit of God, who governs the Churches."

"Such," exclaims Soloviev, is the opinion of Monsignor Philarete, and the best part of the Russian clergy think as he does."

Lady Herbert presents other interesting quotations from Soloviev's book, and also from a recent work in similar vein by Padre Vanutelli—"La Russie, XVII., Squardo all' Oriente." This writer expresses his conclusions as follows:

"The masses cannot always be kept in their present state of paralyzed infancy. Public opinion must some day make itself heard, and in reality the change could be effected without discordant elements. . . . It would be enough for the Metropolitans to accept the confirmation of their powers by the Holy See, as do all the other Christian nations of the Oriental Rite, like the Armenians, the Moscovites, the Chaldeans, the Melchites, the Copts, etc., who keep to their own rites, their own language, and their own hierarchy, all of which concessions would be easily obtained from Rome by means of a concordat between Russia and the Holy See. Even the Holy Synod could be preserved, subject to certain limitations, and perhaps would have even greater liberty than now, when so entirely subject to the Government. . . . These are not illusions, they are well-grounded hopes, based on the study of the present state of society and on the infallible promises of Heaven, that one day all shall be united as one Fold under one Shepherd."—*Literary Digest*.

## A Notable Honor.

The Pope has conferred a notable honor on a notable personage, Domenico Parodi who was at one time one of the most brilliant officers in the Italian navy. The brave part he played in the disastrous naval battle of Lissa against the Austrians in 1866 gained for him a place in the esteem of all patriotic Italians, and he himself had his reward some time after in being made tutor to the duke of Genoa, and in being made a knight of the Order of Maurizio de Lazzara. He pursued his naval career with assiduity, and even genius, and became known throughout the Italian kingdom as a great maritime authority. In 1884, however, his mind turned to thoughts religious, and, renouncing the world, he entered the priesthood. His learning, his piety and his selfrenunciation, combined with the memory of his brilliant past, have given him an eminent position in the Catholic world, and now the Pope has rewarded his sacerdotal zeal by creating him a monsignor.

## A Valuable Hint.

When you are attacked by cough or cold do not delay but commence at once to use Haggard's Pectoral Balsam. This old stand and remedy removes all irritation, loosens the phlegm, and heals the mucous surfaces, curing coughs and colds of all kinds.

On May 24th, this year, Bishop McCloskey of Louisville, Ky., will have been twenty five years a Bishop. Bishop McCloskey was consecrated on May 24, 1869, in the chapel of the American College, Rome, by Cardinal Reischach, Archbishop of Vienna, assisted by Mgr. Vitelleschi and Mgr. de Morodo.

## The Prayer of Little Children.

Mahomet II. had taken prisoner the Count of Liptan, one of the lieutenants of Mathias, King of Hungary. The Sultan, furious on account of the checks which this valiant captain had inflicted upon him, loaded him with chains until he would be led to punishment. His friends and servants, desolate, did all they could to deliver him—but in vain. The steward of this Count had a charming young child, a little girl of twelve years, as sweet as she was gracious, but particularly remarkable for her piety. She was already called the Little Saint. With a bravery beyond her age the amiable child proposed to her father to go herself to the Ottoman camp, and affirmed that she would reach the prison where her master was suffering, and she felt she had strength enough to break his chains.

The father, after making a thousand objections, yielded and starts with her. The child was right. Her gentleness easily gained the soldiers; she learned where the Count of Liptan was to be found, and she finished by deceiving the watchfulness of the gaolers. The brave Count is completely taken aback, but hopes for nothing from such a childish intervention. "Courage," said the Little Saint to him, "your irons are rusty; you are strong; you can break them." The Count tries and tears his fingers to no purpose; the lock resists. He wishes to send the child back. "Nothing is left me except to die," he said. "Go." "No," she replied, "I will try." The Count dissuades her, urging her to leave. "How do you think," he says to her, "your delicate, tiny hands can break these irons against which I have hurt mine?" The child replied that she hoped that the good God would have pity on her weakness and her confidence in him.

"My God, my God," she cried, "do not abandon Thy servant; show that Thou dost love to aid the weak."

Then seizing the padlock in her little hands she starts to shake it. To the great astonishment of the Count, hardly had she made a few slight attempts than the padlock opens of itself without resistance.

Thus was this prisoner delivered, thanks to the faith and confidence of a child of twelve years. Had we the same trust in the prayers of children, what great things we could do for the Church, for our neighbors and ourselves!

## ROOT AND BRANCH,

the poison in your blood, however it may have come or whatever shape it may be taking, is cleared away by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's a remedy that rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and invigorates the whole system. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, and the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, are perfectly and permanently cured by it.

Unlike the ordinary Spring medicines or sarsaparillas, the "Discovery" works equally well at all seasons. All the year round and in all cases, it is *guaranteed*, as no other blood medicine is. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. You pay only for the good you get.

Isn't it safe to say that no other blood-purifier can be "just as good?"

If it were, wouldn't it be sold so?

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**Catholic Indians.**

On the St. Lawrence River, where the counties of Franklin and St. Lawrence reach the Canadian line, says the *Irish World*, New York is a peaceful reservation of civilized Indians, descendants of the savage Mohawks whom Cartier found three and a half centuries ago when exploring the St. Lawrence. Down to the time of the American Revolution they were recognized as the fiercest of the Five Nations, afterwards the Six Nations, which made up the terrible Iroquois confederacy. They furnished such able leaders as Brant and others, whose names are familiar in American history as warriors and commanders rivaling those of ancient Roman civilization in military genius. To day they present an object lesson eloquently illustrating the beneficent influence of Christian civilization.

The Six Nations paid the penalty of their crimes against the colonists committed in the pay of England during the Revolution. The intrepid General Sullivan in his famous campaign of 1779 broke their power, which had been a terror from Lake Superior to the Chesapeake. The Confederacy disbanded. Some sold their lands to the State of New York and moved westward or to Canada. The majority made treaties with the State, surrendering their lands for certain considerations, with the exception of certain reservations, which aggregate about 140 square miles for the 5,000 of the several tribes. These reservations are distributed in different parts of the State, the tribes still clinging with touching loyalty to their own language and traditions, and still treating as independent nations with the State and national governments.

Of the total Indian population of 5,133 in New York State 1,075 are reported by the eleventh census as communicants in different Christian churches. In five of the reservations the Indians to the number of 700 attend Protestant churches, but at St. Regis three-fourths of the Indians on the reservation are Catholics, numbering 300, and worship with their Canadian brethren in the parish church on the Canadian side of the line. The very interesting report on the condition and social life of the Six Nations, issued by the census superintendent, describes these St. Regis Indians as faithful followers of the rules and ceremonies of the Church. "The social life is informal, and the home life is quite regular, with an air of contented simplicity. All family obligations are well maintained, and the humble homes the co-operative industry of the children, the rarity of separations, and the number of large households are in harmony."

There is one significant feature in which the St. Regis Indians are the exception of all the Six Nations in their relations with the State Government and laws. By common consent they avail themselves of the courts of law "and submit their conduct to ordinary legal process and civil supervision, so that they have, in fact, no organic institution that antagonizes civilized methods." The other members of the Six Nations on the other hand retain their old customs. They are not amenable to national or State courts, except in cases of crime, which are very rare. The report pays a high tribute to the exemplary life under the spiritual direction of the loved and learned Father Manville, of St. Regis, and speaks of them as men "who honor and illustrate the virtues and capacities of true manhood, and women who are conspicuous for their domestic life, purity of character and Christian grace."

Such have been the work and the triumphs of Christianity from the beginning—ever softening the hearts of men, remoulding them in gentler form, and leading them out of the darkness of barbarism to the light

and freedom of Christian civilization. What she has done for the uncouth Red Man, in spite of every obstruction and every peril, she has been doing for mankind through all the centuries, and will so continue till the end of time.

**Apache Arrow Poison.**

We are indebted to L. B. Hawkes, recently in the government service in Arizona, for a description of the manner in which some of the braves in the Apache region prepare their deadly arrows. Although the Apaches have had little or no use for their poisoned weapons for years, still they because of a tribal instinct, each summer go through a preparation of their arrow tips as carefully and methodically as though an old-time war were at hand. This work on the arrows is one piece of labour that the Indian brave will not leave to the squaws. He gathers a dozen or more rattlesnake heads and puts them in a spherical earthen vessel. With these he puts half a pint of a species of large red ant that is found in many parts of Arizona. The bite of this ant is more poisonous than that of a bee. Upon these he pours a quantity of water, and then seals up with moist earth the lid of this vessel. He then digs a hole two feet deep into the ground, in which he builds a roaring fire and puts in some stones. When the interior of the hole and the stones are red hot he makes a place in the bottom for the earthen vessel and puts it in. About it and upon it he puts the coals and hot stones and upon the top he builds a fierce fire and keeps it up for twenty-four hours. Then he digs out his vessel, and standing off with a long pole, he disengages the top and lets the fumes escape. The Indian insists that if the fumes should come in his face they would kill him. The mass left at the bottom of the vessel is a dark brown paste. To test the efficacy of his concoction Mr. Hawkes has seen an Indian with his hunting knife make a cut in his leg, just below the knee, and let the blood run down to his ankle. Then, taking a stick, he dipped it into the poison and touched the descending blood at the ankle. It immediately began to sizzle, as if it were cooking the blood, and the poison followed the blood right up the leg, sizzling its way, until the Indian scraped the blood off with a knife. The savage assured Mr. Hawkes that had he allowed the poison to reach the mouth of the wound he would have been a dead man in twenty minutes.

**Henry IV. and his Children.**

Henry IV. of France always insisted upon his children calling him papa, as he did not wish them to address him by the titles of Sire and Majesty, according to the ceremonial adopted at foreign courts. He was in the habit of taking part in the childish amusements of his little ones. One day he was going round a room on all fours with the Dauphin, his first born, on his back, an ambassador unexpectedly entered his apartment. The king without changing his posture, said to him: "Sir, have you children of your own?" "Yes, sire" was the reply. "Ah, well, in that case I will finish my ride round the room."

An oratorical pause is apt to be misleading. At the end of one of Lord Palmerston's speeches, a butcher called out: "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause Lord Palmerston replied: "I will." The butcher then asked: "Will you or will you not support this measure?"—a Radical bill. Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I will—!" Then he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. "Not"—continued his lordship. (Loud Conservative cheers.) When these ceased, Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—"tell you." Then he immediately retired.

"Beauty" may be "only skin deep," but the secret of a beautiful skin is pure blood. Those coarse, rough, pimply complexions may, in most cases, be rendered soft, smooth and fair by the persevering and systematic use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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**The Scapulars of the B. V. M.**

About the year 1845, the sailing ship *King of the Ocean* left London Docks with a full complement of passengers for that far off land of the South—Australia. Amongst the passengers was a devout English Protestant clergyman, the Rev. James Fisher, and his wife and two children, James and Amelia, aged respectively about nine and seven years. The good ship ploughed her way pleasantly over the wild waste of waters until about making her eastward course, some five hundred miles west of Cape Agulhas, where the trade winds generally keep revel with the fierce undercurrent in that part of the Indian Ocean. The sun had scarcely sunk beneath the western waters, when a wild tornado swept the ocean from N. W. The waves were lashed into fury, the sails torn to shreds, and all the wooden structures on the deck were only as reeds before the angry wind and waves on that memorable occasion. The passengers were battered below, the captain and crew who had lashed themselves to the deck-rigging were unable to act. Moans of despair and cries of mercy, mingled with prayers, were heard alike from passengers and crew. Wave on wave washed over the apparently doomed boat, and nothing, but the intervention of Providence, could now save her from a watery bed. The Rev. Mr. Fisher, with his family and others, came on deck, and he asked that all might join in prayer for mercy and forgiveness, as their doom seemed inevitable, but the prayers and cries of help seemed only to be mocked by the hissing and moaning of the infuriated elements. Amongst the crew was a young Irish sailor, a native of the county of Louth, named John McAuliffe, who, opening his smock, took from his neck a pair of scapulars, given him by a pious mother, waved them in the form of a cross, and then threw them into the ocean. This action was only witnessed by the Rev. Mr. Fisher, his wife and children. Immediately the waters abated their fury, and the howling tempest calmed as it were to a zephyr, but a wavelet again washed over the side of the boat, and cast near the sailor boy the scapulars he had thrown into the scathing foam some minutes before. All was now calm, captain and sailors freed themselves from their lashings to right and set about re-rigging their boat, and steered her safely into Botany harbor. The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher approached the sailor-boy with deep reverence, and begged of him to let them know what these simple pieces of brown braid and cloth marked B. V. M. signified. When told, they then and there,

promised to join the Faith which has for its protector and powerful advocate, "Star of the Sea," the "Mother of Help." On landing at Sydney, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Fisher fulfilled their promises. They repaired to the little wooden chapel of St. Mary, on the site of which now stands a most gorgeous and magnificent church—and sought the advice and spiritual assistance of the then pious Father Polding, afterwards Archbishop, by whom they were received into the folds of the Catholic Church. This good family afterwards settled down on a farm on a nice plateau on the Blue Mountains, distant from Sydney some two hundred miles. The writer had the pleasure of conversing in the same house with James Fisher, the son of the Rev. Mr. Fisher, and hearing from him the foregoing facts, and no more devoted and practical members of our holy Faith in the antipodes can be found than the Fisher family of the Blue Mountains, N. S. W.—D. F. K., in *Cork Examiner*.

**Death of a Domestic Prelate.**

Mgr. Patrick Strain, of St. Mary's Church, Lynn, Mass., died Tuesday. Death was due to a complication of diseases. Mgr. Strain was ordained a priest in 1850. He was placed in charge of the parish of Chelsea and Lynn, which was small and needy, but he built it up. At the age of 65 he was made permanent rector and raised to the dignity of missionary apostolic to the Holy See. Ten years after he took up his residence in Lynn. In 1887 he was invested by Archbishop Williams with the purple of Roman prelate, and on Feb. 17, 1891, was created domestic prelate or member of the pontifical household, with the right to wear the purple and the rochet in the Roman curia by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII.

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**E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.**

## Catholics Killed in Africa.

A German Catholic paper has published the following letter from missionary circles in Uganda:

"On January 24 the long-threatened conflict between the Catholic and Protestant Bagandas broke out. A Protestant chief with all his troops attacked a Catholic chief in his own district. The latter defended himself and repulsed the Protestants, the attacking chief losing his life. This was the signal for a great massacre. Captain Lugard, the English commander, had, in spite of the stipulations of the Brussels Anti-Slavery Act, distributed the day before quick-firing rifles among the Protestants. Equipped with these, they attacked the surprised Catholics, who defended themselves as best they could. Their leaders fell, however, and they were finally defeated, owing to the superiority of the enemy's arms. The Catholic missionaries, who for a long time had exerted all their influence to prevent the stronger Catholics from attacking the Protestants, took no part in these fights. They nevertheless were the victims of blind hatred. The mission house of Rubaga was burnt down, and the missionaries nearly perished in the flames. Shots were fired at them from all sides, and they only escaped death by a miracle. In vain did they beg Captain Lugard for soldiers to protect their lives and property. The Protestant missions received this protection in good time; the Catholic not. A few days after this first attack, bands of Protestant Bagandas, strengthened by soldiers of the Kampala Fort, and equipped with a Maxim gun, made a fresh attack. The missionaries and Catholics had fled to a small island near the mainland. There they were attacked. Mgr. Hirth succeeded only with the greatest difficulty in escaping to the larger Sese, whence with some missionaries he fled to Buddu and Kisiba, to the west of the lake, after knocking about the coast for more than a fortnight in a bad boat, almost naked, and without provisions. Six other missionaries, in order to escape death, gave themselves up as prisoners, at Fort Kampala, after suffering all sorts of injuries from the Protestant Bagandas. A great number of Catholic women and children were drowned in the lake while fleeing. The others were captured and sold as slaves.

"On the 24th of January the English captain, Williams, led his troops against the royal residence to seize the king, but Mwanga had fled. Captain Lugard availed himself of the victory to haul down the king's flag. He proclaimed the Mohammedan chief Mbogo his successor. These are the facts. All Catholic missionary work is stopped, and 50,000 Catholics either murdered, sold as slaves, or dispersed in all directions. Who is responsible for all this? The English missionaries, who for years have preached hatred against the Papists, and Captain Lugard, who was sent to protect the Christians against the Arabs, but has now made use of his power to destroy the Catholics and to make an Islamite king."

The great importance of this unhappy affair is such that on the 13th in the House of Lords, the matter came up for discussion. By cablegram to this country we read: In the House of Lords to day Lord Harris (Liberal) asked that a commission be sent to Uganda to examine into and report up on the recent troubles in that country between Captain Lugard, the representative of the British East Africa Company and French missionaries. He claimed that the honor of England was at stake in this matter.

Lord Salisbury replied that a cablegram had just been received from Zanzibar which gave letters from Mwanga at the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, dated March 31, reporting the arrival of Captain Williams, an employe

of the British East Africa Company, who stated the fighting in Uganda had ended, and that Captain Lugard hoped to come to terms with Mwanga, king of that country. The English missionaries were in the Bukoba district. All were safe and well. This intelligence, Lord Salisbury said, would diminish the anxiety the government shared regarding the self-sacrificing, devoted men, who had appeared to be exposed to great dangers and suffering. Continuing Lord Salisbury said: "If I believed for a moment that British agents had been guilty of attacking Catholic establishments, or had in any way taken hostile action against other Europeans in Uganda, I would heartily condemn their conduct; but I cannot condemn British officers unheard."

Further letters which have been received from the White Fathers' mission in Uganda, East Africa, repeat the charges made against the Protestant forces in that kingdom of mowing down the Catholics, including many women and children, with a deadly rain of shot from the mitrailleuse with which they were supplied.

The letters also say that after the Catholic army had three times repelled the desperate attacks made on their ranks, the survivors were at length driven toward Victoria Nyanza. So hard pressed were the routed forces of the Catholics that they were actually forced into the great lake and from five hundred to six hundred of the poor people were drowned miserably like a herd of animals. The letters add that Major Kuehne saved the lives of Bishop Hirth and King Mwanga, who led the Catholics, by his timely arrival at the scene of carnage and his display of the German flag.

## The Forty Hours' Devotion.

One of the most touching and tender devotions which the Church presents to her children is that known as the "Forty Hours' Devotion." The exposition of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament brings our soul at once into the very presence of its Maker, and stimulates our deepest love and veneration. In this archdiocese, the faithful are particularly favoured as regards the opportunities to visit the Blessed Sacrament during the forty hours of its exposition, as each week different churches are designated where this devotion may be followed. As the penitential season of Lent is upon us, and as the Forty Hours' Devotion had its origin at this time, the following history is timely:

The scandalous scenes and irreverent acts committed during the days of the carnival preceding Ash Wednesday, afflicted pious souls, who prayed in secret to God. In 1584 a pious Capuchin monk, Father Joseph of Milan, invited the faithful to gather before the altar where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for forty hours in honor of the time our blessed Lord is supposed to have been in the sepulchre. Worshippers succeeded worshippers night and day to implore God's mercy when His justice was so openly provoked and defied. The devotion spread, and when St. Philip Neri founded the arch-confraternity of the Most Holy Trinity of the Pilgrims, he introduced the Forty Hours' Devotion on the first Sunday of every month. The Arch-confraternity of Our Lady of Prayer took it up in 1601. Pius IV. formally approved this devotion of reparation. Pope Clement directed the forty hours to be observed in one church after another, so that the Blessed Sacrament is exposed the whole year, and the faithful may gather to adore, to praise, to thank and to supplicate our Lord in the Sacrament of His love, and make reparation, so far as man can do, for the neglect, indifference, irreverence and open insult offered to His divine heart.

Other Popes renewed the approval and order, and granted the same indulgences. In this country the Forty

Hours' Devotion was first instituted at Natchez, in early colonial days, to avert God's anger, provoked by sins which His zealous ministry failed to check. But the devotion did not continue.

In our time the holy John Nepomucene Neuman, Bishop of Philadelphia, resolved to establish it. Many of his clergy thought the time had not come. The good bishop sat late at night writing letters, his mind full of the thought of the Forty Hours. The candle used to melt the wax to seal the letters burned down to the candlestick. He set it on the table, and soon nature exhausted claimed a rest. He fell into a doze, and woke to find the papers on the table burned to a crisp, leaving the writing legible. He fell on his knees to thank God for the escape, and regarded the circumstance as a sign that the devotion would remain amid all the flames. The devotion of the Forty Hours was accordingly established and was soon taken up at Baltimore and spread to other dioceses. At present it is general wherever there are churches enough to maintain it during the year.

The time should be given to prayer. It is not intended to give sermons and instructions and make it a mission or retreat. A plenary indulgence is granted to all who, after confession and communion, visit the church where the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, and pray devoutly for peace and union among Christian powers, the extirpation of heresies and the triumph of the Church. Partial indulgences are granted to all who visit the church and pray with the intention of approaching the Sacraments.

## Confirmation.

Candidates for Confirmation have already been formed into classes at St. Paul's. His Grace the Archbishop will begin his annual tour of Confirmation at St. Paul's, where there was none last year.

TRY IT.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

## The Excelsior Life Insurance Company.

## Report of Third Annual Meeting.

The Annual Meeting of the Company was held in Toronto on February 14th, at the Company's new offices, corner of Adelaide and Victoria streets.

The following Shareholders were present: E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., J. W. Lang, John Ferguson, M.D., Thomas Long, J. K. Leslie, E. H. Talmadge, D. Fasken, J. J. Davies, R. J. Robinson, J. W. Lee, Thomas R. Whiteside, Rev. S. Tucker, F. A. Berkishaw, Amos Harrington, H. M. Boddy, James Boddy, J. J. Graham, T. A. Miller, and E. Marshall, Toronto; J. R. Armstrong and J. W. Wurtelo, Ottawa; S. J. Parker and James Craig, Owen Sound; J. F. Palling, M.D., Barrie; R. W. Gordon, Pembroke; Alex. Kidd, Sarnia; J. T. B. Scott, Thornhill; J. T. McGeary, Whitby.

A large number of the Company's General and District Agents were also present, among whom were the following: Messrs. J. W. Wurtelo, Ottawa; James Craig, Owen Sound; John H. Glass, London; J. G. Liddell, Brantford; J. H. McInnis, Barrie; Geo. W. Keyes, St. Catharines; J. A. Campion, Belleville; A. E. Byers, Omeo; John Robertson, Toronto; F. W. Trowin, Oshawa; R. W. Gordon, Pembroke; and R. D. Stanley, Toronto.

E. F. Clarke, Esq., M.P.P., President, occupied the chair, and E. Marshall was appointed secretary.

The Directors' Annual Report was read by the Secretary, and on motion was unanimously adopted.

The Chairman, on rising to respond to a vote of thanks to the President and Board of Directors for their untiring efforts on behalf of the Company, said that the success achieved by the Excelsior in the twenty-six and a half months it had been in business had been most encouraging. Indeed, the Company had surpassed the record of other companies in nearly every desirable feature. The prospects for the future were exceedingly bright, and the indications were that the business of 1893 would largely exceed

that of the year just closed. Seven hundred and thirty-eight applications for \$934,600.00 of insurance were received during the year. Six hundred and thirty-six policies were issued for \$793,000.00; forty-five applications for \$60,000.00 were declined; and applications for \$81,000.00 were on hand awaiting completion. The insurance in force on December 31st was \$1,230,760.00, an increase of seventy-two per centage or \$515,500.00. The cash receipts for premiums and interest were nearly double those of the preceding year.

The death claims had only been \$2,000.00 for the twenty-six and a half months the Company had been in business, which was about one-fifth of the average percentage of losses sustained by other Canadian companies at the same period of their career. The large sum of \$16,902.00 had been added to the reserve during the year, which now amounts to \$31,781.00. The total available assets for the protection of policy-holders amounted to \$352,610.52. The rate of interest earned by the Company on its invested assets was considerably higher than that of any other company doing business in Canada, and the security of the investments was unsurpassed. One of the most noticeable features of the report was the comparatively low cost of management, etc. With such evidences, it was easy to predict for the Excelsior a successful career.

Dr. Palling gave practical illustrations of the valuable assistance that can be rendered the Company by its Directors and Shareholders.

Dr. Ferguson, in responding to the vote of thanks tendered the Medical Director and Examiners, said the prosperity of a Life Insurance Company depended almost solely on the security and productiveness of its investments, economy in management, and rate of mortality experienced. In all these features the Excelsior compared favorably with other Companies. He asked the Company's many Examiners to redouble their diligence, and in all cases to disfavor the Company's favor.

Drs. Urquhart and Palling also responded to the vote.

Mr. Boddy, Superintendent of Agencies, in responding to a vote of thanks, read a comprehensive report on the progress made in 1892, and enumerated a long list of Agencies established during the year.

The Chairman, in moving a vote of thanks to the Company's Agents throughout the Province, who had done so much able and efficient work, paid a high tribute to their indefatigable energy, and the magnificent results they had achieved during the past year were a proof of their zeal. He said the Company had been fortunate in securing honorable as its representatives, who secured business solely on the merits of the Company and its plans. An insight into the work done by them could be gained by a perusal of the Annual Report. The transactions of the year showed a higher percentage of increase than that of any other Company doing business in Canada. Of twenty-four active companies doing business in Canada in 1891, twelve gained less insurance than the Excelsior. That the Agents had been careful in selecting only the best quality of risks was evinced by the remarkably low death rate. The ratio of expenditure to amount of insurance in force was thirty-five per cent. below the average, proving that the Company was paying a low figure for its business, and that the greatest possible economy had been practised in all departments.

Mr. Wurtelo, in responding, said he had guaranteed to procure at least \$200,000 completed and accepted business by the end of this year.

Mr. Craig said the Excelsior had written up considerably more business in his district than any other company. The record would be beaten this year, as the outlook was never brighter. He said the Company's success in his district could be attributed in a large measure to the valuable assistance rendered by the Shareholders.

A number of other Agents also responded. Messrs. J. L. Kerr and Wilbur Grant were re-appointed Auditors for the ensuing year.

The meeting terminated in a most satisfactory manner, congratulations being the order of the day on the gratifying condition of the Company's affairs.

At a meeting of the Directors held immediately subsequent to the General Meeting, E. F. Clarke, M.P.P., was unanimously re-elected President, and Messrs. J. W. Lang and J. K. Leslie, Vice-Presidents.

The Executive Committee of last year was also re-elected.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' ELECTRIC OIL and resolved to try it, and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

The death, on February 11th, is announced of the Rev. Thomas McMahon, eldest son of Mr. McMahon, headmaster of the Waterford Model School.

SUMMARY OF IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A sad shooting fatality occurred on February 13th, in the townland of Scoon. A man named William Leallo, a shoemaker, took down a gun which had not been in use for some time, for the purpose of cleaning it, and while doing so it suddenly went off, shooting his wife through the neck. The poor woman died immediately.

During a gale on Lough Neagh, on February 14th, two sand lighters, which were in tow of a steam-tug from the Tyrone coast of the lough to the entrance of the Lagan Canal, were sunk about a mile from the shore, and a man named Donnelly, his wife, and his daughter, who were on board one of the lighters, were drowned. The owner of the other barge, a man named Burns, and his son were rescued in an exhausted condition.

Armagh.

In grateful recognition of the Pope having raised their revered Archbishop to the dignity of a Prince of the Church, the clergy of the diocese of Armagh prepared an address to the Holy Father expressive of their appreciation of the great honor thus conferred upon them. The address having been placed in the hands of Mr. James McConnell, he produced a handsome album bound in dark green morocco, ornamented with Irish tracery in the form of a cross, in the centre of which appears, in raised gold, the tiara and keys, in saltire. The pages of the album are most appropriately illuminated: the Pontifical Arms occupy the premier position, the arms of the diocese are also introduced and both are remarkable for the beauty of their heraldic blazonry. A miniature of St. Patrick and a view of the cathedral of Armagh, the town where he established his Metropolitan See, are also introduced. The address is signed by the Right Rev. Dean Byrne and the Very Rev. Archdeacon Murphy. It was presented on the day the Holy Father received the Irish pilgrims.

Carlow.

Mr. Charles John Engledow, J. P., of Burton Hall, Carlow, has been sworn in High Sheriff of the County of Carlow.

On Sunday, February 12th, the solemn and impressive ceremonies of the blessing and erection of the Stations of the Cross took place at the parish church, Darrow, one of the handsomest ecclesiastical structures in the Diocese of Ossory.

Clare.

In the beautifully situated Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, Cappoquin, was performed the interesting and solemn ceremony of Profession, on the 7th February. The young ladies whose happiness it was to make the solemn vows, were Miss Nora Kirwan, in religion Sister Mary Burchmans, youngest daughter of the late Mr. James Kirwan, Ballytiglea, Borris, Carlow, and Miss Bride Bonfil, in religion Sister Mary Stanislaus, eldest daughter of Mr. Patrick Bonfil, Killaloe, county Clare.

The obsequies of the late Rev. Martin Sweeney, P. P., New Quay, county Clare, who died at his residence, on February 8th, much regretted, took place on Friday, the 10th. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Francis Sweeney, C. C. (brother of the deceased); Rev. P. Davoren, C. C., deacon; Rev. R. Mewell, C. C., sub-deacon; and Rev. J. Burke, P. P., master of ceremonies. The remains were interred in the parish church to the left of the high altar. His loss is mourned by all classes, for he was most charitable and kind-hearted, and never hesitated to sacrifice his time or himself in any way to serve the interests of his parishioners.

Cork.

Mr. R. D. Mahony, auctioneer, Newmarket, has sold the interest of Mr. Robert Bolster in a farm of 102 statute acres, situate at Meelin, to Mr. Phil Brown, Newmarket, for £250.

On Feb. 17 the Countess of Aberdeen visited the School of Art, the Munster Dairy School, the Good Shepherd's Convent, the Marble Hill Industrial School, the Blackrock and the Kinsale Convents. She was received with enthusiasm everywhere. Numerous addresses were presented, to which her Ladyship replied.

Mrs. P. J. Coll, wife of the Clerk of the Kilmallock Board of Guardians, died on Feb. 10, at Knockree, Bruce, after a few weeks' illness, at the age of 58 years. Her remains were interred at the family burying ground at Dromin, accompanied by an immense cortege of sorrowing relatives and sympathising friends.

John Maloney, of Garoconna, Charleville, departed this life at the very advanced age of 109 years. He was born on the 8th March, 1784. He remembered about the '85 movement, and knew several of its leading members. He retained the use of his limbs up to about twelve months ago, and had the full possession of his faculties up to his last moments.

The Rev. Michael Horgan, one of the oldest priests in the diocese of Cork, of which he was a native, and a relative of the late Very Rev. Joseph Horgan, P. P., Ballymore Eustace, died at a very advanced age on February 20, after the obsequies, which took place at St. Finbar's. The deceased was educated at Maynooth, and ordained in 1829. He was successively curate of St. Peter and

Paul's, workhouse chaplain, ministered for a time at Dudley, in Staffordshire, afterwards curate at Monkstown and Dunmanway, county Cork, and ultimately, for about twenty-five years, chaplain to the South Presentation Convent, which office his age and health obliged him to relinquish about a year ago.

Derry.

On the 7th of February, at the Convent chapel of the Faithful Companions of Jesus, Newtownbarry, the interesting ceremony of reception took place. The young lady who received the habit of religion from the hands of the Most Rev. Dr. Browne, Bishop of Ferns, was Teresa (in religion Sister Mary Teresa), fifth daughter of Mr. J. McNicholl, Maghera, county Derry.

Dublin.

The remains of Mr. Maurice John O'Brien were removed from his late residence, 23 Cabra road, Dublin, and interred in Glasnevin on February 15th. Mr. O'Brien had been for nearly 40 years connected with the clerical staff of Messrs. Arnott & Co., Henry street, and was universally respected. In his youth he was well known in the athletic world, and up to the time of his death evinced the keenest interest in all athletic competitions.

One of the Irish pioneers of Australia passed away recently. Mr. P. Walsh, one of the oldest residents in Burrungong, died at the ripe age of seventy-five years, in Sydney. The last rites at the grave were performed at Glenfoll by the Rev. Fathers Gray and Hennessy. The deceased had been a resident in the district for more than 40 years, and owned an estate of 12,000 acres of freehold land at Kiklamoh. He with two brothers and three sisters, landed in Sydney on the 1st August, 1844; of that party one sister and two brothers survive, there being also another sister living in the old home in Ireland.

An interesting ceremony took place on Sunday, the 20th January, the Feast of St. Agnes, at the convent attached to the hospital at Via Ferrucio, Florence, Italy, under the care of the community of the Little Company of Mary, when Miss Christina Woods, daughter of Mr. John Woods, engineer of the Corporation pumping station, Lower Sheriff street, Dublin, made her final vows and was received into the Order. After the ceremony a most happy reunion took place in the convent, when Sister Mary John, the name she takes in religion, received the congratulations of her friends, the good Sisters, among whom are to be found many Dublin ladies.

Galway.

On February 7, at the parish Chapel, Belclare, Patrick, eldest son of Malachy Hession, of Carmer, was married to Mary, eldest daughter of John McGrath, of Rusheehan, Inam, by the Rev. Mark Eagleston, C. C.

The Lord Chancellor has conferred the Commission of the Peace for the County of Galway on John E. Dowling, Esq., M. D., Inam; John Nolan, Esq., Garra House, Ballyglunn; and Doctor Charles J. Blake, Headford.

Kerry.

Dr. Gerard Pierce, of 2 Seaport terrace, Clontarf, Dublin, was, on Feb. 8th, elected Medical Officer of the Ballyduff Dispensary District.

The death is announced of Mr. Maurice Collins, of Meelin. He suffered several terms of imprisonment, which completely undermined his health.

An old beggar woman named Cahill—known as "Kit Cahill"—died suddenly in Bridge street, Tralee, on Feb. 14th. Heart disease is supposed to be the cause.

On Feb. 15th Mr. Thomas O'Rourke, T. C., left Tralee for Chicago, where he is to make his future home. For nearly a quarter of a century Mr. O'Rourke has been prominently associated with the public and political life of Tralee, and was widely known and deservedly esteemed as a staunch and consistent Nationalist. Like most Irish Nationalists Mr. O'Rourke suffered persecution and imprisonment at the hands of the English Government, and his plucky action in the Coercion Court in Tralee, prior to his last term of imprisonment for selling newspapers containing reports of the National League, will be remembered.

Kilkenny.

The Lord Lieutenant has appointed Mr. Nicholas Lambert, of Dysartmon House, Tullogher, and Mr. Wm. De Courcy, of Borrismore House, Urlingford, to the Commission of the Peace for the County of Kilkenny. Messrs. P. J. Morrissey, High Sheriff, and J. W. O'Hanrahan, Irishtown, Kilkenny, have been sworn in as Justices of the Peace for the Borough of Kilkenny.

The following clerical changes have taken place in the Diocese of Ossory:—The Rev. John Bowe, late C. C., Gowran, to be P. P., Urlingford; Rev. Patrick Walsh, late C. C., Ballycallan, to be C. C., Gowran; Rev. Thos. Foyne, late C. C., Rosbercon, to be C. C., Ballycallan; Rev. John Cahill, late C. C., Aughavillar, to be C. C., Rosbercon; Rev. Edward O'Keefe, late C. C., Ballyhale, to be C. C., Aughavillar; Rev. Wm. Connolly, late C. C., Urlingford, to be C. C., Ballyhale.

Limerick.

On the morning of February 15th Mr. Arthur Jones, manager of the Annaduff Loan Fund, was found dead in a garden

convenient to his residence, about ten o'clock. Death had been caused by a revolver bullet, which had entered immediately under the heart. He had left his residence about 10.30 a.m., having with him a six-chambered revolver, avowedly for the purpose of shooting a dog, and immediately afterwards his daughter, on entering the garden, was horrified to find him lying on the ground, dead. Deceased, who was widely known and highly popular, leaves a wife and eight children.

Limerick.

The obsequies of the late Sister Mary, of St. Colman, took place at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Limerick on Jan. 31st.

On February 14th Lady Aberdeen visited the Limerick Clothing Factory, the Lace Training School, and the Christian Brothers' Industrial School. A number of addresses were presented to her, to which she replied.

Louth.

By order of the Privy Council, a pack of hounds brought to Dundalk from Tipperary, by the officers of the 15th Hussars, has been destroyed, rabies having appeared in the pack on two separate occasions. The dogs ordered to be destroyed were twenty-five in number, and cost the officers over £200. The latter will now have to be content with a "scatch pack" and "drag" hunting for the remainder of the season.

Meath.

Mr. Joseph T. L. Lowry, third son of Mr. Joseph Lowry, Bachelor's Lodge, Navan, has been sworn in a solicitor of her Majesty's High Court of Justice in Ireland. Mr. Lowry served his apprenticeship to Mr. J. Clarke, 37 Westmoreland street, Dublin, and intends practising in his native county.

While hunting with the Meath Hounds, on February 10th, Mr. R. Hamilton-Stunton, D. L., of Moyn, Queen's County, met with a serious accident. In taking a fence his horse slipped, and, falling heavily on his rider, broke his leg. He was removed to Black Castle, Navan, where he is progressing favorably.

Monaghan.

Mr. William M. Veale, for many years an efficient and capable Relieving Officer in the Waterford Union, died on February 4th. Mr. Veale was a staunch and unswerving Nationalist whose services in the Land League movement were highly appreciated by the Irish Party. During "Backshot" Forster's regime he was arrested as a suspect and confined for many months in Naas Jail. After a tedious illness he passed away to reap the rewards of a blameless and honorable life. The remains of the deceased were interred in Fenor Churchyard, and were followed to their last resting-place by a highly representative cortege.

Queen's County.

On Thursday, February 9th, at the Presentation Convent, Maryborough, Miss Ellie Byrne (in religion Sister Mary Patrick), daughter of Mr. William Byrne, Tallmelan, Clonmel, was professed as a religious by the Most Rev. Dr. Lynch, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, assisted by the Very Rev. A. Phelan.

Roscommon.

In the Landed Estates Court, Dublin, on February 15th, Judge Monroe sanctioned an offer by the Land Commission to purchase, as trustee for the Congested Districts Board, for the sum of £7,600, a portion of the French estate in the county Roscommon, the object of the Board being, it is understood, to enlarge the holdings of some small tenants by the addition of pasture land which they would acquire by this purchase, together with the original holdings of tenants.

Sligo.

Rev. Father Canning, P. P., Ballyhaunis (for some time C. A. for Westport) was paid a high and affectionate compliment in the Temperance Hall, recently. A large meeting (presided over by the Father McDermott, C. A.) there assembled and testified, in most becoming and affectionate language, to the holiness, zeal, gentleness, and priestly solicitude which had marked his mission amongst them.

Most Rev. Dr. Conway has recently made the following changes in Killala:—Rev. Patrick Devany, from Ballycastle to Bangor; Rev. Peter O'Hara, from Shroon to Backs; Rev. J. Mullon, from Crossmolina to Lahardane; Rev. J. Colleran, from Lahardane to Crossmolina; Rev. John Boyle, from Backs to Shroon; Rev. Michael Clarke, from Esakey to Ballycastle; Rev. John Geraghty, from Bangor Erris to Kilcommon; Rev. Peter Davis, from Belmullet to Esakey; Rev. John Hegarty, from Kilcommon to Belmullet.

Tipperary.

Mr. John F. McCarthy, M. P., for the Mid-Division of Tipperary, died on Feb. 8th, at his residence, Roscrea. For a considerable time past Mr. McCarthy was suffering from an affection of the lungs, and had been confined to bed. At the National Convention for Mid-Tipperary, held in June last, Mr. McCarthy and J. Hogan, journalist, London, well known as the author of "The Irish in Australia," were proposed as candidates, and, after the two candidates had addressed the meeting, Mr. McCarthy secured the majority of votes, and was selected. At the general election in July Mr. McCarthy was returned by an overwhelming majority. Mr. McCarthy's death is the first sad event of the kind that has befallen

the Irish party returned at the general election. The deepest regret is felt both by constituents and colleagues at the loss they have sustained. The remains were consigned to their last resting place in the beautiful new burial ground attached to St. Cronan's church, Roscrea. The sorrow so keenly felt at the death of Mr. McCarthy was fully testified by the large numbers, embracing men of all creeds and shades of politics, who attended the obsequies.

Tyrone.

In the Court house, Strabane, on Feb. 14th, Justice Bewley, Commissioner Wrench and Commissioner Fitzgerald delivered judgment on the following rent appeals:—McCallion, tenant, Mansfield, landlord; dismissions confirmed. Nelson, tenant, Mansfield, landlord; dismissions confirmed. Buchanan, tenant, Lord Leitrim, landlord; old rent, £40 10s.; judicial rent, £30; confirmed. Nelson, tenant, Lecky, landlord; dismissions confirmed—a mill-holding. Montgomery, tenant, Sanderson landlord; three holdings; No. 1, old rent, £8; confirmed. No. 5, old rent, £38 13s.; judicial, £29 10s.; reduced to £27. No. 5, old rent, £27 10s.; judicial, £25; reduced to £23. J. H. Swinoy, tenant, same landlord; old rent, £230; judicial rent, £230; confirmed. Henderson, tenant, Lord Erne, landlord; old rent, £33 11s.; judicial, £27; confirmed. McGurk, tenant, McFarlane, landlord; old rent, £8; judicial, £5 2s. 6d.; raised to £6.

Waterford.

On February 11th, at Mount Kennett Quay, a young man named Michael O'Brien and a fellow-worker named Michael Dwyer, were carrying fish-bait to a lighter lying in the river, when O'Brien accidentally slipped and fell into the river and was drowned.

The following changes have recently been made:—Rev. T. Moran, C. C., Carrick, to be C. C., Portlaw; Rev. J. Moran, from Ballyneale, to be C. C., Knockanore; Rev. P. Keating, C. C., Portlaw, to be C. C., Carrick-on-Suir; Rev. Wm. Kelly, Chaplain, Waterford, to be C. C., Ballyneale; Rev. J. J. Egan, C. C., Caher, to be Chaplain, Waterford; Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. C., Aghlish, to be C. C., Caher; Rev. Joseph Mulcahy, C. C., Clogheer, to be C. C., Aghlish; Rev. Michael McGrath, C. C., Knockanore, to be C. C., Clogheer.

Wexford.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Thos. Hogan, of New Ross, which took place on February 13, at her residence in Mary st. The deceased, who had attained a fine old age, was well known and widely respected, and for a good number of years had held an important position under the New Ross Board of Guardians.

Wicklow.

On February 11 the mortal remains of Mr. James Butler, of Bray, were laid to rest in the family vault in the old burial ground at Castletown, where lie the ashes of four generations of the family, which is one of the oldest and most respected in the county of Wexford. The deceased was the third son of the late Mr. James Butler, of Arklow, and had been in business in Bray for a considerable time, being a member of the firm of Butler Brothers, of that town. Mr. Butler was a general favorite and extremely popular with all classes, and his death, after a protracted illness, at the early age of thirty years, has caused very genuine and widespread regret. The funeral took place from Arklow and was very largely attended. Rev. Father Dunphy, P. P., Arklow, recited the burial service.

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Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with best results.

The Catholic schools of Chicago have been allowed 3,000 square feet in the mechanics' building at the World's Fair, where the educational exhibit will take place.

Comment Not Necessary

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## RAMONA.

## A Story.

By HELEN JACKSON.

## CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

It had taken only the twinkling of an eye, but it had told Margarita the truth. Alessandro too.

"My God!" he said, "the Senorita thought me making love to that girl. May the fiends get her! The Senorita looked at me as if I were a dog. How could she think a man would look at a woman after he had once seen her! And I can never, never speak to her to tell her! Oh, this cannot be borne!" And in his age Alessandro threw his pruning-knife whirling through the air so fiercely, it sank to the hilt in one of the old olive-trees. He wished he were dead. He was minded to flee the place. How could he ever look the Senorita in the face again!

"Perdition take that girl!" he said over and over in his hopeless despair. An ill outlook for Margarita after this; and the girl had not deserved it.

In Margarita's heart the pain was more clearly defined. She had seen Ramona a half second before Alessandro had; and dreaming no special harm, except a little confusion at being seen thus standing with him—for she would tell the Senorita all about it when matters had gone a little farther—had not let go of Alessandro's hand. But the next second she had seen in his face a look; oh, she would never forget it, never! That she should live to have had any man look at her like that! At the first glimpse of the Senorita, all the blood in his body seemed rushing into his face, and he had snatched his hand away—for it was Margarita herself that had taken his hand, not he hers—had snatched his hand away, and pushed her from him till she had nearly fallen. All this might have been borne if it had been only a fear of the Senorita seeing them which had made him do it. But Margarita knew a great deal better than that. That one swift, anguished, shame-smitten, appealing, worshipping look on Alessandro's face, as his eyes rested on Ramona, was like a flash of light into Margarita's consciousness. Far better than Alessandro himself, she now knew his secret. In her first rage she did not realize either the gulf between herself and Ramona, or that between Ramona and Alessandro. Her jealous rage was as entire as if they had all been equals together. She lost her head altogether, and there was embodied insolence in the tone in which she said presently, "Did the Senorita want me?"

Turning swiftly on her, and looking her full in the eye, Ramona said: "I saw you go to the orchard, Margarita, and I knew what you went for. I knew that you were at the brook last night with Alessandro. All I wanted of you was to tell you that if I see anything more of this sort I shall speak to the Senora!"

"There is no harm," muttered Margarita, sullenly. "I don't know what the Senorita means."

"You know very well, Margarita," retorted Ramona. "You know that the Senora permits nothing of the kind. Be careful, now, what you do." And with that the two separated, Ramona returning to the veranda and her embroidery, and Margarita to her neglected duty of making the good Father's bed. But each girl's heart was hot and unhappy; and Margarita's would have been still hotter and unhappier had she heard the words which were being spoken on the veranda a little later.

After a few minutes of his blind rage at Margarita, himself, and fate generally, Alessandro, recovering his senses, had ingeniously persuaded him-

self that, as the Senora's and also the Senorita's servant for the time being, he owed it to them to explain the situation in which he had just been found. Just what he was to say he did not know; but no sooner had the thought struck him than he set off at full speed for the house hoping to find Ramona on the veranda, where he knew she spent all her time when not with Senor Felipe.

When Ramona saw him coming she lowered her eyes, and was absorbed in her embroidery. She did not wish to look at him.

The footsteps stopped. She knew he was standing at the steps. She would not look up. She thought if she did not he would go away. She did not know either the Indian or the lover nature. After a time, finding the consciousness of the soundless presence intolerable, she looked up, and surprised on Alessandro's face a gaze which had, in its long interval of freedom from observation, being slowly gathering up into it all the passion of the man's soul, as a burning-glass draws the fire of the sun's rays. Involuntarily a low cry burst from Ramona's lips, and she sprang to her feet.

"Ah! did I frighten the Senorita? Forgive. I have been waiting here a long time to speak to her. I wished to say—"

Suddenly Alessandro discovered that he did not know what he wished to say.

As suddenly Ramona discovered that she knew all he wished to say. But she spoke not, only looked at him searchingly.

"Senorita," he began again, "I would never be unfaithful to my duty to the Senora, and to you."

"I believe you, Alessandro," said Ramona. "It is not necessary to say more."

At these words a radiant joy spread over Alessandro's face. He had not hoped for this. He felt, rather than heard, that Ramona understood him. He felt, for the first time, a personal relation between himself and her.

"It is well," he said, in the brief phrase so frequent with his people. "It is well." And with a reverent inclination of his head he walked away. Margarita, still dawdling surlily over her work in Father Salvierderra's room, heard Alessandro's voice, and, running to discover to whom he was speaking, caught these last words. Peering from behind a curtain, she saw the look with which he said them; saw also the expression on Ramona's face as she listened.

Margarita clenched her hands. The seed had blossomed. Ramona had an enemy.

"Oh, but I am glad Father Salvierderra has gone!" said the girl, bitterly. "He'd have had this out of me, spite of everything. I haven't got to confess for a year, maybe; and much can happen in that time."

Much, indeed!

## CHAPTER VIII.

slips gained but slowly. The relation was indeed, as Father Salvierderra had said, worse than the original attack. Day after day he lay with little apparent change; no pain, but a weakness so great that it was almost harder to bear than sharp suffering would have been. Nearly every day Alessandro was sent for to play or sing to him. It seemed to be the only thing that roused him from his half lethargic state. Sometimes he would talk with Alessandro on matters relative to the estate, and show for a few moments something like his old animation; but he was soon tired, and would close his eyes, saying: "I will speak with you, again about this, Alessandro, I am going to sleep now. Sing."

The Senora, seeing Felipe's enjoyment of Alessandro's presence, soon came to have a warm feeling towards him herself. moreover, she greatly liked his quiet reticence. There was hardly a surer road to the Senora's

favor, for man or woman, than to be obary of speech and reserved in demeanor. She had an instinct of kinship to all that was silent, self-contained, mysterious, in human nature. The more she observed Alessandro the more she trusted and approved him. Luckily for Juan Can, he did not know how matters were working in his mistress's mind. If he had, he would have been in a fever of apprehension, and would have got at swords' points with Alessandro immediately. On the contrary, all unaware of the real situation of affairs, and never quite sure that the Mexican he dreaded might not any day hear of his misfortune, and appear asking for the place, he took every opportunity to praise Alessandro to the Senora. She never visited his bedside that he had not something to say in favor of the lad, as he called him.

"Truly, Senora," he said again and again, "I do marvel where the lad got so much knowledge at his age. He is like an old hand at the sheep business. He knows more than any shepherd I have—a deal more; and it is not only of sheep. He has had experience, too, in the handling of cattle. Juan Jose has been beholden to him more than once already for a remedy of which he knew not. And such modesty, withal. I knew not that there were such Indians; surely there cannot be many such."

"No, I fancy not," the Senora would reply absently. "His father is a man of intelligence, and has trained his son well."

"There is nothing he is not ready to do," continued Alessandro's eulogist. "He is as handy with tools as if he had been 'prenticed to a carpenter. He has made me a new splint for my leg, which was a relief like salve to a wound, so much easier was it than before. He is a good lad—a good lad."

None of these saying of Juan's were thrown away on the Senora. More and more closely she watched Alessandro; and the very thing which Juan had feared, and which he had thought to avert by having Alessandro his temporary substitute, was slowly coming to pass. The idea was working in the Senora's mind that she might do a worse thing than engage this young, strong, active, willing man to remain permanently in her employ. The possibility of an Indian's being so born and placed that he would hesitate about becoming permanently a servant even of the Senora Moreno, did not occur to her. However, she would do nothing hastily. There would be plenty of time before Juan Can's leg got well. She would study the young man more. In the meantime she would cause Felipe to think of the idea and propose it.

So one day she said to Felipe: "What a voice that Alessandro has, Felipe. We shall miss his music sorely when he goes, shall we not?"

"He's not going?" exclaimed Felipe, startled.

"Oh, no, no; not at present. He agreed to stay till Juan Can was about again; but that will be not more than six weeks now, or eight, I suppose. You forget how time has flown while you have been lying here ill, my son."

"True, true!" said Felipe. "Is it really a month already?" and he sighed.

"Juan Can tells me that the lad has a marvellous knowledge for one of his years," continued the Senora. "He says he is as skilled with cattle as with sheep, knows more than any shepherd we have on the place. He seems wonderfully quiet and well-mannered. I never saw an Indian who had such behaviour."

"Old Pablo is just like him," said Felipe. "It was natural enough, living so long with Father Peyri. And I've seen other Indians, too, with a good deal the same manner as Alessandro. It's born in them."

"I can't bear the idea of Alessandro's going away. But by that time

you will be well and strong," said the Senora; "you would not miss him then, would you?"

"Yes, I would, too!" said Felipe, pettishly. He was still weak enough, to be childish. "I like him about me. He's worth a dozen times as much as any man we've got. But I don't suppose money could hire him to stay on any ranch."

"Were you thinking of hiring him permanently?" asked the Senora, in a surprised tone. "I don't doubt you could do so if you wished. They are all poor, I suppose; he would not work with the shearers if he were not poor."

"Oh, it isn't that," said Felipe, impatiently. "You can't understand, because you've never been among them. But they are just as proud as we are. Some of them, I mean; such men as old Pablo. They shear sheep for money just as I sell wool for money. There isn't so much difference. Alessandro's men in the band obey him, and all the men in the village obey Pablo, just as implicitly as my men here obey me. Faith, much more so!" added Felipe, laughing. "You can't understand it, mother, but it's so. I am not at all sure I could offer Alessandro Assis money enough to tempt him to stay here as my servant."

The Senora's nostrils dilated in scorn. "No, I do not understand it," she said. "Most certainly I do not understand it. Of what is it that these noble lords of villages are so proud? their ancestors—naked savages less than a hundred years ago? Naked savages they themselves too, to-day, if we had not come here to teach and civilise them. The race was never meant for anything but servants. That was all the Fathers ever expected to make of them—good, faithful Catholics, and contented labourers in the fields. Of course there are always exceptional instances, and I think, myself, Alessandro is one. I don't believe, however, he is so exceptional, but that if you were to offer him, for instance, the same wages you pay Juan Can, he would jump at the chance of staying on the place."

"Well, I shall think about it," said Felipe. "I'd like nothing better than to have him here always. He's a fellow I heartily like. I'll think about it."

Which was all the Senora wanted done at present.

Ramona had chanced to come in as this conversation was going on. Hearing Alessandro's name, she seated herself at the window, looking out, but listening intently. The month had done much for Alessandro with Ramona, though neither Alessandro nor Ramona knew it. It had done this much—that Ramona knew always when Alessandro was near, that she trusted him, and that she had ceased to think of him as an Indian any more than when she thought of Felipe she thought of him as a Mexican. Moreover, seeing the two men frequently together, she had admitted to herself, as Margarita had done before her, that Alessandro was far the handsomer man of the two. This Ramona did not like to admit, but she could not help it.

"I wish Felipe were as tall and strong as Alessandro," she said to herself many a time. "I do not see why he could not have been. I wonder if the Senora sees how much handsomer Alessandro is."

When Felipe said that he did not believe he could offer Alessandro Assis money enough to tempt him to stay on the place, Ramona opened her lips suddenly, as if to speak, then changed her mind, and remained silent. She had sometimes displeased the Senora by taking part in conversations between her and her son.

Felipe saw the motion, but he also thought it wiser to wait till after his mother had left the room, before he asked Ramona what she was on the point of saying. As soon as the Senora went out, he said: "What was it,

Ramona, you were going to say just now?"

Ramona colored, She had decided not to say it.

"Tell me, Ramona," persisted Felipe. "You were going to say something about Alessandro staying; I know you were."

Ramona did not answer. For the first time in her life she found herself embarrassed before Felipe.

"Don't you like Alessandro?" said Felipe.

"Oh, yes!" replied Ramona, with instant eagerness. "It was not that at all. I like him very much." But then she stopped.

"Well, what is it, then? Have you heard anything on the place about his staying?"

"Oh, no, no; not a word!" said Ramona. "Everybody understands that he is here only till Juan Can gets well. But you said you did not believe you could offer him money enough to tempt him to stay."

"Well," said Felipe, inquiringly, "I do not. Do you?"

"I think he would like to stay," said Ramona, hesitatingly. "That was what I was going to say."

"What makes you think so?" asked Felipe.

"I don't know," Ramona said, still more hesitatingly. Now that she had said it she was sorry. Felipe looked curiously at her. Hesitancy like this, doubts, uncertainty as to her impressions, were not characteristic of Ramona. A fitting something which was far from being suspicious or jealousy, and yet was of kin to them both, went through Felipe's mind—went through so swiftly that he was scarce conscious of it; if he had been he would have scorned himself. Jealous of an Indian sheep-shearer? Impossible! Nevertheless, the fitting something left a trace, and prevented Felipe from forgetting the trivial incident; and after this it was certain that Felipe would observe Ramona more closely than he had done; would weigh her words and actions; and if she should seem by a shade altered in either, would watch still more closely. Mesheas were closing around Ramona. Three watchers of her every look and act—Alessandro in pure love, Margarita in jealous hate, Felipe in love and perplexity. Only the Senora observed her not. If she had, matters might have turned out very differently; for the Senora was clear-sighted, rarely mistaken in her reading of people's motives, never long deceived; but her observing and discriminating powers were not in focus, so far as Ramona was concerned. The girl was curiously outside of the Senora's real life. Shelter, food, clothes, all external needs, in so far as her means allowed, the Senora would, without fail, provide for the child her sister had left in her hands as a trust; but a personal relation with her, a mother's affection, or even interest and acquaintance, no. The Senora had not that to give. And if she had it not, was she to blame? What could she do? Years ago Father Salvierderra had left off remonstrating with her on this point. "Is there more I should do for the child? Do you see aught lacking, aught amiss?" the Senora would ask conscientiously, but with pride. And the Father, thus inquired of, could not point out a duty which had been neglected.

"You do not love her, my daughter," he said.

"No." Senora Moreno's truthfulness was of the adamant order. No, I do not. I cannot. One cannot love by act of will.

"That is true," the Father would say, sadly, "but affection may be cultivated."

"Yes, if it exists," was the Senora's constant answer. "But in this case it does not exist. I shall never love Ramona. Only at your command, and to save my sister a sorrow, I took her. I will never fail in my duty to her."

It was of no use. As well say to the mountain, "Be cast into the sea," as try to turn the Senora's heart in any direction whither it did not of itself tend. All that Father Salvierderra could do was to love Ramona the more himself, which he did heartily, and more and more each year, and small marvel at it; for a gentler, sweeter maiden never drew breath than this same Ramona, who had been all these years, save for Felipe, lonely in the Senora Moreno's house.

Three watchers of Ramona now. If there had been a fourth, and that fourth herself, matters might have turned out differently. But how should Ramona watch? How should Ramona know? Except for her one year at school with the nuns, she had never been away from the Senora's house. Felipe was the only young man she had known—Felipe, her brother since she was five years old.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

An Interesting Island.

A curious discovery has been made on the Island of Kitaba, one of the Trobriand group, off the northwest coast of New Guinea. A great many sailors passing this little island have imagined that it had no inhabitants because they saw no evidence of human occupation. Sir William McGregor the administrator of British New Guinea, says the island has an area of only five or six square miles. On all sides it presents a low and slightly sloping margin, usually about a quarter of a mile broad, covered by heavy timber. Within is a precipitous coral wall, which can be ascended only at a few places. The bank to a height of 300 or 400 feet. Once at the top the visitor finds within this wall a plateau which occupies the whole of the center of the island and is from 50 to 100 feet below the coral wall surrounding it.

There about 1,000 natives live and till their gardens. The rich chocolate colored soil yields them an ample supply of food. They are completely protected from the wind by the rocky rim that incloses their plateau. On this elevated and almost inaccessible plain are thirteen villages, each of which contains over twenty houses. There are no intertribal hostilities, and it is not possible for the natives of other islands to oppress the people, because on this plateau, naturally fortified as it is, they are inaccessible to hostile tribes. The drainage of the plateau is excellent. There are great cavities in the coral wall through which the rainfall filters and makes its way to the sea.—Chicago Times.

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Sarsaparilla is the best all-the-year-round medicine you can find. It expels the poison of Scrofula and Catarrh and the acid that causes Rheumatism. It makes food nourishing, work pleasant, sleep refreshing, and life enjoyable. It is the Superior Medicine. Miss A. L. Collins, Dighton, Mass., writes: "For five years, I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla each spring and fall and received wonderful benefit from it." George Gay, 70 Cross St., Centre Falls, R. I., says that for spring and summer complaints, he has found no other medicine equal to AYER'S

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**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.



Cardinal Foulon.

Cardinal Foulon, whose death lately deprived Lyons of its Archbishop, France of a dauntless patriot, and the Church of a devoted prince and prelate, was born at Paris in 1823. In 1867 he was named Bishop of Nancy and Toul, in Lorraine. After the last Franco-Prussian war this diocese lay partly in France and partly in Prussia. The latter portion was afterwards incorporated in the diocese of Metz and Strasbourg. This peculiar situation did not fail to produce irritation. Mgr. Foulon published a pastoral letter, in which, referring to France, he asked prayers for the fatherland "in order that the cruel separations which the war imposed upon it might not be without hope, and that the heights of Sion might never more be limited by a frontier." Sion is a celebrated pilgrimage in Lorraine, from which the summit of the Vosges, the actual frontier, may be seen. This pastoral letter was read in all the churches of the diocese, even in those parts which had been annexed to Germany, but which had not yet been transferred to a German See. At first no notice was taken of it; but in a short time a certain number of the parish priests situated in the acquired territory were punished; then the Bishop was summoned before the tribunal of Saverne, which condemned him for contumacy to two months' imprisonment. The iron Chancellor, Bismarck, made the most of the incident and strove to have the French Government reprimand the Bishop. But it merely added to his popularity. He was in 1882 appointed Archbishop of Besancon, and in 1887 transferred to the See of Lyons.

A Martyr.

Three years ago Father Dumoulin, of the archdiocese of Aix, was arrested and dragged away to prison. He was brought before the Court of Assizes and accused of having robbed and murdered a certain lady. Appearances were certainly against him; moreover, the accused made no defence, and his silence and serious look produced anything but a favorable impression on the magistrates and jurymen. The probabilities of his guilt seemed overwhelming.

Father Dumoulin was declared guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life. He was sent to New Caledonia, where he remained with the other convicts, for the space of three years. About six months ago the sacristan of the condemned priest, feeling his end draw near, and tortured with remorse, called for his confessor, and declared before witnesses that he was guilty of the murder and robbery for which Father Dumoulin was punished.

He stated that on the very day on which the dead body was found he had gone to confession to Father Dumoulin, and made to him a confession of his guilt. The priest then, even before his arrest, knew who was the author of the murder. But never, either in the court in the first instance, or before the jury, or in the midst of the physical and mental tortures that he endured among the convicts, had Father Dumoulin pronounced a word or said a syllable that could put justice on the track of the guilty one.

It was a secret of confession; he did not disclose it. As soon as the dying man's declaration was made known to the proper authorities, Father Dumoulin's innocence was legally proclaimed and made known. Restored to liberty, and reinstated in his former position, he has come back to France. He is again in his old parish and in the midst of his former parishioners. It is unnecessary to say the people received him with transports of joy, and gave him every mark of esteem and affection.—Sainte Famille.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

ALWAYS THE DESIRED EFFECT. Minerton, O., June 15, '92. Two boys and a young lady of my congregation were cured by that glorious remedy, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The young lady had suffered for eight years from epilepsy, having the fits almost daily and oftentimes several in a single day. Now she is entirely cured and all by the use of this remedy. I herewith refer all sufferers from epilepsy or other nervous troubles to Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, for I know from experience and also hear continually from all sides that it always has the desired effect. LOUIS GRIMMER, Rector.

Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, Worcester, Mass., September 3, '91. We are happy to state that the boy on whom Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was used has entirely recovered from St. Vitus' Dance and has been working for some time with his teacher, SISTERS OF MERCY.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Disorders and a sample bottle to any address. Your patients also get the medicine free. This remedy has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 for \$5. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

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TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE.

Table with columns for Close, Dce., and various locations like G. T. R. East, O. and Q. Railway, G. T. R. West, N. and N. W., T. G. and B., Midland, C. V. R., G. W. R., U. S. N. Y., U. S. West States.

English mails close on Mondays and Saturdays at 10 P.M., and on Thursdays at 7.15 and 10 P.M. The following are the dates of English mails for February: 2, 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 16, 18, 20, 22, 25, 27. N.B.—There are branch post-offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Saving Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such branch post office. T. C. PATTERSON, P.M.

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WOMEN'S CAPES AND WRAPS, CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' REEFERS.

Scores of Wrap models from Paris and Berlin. in all sizes. Our ordinary daily display of French Delaines and Dress Goods would be a gala exhibition anywhere else. There is a great margin between the stock and the show here. For one novelty shown there are dozens in the shelves.

Wanted to go to Morrow.

Morrow is a nice little station on the Miami road, about forty miles from Cincinnati. A new brakeman on the road, who didn't know the names of the stations, was approached by a stranger the other day, while standing by his train at the depot who inquired:

"Don't this train go to Morrow to-day?" "No," said the brakeman, who thought the stranger was making fun of him, "it goes to-day, yesterday, the week after next." "You don't understand me," persisted the stranger, "I want to go to Morrow." "Well, why in thunder don't you wait until to-morrow, then, and not come bothering around to-day? You can go to-morrow, or any other day you please." "Won't you answer a civil question civilly? Will this train go to-day to Morrow?" "Not exactly; it will go to day and come back to-morrow." As the stranger who wanted to go to Morrow was about to leave in disgust, another employe, who knew the station alluded to, came along and gave him the required information.

THE MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 8, 1893.

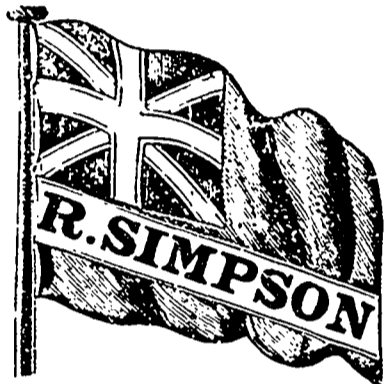
Table listing market prices for various goods like Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Dressed hogs, Chickens, Turkeys, Butter, Eggs, Boots, Turnips, Cabbage, Celery, Onions, Lettuce, Parsley, Radishes, Carrots, Potatoes, Apples, Hay, Straw.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

TORONTO, March 7. There were 27 loads on the market this morning, and while prices for cattle were well maintained, the business was of a very ordinary kind, and values were practically unchanged. A few picked cattle sold at 4 1/2c to 4 3/4c per pound, but the average for the best here in lots was 3 3/4c and 4c. A good deal of trading was done at from 3 1/2c to 3 3/4c per pound; common stuff sold at 2 1/2c to 3c per pound.

Sheep and lambs were scarce and wanted, as not quite 60 of both kinds came in; prices were firmer, and 5 1/2c per pound was readily paid for grain-fed lambs, while lambs and sheep mixed sold at \$5.50 and \$5.75 a head. More lambs would have sold.

There was a demand also for good calves, and the few in were quickly caught up. About 530 hogs were received, and while prices remained unchanged at \$7 per cwt. for really choice, there was a much weaker feeling for secondary and interior grades, small hogs are not wanted at all; good stores will sell at from \$6 to \$6.25 per cwt. Hogs from 160 to 200 lbs each will find a ready sale at top figures.



South-West Corner Yonge and Queen

COME with us direct to the basement, which has jumped into increased popularity because of the popular nature of the stocks you find there now.

A steady stream of customers visit this section of the store daily, attracted by these stocks. You never bought tinware so low before.

- List of tinware items: Coal Scuttles, Coal Sifters, Quart Dippers, Bright Dust Pans, 10 Inch Jelly Tin, Tin Saucepans, Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Tea Kettles, Copper Bottom Boilers, White Enamel Preserving Kettles, Laundry Soap, Granite Soap, Granite Saucepans, Granite Preserving Kettles, Granite Pie Dish, Granite Frying Pans, Baking Boards, Salt Boxes, Brooms, Large Japanned Bread Boxes.

Enough flannelettes have been bought by this store to stock a good-sized wholesale hose, but they're all intended for the retail shopper. They sell at wholesale prices.

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